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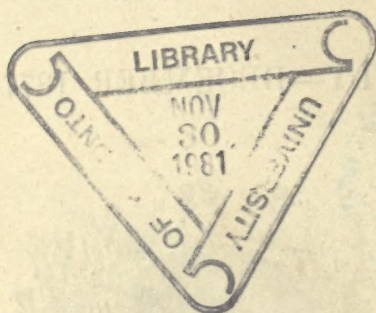
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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXLI.

JULY 1877.

VOL. CXXII.

MINE IS THINE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

I HUMBLY desire, dear readers, to please you if I can, and therefore hasten to gratify an aspiration which lurks in all novel-readers' hearts—to "get into the thick of the business at once." So come with me and be summarily introduced to one or two principal personages of this little drama. Let us take them unawares, let us surprise them while they sit at meat,—eating, drinking, and (some of them, at least) making merry, on the margin of the Lake of Como, in one of the pleasantest hotels in Europe, the "Bellevue," at Cadenabbia. And do thou, old Time, turn back in thy flight a few short years, and suffer us to enter the *table-d'hôte* room of the hotel in question, on the bright evening of an early summer day in 187—.

The banquet is spread. The guests are assembled or assembling. They are of many nationalities, of diverse ranks, of most ages; each of the three sexes is represented, for more than one palpable curate bows his meek head over the flesh-

pot. You find the noise a little trying at first, don't you? The crockery *does* seem to be possessed with devils, and every glass in the room must have St Vitus's dance. Every one seems to be impatient at first—hungry, angry, vociferous. What tempers these waiters must have! Outside the window a string-band is playing a selection from the 'Barbieri.' Could anything be more appropriate? "*Figaro quà, Figaro là!*" shrieks the band. "*Kellner!*" "*Garçon!*" "*Cameriere!*" "*Waiter!*" shout the guests; and through all the crush and the bustle these admirable men glide about—here, there, everywhere, breathless and perspiring, but full of polyglot politeness and attention. The only calm, still, cool-looking object in the room is that tremendous head-waiter in the buff waistcoat, standing near the door, in Jove-like serenity. The guests, as they enter, pause before him to ask where they may place themselves. In that august presence they appear to peak and dwindle. He is too great to speak,

but waves them off to their destinations, exact and unerring as omniscience. His whole air seems to say—"A good man struggling with difficulties *may* be a sight for the gods; but how much grander this, the spectacle of a great man overcoming every difficulty *without* a struggle, with a bosom as unruffled as the buff garment which envelops it!" The diapason of discord has achieved itself in the sudden collapse of that mottle-faced waiter, involving in his ruin thirteen plates, a dish of potatoes, and a bottle of Medoc; and now that the yells of yonder German have caused the last window in the room to be closed, things begin to settle down into a little more quiescence. Come, then, and thread with me the hall. Don't look at that indigestive spinster unless you wish to be petrified. Don't waste a thought upon that glorious-looking old man with the dome-like head and long white moustache. He is *not* a very distinguished general of division. He is a City man—probably a stockbroker—and his name is, conceivably, Crump. Never mind the *brunette*—beautiful as a star, but nothing to us. Come on. Eat with their knives? Of course they do. The only Russian princess whose confidence I have enjoyed, ate with *her* knife—quite a trifle when you're accustomed to it. You see that old lady dwelling in the fool's paradise of an auburn "front" and immense gutta-percha teeth? Well, next her are two men. *Voilà notre affaire*. These are my hero Cosmo Glencairn, and his friend Tom Wyedale. Yes, the fair one *is* Cosmo. Why not? Heroes ought to be dark? I deny it—not English heroes. They ought to be buff men, with blue eyes, like the Vikings. Well, there they are. Draw near to them, and listen to them, and look out for new arrivals. And

now I leave you to find your way through the labyrinth of this tale, from which the gods give you and me a safe and happy deliverance.

"The menagerie seems to be fuller than usual to-night, Cosmo," said Tom; "the roaring is louder, and there seem to be several new varieties. I see a new skunk, and a chimpanzee, and a sun-fish, and a hippopotamus."

"And all that being interpreted?"

"And all that being interpreted means that we have a considerable increase in the number of our co-diners, and that the new-comers are rather a shady lot to look at."

"Not very distinguished-looking, certainly. What is the meaning of it, I wonder? It isn't near the tourists' season, and yet many of the new arrivals look like the ideal tourist—not the least like returning swallows from the Riviera or Rome."

"Not a bit of it; but, perhaps, something has been taking place in England—the Whitsuntide holidays or something."

"You pagan! we are still a fortnight from Whitsunday."

"Are we? I apologise. One forgets everything in this Sleepy Hollow. But, Whitsunday or not, if Mr Cook had shot a whole caravan into the district, we couldn't be richer in his typical followers."

"Yes, I've seen the kind of people before, in connection with a 'conductor.' It's the old problem of the flies in amber."

"Seen them before! By George, they're all here! There's the 'expansive' Briton—that underdone-looking man. See how he talks at, through, up against, down upon, everybody and everything! He has a joke for every one. He chaffs them all round, waiters included. He is button-holing the whole table with his eye. Listen

to the monster! How he laughs! You can hear nothing else. What a fearful thing is vulgar geniality! That fellow would chaff the Pope if he could get at him.

"Then there are two or three specimens of the 'reticent' Briton. That pock-marked fellow, staring so fiercely at four inches of the table in front of him, is one of them. Doesn't he look as if his pockets were full of Orsini bombs? as if he were making up his mind to let them off at once, and blow us all to smithereens? And there's another — that hectic man in the white tie, looking as if he had just picked a pocket. They are both in a white terror of being addressed in a foreign tongue; for, behold, beside one sits a restless-looking Frenchman, and by the other an affable Muscovite. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* And there is the archæological female Briton — she may be in some other 'ology' perhaps, but she certainly goes in for 'mind' and science of some sort. They're all the same. You can't mistake them. Limp, and with that mysterious top-knot of scraggy hair gathered together from the uttermost parts of the head. She looks as if a savage had tomahawked her, and, finding the scalp unsatisfactory, had hurriedly replaced it. Doesn't she, Cosmo? Oh, how I suffered from one of the tribe at Eleusis last year! The sun was raging, but she seated herself on a fallen capital and held me, like the Ancient Mariner, while she lectured for half an hour on the spirit of Greek Art. She had come from Athens without an escort, braving the brigands with no protection save her awful virginity; and I fear there is no doubt it got her safe back. And ah! I thought we should find him here; and there he is, sure enough, up at the end of the opposite table — and a fine speci-

men he is, too, of the 'domestic' Briton. You can see through all that fellow's dodges, and read him like a book. These two girls are his daughters, and he trembles for them. Every well-looking individual of the opposite sex is a hawk ready to swoop upon his dove-cot. You, Cosmo, are a hawk."

"Thanks; I fear your definition won't permit a *tu quoque*."

"You are, as I say, in this man's perverted vision, a hawk. His mind is full of hawks and foreign counts. The foreign count is *his* Antichrist, and every well-dressed foreigner is a count 'within the meaning of the Act.' Observe how he has strategised against hawks and counts. He has thrown out a flanking party on either side of the dove-cot, — that tough-looking spinster on the left, obviously an aunt — the hobbledehoy on the right, clearly a brother; and he himself is a big gun of position in the centre, ready to go off with fearful detonations."

"The doves are rather pretty, Tom; the blue one is really a charming little *ingenue*."

"Passable — passable; and indeed I find the pink sister not without attraction. Impossible head-gear, though."

"Oh, *cela va sans dire*; at present all head-gears are impossible. Now, if you were to tilt back that terrible erection on the girl's head till it sloped from the sky-line of the head, over the neck, you would —"

"Steady, Cosmo! outlying picket alarmed and signalling to the main body. Look at the weather. Opposite window; charming evening, isn't it? What a bloom there is on that hill opposite! How the last rays of the sun are bringing out the tints of everything!"

"Including that bottle of 'Gat-

tinara,' which has been with *you* ever since we sat down. Pass it, before it is quite empty. I'll tell you what it is, Tom, it is not a remunerative system going shares in wine with a talkative fellow like you. You don't give yourself time to eat much, but you do contrive to drink like a whale."

"Do I? The action is quite mechanical, I assure you."

"Very likely, but it empties the bottle quite as effectually as if it were deliberate."

"After all, what is there in *one* bottle of 'Gattinara'?"

"Precisely what I wish to discover. Pass it."

"Cornish men? No, surr; I never fouled a Cornish man—not to know him." Thus spake a cadaverous American gentleman, who sat opposite the two friends, addressing an English neighbour, and splitting up his remarks into short, irregular sentences.

"They are splendid men, I can tell you," said the neighbour; "they're descended from the ancient Britons, you know."

"Are they, now? Well, I niver met an ancient Briton. But if any of them were to give a look down Texas way. They'd keep quiet about their descendants when they went back, I guess. They've got a kind of a man down there, surr, that mostly runs seventy-three to seventy-seven inches. That's good enough, ain't it? You've heard of William G. Howkins?"

"I think not."

"Ah! that was a kind of a man that stood ninety-two inches. And a fraction. And when he killed the grizzly that ran to 900 pounds in its skin and claws. You've heard of *that* bear?"

"No, I can't say I have."

"Wall, he took and carried that thar grizzly, and went browsin' all around the town with that thar car-

cass on his back. To show him. That's the kind of man William G. Howkins was. And that's the kind of man they raise, down Texas way. I guess an ancient Briton would feel rather mean and skinny down there. I guess he'd feel downright d——d ashamed of his descendants. When he saw them again."

"Howkins must have been a Goliath."

"Wall, he *was* above the middle height. But he ain't the size now. Not since the war."

"How do you mean?"

"Wall, there was a cannon-ball that was a trifle quick for him at Gettysburg. He got his legs chipped. And shortened up, at that time, seven or eight inches. But, I guess, they'd still show the balance of him in Cornwall. For money. W. G. H. wasn't descended from nobody. You bet."

"A've harrd ov a Glasca man——" began another gentleman, in the solemn doric of North Britain.

"Be japers!" interrupted a sprightly-looking neighbour—"be japers! Mr Howkins must be own brother to Larry O'Toole's aunt,

'That had niver a father,
And sorra a mother,

But jist poured herself out from a jug of potheen.'"

"A racklack a Glasca man—u'm thinkin' his name was Fechnie——" Interruption, however, again befell the Scot, for an excitable-looking Frenchman, who had been intently listening to the dialogue, suddenly gave tongue.

"Messieurs," he exclaimed, "comment cela s'explique-t-il? Moi, je comprends parfaitement l'Anglais, mais il n'y a pas moyen de vous comprendre, vous autres. Vous parlez trois—mais, oui!—quatre langues, entre vous tout à la fois. Que veut dire ce 'Larree O'Toal'? Qu'est ce que c'est que

ce 'Glass Cow'? Comment expliquez vous cet abominable 'Rack-laxe'? Dites donc, je vous en prie, comment——" But here a shout of laughter reduced the Gaul to foaming silence.

The meal went bustling on. The blended tumult of a hundred voices rose and fell, as interval and onset relieved each other; but at every revival the pitch of voices seemed higher, and the laughter more strenuous than before,—save where, like veritable "Towers of Silence," the types of reticence sat wrapt in a taciturnity that seemed to become palpable—to make itself felt—even amid that human Babel, with its crashing symphonies from delf and metal. All round the table quaint idiosyncrasies progressively evolved themselves before the laughing eyes of Cosmo Glencairn and his loquacious friend. About a third of the dinner had been achieved. The American Eagle was soaring sublime, on reckless wings of hyperbole and myth. The Scotchman, who had failed to find a single taker for some creaking observations on the bothy system, as pursued in Ross-shire, was watching the Eagle, with the intention of a trapper in his eye. His French neighbour continued to mutter, "Il n'y a pas moyen de comprendre ces gueux d'Anglais." One female representative of British mind, thinking entomology to be a good light dinner subject—safe to draw—had plunged into the habits of the "Death's-head moth," and secured, for a time, the sympathy of several people in her vicinity, including a curate, a governess, with two female charges, a broken-English German, and a highly-intelligent-looking old gentleman, whose eye seemed to blaze with unqualified appreciation, but who, as it afterwards transpired, was deaf and blind. But suddenly another

of the sisterhood, who sat opposite, unsuspected up to this time and *incog.*, unmasked herself and came into action, opening fire with an "ichthyosaurus," and following it up with "flint-headed weapons," which staggered the curate, demoralised the pupils, and elicited a long-drawn "So!" from the German. Number One, finding the Death's-head moth altogether unequal to the position, withdrew it in favour of "greywacke," which, to a certain extent, rallied confidence, until "Primeval Man," "the Moabite Stone," and "the Panathenaic Frieze," fired off by Number Two in rapid succession, left Number One without any following, save the appreciative old man. But Number Two did not long continue the heroine of the occasion; for the expansive Briton, expanding theologically, laid an irreverent paw upon the Pentateuch, which roused the meek but true-hearted curate, and, in a pause of silence and expectation, all the table awaited the encounter between Christian and Apollyon. During this pause, when dinner was half achieved, a new arrival again diverted public attention, and concentrated it on very different objects.

The new party was preceded by a gaudy and corpulent courier, who, after questioning the buff-cinctured Jove with an air of impious equality, marshalled his *protégés* to their seats, with looks of scorn and menaces cast on either side, as who should say, "Tremble, oh ye base groundlings! the social Juggernaut is upon you." The public, however, paid small attention to this tremendous personage, for all eyes were more pleasantly attracted to the lady and gentleman who followed him. The lady was beautiful. It is a bold assertion, an apple of discord, which we should hesitate

to hurl into any assembly on the entrance of any living woman. Did its sculptor succeed in expressing a true ideal of Beauty, or did he only immortalise the Insipid, in the Venus dei Medici? Are Rubens's often-painted wives glorious types of vigorous and beautiful womanhood? or are they only two naked Flemish fishwomen, wallowing in a superabundance of garish flesh? Specimens these, selected at random, of the diversities of opinion upon all questions as to beauty depicted by human hands; and how much greater are the diversities when the claims of this, or that, living woman are *sub lite*! I make, then, a bold assertion; but as the lady is invisible to the reader, I make it boldly, not fearing contradiction, unless, indeed, some may take exception to certain features which I may state to have been distinctive of the fair entrant, sea-grey eyes, to wit,—grey or blue, I know not which, but the colour of the Mediterranean when the sun has just gone down, and left upon calm waters a *look*, between the blue of noontide and the steely sheen that comes on them with the gloaming,—sea-grey eyes and bronze-brown hair, a pure complexion, a nose delicately *retroussé*, a mouth like the bow of Cupid, and a figure slight, but genuine and complete—not that composition of door, hay-truss, and pillow, with which art, supplementing natural deficiencies, contrives nowadays to make a travesty of the “human form divine.” All these were attributes of the young lady in question; and I trust that, on these simple data, no reader will be captious enough to found a theory that she was not (what I distinctly assert she was and is) beautiful. It is a goodly thing to be beautiful; it is a glorious thing to be young (dwell upon this, rejoice in it, revel in it,

oh ye young, in the days of your youth!),—but to be both young and beautiful is to be twice blest; and this fortunate lady enjoyed that double beatitude. And besides all this—an attribute more exquisite still—she possessed that subtle, magical charm which words cannot define nor art imitate, but which nature, culture, and association, all three, combine to produce, weaving it out of movement, manner, expression, carriage, and I know not what besides, and which can only, but most feebly, be expressed in words by the commonplace phrase, “a thorough-bred air.” Many of the guests at the *table d’hôte* might have been indifferent to her beauty, or denied its existence altogether; but the *air noble* reached them all: so that every eye was turned admiringly in her direction, and the duty of eating strenuously up to a rather high contract price was pretty generally suspended for at least five-and-twenty seconds. Certain eclipses took place. The charms of half-a-dozen pink-and-white damsels, who looked but now so fresh and bright and pretty, vanished abruptly, just as one has seen a bunch of comely village-garden flowers grow coarse and gaudy when placed near some exotic, exquisite in its simple purity of form and hue. As she passed up the hall, the sun offered an inspiration which Raphael might have prized; for the last rays, streaming through the windows, smote upon the deep masses of her burnished hair, and seemed to set a glory round about her small and shapely head.

“A burning beauty!” whispered Tom Wyedale.

Cosmo said nothing, but the thought written in his face was “Oh dea certe!”

“And,” said the American, following up a commendatory remark of his own—“and, I guess,

the old boss looks like blood and bone, and beans into the bargain."

These irreverent remarks were applied to the gentleman who followed the beautiful apparition. He was a tall, old man, with features patrician rather than handsome, and an expression well-bred rather than courteous; in carriage upright, in movement deliberately angular; clear of complexion, with cold blue eyes, and slight but emphatic whiskers; highly collared, amply neckerchiefed; tightly buttoned-up, as to his olive frock-coat,—his *ensemble*, in a word, recalling the now extinct, grand air of the old school.

His temper was not in a satisfactory condition. He had a grievance, which exploded every now and then in far-reaching fragments of angry sentences, and which proved to be that he was very late for dinner, but by no fault of his own; and the difficulty of bringing the blame home to the real delinquent was that which now exercised his mind. Some men—nurses of their wrath—cannot be satisfied until they get it into the concrete. They can't say, "Confound it!"—they must be able to say, "Confound *him, them, or you!*" The old gentleman was of this nature, and he was hunting for a personality wherewith to connect his grievance. Every one, from his courier and his daughter's maid, had, of course, shifted the blame to some subordinate, so that half the household were implicated, even the hall-porter being entangled in the affair. Several of these officials were brought up for examination in the *table-d'hôte* room, and a sort of running court of inquiry occupied the old gentleman in the intervals between each tepid *plat*. It ended by the summary conviction of the head-waiter, whose lofty bearing had at once inflamed the spirit of the old gentleman, and pointed him

out, without further evidence, as the guilty person. So the case was closed by a few powerful observations addressed to that astonished magnate.

"Don't answer me!" cried the angry guest; "it is, as I say, all owing to your abominable carelessness."

"Beg your pardon, my lord; every one knows that the *table-d'hôte* hour——"

"Every one, sir, is a *very* different person from me and my daughter. I know nothing about your *table d'hôte*, except that I never saw a worse dinner or more execrable attendance. I shall report this to the direction, and also about your manner, which is distinctly offensive. Go away."

"Beg pardon, my lord——"

"Go away, sir! get out of my sight!"—whereupon the man went, crestfallen; and the American, regarding the old peer with a curious veneration that could hardly have been surpassed on his lordship's own domain, muttered—

"Darned if it ain't *something* to be a lord! A real English lord! They all knock under to *that*. That all-mighty waiter would have laughed at any of your counts or barons. Or even a duke. If he spelt himself D-U-C. But the real article kicks 'em all about."

"After all," smiled his English neighbour, "you see something in our aristocracy."

"Yes, surr. Something to be ashamed of. I see something in human natur', too. And I'm ashamed of *that*. Human natur', surr, is a born toady. I ain't proud of *that* fact. But that don't prevent me seeing that while it *is* sich, it ain't a bad thing to be a lord. Like the old crocodile over the way. It's better to kick than to be kicked—ain't it? That's sense, I guess. Holloa, waiter! who's the lord?"

The waiter didn't know, and was despatched to the bureau to bring the required information in writing—which being done, the Yankee read the name, and said—

"Wall, I hope Lord Germistoun's property's big. He wants elbow-room. It would take about four of our parishes, I guess, to let him turn in. Without grazing."

The tedious dinner came to a close at last, and the company melted gradually away, to take their coffee *al fresco* while listening to the band; or to be rowed about upon the lake, in the dreamy twilight between sunset and moonrise. As Cosmo and Tom left the room, they passed close by Lord Germistoun and his daughter, just as his lordship, still unappeased, was remarking—

"The whole thing is distinctly monstrous. They have only now brought me these letters and papers, which have been awaiting us here since yesterday."

"How very tiresome and stupid!" said the young lady; "but I dare say it won't happen again, now they know you."

"I shall take uncommon good care it does not have a chance of happening again, for I will leave the house."

"Dear papa, there is no other hotel."

"Not on this side; but two, at least, at Bellaggio. Now, I propose to be rowed over there this evening, and secure rooms for to-morrow. If I sent that idiot Stefano, he would be sure to make mistakes. Would you care to come? It is a lovely evening, and but a short row. Perhaps you are too tired, though?"

"Not at all; I should like of all things to go with you."

"Very well: if you are ready in half an hour, that will do. The moon is nearly full now, and we need not hurry. In the meantime I will try to get a cup of coffee outside."

CHAPTER II.

The two friends passed an hour or so lounging by the lake, till the moon began to rise over the hills, and then Cosmo said—

"Behold the hour, and the boat of Pietro! Let us hail him, and get afloat. That little breeze, just beginning to arrive from the Engadine, is a godsend, after the stifling heat of the day. Let us get right out into the middle of the lake, and meet it and make the most of it, and see the moon rising. The moonlight effects here are superb; and there is something in this air that makes one appreciative. The moon makes poets of us all down here—the moon and the lake, between them."

Cosmo was right. Surely his must be a rusty soul that takes no gleam of radiance and delight from

the beautiful communion of the two. Beautiful! There is no word in any language good enough, beautiful enough, to describe it. The moon must be in love with Como. Fancy-free for all the world besides, the "imperial votaress" must have bestowed upon that favoured lake the solitary passion of her mysterious heart. Is not this why her countenance changes as she passes over these enchanted and enchanting waters? Is not this why the fashion of her beauty there grows softer, tenderer, dreamier? Is it not for this that there she moves with such slow and lingering languor, as all those who, with seeing eyes, have beheld her, will attest? Yes, she is in love with Como; and as lovers' faces change at meeting

the adored, so is she transfigured when she looks over the hills that shelter the object of her devotion. Lover-like she comes, making the most of her own charms. Lover-like she glorifies the beauties of the beloved with her idealising light. And oh! most lover-like she moves in that dear presence, slowly, rapt, concentrated—piercing with her glances the solemn depths of the enamoured lake, which lies gazing up at her, earnest and silent, needing no voice for a reply; for she can see into that clear, deep heart, and there behold the transcript of her pure and holy flame. Though “Adam lost Paradise—eternal tale!”—there have still been left to us—few, indeed, and far between—scattered over the face of mother earth, certain spots of heavenly beauty and repose: Edens, the gates of which no flaming swords nor “watch of winged Hydra” guard; where the flowers are not too obviously disfigured by the serpent’s trail; where even the spirit of man, if not divine, at least possesses some of the calm, suave attributes of divinity. Surely Lake Como and its margin are of these. The day had been one of sultriest heat, and a kind of thundery silence had brooded over the water, and over all the country round about. Closed jealousies had darkened the faces of the beautiful villas on the lake. The luxuriant creepers, clothing their terrace-walls, hung down limp and dejected, as though trying to reach the water, and find coolness or death therein. The fountains in the gardens seemed to send up languid and unwilling jets, dim to the eye, and with no joyous music for the ear. From Tremezzo to Menaggio, from Bellaggio to Varenna, you might have counted the visible population on your fingers—a few languid forms, motionless for the most part, or only moving a few unwilling paces, to subside again into

inevitable stagnation. Not a boat to be seen on the lake save one—a large *contadino* barque laden with market-produce, which put off early from Varenna, but soon gave up the business as hopeless, and lay all day at the opening of Lake Lecco, the motionless cradle of its slumbering crew. A terribly hot and breathless day it had been; so that when the breeze sprang up at sunset, it was like Nature’s sigh of relief after a long ordeal of *ennui* and fatigue—as who should say, “Gone at last;” and then everything awoke and was changed after that. The moon came up and gave her light. The darkened eyes of the villas opened and sent forth their light. The spray of the fountains leaped gaily up and caught the moonbeams and tossed them about, like genii playing with handfuls of diamonds. And the flowers, instead of closing their petals, like conventional flowers, must have opened them for the first time that day—so sweet became the night with their breath, so rich with all the fragrances of summer. And from either shore floated tempered strains—the sounds of all manner of musical instruments; and on the lake came airy-looking boats, many gaily illuminated with coloured lamps and torches—all vocal, some with melodious laughter, some with the voice of singing. Even the big *contadino* barque, under way again with sail and oar, stole picturesquely and harmoniously along, and the gentle plash of the oars acted as a pleasant symphony to the well-worn but captivating Neapolitan ditty which the rowers sang to the worship and the wooing of the much-hymned “Marianina”—

“Marianina! Marianina!
Cambia, cambia tuoi pensieri,
Non andar coi bersagliere,
Se ti vuoi maritar!
Se ti vuoi maritar!
Se ti vuoi maritar!

Marianina mia ! carina mia !
Daunni un bacio o mi fai morir ! ”

Upon these waters bathed in the dreamy lovelight of the summer moon, and into this scene, worthier of dreamland than the workaday world, the two friends put forth, with no special object to decide the direction of their little boat, save only to get into the middle of the lake. Once there, the breeze met, the point of view reached, Tom Wyedale, who was by no means of a contemplative turn, demanded of his friend whither he should order the boatman to shape his course. Tom, by the by, who erroneously believed himself to know a little Italian, had stipulated that, for practice' sake, he should be allowed on all occasions to act as spokesman.

“It does not matter,” said Cosmo—“anywhere.”

“That's rather vague.”

“Yes, but vagueness is the very thing for a night like this, which would be outraged by anything so prosaic as the definite. Tell the old man to move vaguely and promiscuously about.”

“Rather trying to my stock of Italian, which is rather for solid, than fancy, purposes. *Avanti, Pietro !* ”

“*Si, signore,*” cried the old boatman, plunging his oars with alacrity into the water, and heading away for Bellaggio at racing-pace.

“Too fast—too fast,” cried Cosmo. “The old rascal is thinking of that wine-shop under the colonnade. He has arranged our programme and his own. We are to hang about and listen to the Bellagian band for an hour, while he devotes himself to the dismal wine of the country and that mysterious game of fingers. Stop, stop ! ”

“*Fermatevi, Pietro !* ” cried Tom ; “and now, whither ? ”

“Everywhere.”

“*Da per tutto, Pietro.* ”

“*Si, signore ;* ” and interpreting his instructions to perfection, he subsided into a slow monotonous stroke, and shaped a serpentine course.

“What fellows these Italians are, to be sure ! ” said Cosmo, as a boatload of minstrelsy passed at a little distance and filled the air with strains that seemed to interpret the very spirit of the hour and scene. “What an instinctive taste they have ! Your English musician would have destroyed everything here by something horribly jerky and jiggling. But these men have woven into their music the moonlight and the orange-trees and the sweetness of orange-blossoms, the bright villas, the pleasant vineyards, the deep woods, the gardens, the sprightly fountains, the melancholy lake, and the happy languid *far niente* that suits a midsummer night.”

“Holloa ! I say——”

“This is the very music of a midsummer night's dream. Titania might have been lulled to sleep by it on that delectable bank of wild thyme.”

“Come, Cosmo, this is all very hard upon me.”

“Yes, to be sure, my dear fellow ; a thousand apologies ! I was thinking aloud. Pearls are an offence to swine. I'll change the subject.”

“It strikes me—all this is very fine, of course,—but it strikes me that this same sentiment of yours is rather of a sensual kind. I'll call it sensuous, if you like. You're a sensuous fellow, Cosmo—that's the word.”

“Well, I don't object. I quite believe that the great thing in life, so as to get the most out of it, is to be thoroughly adaptive ; in a scene like this to be *able* to be ‘sensuous,’—a sybarite, if you please, without prejudice to my being metaphysical,

spiritual, stoical, realistic, positive, and practical—each on the fitting occasion. There is a time for all things. A one-sided man must be constantly out of tune with his surroundings. Life has so many phases, and such incessant changes. Therefore, to-night, let me be sensuous—if you please.”

“A versatile man never comes to anything.”

“An old parrot-cry—and not true; but even if it were true, he would come to nothing, happily—and happiness is the *summum bonum* of my to-night's philosophy, which also forbids me to indulge in prosy speculation; so don't go on with it, you Philistine!”

“You began it.”

“Argument of any sort is also impossible, or I would deny it.”

“Well, philosophy or not philosophy, it is very jolly out on the lake to-night. I wonder what that pretty girl thinks of it! also, I wonder if her papa has got over the coldness of the soup and the lukewarmness of the attendance!”

“Pretty? do you call her *pretty*?”

“Yes, I do, most emphatically. What! you don't mean to say that you don't admire her?”

“No, I mean to say nothing of the sort—but *pretty*! How like you that is, Tom! I would not insult beauty of that type by calling its possessor pretty. There is an elevation, a soul, a purity in her beauty that I have seldom, if ever, seen before, in a human face. I know a picture for which she might have sat. I have not seen it for years, but it has always haunted me. Is it, or was, in an obscure little Italian village perched away up in the hills above the Riviera. Some old cardinal, who was born there, left it with the rest of his collection to his native place. It is a Madonna, by Sasso Ferrato; not a replica of any of his well-known pictures,

but a unique original—different altogether from any of his other Madonnas, yet authentic, and of extraordinary beauty and grace. The moment I saw this young lady I was reminded of it. It is my beau-ideal of female loveliness. When I first saw the picture I was reminded of the verse—

“The star-like beauty of immortal eyes.”

When I have thought of the picture, I have always thought of the phrase. To-night I have seen the conception of the painter realised; and in mortal eyes I have beheld the star-like beauty of which the poet dreamed.”

“My dear Cosmo, this is a very desperate state of things. You must really take more exercise, and get up early in the morning. I have been suspecting for some time that there is a slight tendency to hepatitis. Do you remember poor Oliver Lee? He died of it, you know, and was really comforted for his mortal sickness by its big name. He insisted on it always, and was continually checking off his symptoms—‘clouded vision, morbid fancies, loss of appetite, noises in the head, insomnia,’ &c. These were some of them; and I do think, Cosmo, that the vision must be clouded and the fancy morbid which transforms the *beauté de diable* into divine loveliness.”

“*Beauté de diable*! I suppose you think you've achieved a neat antithesis, but you're wrong; for between the *beauté de diable* and divine beauty there is the same connection as there is between the beauty of innocence and the beauty of holiness.”

“Oh, this is terrible! Pray be sensuous again; it's better than being metaphysical after a *table-d'hôte* dinner. I suppose, then, you have fallen in love with the Madonna at first sight?”

"The reasoning of a chamber-maid! Well, even if I *had* fallen in love with her, it would not be at first sight; for in seeing her to-night, I only see the figure of the picture in a new *pose*, with a change of drapery, in a different light. Perhaps I *am* in love with the ideal which the picture suggests; if so, I shall certainly be faithful to it, for the ideal never disappoints, and the real generally does so. Therefore I would rather avoid this young lady."

"Ha, ha, ha! ho! he!—also hum!"

"If she were to fulfil the promise of the picture, it would be something like the story of Pygmalion and Galatea coming true. That is not a likely occurrence. No; were she never so charming, she would fail to reach the perfection which Sasso Ferrato has helped me to conceive. It would be impossible not to associate her real qualities with my ideal; and since, as I say, the real almost inevitably disappoints, my beautiful illusion would be dissipated and my idol shattered. I shall be careful not to come in contact with the young lady."

"Well, I am sure I have no objection; and, to tell you the truth, it just occurs to me that I may as well fall in love with her myself. I have not adventured in that line as yet; but I daresay I might succeed, because I am so 'adaptive,' as you call it; and there would be a dramatic propriety in being in love on Lake Como, which I am not insensible to. Besides, there's nothing else to do here but smoke and loll about on the lake; and I daresay both these occupations would gain by a flavour of the tender passion. Yes, Cosmo, consider me in love, until further instructions, and respect me accordingly — no *brusquerie*, no roughness with the blossom which

now begins to expand before your eyes."

"You in love? You?"

"I—even I. You ought to be immensely obliged to me. You're out of the running, you know, and evidently developing into a bard. It will be a godsend to you to watch the affair. Besides, you will be of serious service in gooseberry-picking; and you are just the man to *intriguer* that combustible old gentleman—you're so 'adaptive' and 'many-sided,' don't you see?"

"Well, I can conceive many things, but not Tom Wyedale as the hero of a love-romance."

"Nothing happens but the improbable, my boy; and if there are a few deficiencies in my composition, you can idealise me, you know. With your talent, I think you ought to turn out of this material a very first-class sort of hero."

"Somehow I don't see it."

"Ah! you do us both injustice."

"I could hardly give romantic attributes to a round of beef or a pot of porter."

"You wrong me, Cosmo—you wrong me; but it is the old story. A great man's school-fellows are notoriously the last to recognise his great qualities. The school-dunce develops into an intellectual giant, but his early brother-dunces can never forget the fool's-cap which he shared with them. I forgive you, old man."

"Very good of you; but I can't say I remember that interesting bond between you and me."

"Likely enough; memory plays sad pranks in such matters."

"I can remember, however, that *you* were the biggest dunce in your form."

"Imagination in fault this time; it constantly clouds the memory."

"I don't think I require to call upon my memory, or use the past

tense, in speaking of your dunce-ship."

"Hepatitis! hepatitis! Clouded vision, morbid fancies, noises in the head. We must have you overhauled. There is a manslayer in the hotel; consult him."

"Hang it, Tom, what a bore you are! I feel so tired of you sometimes, it appears to me a mystery how we are such friends."

"Candid friend! it *is* difficult to say how it should be so. The general rules are horribly contradictory. Like draws to like; but then, contrasts fascinate each other. Perhaps the endearing ties in this case are gratitude on your part, and a sense of protectorship on mine—continued from earliest youth until now."

"As how?"

"How? Why, who licked Jack Falls for bullying you?"

"I don't remember; probably I licked him myself."

"You! Why, Jack could have eaten you. Who supplied you with cricket-bats, like a brother?"

"No one did. I remember your giving me a bat for my silver chain and my white mouse that had one eye pink and the other green—but the handle of the bat turned out to be sprung."

"Well, hang it! I gave you back the mouse, although I was devoted to it."

"Yes, you gave it me back to avoid a swishing, when white mice were forbidden under penalties. And then, when the holidays came—although I had run the risk of keeping it all the half—you pretended you had only lent it to me, to oblige me, and wanted to take it back."

"Oh, I can't go back upon all these trumpery little details. I only remember that I was excessively generous to you about a mouse or mice and cricket-bats."

"Generous?"

"Yes; and then the verses."

"I suppose you'll say next that you wrote mine for me?"

"By no means; that would have been a doubtful kindness. No; I frequently allowed you to write mine for me, which was glorious practice for a little fellow—upon my word, it was quite fatherly of me. And then that row about Mother Willet's orchard, when I saved you—and—and—these and a hundred other little kindnesses, I suppose, must have stamped themselves into the plastic nature of your youth, and have been confirmed in manhood by the sense of protection which an unpractical (shall I say a weaker?) nature derives from association with one which is practical and philosophically robust. That, I take it, is the explanation from your point of view; and from mine, it is, of course, not wonderful to find a generous spirit attaching itself to the object of its protection and generosity."

"And looking out watchfully, no doubt, for fresh opportunities of exercising these qualities?"

"Most distinctly. I will be true to my mission, Cosmo. Lean upon me; I won't desert you."

"Now, Tom, you villain, I don't like this vein at all. I seem to remember similar flourishes in connection with certain financial embarrassments, which always ended in being rather embarrassing to myself. Upon my honour, now, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find that there was a temporary difficulty about a hotel bill, or a temporary but equally pressing necessity for two or three hundred pounds."

"My dear Cosmo, nor I! What intuitions the fellow has at times, to be sure! To tell you the truth, my banker is not a very good fellow."

"No?"

"No, not at all. I may say I'm ashamed of him. He can never see more than one side of a question, and his view of that is limited and groovy. Now a banker ought not to be groovy; ought he?"

"Perhaps not."

"No. Grooviness is inconsistent with the elevated intelligence which one has a right to expect in a banker. Just listen to a case in point. I——"

Tom's statement, however, was interrupted by a shout from a boat at a little distance. The two friends had been rowed down near to the Isola di San Giovanni; there they had turned, and, after sweeping close in to the Bellagian shore, were now slowly heading for home. The boat which hailed was behind them, motionless, and no other boats were in the neighbourhood.

"They must be hailing us," said Cosmo.

"Tourists full of new wine," replied Tom. "Let them howl."

The shout was repeated. Cosmo was for returning. "Something may be wrong," he said.

"Let them rave. *Avanti!*" quoth Tom.

Then, as they got under way again, the cry was repeated with such energy that it became clear that something was the matter; and they turned back. As they approached the boat, a sharp English voice upbraided them, in fierce, broken Italian, for their tardiness; but as they were all still under the shadow of the hills, the speaker was unrecognisable.

"*Subito! subito!*" replied old Pietro, leisurely paddling along.

"*Subito!* D——n it! do you call that *subito!*?" cried the voice.

"*Subito! subito!* — *pazienza! pazienza!* — *che va piano va lontano,*" said, or rather sang, the grinning boatman, as though soothing an impatient child; and then,

easing his oars as he ran alongside, "*Eccoci, signore!*"

"It is the '*beauté de diable*' and her papa, as I am a living, loving sinner," whispered Tom. "How prompt is the arrow of Fate!"

"You are English gentlemen, I presume," said Lord Germistoun—for it was he—"and I do think you might have been a little readier to answer my cry for assistance."

"But what is the matter, sir?" asked Tom.

"Matter, sir? Drowning's the matter—that's all." He then explained that the boatman had snapped one of his oars, and in jumping up to try to rescue the half which fell into the water, had sent "his great blundering foot through one of the rotten planks; and the boat's filling—that's all."

"We had no conception that there was anything seriously wrong," said Tom.

The old lord then tartly suggested transhipment instead of conversation. "If you will put us on shore anywhere at Bellaggio, we can get another boat. Our destination is Cadenabbia; but don't let us inconvenience you."

"Our way would be yours in any case," said Cosmo, addressing the lady; "but, as it happens, we also are bound for Cadenabbia."

The transhipment then took place, and the damaged boat was taken in tow, her boatman continuing in her, and indignantly denying any danger. Tom contrived to dispossess the new guests so that he sat between the young lady and her father. And now he began to play off a little comedy for the amusement of his friend; and falling into the rôle which he had prescribed for himself in his farcical conversation a few minutes before, proceeded to dramatise the part of the "aspirant" who, in "sapping up to a position," makes almost as much

love to the lady's belongings as to herself. Cosmo, who knew the "devilry" of which his friend was capable, feared he might overdo the part. The gravity of his face and manner were, however, unimpeachable; and all his attentions, divided pretty equally between father and daughter, passed muster in the most creditable way. Cosmo was very far from approving of a joke of the sort, and he soon had fresh cause for disapproval and annoyance; for Tom, out of pure wantonness, began to drag his name in, in such a way as to throw discredit upon him, and in such a way as, antithetically, to suggest his own superior merit in all respects.

"I cannot," he said to the young lady, "sufficiently blame myself for not insisting on our immediate return. My friend is a little obstinate, but I ought to have combated him. He *would* have it that the cry came from some party of tourists who had been—had been—a—dining somewhere. The tone of voice ought to have been sufficient for him. To *me* it was unmistakably the cry of a gentleman in distress. I ought to have been firm with him."

This spirited perversion of facts brought Lord Germistoun into the field at once. "Your friend's scepticism," he said, with a very grim look at Cosmo, "might have had disastrous results for us. He might have been willing to give us the benefit of the doubt, I think."

Cosmo was about to reply, when the young lady interposed. "I am sure," she said, "that you came as quickly as possible. Papa, you are really too *exigeant*. The accident seems scarcely to have happened, and here we are, safe and sound, on board another boat. Papa is too *exigeant*," she continued, with a laugh, "but you must make allowance for him. He has had a sad

chapter of accidents to-day. Have you not, papa?"

"Accidents? I don't call them accidents," snorted the old lord; "downright, deliberate insolence and mismanagement—these are not accidents. Would you believe it, sir, I was made twenty-five minutes late for dinner to-day by false information?"

"Yes, I observed that you came in late for dinner," said Tom, in a voice of sweetest sympathy; "and I feared there had been some of the usual negligence. In fact, I think I said to my friend, 'Here is the old, old story again; it is really getting too insufferable.'"

"Ah! you confirm me?"

"Indeed I do."

"And then, that head-waiter!"

"Oh! *he*?—he is notoriously an impostor."

"And his insolence!"

"Insolence! Now, I daresay he answered you?"

"Ah! that he did, and most improperly."

"There, Cosmo!" said Tom, turning to his friend with the air of a man who, after a protracted controversy, at length finds an argument which gives him the victory beyond dispute—"there, Cosmo! I suppose you won't support your friend after *that*;" and then, before Cosmo had time to say anything—"to *me*, that man is the incarnation of stupid impertinence. If it had not been for my friend here, I would have brought the matter to a point long ago, by going frankly to the direction, and simply saying, 'Either that head-waiter is dismissed, or I leave the hotel.'"

"Quite right—quite right!" cried the old gentleman; "and I'd have done it myself—I'd have done it myself. Then, they keep back the letters, and have no excuse to make. The porter——"

"Oh, the porter! simply a *cretin*."

"And what business have they to employ *cretins*?"

"Part of the system—part of the system."

"So it would seem; and it's no better over here. I have just been over to the 'Serbellone' to look for rooms; and there, I protest to you, I was treated like—like a scavenger. I said the rooms smelt of rats. The manager denied this brusquely; said it had been the chateau of a *grand seigneur*, and couldn't smell of rats. I told him that I believed the walls were lined with dead rats; that the floors and the roofs were full of them; and that if there were no living ones there, it was simply because the house was crumbling to pieces with dry-rot, and going to fall. The manager then requested me to leave the premises—*me*—actually—in so many words, and stated that in no case should I have rooms. I gave him my name, which produced no sort of effect. I said I would expose him. He replied that that was my affair, and a matter of complete indifference to him; and I was, as nearly as possible, hustled out of the house. Now, did you ever hear anything half so monstrous?—did you ever? did you ever? did you ever? Eh? hum? what?"

Tom received this tale of wrong with immense sympathy, interjecting little groans of indignation at critical parts.

"I think," continued the old gentleman, "the whole place seems to have changed. Twenty years ago it was charming; but there is a sort of an infernal democratic twang about it now, that upsets me—upsets me. Don't you see a change?"

"Oh, certainly; nothing could be more marked," replied Tom, who had seen the lake for the first

time one week before. "It's all deteriorated—sadly deteriorated," he added, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, which appeared to include the whole district, and even the lake and the sky, in the condemnation of being rat-eaten and of having a democratic twang.

The old gentleman was greatly mollified by all this sympathy; but addressed himself exclusively to Tom, who had contrived, out of sheer wanton fun, to put his friend in the light of a malefactor.

"It is very disappointing," said the young lady; "we intended to enjoy ourselves so much here, and now all these *contretemps* have darkened our prospects."

"You are not disappointed in the beauty of the lake, I am sure?" said Cosmo, who had hitherto kept silence, and was now immediately rewarded by a furtive kick from his friend, meant to imply that he must not trespass on another man's preserves.

"No, indeed," was the reply; "I never, even in my dreams, saw anything half so lovely."

Tom made rather a floundering attempt to construct a gallant speech on these premisses, and the lady went on—

"One could not say too much in its praise; or rather, perhaps, one cannot say too little. There are some things that seem to be above the power of words."

"Things that ought only to be painted, you mean," said Tom; "and you are an artist, without doubt?"

"Oh, in a very, very humble way; but papa *really* is."

"Oh, how I envy him!" cried Tom, with rapture; "this must be an artist's paradise—points of view from land and water at discretion, unrivalled effects of light and shade, *and*—*and*—all that sort of thing," including another kick for Cosmo.

"You won't allow these mishaps to drive you away *immediately*?" he continued, with much earnestness.

"Ah! I don't know; papa *must* be comfortable, and——"

"And *will* be so, my dear," interposed her father; "and is certainly not going to be hunted out of the place by a pack of innkeepers. No, no."

"Bravo!" murmured Tom.

"I'm situated in this way," continued Lord Germistoune—"Gull has ordered me to the Engadine. Why Gull has ordered me to the Engadine, I daresay Gull doesn't know himself—I don't; but doctors are tyrants, and these are my tyrant's orders. Now, it seems one can't go up there for a month to come, on account of the hard weather in the mountains, and I had decided to spend that month here—and *here* I *will* spend it; and I'll tell you what it is, since there is no hotel fit for a gentleman to live in, I'll take a villa. That will be a lesson for them. Yes, I'll take a nice little villa to-morrow morning,—eh? hum? what?"

"I fear," said Tom, "it may be rather difficult to find one for so short a time, and at such short notice."

"Excuse me, I think not. There may, perhaps, be difficulties; but they shall be overcome. I'll take a nice little villa to-morrow morning. What?"

"Papa is a most determined character, you must know; he would rather buy a villa or build one than be beaten."

"I generally contrive to have my own way, Esmè, as you know."

"Oh yes, dear papa, I *do* know; only too well sometimes," she added, with a laugh. "You are a most formidable person when

thwarted; but on this occasion I applaud your firmness—a little selfishly, perhaps—for I am so glad we are to stay on in this lovely place."

"It will be an example to them," chuckled Lord Germistoune; "I'll take a nice little villa in the morning." He gloated over the idea which had only occurred to him in the course of the conversation, and which seemed to offer a pleasant salve of vengeance for his outraged dignity.

"You must immortalise the lake with your pencil," said Tom to the lady.

"Oh no; but papa may. Indeed he has a large portfolio of sketches done here years ago. They first made me wish to come here."

Then Tom fell to cunning questioning as to the views selected, expressing a burning curiosity to know how this and that subject had been treated, the conditions of light at the time, and so forth, invariably pronouncing the old gentleman's artistic selection to have been precisely what it ought to have been, and generally surrounding him with such a comfortable atmosphere of appreciation and applause, that, when the boat reached the shore, he was in high good-humour. "Most agreeable, gentlemanlike fellow," he murmured to his daughter; "must make his acquaintance formally." Then turning to the two friends, he thanked them very courteously for the service they had rendered, and even went so far as to hint at a vague regret for having been betrayed into impatient language at the moment of rescue. "Let me offer you my card," he said, in conclusion; "I am Lord Germistoune." The friends having duly handed over theirs in return, were presented, with considerable pomp and ceremony, to "My daughter,

Miss Douglas. It then occurred to Lord Germistoun that Mr Wyedale's name was familiar to him. "It reminds me," he said, "of one of my oldest and dearest friends. We sat in the House of Commons together for years, when he was member for ——shire. Was he a relation of yours?"

"He was my uncle," said Tom.

"Indeed! Then I am doubly pleased to make your acquaintance. Poor Tom Wyedale! what a witty dog he was, to be sure! Quite one of the best of us. And ah! what a Tory! He would have had Peel hanged for his Corn-law treachery, if he could. Ah! a fine fellow, Tom. He left no children, I think?"

"No, his only son died."

"And Lady Mary?"

"She is very well, thank you."

"And the Abbey?—Wyedale Abbey?—that went to—to—not to you?"

"Alas! no; a brother darkened my life, by getting into the light in front of me."

"Ha, ha! Well, we can't all hope to be eldest sons. What?"

"No; my aspirations would have been much more easily satisfied."

"That reminds me of poor Tom. Well, shall we say 'Good-night,' or will you come up to our quarters and have a cup of tea, and take a look at these sketches we've been talking about?"

Tom gladly assented, and the old lord led the way to his apartment, explaining that the rooms (which were really the best in the house and entirely charming) were detestable; but that, after to-morrow, he hoped to receive his friends more becomingly. "For"—and here he repeated the formula about the nice little villa, which seemed to have captivated him like the refrain of a pleasant song.

CHAPTER III.

Tom's conduct in the boat was, of course, merely meant to amuse his friend, as the dramatic sequel of their previous conversation, by a representation, as has been said, of the crafty approaches of a politic lover. As far as his friend was concerned, however, the humour of the caprice had missed fire. Cosmo was anything but pleased with it. Punetiously polite to strangers himself, his temper had been somewhat ruffled by the brusqueness of Lord Germistoun's first greeting; it had been progressively disturbed by Tom's persistent method of dragging him forward in a false light, and by the distinct manner in which Lord Germistoun seemed to ignore his existence. Moreover, this poking of fun at total strangers (one of whom was a lady), all un-

witting though they were, appeared to him improper and impertinent; and the poking of fun at himself, except in private, was by no means to his taste. From all this it resulted that Cosmo had fallen into a very considerable state of dignity, and would have excused himself stiffly from accepting the invitation to the Germistoun apartment. Miss Douglas, however, divining, with feminine tact, that something was amiss, and attributing it to its true cause, or partly so, seconded the invitation with a simple heartiness that made refusal impossible, and Cosmo followed her.

And now came Tom's retribution. The portfolio of sketches was his Nemesis—a huge portfolio filled to overflowing with indifferent performances, through which he

had to wade at solemn pace and slow. For the artist stood by him, and saw that there was no evasion—haranguing upon each “bit,” bewildering his victim with strange art-jargon, and keeping him alert by sudden appeals and subtle pauses for notes of admiration. There was no escape for poor Tom, who knew as much about water-colours as a Choctaw Indian, and was wont to confess that he liked to take the beauties of nature “with an object,” and with special reference to Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. But, with a desperate resignation, he went manfully through to the end of a long hour and a half. Anathemas rose in his heart, mingled with poignant yearnings for tobacco and cool tankards: but he suppressed them all, and sat yawnless and smiling, and the winner of golden opinions from his host—richly deserved, indeed; for he who can drink to the dregs that “drowsiest syrup of the world”—the prosings of an egotistical diletante—and, drinking, seem to like it, has fortitude enough to win a martyr’s crown. Meantime, and thus, it so fell out that Cosmo was exemplifying the vanity of human wishes. Scarcely two hours before, he had expressed a resolution to avoid contact with Miss Douglas, and now he was involuntarily engaged with her in a *tête-à-tête* of formidable length. The situation might have been decidedly romantic—ought, indeed, so to have been. The coincidence of the picture’s resemblance—there was a romantic element; and, coupled with it, the virtual saving of the young lady’s life—there was another. Then, her extreme beauty would have shed a halo over circumstances infinitely more prosaic; and what stage, what *mise-en-scène*, could surpass the Lake of Como, with all its accessories of night, summer, and the

moon? But, alas! “the *romantic*” visits us only as the angels of the proverb do. Too seldom does it drop on our daily lives; and though, like some gossamery woof of magic tints, it then draws over every rugged angle the “softening folds of a gracious drapery,” it remains but for an instant, and vanishes so abruptly that we scarcely wot of the beauty that has been on us and about us, till the glory has departed. It is dissipated by a breath, and by none more surely than the whisper of an incongruous association; and, by some psychological law, those who are most susceptible of a romantic impression have also usually the keenest perceptions of the incongruous. Thus, Tom Wyedale’s rollicking conversation in the boat, and his Philistine tone about the young lady herself, had brushed away, for his friend, all romance from the events of the evening. To Cosmo the little drama presented itself in no ethereal aspect. The whole thing had simply irritated him. Sensitive by nature, and somewhat shy, his manner to strangers was marked at best by a certain reserve and stateliness that were scarcely prepossessing; and at present he was angry with Tom, offended with Lord Germistoun, vexed with himself, and almost displeased with Miss Douglas herself—though why, it would have been difficult to say, except, indeed, for bringing him, against his will, into that contact with herself which, perhaps in scant earnest, he had announced his intention of avoiding. This complication was certainly not likely to subdue his natural characteristics; so that Miss Douglas might have been pardoned if, at first, she had rather repented the warmth of her invitation, and felt that the task of entertaining the guest who fell to her charge was more formidable than pleasant. At first it cer-

tainly appeared to be so, for Cosmo seemed to be bereft of all power of conversational initiative, and even in response he was sluggish and frozen. Miss Douglas, as the daughter of Lord Germistoun, a wealthy and well-known peer, was presumably of the London world; Cosmo himself was more or less of the same world,—and that two such people should be together in a *tête-à-tête*, and be in want of topics of conversation, even for a minute, might well seem an unaccountable phenomenon. The mere routine work of each season produces, for a certain class of society, topics enough to supply with the materials of many hours' dialogue, the most brainless he or she who drifts through the regulation amount of duty or pleasure prescribed by the rubric of fashion. The veriest parrot, from the blessed iteration of the same phrases (if not ideas), heard hourly for three or four solid months, can scarcely fail to have glibly on the tip of his tongue sufficient small-change of talk to pay his way without difficulty among the initiated. And then there are always one or two great salient events in the history of each season, which, independent of the smaller gossip, fend off from the talker the necessity of plunging, without a cork-jacket, into the hopeless waters of originality. Let us cast back an eye over the last few seasons; at once it is struck by a dozen things of the sort. For instance, a royal savage—the blacker the better—visits the country, and reduces the nation to a state of infantile imbecility. In his honour there are court entertainments, where he is puzzled; and municipal banquets, where his inner man is compromised; a review at Windsor, where he is again puzzled; an exhibition of ironclads, where he is frightened and again sick. What a fund of topics in all

this! What possibilities of earnest question and response! Were *you* there? Were *you*? Had you the *entrée* to the privileged places? Did you see *him*? Is it true that he was sulky and rude? Can it be conceivable that his teeth chattered? Then the Duchess of —, in giving a fancy ball, supplies another fertile theme. It was beautiful, but she gave it too late or too early. It clashed with the *festa* of some other potentate. Such a pity! And was royalty *really* offended or not? If so, why?—if not, why not? Then the Prince's garden-party,—if you were at it, it is well; if not, still it is well, for much time can be consumed in giving every reason but the true one for your absence. The Academy has a sensation picture, painted by a girl blind from her birth. Here art-talk *à discretion*. She is equal to Salvator Rosa, or Horace Vernet, or Paul Potter, or any other painter—no matter whom—to whom the *vox populi* has taught you to liken her. There is a new reading of Hamlet by a Hindoo, which (in Hindustani) edifies society. Such a mellifluous language Hindustani! So perfect a vehicle for Shakespearian thought! Some curled darling of society cheats at cards or helps himself to his neighbour's wife. Here is breathless interest! Why did he do it? When? How? Where? What *does* Sir John say to it? Will the countess *ever* get over the shock? Moral—how *can* people do such things? Some one else who ought to have known better commits some other *faux pas*, scarcely discussible, but which can be sniffed round with titillating innuendoes and low confidential murmurings. Burnand has a new farce, the scream of which has been loud enough to cross the Channel and be echoed in Paris. Doubtless you have heard it in both

languages? Offenbach outdoes himself in a new opera-bouffe—‘*Suzanne et les Vieillards*.’ A little shocking, is it not? but then so bright and clever! That atones for most things. And then comes the “music of the future,” and sets the whole queer jumble to appropriate strains. You heard ‘*Lohengrin*’? You *did*? It was a perfect enigma to you or entirely comprehensible. You sat through the *whole* of that first suffocating night? to the end? and wished for more? No wonder! Or wished yourself dead? How natural!

People who have these and a hundred kindred and equally welcome topics freely at command, ought not to be in much danger of having to hazard an original thought, or of having to pause in an unbroken stream of well-worn but still serviceable platitudes. And then there is in reserve the gossip of “Prince’s,” “Hurlingham,” and Cowes; the ordinary *on dits* about ordinary marriages, scandals, scrapes, flirtations, and what not. So that, altogether, there is surely more than enough, when the season is over, to carry one on from August till April—provided, of course, there is an occasional change in the scene of one’s platitudinising. Cosmo, however, availed himself of none of these resources. He had entered the room, as we have seen, with ruffled plumage; but surely his good-breeding could not possibly permit him to sulk in a *tête-à-tête* with a lady who was doing her best to entertain him? No. Well, he was not sulky, but he was sombre; and that, with his natural shyness, had dammed up his ideas. Then, every moment he was with Miss Douglas deepened his impression of her wonderful resemblance to the Sasso-Ferrato Madonna, preoccupying him at first, and then making him feel—fancifully enough, to be

sure—that ordinary topics of conversation were unsuitable in the presence of one about whom clung so many suggestions far removed from the *banalité* of common life. Miss Douglas, on her side, bravely struggled with difficulties; but neither did she avail herself of the dreary reserve of London small-talk. She had in truth been but one season—that of her *début*—two years before, in town; so that her resources in that respect could neither have been many nor recent. Had it been otherwise, perhaps Cosmo’s tongue would have been earlier untied, because Sasso Ferrato’s Madonna would have ceased to embarrass him.

She and her father had been great travellers; for the old lord—being half invalid, half valetudinarian—required perpetual change of scene, and frequent visits to those numerous health-resorts, scattered all over that large portion of Europe which is now included in the map of the invalid. In this way, there were few places in Europe of great interest which she had not visited; and a splendid collection of photographs which lay on the table, contained souvenirs of everything beautiful and noteworthy which she had herself seen. Upon this book, as an aid in her difficulty, she fell back; and, since Cosmo had also travelled much, she was able for a time, without seeming to lecture, to carry on a tolerably one-sided conversation.

Her manner was singularly unaffected and simple; and a certain freshness of appreciation made her remarks, on what she had really liked and admired, original and striking. By degrees Cosmo was thoroughly thawed; and catching the infection of an enthusiasm which was by no means foreign to his own nature, he began to exchange experiences and sentiments with her, with an earn-

estness and volubility which, if they had suddenly broken forth from the iced man of half an hour ago, would have suggested magical transformation. But he, indeed, must have been of the earth earthy who could have recalled, in company with a sympathetic spirit, yet without some enthusiasm, the memories which this book awakened. For there was the Parthenon, shattered, despoiled, but peerless still in its beauty, and glorious in its suggestions of a panorama instinct with the genius of the Golden Age. And there were the Pyramids, from which even the tourist cannot hunt the mystery and awe of the early world. The Mount of Olives, where Reverence feels that in no language it dare utter its emotions. The Pincian Hill, where History seems to stagger under the burden of its records. The Golden Horn and the Golden Shell. The beautiful illusions of Stamboul, the wondrous realities of Syracuse, the weird resurrections of Pompeii, and the sunny life of Sorrento. From one to the other they passed, and through the quaint portals of many a rare old town of Germany and Holland, and by many a venerable monument of pious art, and up the castled Rhine, through the land of legendary lore, and on into the splendid wilderness of Alp and glacier. People who had beheld such scenes with seeing eyes—who had thought in them, felt in them, received some of their inspirations, and learned a few of their myriad lessons—and who had before them such aids to memory as this book contained, had assuredly small need to fall back for topics upon the dwarfed and dwarfing life of modern society. The photograph-book proved an entirely successful stratagem of despair, which very soon changed into lively pleasure and interest, so that all sombre

clouds were dissipated. But the conversation was by no means all pitched in a transcendental or earnest key. It was constantly relieved by humorous reminiscences, which this or that scene recalled. Esmè proved to be full of fun; she was as eager and fresh in that respect as in more serious matters, and passed from one phase to the other with a certain quaint *naïveté* which ought to have been wholly captivating to Cosmo, had he not been a little doubtful as to the fitness of such characteristics in one who wore the outward semblance of his idealised Madonna.

The time began to pass quickly—even too quickly.

At last there was but one more photograph to look at.

"There!" she said, as she turned it over, "the last of my photographs, but to me the most beautiful—at least I am bound to say so; that is my home."

"It is beautiful," replied Cosmo, "and a capital photograph, for I know the place well. I can't be mistaken. It is Dunerlacht Castle?"

"Yes. I think it is very good; even papa is pleased with it. The old part of the house comes out wonderfully; and the shadow on the water is so natural, is it not? And your travels have actually carried you up to our fastnesses?"

"Yes. I had to pass Dunerlacht pretty often a year or two ago. I had a shooting in—shire, not very far from you—Glenmoira."

"Oh, we know it very well! Some friends of ours used to have it. It is a charming little place. How lucky you were to have Glenmoira! How did you like it?"

"I was delighted with it."

"And you like Scotland?"

"Yes; indeed, very much more than most other places."

"Now I am quite sure that your taste is admirable, although I don't

the least agree with you about Interlachen or the Giessbach."

"Are you as enthusiastic about Scotland as about Switzerland?"

"Oh yes—more so; but it is a different kind of enthusiasm—just as I might be very enthusiastic about a friend, but still more so about papa, you know."

"Yes—the fatherland, of course, ought to be before all others; and, indeed, I suppose I ought to have the same sort of filial feeling to Scotland."

"What! are you a Scotchman?" cried Esmé.

"Perhaps I should rather say of Scotch descent," replied Cosmo, with some embarrassment.

"Oh, your family have deserted the beloved country!—long ago?"

"I—I—really don't quite know—some time—a generation or two, I believe."

Not to know the history and movements of one's ancestors for several hundred years struck Esmé as astonishing in one of gentle blood; but there was something in Cosmo's manner which told her that the subject was unpleasant to him, although he had himself introduced it, and so she abandoned it, merely asking him if he had given up his visits to Scotland as a sportsman.

"No," replied Cosmo, "not in theory, although in practice, since the year before last: but I am half thinking of going back this year; and, indeed, I have been in treaty for another moor—in a different county, however. But I scarcely think it will suit."

"I hear your friend talking about Scotland," said the old lord, who had by this time come to the end of his art-treasures; "and, by the by, who is your friend? His name puzzles me. It is Scotch, and it isn't Scotch. That is, it is the name of a locality, and the title

of a dormant Scotch peerage; but there is certainly no gentleman's family of that name in the country. Where does this gentleman come from?"

"Well, do you know, it is odd, but I can't tell you, except in a very hazy way. Cosmo and I were at Eton and a private tutor's together, and then at Cambridge, and we have been fast friends all our lives; but, as we used to say at school, I don't 'know him at home.'"

"Ah! by the by, there is a Glencairn, the great capitalist and speculator. I know a good deal about him—a rough, vulgar dog; but I believe he is unmarried. You don't know who your friend's father is."

"Well, I know one excellent trait in his father's character—he is immensely rich. I believe he made his fortune in the City; but he retired from business long ago (which is also to his credit), and lives in the wilds somewhere in the west of England. Glencairn has never asked me there, although I constantly go to his own shooting. I fancy his father is peculiar,—probably mad or something of the sort. He seldom speaks of him, although I know he goes to see him regularly. That's about all I know of the family. As to Glencairn's nationality, I never thought of that, except, of course, I supposed he was an Englishman; but he might have been a Kaffir by extraction, for anything he has ever said to me on the subject. He is rather reserved on some subjects, although the best fellow in the world when you know him, and immensely clever. His regiment used to swear by him, and a mess is generally not far wrong about a fellow's character."

"Oh! he was in the army?"

"Yes; he was a Captain in the — Dragoon Guards."

"He doesn't strike me as exactly

one's idea of the 'darling of the mess.'"

"Ah, well, but he was."

"The — Dragoon Guards, you say?"

"Yes."

"Hum! I think I have heard that that regiment recruits its officers in the City very much."

"Oh no. There are some rich fellows in it of that sort; but City or not City, I don't know a better lot in the service. They used to be, at least, when Cosmo was in them."

"Well, I should have thought he was rather conceited and stiff to be a regimental favourite in a first-class corps. Only my own impression—only my own first impression. You are not in the service?"

"No; I am a retired diplomatist," replied Tom, with a grin.

"Rather an early retreat, is it not?"

"Yes, perhaps: but I wanted a career; and if a fellow wants a career, F.O. is not likely to give it him—either at home or abroad."

"And so you left it?"

"And so I left it."

"And the career?"

"Ah! the career?—well, I begin to think a career is a mistake. I see fellows with careers not half so jolly as I am. There's Gerald St Clair—now, there's an example. That fellow was always talking about it. He had career on the brain, I believe, and he put a lot of that sort of stuff into my head at Cambridge. 'You must have a horizon,' he used to say. Well, there he is in the House—has been in it for five years—and he has done nothing. On committees all day, and in his place all night, with lots to say, but never allowed to say it. I don't call *that* jolly. His time, he says, hasn't come. He must walk to his career over the dead bodies of a score or two of second-

rate posers, who won't die for thirty years. An obstruction like that prevents one from seeing much horizon. I think Gerald has put his foot in it. That's my idea."

"If every one thought as you do, we should be rather short of Ministers."

"Oh no; you can always get lots of 'middling seconds'—quite good enough for the business nowadays."

"Ha, ha! you take a low view of Ministerial qualifications. Perhaps you don't know that I have been in office myself?"

"Oh, of course I do. Who doesn't? But that was in the good times. Yet even *you* left it, though you had everything before you—something like a career indeed."

"Health, health," said the old gentleman, greatly delighted; he had once been, for six months, an under-secretary in an asthmatic coalition Government, which had been born moribund and expired within a year. "Health is a worse obstruction than a phalanx of prosy seniors. But then you had the Church or the bar, fairly unobstructed for a young fellow of talent and interest."

"No, I didn't fancy the bar, and I'm pretty sure the Church would not have fancied me—a case of mutual incompatibility, probably."

"And so," said Lord Germistounne, blending the elements of a yawn with a look of amusement—"and so here you are."

"And so here I am; but I am certain I ought not to be here any longer—it is fearfully late. We are keeping you out of bed most unconscionably."

"Don't mention it—don't mention it. Ah! dear me, it *is* late. Well, I hope you'll come again and help me to kill an hour or two as pleasantly."

"Thanks. Can I be of any use

in helping you in your hunt for the villa?"

"Oh, thank you, no; much obliged to you, though—much obliged."

The party then broke up; and Cosmo, at least, left the room with very different feelings from those which he had brought into it, notwithstanding that his lordship bade him good-night with a stately frigidity, which was amply responded to in kind. The fact was, either that something in Cosmo's air or manner had piqued the old gentleman, who was pleased with little short of a slavish deference, or perhaps he had been seized with one of those unaccountable prejudices by which we are sometimes so unreasonably set against strangers, or—well, he did not love Dr Fell, though the reason why may have been as unexplainable as that in the proverb.

Cosmo's wrath against his friend had evaporated. "I daresay you were bored, Tom," he said, as they were separating for the night. "The noble lord was not too lively, I can imagine."

"Oh yes, I was bored, of course; but I rather like the old fellow; and I improved the shining hour, I think. I always cotton to swells, you know, because swells generally have shooting; and, by the by, I made quite a little programme for us both, while he was bragging about his confounded daubs. It was this: You to close with the Finmore shooting, and I to shoot with you there from the 12th to—say the 28th—as long as dogs are practicable, in fact; and then go on to Dunerlacht after the black game begins, and the driving. What say you?"

"Very jolly for you."

"How cold you are! Now a good fellow would have added 'rapture for myself and luck for Lord Ger-

mistoune.' Your manners are far from nice, Cosmo. By the by, how do you like the Madonna?"

"I think Miss Douglas is extremely agreeable."

"Indeed!—and 'the contact' was it not too intolerable?"

"What contact?"

"Oh! you've forgotten our little dialogue in the boat. Well, well, never mind. By the by, I withdraw from my position as swain and suitor. Her hands are too large."

"I didn't observe it."

"I did, though; I shouldn't know what to do with them. I'm going to stick to her parent instead. I know there ought to be a tremendous show of birds this year at Dunerlacht. They had a jubilee last year, and Snowie tells me there's not a scrap of disease in the district. Good-night, Cosmo. I suppose we may consider Finmore a fixture?"

"I don't know."

"Come now, captain, make it a fixture, and I'll stay with you to the 31st. I can't say fairer than that."

"It certainly is most liberal."

"And I'll even return for a week or two at the finish, if I can manage it."

"Provided no better billet offers itself."

"Well, hang it! I'm only a mortal after all. Come, now, 'parole Dunerlacht,' as you bloodthirsty mercenaries say in the army; bring the parable home and add, 'countersign Finmore—pass Thomas Wyedale, and all's well.' Come now, out with it."

"I never talked shop, even when I was in the service."

"An excellent rule; but the necessary exception would sound well in this echoing corridor. Now, then, in a deep, soul-stirring baritone, 'countersign Fin——'"

"Parole 'Blankets,' countersign 'Bed,'" said Cosmo, entering his room and shutting the door.

"Diplomacy retires before the brutalities of War," shouted Tom, going on his way.

"Will Diplomacy have a liquor before he turns in?" said Mr Cass, the American hero of the *table d'hôte*, looking out of his door.

"Sir," said Tom, "between 'diplomacy' and 'dipsomania,' the English language marks a distinction which is probably not preserved in the American dialect. Nevertheless, what is the creature?"

"Bourbon whisky. Drinks short. Cleans the white of the eye."

"That's conclusive. I'm on. We can only die once," said Tom.

Echoes of his laughter, long and loud, came, for an hour and more, from Mr Cass's room, and reached Cosmo, who, turning angrily on his pillow, muttered, "Confound the fellow! he's got hold of some one else now. I believe he'd rather sit up all night with a Trappist than go to bed at a reasonable hour." And, indeed, Tom would have found talk and laughter enough to supply the deficiencies of twenty Trappists for a thousand and one nights, if necessary.

THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.

FROM THE NOTES OF A STAFF OFFICER.

EGYPT has ever been the land of marvellous tales—from the days when the "Father of History" lent a credulous ear to the fables of the priests of Isis down to the present time, when the land of the Pharaohs is made the football of speculators and stock-jobbers. Having obtained the true story of the late Egyptian campaign from the lips and the note-books of the foreign officers connected with it, as well as some most interesting details as to the character of the country and people, I have jotted them down for publication, that light may be thrown on the dark places in Abyssinia, the Ethiopia of the Scriptures.

The quarrel between Egypt and Abyssinia originally arose, not simply from questions of disputed boundary—which, on that wild frontier, are of little consequence

to either party—but from the incessant raids made by the nomadic and warlike Abyssinians upon the peaceful and timid Egyptian *fellahs* dwelling in convenient proximity to these uncomfortable neighbours,—who harry their own peasantry as well with a most laudable impartiality. In fact, in these remote regions, the old Border feuds and forays, once so familiar on the Scottish border, are still actively carried on by these *sans culottes* African caterans. To protect the frontier, and overawe these predatory chieftains, who, while nominally acknowledging the rule of King Kassa or Johannes, the successor of Theodoros, are really obedient to their own special head-man or *ras*, the Khedive in October 1865 despatched a column of about 3400 men under command of Col. Arendrup, a Dane in Egyptian service, with instructions to

enforce peace if possible between the respective residents of this border-land, believing a display of force would accomplish those objects without bloodshed.

Ignorant of the country and of the character of the people with whom he had to deal, and despising his savage adversary too much, the unfortunate Arendrup divided his force and neglected the most ordinary precautions. While marching through the defile of Goundel on Abyssinian territory with but 800 men, he fell into an ambuscade, and after desperate resistance he and almost his whole force were cut to pieces, the few survivors being afterwards butchered in cold blood by the victors. This slaughter was planned, and participated in, by King Johannes himself, who thus commenced hostilities, setting up the alleged invasion of his territory by an armed Egyptian force as his plea for the bloody act.

With Arendrup perished the gallant young Governor of Massowah, Arakel Bey, nephew to Nubar Pasha—one of the ablest and most intelligent of the younger generation of Egyptian statesmen. Count Zichy, a volunteer, brother of the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, met a still more tragic and terrible fate. Two weeks after the slaughter, the French consul at Massowah, traversing the theatre of combat where the mutilated and unburied bodies of the slain still were lying as they fell, was startled by the apparition of a bloody and ghastly object—whether bestial or human he could not tell—crawling through the bushes towards his party. It proved to be the unfortunate Count Zichy, who had been left for dead on the field, and who, though fearfully wounded and disfigured, had contrived to drag himself about on all fours, subsisting on berries during the interval.

They placed the almost dying sufferer on a litter, and so strong was his will, and such his tenacity of life, that he rallied sufficiently to show his indomitable spirit by humming some favourite airs as they bore him along. For some unexplained reason the people with whom he was afterwards left in charge, delivered up the poor creature, thus miraculously rescued, to some of the followers of Johannes to be taken to the king; but these soon released him from his sufferings by putting him to death, having recognised him as one of Arendrup's force. It has been reported and believed that the whole of Arendrup's original force was massacred; but this is untrue, as not more than one-third accompanied him on his fatal march through the valley. It is stated by officers who accompanied the second expedition, that on their arrival at Massowah they found more than 2000 of the survivors of Arendrup's force, who had been stationed at various points remote from the scene of his massacre, and who therefore took no part in that affair.

A detachment of these was menaced by the Abyssinians, flushed with victory; but owing to the skilful generalship of the foreign officers commanding, especially of Major Dennison, a young American, it presented a bold front during the day, and retreated successfully under cover of the night, until it safely reached Massowah.

In consequence of this disastrous event, it became absolutely necessary for the Khedive to despatch a second and stronger expedition into Abyssinia, for the double purpose of restoring Egyptian authority and prestige on the frontier, and of preventing incursions from an opponent flushed with victory, and menacing Egypt with a war of invasion.

Accordingly, early in December

1875, a second expedition was despatched for Abyssinia, numbering in all about 16,000 men, well officered, armed, and provisioned, under command of Ratib Pasha the Egyptian generalissimo, accompanied by General Loring, an American in Egyptian service, an old and experienced soldier, who had left an arm in Mexico twenty years before; with it was a very able staff of American and other foreign officers.

The troops composing this expedition were the picked men of the Egyptian army, armed not only with the Remington rifle, but provided with artillery, including Krupp guns. It was, in all respects, an admirably well-equipped and well-appointed force, fully adequate (as was supposed) to carry out the double purpose aimed at. The subsequent narrative will show why it fell short of full success. This force was sent in steamers from Suez nearly 1000 miles down the Red Sea, to Massowah, an Egyptian post, ceded some years ago by the Sultan, and ever since an Egyptian possession, its natural and trading advantages being very great.

Massowah is a picturesque-looking oriental town, in whose port vessels of the largest class can safely lie at anchor. It is built on an island of coral formation, and connected with the mainland by a causeway a mile long. On another coral island adjoining, the late Governor, Arakel Bey, had built a palace, in excellent taste and oriental style, which forms one of the most attractive objects in the vicinity. The town is of Arab character and construction, but of considerable extent; the population very mixed, comprising specimens of the sixteen different nationalities which people Egypt, in whose faces every shade of brown, black, or coffee colour could be witnessed. They constitute a busy, peaceful, orderly,

trading population; keen for a bargain, but inoffensive. The climate in winter is delightful; in summer, trying to European constitutions.

With this expedition Prince Hassan, third son of the Khedive and present Minister of War, went as a volunteer *aide* to the General-in-Chief.

The expeditionary force remained some months at Massowah before penetrating far into the Abyssinian country, which is shut in by ranges of hills, rising in succession until they almost attain the dignity of mountains, by which latter name they are usually designated.

The difficulty of passing these natural barriers has been greatly exaggerated, as there are passes through all of them, many of which are well wooded, affording the protection of cover to an invading as well as to an ambushed force. Many of them can also be dominated and swept by artillery, as the Abyssinians found to their cost during their second encounter with the Egyptian troops.

Officers who had served in Mexico declare that the general features of Abyssinia reminded them of that country, though with less majestic mountains and feebler vegetation; for Abyssinia only nestles among her hills; and marching into the interior from the coast, the country, though rugged, is hot, lying comparatively low, between the 9th and 16th degrees of latitude. Proceeding further inland, from 30 to 80 miles from the coast, you reach plateaux 2000 feet above the level of the Red Sea, and enjoy one of the most delightful and salubrious climates in the world—bright and sunny in winter, and in summer refreshed by constant rains. From June to October you have several variations of climate every day. The morning breaks bright and clear, with unclouded sunshine;

at mid-day it becomes cloudy; and two hours later the rain comes down in torrents; then follows a splendid sunset, succeeded by a clear night, the heavens studded with stars, both the North Star and Southern Cross being plainly perceptible at the same time. The continual rains temper the heat, until the summer solstice becomes as endurable as the spring season. Hence the tablelands of Abyssinia, though lying in the midst of a burning region, are both temperate and healthy all the year round.

Large and numerous water-courses fertilise and refresh this region, among which are the Mareb, Taccaze, Blue Nile, and Atbara—the two latter being the great fertilisers which, for thousands of years, have rendered their annual tribute to old Father Nile, and have added immensely to the fertility and productiveness of Egypt, by bringing down with their turbid waters the rich deposits of the valleys and hillsides of Abyssinia, washed down by the annual floods.

So that, in despite of its wild and untamable chieftains who interpose a barrier to the encroaching civilisation of their powerful neighbour, Abyssinia still continues to pay her rich annual tribute to Egypt, and must continue so to do until the affluents of the Nile have altered their course. The Khedive himself, when taxed with the intention of absorbing or annexing Abyssinia in whole or in part, referred to this, when he said that, as Nature already was sending him down the best part of Abyssinia, he had no desire for the residue.

From the notes of officers attached to the expedition, the following statement of the military operations is taken:—

“Our force of 16,000 men was under the command of Ratib Pasha—an Egyptian, of Circassian blood,

General-in-Chief of the Egyptian army. With him was sent General Loring of the American contingent,—an old officer of much experience, whose hand the Khedive placed in that of the Pasha before leaving Cairo, enjoining brotherly concord between them. With them also went a picked staff of American and other foreign officers. The armament comprised a splendid park of artillery, including Krupp guns, and the men were armed with the Remington rifle—the best small-arm in the world. No army ever was fitted out with better material of war and equipment—and the comfort both of officers and men was thoroughly provided for.

“After establishing two depots *en route* to keep open our communication, we marched from Massowah, on the coast, to the plateau, crossing the mountain of Kayakhor for almost 80 miles inland. We then marched to a valley six miles distant, and established breastworks, intrenching ourselves in a strong fortification deemed impregnable, which received the name of Fort Gura. At the same time we also fortified the mountain of Kayakhor, which we had just passed. It is necessary to bear in mind that the two positions were only six miles apart. The valley extended from Kayakhor to eight miles beyond Fort Gura, with a width of from one and a half to two miles.

“At Fort Gura we had about 7700 men, rank and file, and at Kayakhor about 5000. These figures included all arms of the service—the depots being filled with abundance of ammunition and provisions. The balance of our command and supplies were rapidly moving up to join us. Such was the state of affairs when we received information from our scouts that King John was moving in the distance around our front with a large force.

Finally, he commenced a movement along our right flank, keeping under shelter of the mountains, twenty or thirty miles distant, endeavouring to draw us out into the open country. Not having our forces all up and concentrated, we were not in a position to move out, even had we desired it; so we pursued the waiting policy, well knowing that, with his large force, swelled by the numerous camp-followers, in the shape of women and children who always accompany the fighting men, he must soon exhaust the country over which he was passing—which cause, together with the want of water, would compel him to make an effort to cross our path and attack us.

“From his position he could not cross the valley in any other way than between our two fortified positions above described. Such being the situation, Ratib Pasha was advised to leave the impregnable Fort Gura, with 800 men and the artillery, which could sweep the valley, and marching the rest of his force back to Kayakhor, there effect a junction with the rest of his forces as soon as possible, and await the enemy, who was daily expected there, in his forced march across the valley in quest of water and provisions. This counsel was given on the 4th of March; and had the Pasha adopted it, and acted promptly, a splendid victory, which would at once have terminated the struggle, would certainly have resulted. But Ratib Pasha could not be persuaded to move until three days later; and it was not until the 7th of March, when we knew the enemy was moving on the Amhoor road leading into the valley, that any movement was made by the Egyptian troops. Then, late in the day, Ratib Pasha moved out with 5000 men, only about three miles from his fortified position, and

took up a stand, equally distant from that and Kayakhor, immediately opposite the Amhoor road, making no effort to unite forces; and on the opposite side of the valley to that on which it was known King John would debouch into it, and which he did in full sight of our forces.

“We now believe that Ratib Pasha took out his corps for observation, not intending an engagement; but he was anticipated by the Abyssinians, who at once made a savage and desperate onslaught in mass, variously estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men of all arms. Of this horde not more than 8000 to 10,000 were armed with single-barrelled shot-guns, old Tower muskets, &c.; as many more with swords and shields; the rest with clubs. But they were never able to display or actively use more than 15,000 or 20,000 at a time, from the nature of the ground. Being in a favourable position for judging, this is my estimate.

“The battle lasted two hours, and there was fearful carnage, with considerable loss to the Egyptians, and far greater to the Abyssinians, owing to the inferiority of the latter in respect to arms and position.

“No skilled soldier present doubts that had Ratib Pasha united his army as advised on the 4th, or even as late as the 6th, instead of taking up the intermediate position, and there inviting attack with a divided force, he might have crushed the enemy at one blow.

“The valley of Gura commands on the left the rich valley of Gouzi Goraï, and on the right that of Hamacen, both of which contain what for Abyssinia may be considered large and thriving populations, displaying not only a friendly feeling towards Egypt, but manifesting a strong desire to be permanently annexed to that country.

“We had fortified and provisioned

some of the strongest mountain passes on our route, such as Bahr Réza, Adderasso, and Kayakhor—giving a line of frontier protection against the wandering nomads of Abyssinia, who live by plundering their own peaceful cultivators as well as those of Egypt.”

Why the Egyptian General-in-Chief delayed until too late carrying out the advice of his staff officer and second in command, General Loring, and fought the enemy in detail, instead of concentrating his forces, has never been satisfactorily explained. Neither has the conduct of Osman Pasha, one of his superior native officers, who, with a force of 3000 men within hearing of the guns, did not move from his position nor take part in the fighting; though, if he had brought up his reserve, he might have utterly routed and dispersed the army of the Abyssinians.

These two mistakes opened the campaign with advantage to the Abyssinians, and encouraged them to continue the war. To resume the narrative:—

“On the 8th of March there was little or no fighting. On the 9th we fully expected that King John would be compelled to attack us; for his people, who had suffered severely on the 7th, and with insufficient supplies of food and water, were, we learned, becoming almost mutinous, and crying out to be led at once to the attack.

“So with a force of about 3000 men, in our intrenched position at Fort Gura, well supplied with artillery and all munitions of war, we expected his assault.

“As we anticipated, King John, early on the 9th, commenced his movement in a soldier-like manner by throwing out large bodies of skirmishers under cover of the undergrowth which extends through the valley, and by firing into our

breastworks, about half a mile distant. While this was going on, he commenced a movement from his camp, pouring out his masses along the hillsides and slopes, and even crowding the slopes and crests of the hills with men, women, and children, making an imposing display of force—about a mile distant. In addition to these, he moved on to the fort with his fighting men, probably 30,000 or 40,000 in number. Simultaneously he detached several thousands to attack our works, moving up under cover of some old breastworks which had not been destroyed, contiguous to the fort now occupied by us. A large force was thus enabled to approach the fort to within 30 or 40 yards.

“Ratib Pasha had been cautioned by the staff and by the engineers as to the necessity of destroying these old breastworks, but had neglected to order their removal. With this assaulting force, which came up boldly to its work, sustained by a rattling fire from their skirmishers, it was not long before we had a desperate and deadly conflict at all points, which lasted for several hours, in which our artillery did deadly execution; and their frantic efforts to storm our position were beaten back with great loss of half-naked warriors. Their masses, spread out by thousands along the hillsides, kept swaying and surging to and fro, yelling and brandishing their lances and clubs, ready to move on us *en masse* as soon as they saw their attacking column leap our breastworks, when we should have been overwhelmed by numbers. A well-directed fire from our artillery into the swarms on the hillsides inflicted immense destruction among the poor wretches, forcing them constantly to shift their position.

“Our Krupp gun did great execution, while the Remington rifle

decimated the assaulting column to such an extent that after several desperate efforts to scale the works they attempted to retreat. But a charge being ordered on the broken and retreating columns, which took them in the rear and flanks, very few were allowed to escape, those who fled leaving their wounded and dead on the field.

"Our victory was complete and overwhelming. The masses on the slopes, seeing the failure and fright of their picked warriors, rapidly retreated, and soon there remained in sight not a single Abyssinian out of the countless thousands who had peopled the hillsides but a short time before. The warfare of this people resembles that of the North American Indians, who, like them, often come up boldly to the conflict when their numbers are greatly superior; but once repulsed and badly beaten, retreat so rapidly as to render it impossible to follow or overtake them. With the Abyssinians it is the same. Encumbered by no baggage or waggons to impede attack or retreat, their movements are far more rapid than those of a regular army, and they fight to death, neither asking nor expecting quarter.

"Shortly after, without further fighting, King John sued for peace, and no hostile movement has since taken place in Abyssinia.

"All of our prisoners who had not been put to death (as many were after the first battle by the Abyssinians, while others were sent back terribly and inhumanly mutilated) were exchanged; and the bulk of our expeditionary force returned to Egypt in steamers *via* Suez.

"Of these the larger portion of rank and file, under command of Osman Pasha Ferik, were sent as a Turkish contingent by the Khedive, and are still doing duty in Turkey.

All the marvellous stories about the capture and ransom of Prince Hassan the General-in-Chief, the taking of Massowah by the Abyssinians, &c., circulated in European journals, are pure fabrications.

"Before our army was withdrawn from Abyssinia, strong posts were established and garrisoned at Kaya-khor and other points, so as to secure the frontier against further raids, and small reinforcements have been despatched for that purpose; but this is all that remains of the war with Abyssinia, the accounts of which, so far as we have seen them, have been generally so exaggerated and so false."

From one of the American officers attached as surgeon to the expedition, Dr T. Johnson, who was captured in the fight of the 7th March, and kept forty days a prisoner in the tent of the chief, or Ras, next in rank to Johannes, and who had several interviews with the king himself, the present writer obtained many curious particulars, and graphic accounts of the manners and habits of prince and people.

Captured on the field of battle after receiving a slight lance-thrust in the leg, although a non-combatant from the nature of his functions, Dr Johnson was tied to the bridle of his captor's horse, and dragged along, being compelled to keep up with the pace of the animal, which fortunately was not rapid. Whenever he lagged, stumbled, or fell—as he did several times from weariness or the unevenness of the ground—he was incited to activity by the monitory pricking of a lance, until, half dead with fatigue, he was placed under guard in the camp, composed of tents, one of which, he afterwards learned, was occupied by King Johannes in person. He was given neither bed nor covering of any kind though the night was chill, but slept on

the ground as best he might, with no pleasing anticipations of the morrow. Early next morning, looking out from his place of captivity, he saw small squads of the Abyssinian soldiers, armed with guns and lances, driving before them like sheep numbers of the captive Egyptians, with their hands tied behind their backs.

Halting on the steep hillsides, they caused the poor bound wretches to run a little distance by pricking them with their spears, and then shot them down as they ran, as coolly as if they had been coveys of partridges, despatching those who were only wounded at close quarters with spear-thrusts. There was no semblance of a military execution, or of orders from superior officers, in this wholesale massacre of prisoners taken in the battle of the previous day. The poor wretches seemed to have been delivered up to the savage soldiery to be disposed of according to their will or pleasure, without any regard to the laws of war, or to the rules of civilised warfare as practised by modern belligerents. Not only slaughter, but brutal mutilation was inflicted on the unhappy prisoners, both before and after death, so that the survivors had often to envy the slain. Many of these unfortunates were sent back in mockery to the Egyptian army, with menaces of the like being done to the rest, did they not promptly evacuate the country.

Witnessing these proceedings, the captive resigned himself to what he regarded, sooner or later, as his certain fate also, and nerved himself to meet it like a man. He thought his hour had come when, roughly summoned by his captors by means of significant signs (for he could not understand their speech), and with several of his Egyptian companions in misfortune, he was dragged along

to the hillside, where this tragedy was being enacted.

But interposition and relief came to him from a most unexpected quarter. An Abyssinian chief, apparently of high rank from the deference which was paid him, though differing from the rest but little either in costume or in appearance, suddenly interfered, and after a short and angry colloquy with the men who had him in custody, took the doctor by the arm, and led him away from the scene of slaughter, and from the fate of his comrades. This preserver proved to be a Ras, second only in power and consideration to King Johannes himself among those wild chieftains, whose relations to their king, and to each other, strangely resemble those depicted by Homer as existing between Agamemnon, "Anax Andrôn," and the Greek chieftains before Troy. Taken to his own tent by this Ras the captive was treated less like a prisoner than a guest, and finally almost as a brother—although the want of a common language rendered communication between the two of a most restricted character in the way of conversation, until an interpreter was found. Then the Ras plied his guest with questions, and exhibited an insatiable curiosity only surpassed by his ignorance of everything outside of his native wilds. Finding it impossible to make his captors comprehend the difference between an American and an Englishman, the Western Continent being a *terra incognita* to them, and also that they considered the English as friends and allies, the doctor accepted that nationality, for the nonce thus forced upon him.

During the whole term of his captivity—more than a month—he shared the bed and board of his protector and preserver; the bed consisting of a mat on the ground,—the

food of the coarsest description—chiefly hard bread and vegetables, washed down with milk, or *merissa*, the brandy of the country. At occasional feasts meat was eaten, either raw or cooked, the Abyssinians appearing to prefer it in the natural state, and greedily devouring what literally was the “bleeding beef,” with greater gusto than a Frenchman accuses an Englishman of doing. His host, however, coolly appropriated, though with much courtesy, most of the small wardrobe and all the trinkets his guest had on his person, or which were sent him from the Egyptian camp; considering them as “presents” which were his due. Thus the Ras observing that the doctor wore two shirts, one of linen, the other of flannel, gravely remarked that one shirt was all that was needful for one man: giving his guest the option of retaining whichever of the two he preferred, and accepting the other. In view of the absence of laundries in camp, and of the general disregard for ablution or water, by which they mark their contempt for the frequent washings of “the Turks,” as they term all Mohammedans, the doctor chose the flannel, and taking off his linen one, the Ras forthwith endued his manly frame with the confiscated garment.

The same fate awaited the doctor's watch and other trinkets, which were gravely, and almost affectionately, appropriated by this courteous host, who in return presented his guest with several curious articles of Abyssinian workmanship, such as cups made of the rhinoceros' horn, hippopotamus-hide whips, and other articles of rude native workmanship.

In all their conversations, through an interpreter, as already stated, the Ras displayed a most childlike ignorance of the manners and cus-

toms of civilised men. He was kind enough to send out his prisoner every day, under escort, to take exercise; and contrasting his kindness, and even gentleness, with the terrible barbarities he had witnessed, and the general brutality of the people, Dr Johnson could only wonder at his own exceptional good fortune, which he attributes to the fact of his being a white man and a Christian. This view was confirmed by an interview which he had a few days after his capture with the terrible Johannes himself. On returning one day from his walk, the prisoner was astonished by being accosted in good English by one of the men squatting at the tent-door, who differed from his companions in appearance or dress in no respect, but who proved to be one of the king's interpreters, sent specially to see him. Informed by this person that he had been sent to question him as to the numbers, strength, and disposition of the Egyptian forces; the doctor, of course, gave as little information as possible, pleading his position as a *hakim* (or doctor) as an excuse for his alleged ignorance of all the military matters on which he was questioned. The interpreter, evidently dissatisfied, intimated as much, significantly adding that probably the prisoner would remember more when brought into the presence of the king and questioned by him on these matters.

The next day the interpreter returned, announcing that he had been sent to bring the prisoner before the king, an invitation there was no refusing, so the doctor rose up and accompanied him. They proceeded to the tent of King John, not far distant, which differed but little from that of the Ras, except in being larger, and in having a tent for women adjoining it; and there they found the “king of kings,” as he loves to style himself.

King Johannes had evidently made his preparations to impress the stranger at this audience. He was carefully *posé* upon his mat at the extreme end of the tent on a kind of raised platform, his left arm thrown carelessly over the neck of a tamed lioness, whose two cubs gambolled like kittens about the tent. Several of his chieftains or *ras*, were grouped around him. The king himself seemed a man in the prime of life and vigour, his expression of countenance sullen, almost apathetic; he kept his eyes cast down, seldom looking straight at his interlocutor, but giving sudden, swift, sidelong glances, full of penetration and suspicion.

His complexion was not black, but coffee-coloured, many shades lighter than that of the negro. His features, like those of all the Abyssinians, were high and aquiline, with nothing of what is commonly regarded as the African type in Europe, clear cut, with thin compressed lips.

His speech was measured and slow, and almost hesitating, as though neither his words nor his ideas flowed rapidly. There was much native dignity in his manner, which was more reserved than that habitual to the Abyssinians, though he is of pure blood, of a distinguished but not royal family, having succeeded Theodoros, through English assistance, after the defeat and death of that king of Abyssinia.

He wore the dress common to Abyssinian chieftains, consisting of a long cotton cloth with a red band running through the centre, worn much in the style of the old Roman toga, with no covering for the head or feet (though on great occasions he wears the triple crown of Ethiopia in a gold circlet); shoes, stockings, and even fez caps being unknown luxuries in Abyssinia. The king's wives, like the other

women, wore the scanty cotton cloths, similar to those of the men, scarce sufficient to cover their nakedness—all coquetry of dress or ornament being conspicuously absent. Like the North American Indian squaws, whom they closely resemble, they are treated as drudges and beasts of burden, and accompany the camp in that capacity. Although some of the young girls are pretty, with graceful figures, yet the maturer women generally have but small pretensions to good looks, owing to the hard lives they lead, and the hard work they do, carrying, on a march, not only their young children on their backs, but their cooking utensils also. The chief, indeed the only, coquetry in costume practised both by men and women in this primitive region, consists in the elaborate hair-dressing to which they submit themselves. Both sexes spend days in dressing their hair—worn long by men as well as women—copiously anointing it with butter, and plaiting it when well greased into heavy folds on the top of the head.

When once these solid structures have been reared with pain and labour, they leave them in that state for several weeks. Into these tresses a pin of wood or metal six inches long is thrust, to loosen the folds if necessary, as well as to scratch the scalp beneath. You can see their head-dress from a distance, glittering with its greasy covering; and as the butter is far from fresh, "distance lends enchantment to the view," in this as in many other cases.

When the application is first made, it is curious to observe how, as the fierce rays of the African sun begin to melt the butter on the crown of the head, the chieftain throws off his cotton toga, and allows the rivulets of grease to trickle down his shiny black back, and

afford by its covering a protection against insects and the sun. The reference in the Old Testament to the oil running down the beard of Aaron is strongly suggestive of the origin of this curious custom, adopted possibly as much for protection against heat and insects as for the purpose of adornment.

There were many women, in addition to the men, crowded into, as well as outside of, the king's tent; the captive "Ingleeze" being a subject of much curiosity, so that his interview with the king could scarcely be considered as private and confidential.

At this and subsequent interviews with King Johannes, during which the conversation was carried on through a native interpreter, the doctor was closely interrogated, not only as to Egyptian movements, but concerning his own personal connection with the Egyptians. The first query addressed to him by the king was, how it happened that he, an "Ingleeze," and friend to the Abyssinians, as well as co-religionist, should have come to fight against them for "the Turks"? To which the reply was that he did not come to fight at all, but to act as *hakim* in attending to the wounded on both sides, to improve in his profession. Finally, the king proposed taking him into his own service, offering to double the pay he was receiving from the Khedive, and to make him governor of a province. But these brilliant offers the captive declined, on the plea of an imaginary wife and children at home in Europe who needed his care.

Finally, the king asked if he would undertake, if liberated, to convey a letter from the "king of kings" to his sister, Queen Victoria, without letting the Khedive know anything about it—obstinately insisting on his being an "Ingleeze," America being an unknown geogra-

phical expression to this enlightened "Christian prince!" On the doctor's faithfully promising to fulfil this duty, Johannes consented to write the letter, and send him through safely to Massowah, whence he might proceed to England. Days and weeks elapsed, during which the interpreter constantly informed the prisoner that the king's counsellors, the priests, were vainly endeavouring to get his consent and signature to the letter they had prepared, complaining and appealing to Queen Victoria of the proceedings of the Khedive; but that they could not conquer his constitutional indolence, only shaken off under the strong excitement of war or the chase. So that when the exchange of prisoners took place in which the doctor was included, no letter was ready, and he was allowed to leave without it—which was probably a saving of labour, since it is more than doubtful whether it would ever have reached its destination under the circumstances. Dr Johnson represents the manners, habits, and customs of the Abyssinians in their daily lives as filthy, squalid, and barbarous in the extreme, their immorality being as conspicuous as their fanaticism. His health suffered severely from the privations and bad diet to which he was subjected, though the guest of a chief, and faring equally well with his entertainer. Captain Deerpoltz, a Swiss officer, captured at the same time, fared even worse than the doctor; being brutally maltreated by his captors throughout, and his wounds shamefully neglected. So that Dr Johnson was exceptionally fortunate.

Some idea of the natural features of the country has already been given, and some additional details may not prove uninteresting; for most of Abyssinia is still *terra incognita* to the rest of the world, so jealously have these wild warriors

guarded their country—the episode of the English expedition being a very short and imperfect one.

The Blue Nile and Atbara both take their rise in the heart of Abyssinia, in a lake called Tsana. The country bordering this lake is tropical in its vegetation, yielding the orange, lemon, lime, and banana; and here, as well as far into the surrounding country, the products both of the temperate and tropic zones can be raised in abundance.

The lower valleys produce corn, *teff* (a small grain much prized by the natives), indigo, and *dourah* or maize. Barley, wheat, flax, &c., grow upon the most elevated plateaux. The vine, and most fruit and vegetables, can also be cultivated with little effort; though little attention is paid to their cultivation by this wandering and restless race, more nomadic than agricultural still in their tastes and habits. Like most of the Semitic barbarians, they prefer the production of that food which costs the least labour; hence they live chiefly on *teff* and *dourah*, grains easily cultivated, and on cattle, of which they have enormous herds, as well as sheep. Good cotton lands are to be found between the Blue Nile and Atbara rivers.

When Dr Johnson, in his famous ‘*Rasselas*,’ placed his “happy valley” in Abyssinia, whose wandering herdsmen still proudly style themselves princes, he drew largely on his imagination; for its valleys are and have been the reverse of happy under their past and present rulers. Yet the pride of these half-naked barbarians is surprising, for they claim descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and in the name of “Menelek” still arrogated by their king, reproduce that of the issue of that union, and boast that all other kings are but *parvenus* and pretenders compared to theirs.

Though the “king of kings”—

as the Abyssinian potentate styles himself—squats on a mat for a throne, and possesses neither hat nor shoes, yet is his pride none the less absolute, and the traditions of this people confirm his pretensions. It is a curious fact, that all of the Abyssinians of more than average intelligence insist that they were Jews before they were Christians, and that “Menelek” introduced among them the laws of Moses—retained by them in part even to this day. These they observe in common with the Copts of Egypt, from whom they draw their spiritual head or high priest; and at the same time they claim, like the Copts, to have derived their Christianity from St Mark, who, as is well known, lived and died at Alexandria; insisting that the bones of that saint are still preserved in the old Coptic church there, though history records that they were stolen by the Venetians for the famous church bearing his name at Venice. You still see many old Jewish customs in daily practice among this primitive people, such as circumcision, the choice of meats, the veil of the temple, &c.—and fancy yourself in the midst of the Jewish race while among them, from their striking resemblance in face and figure to that ancient people.

Their Christianity is more in form than in substance. As far as the outside observer can judge, it consists in long fasts and correspondingly long feasts—in fierce fanaticism rather than rational belief, whilst neglecting the chief canons of the Christian Church in their lives and practices; all the sacraments being practically disregarded by them, according to the published testimony of the bishops of their own Church, sent on a special mission to them by their Patriarch at Jerusalem.

One article of faith they cling to

with fanatical fervour — undying hatred to the Moslem people and faith, fostered by continual warfare, and kept alive by their priests, who accompany them to, and encourage them in, battle. As far as can be ascertained, there are among them about 10,000 Mussulmans, about the same number of Catholics, and perhaps 15,000 Jews,—all of whom are apparently of the same colour and race.

The Jews in Abyssinia are workers in gold and iron, as they are throughout the East, and by their skill and industry furnish the rest with their barbaric appliances of show and splendour,—such as rings and trinkets for men and women; crosses, &c., for the priesthood; the emblazonments of the shields of the warriors with gold and silver; as well as the rich trappings for their horses. Hence this class is indispensable both to the vanity and the needs of the class calling itself Christian. The estimate as to the respective numbers of the different classes of population must of course be conjectural, as neither the Abyssinian Government nor people deal much in statistics, and much of the interior of the country has been unvisited by Europeans, or merely passed through under circumstances not admitting of accurate observation.

As to minerals, iron and copper are frequently met with, and Sir Samuel Baker speaks of gold found along the streams. He describes a fine and extensive country, with very fertile lands, lying on both sides of the Atbara river, and its tributary the Settite—much of which is claimed to be within the Egyptian boundary. These lands he regards as suitable to the cultivation of cotton, as they can easily be irrigated. But he warms into enthusiasm in describing the great herds of elephants wandering through

these pastures whose ivory would be so rich a prize. Other large game, such as the lion, leopard, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, wild boar, giraffe, and other animals common to North Africa, roam over this paradise of hunters. Besides these you find such smaller game as the gazelle, elan, &c.; and the guinea-fowl, pheasant, pigeon, and a vast quantity of birds of variegated and rich plumage abound. Search the wide world over, you can find no finer field for the sportsman—both as regards large or small game—nor any where the products of the hunt may be made more profitable, from the ivory of the elephant to the plumage of the birds. But there is danger from man as well as from wild beasts in pursuing the chase within the realm of Abyssinia.

After passing through the rich cereal region of Abyssinia, you come to Lake Tsana, at the head-waters of the Blue Nile, where the coffee-plant, lemon, citron, orange, and banana, are found in tropical abundance.

Among the ruins of Axium, an ancient city near Adua the present capital of Abyssinia, are still to be seen some relics of a mighty but forgotten past, when Ethiopia was one of the great powers of the earth, and Solomon in all his glory “did not disdain to entertain her Queen.”

Amid these ruins is one of what seems formerly to have been an obelisk, similar to those of Egypt, covered with hieroglyphics, recording the names and histories of unknown kings—and dedicated to “the Son of the God of War.” Another crumbling fragment commemorates in hieroglyphics King Makeka, coeval with the Queen of Sheba; and yet another, the famous Queen herself, from whom Abyssinian royalty traces its descent. Herodotus tells us that about 240,000

Egyptian troops stationed at the Isle of Elephantis (Philæ) deserted to the King of Ethiopia, assigning as their reason "their non-payment and retention there for three years," responding to the expostulations of Psammeticus in "language unfit for ears polite." In his very clever book of adventure recently published, Colonel Long, the Lieutenant of Gordon Pasha, thus sums up the situation of all Central Africa; "A continual internecine war of tribes exists in Central Africa. The stronger takes from the weaker cattle and slaves. That 'might makes right' is essentially a savage instinct."

That this really is the unwritten law of Abyssinia, and of the rest of that "*arida nutrix leonum*" (as Horace denominated Africa) outside of civilised Egypt, the concurrent testimony of all disinterested witnesses goes to prove, although those whose zeal is greater than their knowledge may deny it. In the great interests of civilisation and humanity it would indeed be well if some more enlightened and less barbarous ruler (whether Christian or Mohammedan) than the savage warrior who now rules with a rod of iron, should be called to govern Abyssinia. So long as this fair and fertile country is subjected to the sway of savage chieftains, neither civilisation, progress, nor true Christianity, can be hoped for. The true emblem of Johannes, and

of his cruel compeers, is indeed, as he boasts, that untamable beast of prey, the lion; and the triumphs of peace are, and must continue to be, alien to the character of both prince and people.

While, therefore, Egypt really has no need of Abyssinia, the latter has great and pressing need of Egypt, or some other civilising agency, if the ancient realm of Ethiopia is ever again to emerge from "the double darkness of Night, and Night's daughter Ignorance."

Since the preceding article was written, an ambassador from King Johannes has arrived at Cairo, and, after two months' stay, returned without effecting any positive understanding between the two potentates. This ambassador is said to have died at Massowah, on his way back home. The most recent attempt made towards a positive understanding, has been the mission of Gordon Pasha to the Abyssinian ruler in the month of March last, the result of which is not yet known.

Gordon Pasha, on his way down to his new province, which embraces all equatorial Africa from the First Cataract, was empowered to treat with Johannes *en route*, and to make a treaty with him on behalf of the Khedive; and, by the latest advices, he was still at Massowah engaged in that business.

PAULINE.—PART VI.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XXI.—AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"Yet think not that he comes below
The modern average ratio;
The current coin of fashion's mint,
The common ballroom-going stint.
Of trifling cost his stock-in-trade is
Whose business is to please the ladies,
Or who to honours may aspire
Of a town beau or dandy squire."

A YOUNG woman does not fly from the dinner-table, while yet the second course is circling round, without provoking comment; and many and varied were the interpretations put upon Pauline's behaviour.

What a pity that she should be so delicate! What an unfortunate thing nervousness was! The weather was trying. Lady Finch brought forward a headache on her own account; and Mrs Wyndham, not to be outdone, averred that she had felt unequal to being out of her room the whole afternoon.

To Mr Fennel, however, was due the happy suggestion of the evening.

It was wholly, entirely, and gloriously his own; and it was acknowledged at once, and by universal consent, to be the most rational explanation that had been given of the unfortunate *contretemps*. No wonder he was proud of it. No wonder he repeated it, with increased faith in his own genius, and glory in his success, when he rode over to the Grange on the following morning, to make the proper inquiries.

Mrs Wyndham was alone in the drawing-room, and accordingly to her he addressed himself.

"It was the venison now, wasn't it?" said he. "I know lots of ladies can't stand a haunch. It is

so—so,—not unpleasant, you know, because venison can't be unpleasant. And what a haunch it was! Splendid! But then there is something peculiar, you know, something unlike anything else, about a haunch, and it was carried past just the moment before. So, then, I made up my mind it was at the bottom of the mischief."

"It might have been, Mr Fennel. My dear niece is certainly *excessively* susceptible. So am I; and so are *all* our family. We are quite *foolishly* particular; it really becomes a *misfortune*. I am surprised, I own," apologetically, "that Miss La Sarte was the only sufferer last night. I am most *thankful*, I assure you, that I was too far off to be endangered. With good kind Sir John sitting by my side—the *donor*, you understand; the haunch came from him—it would really have been *awkward*. And over little accidents of this kind, over faintness, one has no manner of control. It is all nerves, you know, *nerves*. There can be nothing disagreeable, nothing in any way offensive, about venison, *park* venison, too," continued the lady, feeling as if she must emphasise the difference; "but unfortunately it is not a question of argument—it is an effect on the imagination too subtle to be analysed."

This was quite good enough sense

for Mr Fennel, who was willing to be supported in any way agreeable to his companion.

"It is a pity, isn't it?" said he; "because, you see, we can't do without venison, although certainly we might——"

"Oh, fie!" exclaimed she, briskly; "you are not going to say you could do without us poor women? I should never have expected this from *you*, Mr Fennel! I should not *indeed*!"

He protested—she feigned to be exasperated afresh; he explained—she would misunderstand; he apologised, and she was content.

All this was amusing enough to Mrs Wyndham, who was never better pleased than when carrying on a nonsensical banter, and who was as confident of her charms as any belle in her first season; but it began shortly to pall on the young man.

He wondered why Miss La Sarte did not appear. He began to look out of the window, tap his boots with his cane, and exhibit other signs of restlessness.

"You are surprised that my niece should choose that walk, I daresay," commented Mrs Wyndham, who, while following the direction of his eyes, had been indulging in a tirade against damp avenues, dead leaves, and closed-in grounds. "It is a foolish whim, and so I tell her. So many nicer places as there are to be had, it is really odd, and imprudent too. But we women never *are* prudent; that, you know, is proverbial. We leave prudence, like all the sterner virtues, to your sex. Pauline is not to be turned from her own way, when once her heart is set upon it. I told her, warned her; I should not be surprised" (with a bright idea) "if, after all, it was not more of a chill, caught out of doors on such a miserable afternoon as yesterday, than

the venison! A chill! I have no doubt about it, now. Foolish girl! And there she is in it again, at this moment!"

"Where?" cried he, eagerly—"where?"

"That scarlet dot among the trees. That is her red shawl. Now that the branches are bare, one can see a long way down the walk."

He gasped with dismay.

Did she know he was there? Did she not mean to come in? Worse than all, had she gone out to avoid him?

It certainly appeared so, and yet he could not yield the point without a struggle. He had not passed that way, and as he had not seen her, it was quite possible that neither had she seen him.

"Really, it is a *foolhardy* thing to do!"

As Mrs Wyndham spoke, she moved towards the bell, but, divining her purpose, her companion forestalled her, stammering with eagerness.

"Now, do send me," cried he. "It's—it's really awfully bad, you know; and I'll tell her you said so. 'Pon my word I will, and I'll bring her in, too. She can't help coming, if you send for her, can she?"

He was off ere she could stop him.

"Now, Miss La Sarte, this is *too* bad of you; 'pon my word it is, now! Your aunt is awfully put out about it—she really is; and she sent me to bring you in, you know; and I told her that I would."

"Why should I come in?"

"Because—oh, well, I don't know. I came to bring you—I did indeed. Mrs Wyndham sent me. But, after all, it's very jolly here," continued the faithless messenger; "and I don't see why we should go in—'pon my word I don't. Or we might go to the garden, mightn't we, and then she couldn't mind that, could she?"

"To the garden! What should we do there?"

"What should we do there?" echoed he, with a cheerful laugh. "Ha, ha, ha! What *should* we do there?"

She stared at him.

"That was so good," he continued, adapting his pace to hers, with a comfortable settling down to companionship. "There's no reason in the world why we should go; and as for your aunt, I dare say she has forgotten all about it by this time. It's ever so much pleasanter out, isn't it? And I think this is the nicest walk I ever saw, 'pon my—— What is the matter?"

"Nothing. I thought I heard some one."

"Did you? Oh no; Mrs Wyndham would never send again. I am sure she wouldn't; for I told her I would bring you—and so I should, only, you see, you wouldn't come."

Louder came the sound of wheels. Her heart seemed to be beating in her throat, and every limb trembled. She knew—she had known since morning—that there was still something left to hope, to wait for; and wait she would. The carriage, which had passed at an early hour through the grounds, was now returning. Too soon, too soon, she feared, for any good news; but if the worst had to be learnt, she must hear it then and there.

Oh! what should she do to get rid of her tormentor?

"Can I ask you to take the trouble to go up to the house for me? It is only to tell my aunt that—that—that"—(what message could be framed on the spur of the moment?) "that, as she dislikes my being here, we will go to the garden, or come in."

"Oh! not 'come in,'" pleaded he.

Furthermore, if the young lady was so docile, what need of a fore-runner? Quick as thought, she saw, corrected, her mistake, and yielded the point.

"We will go to the garden, then."

Oh, joy! He turned the corner ere the carriage came in sight, and she stood by the wayside, alone.

She was right, so far. It was Dr Tyndall's brougham; and with a gesture she bade the coachman draw up. But the inside was empty.

"Where is your master?"

"Stopped at Blundellsaye, miss."

"Is he to be there long?" with a gleam of hope.

"To be called for at five, unless he sends word, which is to be left at the lodge."

"How is Mr Blundell?"

"Not so bad as yesterday, miss."

When Mr Fennel reappeared, the carriage was out of view, and Pauline met him with a smile.

He could not now provoke her. The few moments of unbroken quiet his absence had procured, had sufficed to compose and soothe; and with a grateful spirit she rose above every trifling annoyance.

Now, she felt, was the opportunity given to atone for previous neglect, and to wipe out, if possible, reminiscences which might have given rise to suspicion.

The reminiscences of her present companion were not, it is true, likely to be troublesome in themselves; but that was, unfortunately, no guarantee that they should not be indirectly mischievous—that they should not be imparted to other more appreciative ears. Daily is the electric spark of intelligence passed through non-conducting lips. They feel not, they discern not, what they touch; but in its naked truth the message is conveyed, and only when it gains its destined

point the shock is felt, the work is done.

On this Pauline ruminated.

"Who has she got hold of now?" said Mrs Jermyn, as she and Charlotte came in sight of the pair, having driven over to luncheon. "It is Mr Fennel, I do believe!"

"It is!" cried Charlotte. "Poor Pauline! Little Fennel in cold blood is rather too much of a good thing. At a ball or dinner-party he is passable, but before two o'clock!"

"Ay, before two o'clock! What can have brought him here before two o'clock? I think Pauline must be a most artful girl. To make an appointment with a young man——"

"Oh, nonsense, mamma! Do you think any human being could be so insane as to make an appointment with Little Fennel? He has come to call, and she has met him, and is taking him up to the house—that is all. Poor little chick! He is as happy as possible. Look at the little head going, and the little shoulders bobbing, and the little arms turned in, and the little toes turned out. What a little piece of absurdity it is, from beginning to end! And how angry it will be with us for coming! Carrying off its Pauline, taking the cream off its little cup of bliss, or, who knows? dashing the cup altogether from its lips! Listen! how merry its little heart is now! Ah, my friend, that laugh died away when you turned and saw us! Well, we shan't owe you a grudge," cried the good-natured chatterer; "for I'm sure I should have felt just the same if I had stood in your stead. Well, Pauline? How do you do, Mr Fennel?"

"You are having a nice walk," said Mrs Jermyn, eyeing them both. She had at least the right

to say "walk," until the walk had been disclaimed.

"We are going to the garden," replied Pauline, innocently. "Will you and Charlotte come? Do; you wanted to see the pines, and there are some large ones just coming on."

Wanted to see the pines? Yes; but not to see Pauline showing the pines!—not to be handed out of her carriage in her *own sister-in-law's* grounds, and taken to *her* garden, and treated as a *visitor*, where she had a *right* to be at home!—not to be welcomed and *patronised*, and pulled about hither and thither to suit the young lady's convenience! No indeed!

But for Mr Fennel's presence, Mrs Jermyn could hardly have brought herself to accept the invitation.

As it was, she debated; but Charlotte had leaped to the ground, disdaining assistance, and curiosity prompted the offended lady to put pride in her pocket, and follow. At least she would discover the object of the expedition.

Pines indeed! A girl without a penny should not presume to talk about pines.

To her astonishment, the girl without a penny walked off with Charlotte, and Mr Fennel was left to be her escort.

A blind, of course; but she was agreeably disappointed at finding that she could so soon satisfy herself on the points about which she was most inquisitive. No one could now interfere with her.

"I had no idea that gardening was one of your accomplishments, Mr Fennel?" she began.

Neither had he, but the circumstances were explained. Miss La Sarte had deferred to the wishes of her aunt, who had disliked her frequenting the closed-in paths; she, or he, or somebody, had suggested

the garden, and so, and so—that was it. He thought it was pleasant enough anywhere, for his part.

"No doubt," replied the lady, drily; "even without the pines."

"Oh, well, you know, I should like to see them awfully, if you would. There's nothing better than a pine, and the one last night was the best I ever tasted. 'Pon my word it was."

"Last night?" murmured Mrs Jermyn, absently.

"I forgot you were not here. We had an awfully nice little party, only Miss La Sarte was ill. And so I rode over this morning to see how she was. And she was out, you know. It was rather good, wasn't it? Like the dog, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Mother Hubbard's dog, wasn't it? What is the verse?"

"When she came back,
The dog was a-laughing,"

said Mrs Jermyn, readily. "Yes, amusing. But it was exactly the sort of thing one might expect—," she checked herself. "The young ladies of the present day are inclined to be a little whimsical, we must acknowledge, Mr Fennel. Miss La Sarte kept her room?"

He was delighted to explain. Miss La Sarte had not kept her room, but she had retired to it deplorably early. Everybody had agreed as to the cause of her illness.

"And you would not think there could be anything the matter with her this morning, would you?" cried he, eloquently. "She was just as well as she could be when I came. She was walking up and down here in the avenue."

"It is hardly fair of us to rob you of so charming a companion."

"Oh, well, you know, we'll catch them up in the garden. They can't get away from us in the garden.

That's the best thing about a garden," continued he, confidentially; "you know where to find people, and that sort of thing. If you are told to look for them in the stables, or the kennels——"

"You would hardly expect to find Miss La Sarte in either place?"

"Oh, you know, Mrs Jermyn, I was not talking of her then. You are laughing at me."

He was prepared to be offended, but she hastily apologised. "Only a joke, Mr Fennel. You, who are so fond of jokes, must not blame me for my little attempt; but," anxious to please, "you must not speak of gardens so disrespectfully, for we have heard great accounts of your own. You do take some interest in it, I suppose?"

"Oh, well, I do, sometimes. But what's the use if I did? My gardener is such a swell that he won't let me touch anything, and if I want a flower for my button-hole he hides it! 'Pon my word he does! I say, 'Oh! come now, Harrison, this is *too* bad! This is past a joke! Where's that white concern gone?' But he won't tell me, you know. He makes believe it is over, or some stupid show of that kind. I say, 'Oh, come now, I know your stingy ways! but just give me *one*—just *one*. Come now.' But he won't. He is too many for me. I have got to give in to Harrison, whatever he says; because, you know, anything for a quiet life."

"You take prizes at the flower-show as a reward for your goodness."

"Did Harrison take a prize? 'Pon my word I didn't know. He would not tell me, you know; he would never tell *me*. He keeps it dark, all about flower-shows and that sort of thing."

So he twaddled on.

Meantime Charlotte had inquired,

"What brought him over at this hour? I don't ask *who* brought him; *that* is apparent. But what excuse had he for coming?"

"We had a party last night, and I was stupid—at least, I don't know how it was, I had to get up and leave the dinner-table. Wasn't it wonderful?" commented Pauline, brightly. "He was bound to come and ask after me."

"You had a party! And why did you not invite us? You cruel creature! You know we like to come. Why did you not make Aunt Camilla ask us?"

"I am afraid I did not think of it, Charlotte."

"Well, don't forget next time, and I'll forgive you. Now say, quick, who was there, and all about it. Was it a nice one? Did everybody come? And what did you wear?"

"Everybody came. And I suppose it was a nice one."

"And what did you wear?"

"What did I wear? Oh, my amber crape."

"Your amber crape? I don't know it. You were very grand, then? What is it like? And how have I never seen it?"

"I don't know. I wore it at the Tracy's, and Aunt Camilla asked me to put it on last night."

"*Asked* you! That is rather good. If you were any other girl in the world—but I don't believe you do care much what you look like. Amber crape! I daresay it looked very beautiful, and that you looked very beautiful in it. There! That is what I would not say to everybody! Come now, Pauline, confess that you had one little gleam of satisfaction in seeing yourself in the mirror. Confess to one, and prove yourself a very woman."

Now, could Pauline confess with truth? The horror of the past night

was still upon her—still hung like a black shadow, out of which she had, indeed, stepped into the sunshine, but whose chill touch could never be forgotten.

With a tremulous effort at pleasantry she rejoined, "Never mind what I say, dear. Tell yourself I did. And next time you may be sure I will."

"Well, young people, we have caught you at last! You cannot shake us off any longer. Pauline, my love, what is this I hear? Mr Fennel has told me a sad story. You naughty, imprudent creature, what have you been doing? Some one will have to look better after you in future, if this is to be the way. I must really take you under my own wing."

"It was the venison, you know," murmured a voice by her side.

"It was the amber crape," cried Charlotte. "It was the beautiful dress she wore, Mr Fennel. You know you noticed what a beautiful dress she had on? Well, it was pinched in a little—just a very little too tight, and it took away her breath. Aren't you sorry, now, that you had admired the dress so much?"

"Well now, I really am, 'pon my word. I did think it looked stunning, you know. But was it really that? Are you sure, now, that it had nothing to do with the venison?"

"Or that it had anything to do with the dress?"

Mrs Jermyn was looking at Pauline.

"I am sure of nothing except that it is not worth thinking about. It is gone, and I am ashamed of it. Please say no more."

She opened the inner door of the hothouse as she spoke, and every one had to enter—to look, admire, and be suffocated.

CHAPTER XXII.—A WELCOME VISITOR.

A pleasure was in store for Pauline.

Her brother had been invited by his aunt to spend Christmas at the Grange, and having had the good luck to obtain a few extra holidays, had started off to take them all, as he loved to do, by surprise.

He was in the hall, when the party returned from their stroll, surrounded by portmanteaus, gun-cases, and walking-sticks; and so taken up by paying the fare for his fly, that they were by his side ere he had perceived their approach.

Never was a new interest more opportune.

Pauline, now beginning to suffer from the reaction consequent on the late strain to her nerves, had been unable to play the part she had resolved upon. Bodily and mental powers were alike jaded; and her loss of spirits had affected the others.

Mrs Jermyn was irritable and suspicious, Mr Fennel chagrined, and even Charlotte's good temper had not been proof against the prevailing gloom.

Tom's loud, fresh, hilarious "How d'ye do?" was music in the ears of all. With him came in a gust of the outer atmosphere, a reviving influence of ignorance and innocence. He was to talk, and be talked to; to ask, and be answered; to usurp the looks, tongues, and attention of the circle.

How had he come? By the Great Western. When? That minute. For how long? Till Monday.

With the frankness of a school-boy, and the ready adaptation of a man of the world, he was at home in a moment, prepared to sip the honey of the passing hour, to past and future alike indifferent.

He had scarcely, it appeared, as yet begun his new life. He had

been visiting at the country villas of the head partners; all had been kind to him, and it was evident that he had been made much of. He was as ready as ever to take the lead, secure of the approval his gaiety, good looks, and good humour never failed to inspire.

What had they all been about? What was in hand for Christmas? He hoped there were to be a lot of balls? He hoped they were a dancing set? Private theatricals were still better. What house had been chosen for private theatricals? He had passed some very good houses on his way from the station.

The humiliating truth had to be confessed with shame—nobody had thought of private theatricals, and the Hunt Ball was the only one of which there appeared to be the slightest prospect.

With one accord they turned to this, in the disgrace to which their eyes were now opened, and three voices put it forth at once; Mr Fennel for the sake of the county, Mrs Wyndham for her own, and Pauline for her brother's.

She could not have his joyous anticipations damped at the outset; and the interposition was in so far satisfactory, that, although it was evident that this was not all he had expected, it was sufficient to prevent utter consternation.

The Hunt Ball? Yes, it was just about the time for one. Was it well done? Was it good? Did the people go?

He was referred to Mr Fennel, and took the hint; he was sure he would enjoy it immensely.

"I think we may say the people go, certainly," observed Mrs Jermyn, in her softest tones. "Sir John and Lady Finch invariably attend, and bring a party—a really charm-

ing party,—nice pleasant people, of the kind one does not often meet anywhere else; and the Willoughbys come, although the Manor is such a *long* way off, that—that they are hardly, perhaps, *quite* the acquisitions they might be” (in fact, she did not know them). “I believe they are excellent people, but they are too distant for one to keep up anything of acquaintanceship with,” continued Mrs Jermyn, skimming the surface of truth, but not troubling the deep waters. “Lord Chorley goes, whenever he is at home; and Mrs Curzon, who is rather a notable person in her way, is never absent. Her party has already begun to assemble—quite a houseful, I believe—all the married daughters, and their husbands, and such a number of gentlemen!”

“With not a *gentleman* among them!” supplemented Charlotte, *sotto voce*. “Do you know Mrs Curzon, Pauline?”

“No.”

“No loss, I can tell you. Mamma believes in her, because she puts herself forward, and dresses gorgeously, and surrounds herself by a great rabble of people; but, for my part, I think she is the kind of widow that ought to have been burnt in a suttee. She would have presided over the whole ceremonial with the utmost enjoyment, and made eyes at the Brahmin who handed her up the pile. Your last sight of her would have been, enthroned aloft in the greatest comfort, waving her fan, and kissing the tips of her fingers to her dear relations among the crowd. What a pity, what a very great pity that the world and Mrs Curzon have both been defrauded of such a treat!”

Mrs Jermyn had now turned to Tom. “Of course I have only named a *few*,” she said. “There will be plenty of others, as you will see, to say nothing of the pres-

ent company. The Thomsons, of course, and Major Soames, and the Jacks——”

“Don’t know one of them,” he remarked. “I don’t know a soul about here, except——never mind, you will find me some partners, Pauline. It is the best fun in the world making your way about a room full of strangers, and being able to pick out whom you like, without being obliged to ask the bores.”

“If one *can* do so,” replied Mrs Jermyn, not over well pleased at her list having failed to awaken either respect or inquiry. “If one could choose for one’s self, it would be naturally pleasant; but such a plan is not always, excuse me, feasible. Sir John and Lady Finch, for instance, are *extremely* strict in the matter of introductions, and make quite a point of no one’s being brought up to any of their party who is not—not——” she paused, uncertain how to finish so plainly rude a speech.

With the grudge she owed Pauline, so good an opportunity of rebuking the presumptuous brother had been too tempting; but it was difficult, in the presence of so many, to administer the necessary chastisement.

Was he, then, to carry matters with a high hand too? Had Tom no more idea than Pauline to what a low estate they had fallen? She was vexed with herself for the notice she had involuntarily bestowed upon Tom, and longed to retract it; but both the previous condescension and its present withdrawal were lost upon the ungrateful recipient.

Her unfinished sentence, her “not—not——,” he filled up after his own fashion.

“Not ‘all there’?” he said, merrily. “Is that it, ma’am? What a peculiar couple! Are there any little Finches, or are they all hatched and flown?”

"Mr Finch is——"

"Coming up to the front door."

Mrs Jermyn began the reply, her daughter finished it.

"Is that Mr Finch?" said Tom. "He has got a nice little horse. Do you think he will offer me a mount while I am here?"

Unparalleled audacity! Sir John and Lady Finch, the people of the neighbourhood, to be called "a peculiar couple," their name joked about, and their property coveted!

The angry colour gathered on Mrs Jermyn's cheek, and she glanced around, seeking support.

Would Camilla not say a word? Would Pauline not look abashed? Was Charlotte actually *laughing*?

None of them had any sense of propriety. Mr Fennel had even turned to young La Sarte, and begun a hunting conversation, and Mrs Wyndham was regarding them both with the complacency of a hostess who sees her guests assimilating properly.

Nor did the entrance of Dolly Finch improve matters.

It was Dolly's way to love and be loved, to look kindly on the world in general, and to hail with rapture anything of a kindred spirit.

This alone would have been sufficient to have insured for Mrs Wyndham's nephew the warmest reception; but in Tom he saw Pauline's brother.

Words cannot paint the satisfaction of his heart.

Due inquiries had hardly been made, he barely allowed himself time to express his pleasure at witnessing the invalid recovered, ere he turned to Tom. So lucky an opportunity could not be made too much of; and, in headlong haste, to take every advantage of it, he bethought him of the very mount on which young La Sarte had been speculating.

In less than five minutes it was placed at his disposal.

As frankly was it accepted.

"With just a 'Thank you,' and no more," said Mrs Jermyn afterwards. "Without a scruple about making use of Sir John's *beautiful* horses. Absolute *forcing* himself on their acquaintance. Making the appointment. Seeing no *favour* in it—no—no—no anything. The coolness of these young people is really beyond bearing."

This, however, had to be for Charlotte's ears alone, and Charlotte merely replied by a shrug of her shoulders. It was not worth her while to open the eyes of the wilfully blind, even had it been a possibility.

During the visit little could be said, and nothing could be done, to interfere with the arrangements, which were harmoniously completed under the indignant lady's very nose.

"You'll come up to breakfast?" said Dolly.

"Thanks. What hour?"

"Ten, sharp. The meet is in the enclosure in front of the house."

"I hope that frosty look in the sky will give way," said Tom. "I don't half like the look of it. How was the scent this morning?"

"I—I wasn't out with them," said Dolly.

He was looking at Pauline as he spoke, and all but Tom knew how to interpret the words.

Tom stared. Not out with them? Wilfully not out? Was it possible, credible? He could scarcely believe his ears.

"Got a cold," muttered Dolly, in explanation. "Nasty sort of day." Then, with a happy thought, "What will you do for me to-day, Miss La Sarte? You cured me splendidly last week, and I have come back for more of the same stuff."

Such spirit deserved to be rewarded, as it was. He had secured the right to talk to her, and having thus begun, continued boldly—

"Miss La Sarte, you never come to a meet. We are going to have a big party to-morrow. Won't you come to breakfast with your brother, and my mother will drive you to the cover afterwards? She is sure to go."

"An awfully good idea!" cried Tom. "My sister would enjoy nothing more. We'll both come."

"So very kind," murmured Mrs Jermyn, for him.

She was the only auditor. Mrs Wyndham was entertaining Mr Fennel, and Charlotte was occupied with a study of the pair.

"So *exceedingly* kind," continued she, as the party soon after went in to luncheon. "I hope, Pauline, that your brother will really *appreciate* such an offer. I hope he will understand *why* it was made. It would not be amiss, I think, to give him a word of caution, a hint——"

"The very thing for the dear boy, is it not?" exulted her sister-in-law in the same breath. "Now there is no need to fear he will be dull. Now we shall feel his visit is really provided for. What could have happened more *à propos*? Mr Fennel being here, too. Quite a gathering of young men!"

She was in the best of humours; her aside was conveyed in a happy whisper, Mrs Jermyn's in a surly undertone; but to neither did Pauline pay heed.

She was planning how to get off the promised engagement. Her head ached, but dare she plead that? Her aunt had not been invited, but could she suggest that? Dolly, alone, had asked *her*. She caught at this.

She caught at it, but to no purpose, her aunt was simply surprised.

"I don't understand, my dear. Not go because Lady Finch had sent you no invitation? Lady Finch knew nothing of the matter. She has asked you there repeatedly, *repeatedly*. It was not in the least

necessary that I should be invited; there was no slight to me, *none*. A young man asks his friend; quite informally—the thought of the moment; and it occurs to him to ask his friend's sister also. To be sure you can go. It would be quite proper and suitable, *quite*. A nice, merry meeting, and everybody present; I shall be pleased, *delighted* that you should be seen there—I shall, *indeed*. You will wear your black and crimson dress. And, Pauline, I think you had better have the landau."

Mrs Wyndham was still engrossed with her subject when Dolly sauntered up.

"We shall see you to-morrow?" he said, trying hard to conceal his anxiety.

"Thank you, ye-es."

"You will not disappoint—*me*?" he continued in a low voice, and with a sudden meaning and emphasis. Mrs Wyndham had discreetly withdrawn, and the moment was his own. "I am sure you wouldn't, if you only knew. I ought to have said 'us,' I suppose, but I was thinking too much of myself. Miss La Sarte——"

She knew not what she said, but she stopped him.

She began to talk, smile, laugh insanely, and got him quieted somehow.

This was absurd. This could not be allowed. A boy, a mere boy, with whom she had permitted herself to be intimate, with whom she had felt it safe to be familiar, was suddenly developing into a lover. He ought not to make himself ridiculous: creatures of that age should be thinking of other things than love; football, cricket, and such-like, should "fill the measure of his thoughts."

The girl was absolutely cruel in her contempt.

Poor Dolly's pretty, fair curls,

his blue eyes, with their wistful pertinacious gaze, raised no feeling of pity or kindness in her bosom—rather, they excited in it a spring of bitterness and disgust.

Over her memory there rushed

the recollection of a look, an eye, the turn of a dark head,—was she to blame? she seemed to see before her the man she could have loved; and the man whom she could not love, she hated.

CHAPTER XXIII.—“A LAWN MEET.”

“Delightful scene!

Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears,
Fresh, blooming health, and universal joy.”

Dolly, however, went off, highly contented with himself, and with all about him.

He had employed his time to the best advantage—had said his say; and now that the opening was thus happily made, there was nothing, he judged, for him to do, but to go hard at it, as was his way with the hounds. He whistled, like a ploughman, as he rode along the lanes; and if Lady Finch did not absolutely whistle also, when she was informed of all that had taken place, she did, at all events, fall silently in with her son's views, and sympathise in his hope and joy, after the most approved maternal fashion.

She did more. She despatched a groom forthwith, bearing a pretty little note of invitation to *both* ladies, with the promise of taking out a close carriage to the meet, should the morning be unfavourable.

“And if Miss La Sarte prefers the drag, there will be plenty of others to make a party,” said she, meaningly. “Mrs Wyndham is sure to wish to come.”

Of course Mrs Wyndham did wish to come, very much indeed; and of course nothing could have pleased her more, than being invited in such a decorous and respectable manner.

She sat with the note between her fingers half the evening, passing eulogiums alternately upon the

politeness of the writer, the elegance of her composition, and the long tails of her *y's*.

“I had no intention of going, none *whatever*,” she said; “I did not in the least *expect* to be thought of. But since Lady Finch is so kind—has taken the trouble to send over on purpose—I think I shall really enjoy it. Pauline, my love, what will you have with your early cup of tea? *Something* you really will need; it will be quite a little journey. Tom must take care of himself. It is *your* expedition, Tom—we go on *your* account. You will see that we are in time? Order the landau when you please, and we will do our best to be ready, although the hour is certainly a drawback. I shall go to bed a little sooner to-night: this has been a fatiguing afternoon; at least——”

She had not wished to confess so much. Her nephew had fallen on a lucky day, and might be allowed to presume that the Grange was ordinarily thus beset.

“You have the right sort of neighbours, I see,” said Tom. “That's everything, in the country. I suppose you keep open house, Aunt Camilla.”

No supposition could have gratified his aunt more; and she regarded the speaker with new complacency, as she called to mind the manifestly good impression he had made upon her guests in general,

and upon those guests whose opinion she most cared about, in particular.

It was something, not only to have a man in the house, but to have a man who drew thither other men. It was a great thing to have a nephew who could make a friend of Dolly Finch. She began to wonder how she had done without Tom. As she walked up-stairs she found in him fresh merits at every landing.

Left together, the brother and sister began to talk.

"Isn't it capital?" cried the sanguine Tom, referring to his next day's amusement; "I daresay I shall be out, every time. This is a three-days-a-week pack, Finch says. It's a roughish country, and lames the hounds, rather. What a jolly fellow he is! And didn't I come in the very nick of time? The other one would have mounted me too, only he is short of two horses; he was awfully civil, but he has a duffer of a seat. I don't believe he is ever in the field with the others."

All of this she had heard before, but, full of his subject, he had for a time no thoughts to bestow on anything else.

At last, "Those Jermyns were the only people here to-day whom I did not fancy," said he. "They were not quite the thing. Why do you have them over in this sort of way?"

Why? Because—well—of course—in fact—because she believed they could not help it.

"Oh, nonsense!" said he, easily. "Where is the difficulty? Tell 'em not to come."

Pauline smiled.

"You really ought," proceeded the authority. "I mean it. Get Aunt Camilla to let them know —"

"They are her relations."

"Relations, or not,—by the way, being relations makes it *worse*—

she ought to have her own way in her own house. She ought not to be forced to have those sort of people about her. With their bonnets off, too."

"Bonnets off!"

"Making themselves at home. Those two ladies, sisters, who came in last—one of them was Lady Georgina Something—they took them for some of *us*. No wonder. Mrs Jermyn never had 'sister-in-law' out of her mouth, unless it was to substitute 'your aunt,' when she turned to the girl. I was horribly ashamed. I should have liked to have said something, only I didn't know how. Aunt Camilla should tell them not to do it."

A sudden vision of Mrs Jermyn's face, could she have heard herself thus easily disposed of, overcame Pauline's gravity, and he could not but laugh himself, although he did not choose to yield the point.

Pauline defended Charlotte, but in vain. She had been seen to no advantage, and she had not been heard at all. He would not believe a word in her favour.

No; Mrs Wyndham must be spoken to.

"You are the one to speak to her," he said; "she will listen to you. She gave me a flaming account of your illness last night, evidently thinking it had been just the thing to make her party go off well. And that was what brought those fellows here to-day? I'm very much obliged to you—I wouldn't have missed the chance on any account."

He was too busy and too happy to be curious; it had turned out well for him, and he was content.

"But I would suppress the Jermyns," he concluded, after a pause, during which his sister had thrice essayed to introduce the subject nearest her heart, and twice had her courage failed.

For this she had lingered, believing that so good an opportunity would not, in all likelihood, recur.

Whilst he had pursued aloud his train of thought, his glib comments, his unhesitating praise or blame, her eyes had been searching vacantly among the embers of the fire, and she had, with difficulty, disguised the absence of her attention.

At every pause, she had inwardly cried, "Now!"—had drawn her breath, and all but begun.

But then he had struck in again, had gone off to his own cares, and hopes, and fears.

He hoped his boots were right. He thought he had some togs that would just do. It would not signify that he was not in hunting dress, would it? He could ride in breeches and gaiters.

Often as she had already reassured him on these points, she had again and again to reply to this last and most important question; had to repeat what had proved to be the best consolation, that he was a chance visitor, did not expect to hunt, and naturally had brought nothing with him for that purpose.

"Because, you know, I have a coat, and Finch wanted me to send for it," he had explained. "But I think it is just as well it is not here. He knows I have got it, and he does not know I can't get into it. Besides, I shall do very well, shan't I? I showed you what I am to wear, don't you remember? Finch seemed to think it didn't matter."

He might have known Dolly all his life, so completely had they fraternised.

At last the moment came for which she had wellnigh despaired.

"I say," said Tom, with something like an effort, "whereabouts is Blundellsaye? It is not very far from here, is it?"

"About three miles. You can see the woods from our windows."

"Three miles! That's close by. Well, I shall keep out of *his* way, at all events."

"You have no need," her voice was quite steady and soft. "He is dangerously ill."

"Ill, is he?"

The eager tone was followed by compunction; and he added, more gently, "What is the matter?"

"Typhoid fever. But the worst is passed."

She hoped, prayed, at least, that the worst was passed, and remembering her own misery, sought to allay his.

"I'm glad of that," said Tom. "I don't wish him any harm, but what a lucky thing this illness is——"

"Tom!"

"You know what I mean. If he *was* to have a fever, he might just as well have it now as any time. He is not the sort of man to——; he'll most likely come round," concluded he, vaguely; "and it would have been so uncommonly awkward meeting him. He behaved shabbily to us all."

Any one who did not know Tom would here have supposed that the subject was exhausted.

Not at all.

A great deal was said about Blundell at the Hunt breakfast, and by the time it was over, he found himself quite anxious to claim his acquaintanceship.

He came to Pauline for a card.

Had she any of his with her? They were to draw the covers of Blundellsaye, and some of them were going to ride up to the house first, as, in case of anything having gone wrong there, (his way of putting it), they would, of course, have to go elsewhere.

His sister had no cards—how should she? He had not paused to consider, had merely spoken to be heard.

But Pauline drew him aside. "Do you think there is any need for you to go at all, at least to leave your name?"

"Leave my name? Oh, of course," he made answer, aloud. Dolly Finch was standing by, and he was hearkening to himself, with Dolly's ears. "I'm an old friend, and I shouldn't like him to hear I had been in the neighbourhood without looking him up. We shall only ask how he is."

"Write your name over mine," suggested Dolly, fumbling for his card-case.

Tom was delighted; but what became of the card we shall presently hear. He need not have been so careful to write a manly, illegible hand.

"You were a friend of Blundell's?" said Dolly.

Poor Tom! The temptation was too great; he ruffled his plumage, drew up his head, and began.

Blundell and he had been in Scotland together. Blundell was a rattling good shot. He was awfully sorry to hear of his illness—also to miss seeing him; the only fellow he knew in the county.

Had what he thought been now at variance with what he spoke, this would have been outrageous; but for the moment he was almost sincere; previous impressions were effaced from his slipshod memory, and saying what was agreeable to the humour of the moment, he felt it also, for the nonce.

A place had been found for him beside his host, and he had made a conquest of Sir John, for he had not only eaten a breakfast fit for a sportsman, but he had left on his plate not so much as an inch of crust of bread.

Cutlets, kidneys, fish-balls, omelet, disappeared like magic; and marmalade, butter, and roll were brought to an end at the same moment.

The achievement of this latter feat nearly moved Sir John to a "Well done!" for he knew its difficulty; and albeit the marmalade was somewhat out of proportion to the other ingredients of the mouthful, he respected the man who would not make two bites of a cherry.

A few of his choicest anecdotes were related for Tom's benefit alone, more than one friendly intimation was confided, and a hope was emphatically expressed that he would honour them with his company on the next day but one.

Till then they did not go out.

Meantime Dolly had slipped into a chair by Miss La Sarte, with a smile, and a "This seems to be unappropriated," on his lips.

It had not been easy, but he had contrived to march everybody past that chair. He had even routed from it a valiant fox-hunter, to whom one seat was as good as another, but who had strayed into this by accident.

"You are wanted up beside my mother," said Dolly, tapping his shoulder. "She is looking to you to help her with her teapots."

Hereupon Mr Fox-hunter had gone up higher with a very good grace, and had certainly helped to empty the teapot nearest to him, into his own cup.

"They all seem pretty comfortable," said Dolly, looking up and down. "I hope Mrs Wyndham does not mind the fire. This room is too narrow by half, and a great deal too long; it should have been cut in two, and pieced together."

He was unfolding his napkin, but a party of riders shot past the window.

"Keep this place for me." And he was gone to receive them, leaving her determined, if possible, to disobey.

But it was not possible Any-

where else it might have been, but Dolly was in his father's house, and never was barn-door cock more completely master of his own dunghill, than he was master of those halls, one day to be his own.

Elsewhere shy, awkward, and easily circumvented, here, he was cool and clever.

The new-comers were adroitly marshalled up the room, and deposited in the places he selected for them, without volition on any one's part but his own. They were folks with eyes, ears, and tongues; therefore he put them where they could neither see, hear, nor repeat.

Then he returned to Pauline.

But, alas! every few minutes brought fresh guests, and with each arrival the diplomatic process had to be repeated. At length the punctual ones began to move, to make way for others, but even before that time Dolly's chance was over.

With all his efforts, and in spite of each individual success, he could hardly be said to have attained his end. He had been compelled to finish a hurried meal, drink off a cold cup of tea, and disappear to the stables, in obedience to a whisper from behind, ere he had, as a matter of fact, exchanged a dozen sentences with his companion.

He had shown how willingly he would have done more, had fortune favoured him, and that was all.

This over, Pauline could draw breath; and the muster, the start, and the brisk drive through the morning air, tended unconsciously to brace her spirits; especially as she was happy enough to learn among the earliest, that the master of Blundellsaye was supposed to be doing well.

The carriages had followed the hunt as far as the cover.

"Lucky, isn't it?" said Dolly, who rode up with the intelligence. "Although my governor would not

go up to the house, he was stiff as a poker about drawing the cover, till he knew. We are going in directly, now."

They were assembled in a wood of stately oaks, and, even as he spoke, the more resolute sportsmen were moving to the front.

Many, however, hung back.

"I must go," said Dolly, reluctantly turning his horse. "You will come no further, I suppose."

"Get on, man!" shouted his father, who was experiencing a master's difficulty in coaxing the field into a wood, where the rides were deep, and the clay holding—"get on. The ladies will wait and see the sport. There's a fox at home in there, or——" The unfinished sentence was carried down the wind; he was off, and Dolly after him.

Now followed a hush; eyes and ears on the stretch.

Then a rustle, a pause, another gentle movement, something silently stealing along from tree to tree—ere a perception of the greatness of the moment has entered into the minds of the passive rear-guard, there enters on the scene, with unquiet eye, and stealthy tread, the fox!

The fox! A great, red, white-throated fox!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Every fair one leaps to her feet, and the attendants frantically holloa.

They are heard, they are attended to, the word is passed, and up comes the pack.

"Gone away!" from the end of the cover.

A rare scent. One good hound after another opens, as each in turn inhales a soul-reviving whiff, and off they go,

"Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,"

horses and horsemen pressing hard behind them.

"I suppose we have now seen all we shall see," says Lady Finch, addressing her little band generally.

"Do you think there is any use in following further?"

Of course they did not. Mrs Wyndham was shivering with cold, but very well pleased with her entertainment; she would not weaken the recollection of it, she would not run the risk of a less successful end to such a beginning.

In fact she wanted to get home, and as her feelings were shared by the rest of the party, the order was given.

"Only twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Mrs Wyndham, as she entered her own drawing-room; "the day seems nearly over. Is it possible that we have only come to twelve o'clock? that we have not had luncheon? that we have still the whole afternoon before us? Well, I should certainly be sorry to spend such a morning every day, but, just for once, it was extremely amusing. I wonder when Tom will appear?"

They were longing to talk it over with him, to hear the event of the run, and to relate their own experiences.

Pauline, as well as her aunt, had been carried away by the animation of the moment, and both were disappointed, when, at four o'clock, a groom rode over for Mr La Sarte's portmanteau. He was to dine at Finch Hall; and, in point of fact, he dined there at least every other night, during his stay at the Grange.

They were delighted with him. He had acquitted himself so well on his first day with the hounds, that he was to hunt regularly. They were only sorry it was for so short

a time; he must come back ere long—must give them another fortnight before the season was over.

He was of the Finch party, at the ball.

Of the envy and indignation this caused in Mrs Jermyn's bosom he had no conception; he was merely in his natural element: the Jermyns and he had nothing in common, therefore he ignored them, and he would fain have had Pauline ignore them also.

Her "I should be ashamed of myself if I did," he could not understand.

Why ashamed?

Even Mrs Wyndham kept away from their part of the room—from that corner where he averred Mrs Jermyn sat like Giant Pope of old, grinning and biting her nails at the pilgrims as they passed by; his aunt knew what was what, and his sister would do well to follow her example. As connections, she might have to recognise them elsewhere, but not on an occasion of this kind, not before other people. To sit down beside Charlotte Jermyn was, at least, unnecessary.

But for this drawback, the ball was the best, as it was the last of Tom's pleasures. The floor was excellent, and he had partners for every dance. Furthermore, in the course of the evening, he learnt to believe that many more such might be in store for him, for Dolly Finch scarcely spoke to anybody but his sister, and Mrs Wyndham judged it only *kind*, only *right*, to let drop a hint to her dear nephew that he might make use of his own observation on the matter.

On the next morning he returned to London.

CHAPTER XXIV.—"SO THAT IS YOUR WINTER'S WORK, IS IT?"

Blundell, with everything against him, fought for his life, and won it.

He was restored from the gaping edge of the grave; and many and

sincere good wishes were now expressed for his welfare, by the very people who had formerly drawn back from his acquaintance.

Dr Tyndall could not say enough in his praise; he was the pleasantest, cheerfulest, best of patients; this illness would be the making of him. Hoot-toot! let bygones be bygones; Ralph Blundell would turn into a fine old English gentleman yet.

The rector confessed that he found Blundell interesting; and even Sir John Finch went so far as to leave his card.

After this, Mrs Wyndham told her niece that she thought she must wipe out the word "terrible."

Where Sir John led, she might follow; and as soon as she met Mr Blundell among the neighbours, she should invite him to the Grange.

"My dear Camilla, and what *you* do, *we* do," cried her sister-in-law.

"You shall be the authority; you shall lead the van. William,"—William was Mr Jermyn's Christian name,—"Camilla says you are to call on Mr Blundell, and that we must have him to come and see us. I am sure you will be glad to go, for, by all I hear, he must be immensely improved."

"What did you hear, mamma?" inquired Charlotte.

"Oh, my love, everybody says so; and Sir John Finch has been to call, and your aunt wishes your father to go."

"But what did you hear?"

"Nonsense, my dear! I have told you already. How can you be so foolish, Charlotte?"

"I have heard nothing," said Charlotte, aside to Pauline, "except that Sir John's heart smote him because the poor man had been so ill; and Dolly worked upon his feelings, because Dolly adores Ralph Blundell, as all the other

Dollys in the neighbourhood do. They hang upon him wherever he goes, like puppies round an old pointer, and Dolly yearns to be among the puppies. Now Pauline, upon my solemn word of honour, that is at the bottom of the whole of this great reformation."

But Pauline was sceptical.

"Dr Tyndall thinks very highly of him, Charlotte."

"Of course he does. Mr Blundell has paid him the highest compliment one man can to another. And a very substantial compliment it is likely to prove, too. Dr Tyndall will point him out as long as they both live, as the trophy of his bow and spear. He will say" (puffing out her cheeks, and mouthing prodigiously), "'Look at Blundell! Ah! if you had seen him once as I did. Never was any one so nearly done for in this world. Look at him now. Big, strong man; thirty years' good life in him yet.' Of course the inference is, 'Wonderful skill! Wonderful doctor! A second Daniel.' Naturally he adores such a patient."

"You will of course be a *little* careful." Dear Jemima is whispering at the other end of the room. "You must not forget, dear, that *some* people don't carry their eyes ticketed on their foreheads. Two single women, you know. It is different for *us*. William calls, William invites him to the house; the girls and I have nothing to do with it. But, any time you have him here, dear, send for us. It would be better. You understand?"

"You dear foolish thing, to put such things into one's head! We ask everybody you know, *everybody*. All the other young men about here, come."

"But Mr Blundell is not quite a young man, dear. He is very nearly forty, you know; and you are not much more——"

"Oh dear, I am—at least——"

"Well, dear Camilla, I must speak the *truth*," quite peevishly. "You don't *look* it, dear, not by many years. If you are vexed with me for saying so, I cannot help it. It is only *right*, my *duty*, to let you know. People do talk, and will talk; and a little hint given in time, and taken in good part, may prevent mischief afterwards. Pauline, you know, ah—is—ah—very, quite, in fact, unsophisticated—knows nothing of the world. And she is French, you know—*French*. She runs up intimacies without any idea of the consequences."

"If Pauline is French, so am I." The La Sarte blood is slightly roused by the insinuation, but Jemima hastens to pour oil upon the waters.

"Yes, dear, you are. And you *are* imprudent, and that is why I need to speak. Looking as young as you do, and with everything of youth about you, even to *insouciance*—but I am wrong, I make you angry——"

Angry? Mrs Wyndham is radiant. Jemima is her dear sister—her dear, absurd, ridiculous, prudishly particular creature. For herself? Yes, she would plead guilty to *insouciance*, to foolish disregard of appearances, and perhaps it is well to be reminded.

But really she had thought that now—a widow—at her age!

However, if Jemima thinks it wisest not to invite Mr Blundell——?

Jemima really *does*.

They will ask him; *they* will show him every attention, as Camilla seems to wish it. But at the Grange, they cannot, in her opinion, be too exclusive.

Blundell gives none of them the chance of excluding or including him; he is insensible alike to their regard or aversion. What is it to

him? He is away from the neighbourhood the very moment he has the leave to travel, for which he has for long impatiently petitioned.

On the day preceding his departure, a suggestion having been made by the butler, he turns his head languidly, and with a yawn, replies—

"Compliments and thanks? Yes, of course. Send round. Here, take these away. What are you putting them down there for?"

It is the cards that have been left at the house.

"Not like to look at them, sir?"

"Eh? No. Clear the table, and let Mr Chaworth know I am down. And a glass of sherry, Maddock."

So he comes and goes; and the reaction which had set in in his favour speedily dies out.

Blundellsaye is oncemore deserted, and distinctly now, amid its leafless woods, may be seen from every side, the ample many-windowed building, over which the sun, as he sets in the west, nightly throws his parting beams.

Snow falls, and then come the east winds of early spring.

Mrs Wyndham has cold after cold, and fancies that the air at the Grange does not agree with her. The neighbours are departing one by one, and she does not clearly understand why Dolly Finch left immediately after Christmas, and why the invitations to Finch Hall have not been so numerous since then. Pauline holds her peace. "Perhaps," considers the good-natured creature, "my niece has had a disappointment. Perhaps we were, all things considered, somewhat premature. Silence, my dear Jemima, *silence* is the best, if not the only cure for such a misfortune. We will not say a word, we will be discretion itself. All may come right if let alone—it may indeed." She endeavours thus to buoy her-

self up, but it is evident that the disappointment, if there be one, is not confined to Pauline. Mrs Wyndham wants a change. Wales? Yes. The mountain breezes would brace her up nicely for the London season, to the idea of which she clings.

Would she like Charlotte to go, or Minnie?

Mrs Jermyn would be only too happy to spare either of the dear girls, and the dear girls were by no means averse to going.

"I rather like that poor Pauline," observed Charlotte, one morning when she and her sister were alone together. "There is something pathetic about her, if you know what I mean. I never can be sure if she is what the people call 'simple,' or not. She is one thing at one time, and one at another. There is something fine in seeing her come into a room so cool and composed that you would think nothing could put her out; and then some trifle will throw her off her balance all in a moment. I believe she thinks she is a remarkably strong-minded, determined character; and if she believed it to be her duty to walk to the end of the world, she would gravely set out to do it; and she would fall on her nose at the twelfth step, and sit there looking at you with a pair of sad, imploring eyes. Pauline's eyes always remind me of a sheep-dog's who has lost his master. Minnie, do you think Pauline has lost her master?"

"I don't think she has found him—hereabouts, at any rate," replied Minnie. A brilliant reply for her.

"No; that I am sure of. Unless—but that must have been nonsense. They gave a dinner-party the night she was said to be dying. The dinner-party that Pauline was taken ill at—*Good heavens!*"

"You don't suppose that escaped mamma?" said Minnie. "But she

thought Pauline's influence would have prevented any party being given, under the circumstances, if Pauline had cared."

"Mamma can no more understand that girl than she can a book of poetry!" exclaimed Charlotte. "She use her influence! She prevent a party! She would drive round, and deliver the invitations herself, and not have the least idea when she came home what houses she had been to! If Aunt Camilla chose to give a ball the night Pauline was dying, she would say, 'Oh yes,' and put on her best dress for the occasion!"

"What nonsense you talk!" said Minnie, sensibly. "How could she?"

"I am the only one who knows anything about her," continued her sister, without heeding. "Poor girl! So that was it, was it? I can fancy it all now. I think I see her in her amber crape that she had 'been asked' to wear! And she would not own to a single thrill of vanity. No wonder! Minnie, how did you keep this to yourself for so long?"

"I never thought of it till this moment," confessed Minnie.

"Then let neither of us say a word. Mamma shan't have a chance of worrying it out of the poor thing; but, if I go to Wales, I shall just try to find out a little more; that would be but a fair reward for keeping her secret."

Charlotte, however, was not invited to go to Wales.

Another great girl, Aunt Camilla confided to Pauline, would make them an awkward number.

It was tiresome to have the back seat of the carriage always stuffed up; and three women trailing one after another into the rooms at hotels would be absurd.

Wetherell could look after her and Pauline, but she certainly could

not attend to three; even in their walks, they would find it inconvenient to block up the footpaths, by walking three abreast. Three, in fact, was one too many.

Dear Jemima's hints, therefore, were not responded to. Pauline was a charming companion, her sister-in-law averred. She really was.

A little absent, sometimes; rather dreamy and fanciful; rather too much wrapped up in her own thoughts. Fond of lonely walks, visiting the cottages, and everything romantic and young-ladylike.

All very well in its way; very nice and proper, but still——

However, on the whole, they got on together excellently.

"I don't interfere with her, and she does not interfere with me," protested the aunt. "And I must say I always find her ready and willing to join in any little scheme I have on foot. Quite pleased with the prospect of this little run; quite bright and busy about it. We shall visit all the prettiest neighbourhoods, and stay at the best hotels. It is rather early for Wales, of course, still May is *one* month of their season; and now that this delicious warm weather has begun, we shall find it lively enough, I don't doubt."

"So I am not to come?" said Charlotte to Pauline. "That is rather hard."

"I wish you were, Charlotte. I quite expected that you would be asked."

"And why am I not?"

"Because," said Pauline, with a smile, "we should be *three*."

"That," cried Charlotte, happily, "may be obliterated. If Minnie came too, we should be *four*."

Pauline laughed.

"Well?" said Charlotte.

"Who could propose it?"

"Could not you?"

"Do you think I could?" said Pauline, gently. "I am sure you don't. For myself I should be very glad indeed to have you. I wish you were coming, with all my heart."

"Do you, *really*? Now I feel quite flattered by that. I don't mind about not being asked now. I never thought you would have cared."

"Indeed I do," said Pauline, touched by the unwonted tone. "You and I would have had nice walks together, and we would have gone out in the early mornings before breakfast——"

"Oh, don't make me jealous again, you cruel creature! I will try not to think about it, and be glad you are going to have the fun, even if I don't. That is a step for me, I can tell you, Pauline. I don't know how it is," she added, with an odd break in her voice, "you always seem to do me good, and yet you never preached to me in your life. You are not selfish, and mean, and untruthful, as many people are. You seem to get along without all the little shuffles and contrivances that they find necessary. You walk straight on, neither looking to right nor left, and it all seems to go smoothly for you. Now, doesn't it? You are not particularly clever, not so clever as mamma, and yet you baffle her, I can tell you. And you twist Aunt Camilla round your finger. And you have all the young men in the neighbourhood at your feet. I wish I knew how you did it," said poor Charlotte, discontentedly.

Pauline did not answer. She was looking out of the window with the strange absent gaze in her eyes which made Charlotte think she was "simple;" and when she did reply to the next question, "What are you thinking about?" it was evident that her mind had strayed

from the subject before the conclusion of the monologue.

"I was thinking of your saying that all things went smoothly for me," she replied. "I am afraid you will say I have taken an opportunity of preaching to you at last, Charlotte; but somehow your saying that, recalled to my mind the text, 'All things work together for good to them that fear Him.' You don't mind my saying it, dear? I do fear Him, you know, and you noticed the rest for yourself."

"Do you really believe it is that?" said Charlotte, with an awed look on her face. "If any one else had made such a remark, I should have called it profane. According to your ideas, then, the best thing one can do for one's self is to become religious. I mean, of course, in the way of getting things."

"Loaves and fishes? No; you know better than that. It is only those who are ready to give up, who can hope to receive."

"You would give up, I do believe," said Charlotte. "I don't think you would mind what you gave up. You never seem to me to have *taken hold* properly, in this wicked world of ours. Sometimes I wonder whether you ever had a naughty thought in your life. Of course you will *say* you have—I see it on your lips; but, I don't know. You are not like other people. I can't fancy you looking after your own ends, and being in a rage because some one else had got what you wanted. I think if anything very bad happened to you, you would just—die."

The next time the Jermyns came over, it was to say good-bye.

Charlotte was in wild spirits.

"Tell me," she cried, "what does the Little Fennel say to this? Is he heart-broken?"

"What—does—he—say?"

"Good gracious! has it come to that, Pauline? Do tell me, quick! The audacious monkey! Keeping it so quiet, too! When did it take place, and where, and how?"

"What do you mean?"

"And she dares say that, blushing like a red, red rose!" cried Charlotte, seizing upon her. "And she would have gone away, without ever having told me, when she knows how I have aided and abetted——"

"What?" said Minnie, coming in.

"Shut the door, Minnie. Here is fun. Now, Pauline," cried her tormentor, "tell the truth, and shame somebody, with whom *you* never had any dealings, my dear. Little Fennel has made you an offer of his little heart, and his little hand, his big house, and the biggest pine in his garden. Now I'll tell you what he said, and all about it. He said, 'Come now, you had better take me—you really had, now. Don't you think so? Because, you see, I'm so awfully in love with you. 'Pon my word I am. And you shall hunt, and shoot, and skate; and I'll teach you how to play lawn-tennis without a net at all. 'Pon my word I will. There isn't anybody else, is there? Because I'm sure nobody else would like you half as much as I do, for I like you awfully—I do indeed. Come now. What do you say?'"

Pauline laughed so violently that Charlotte grew frightened.

"Are you hysterical, Pauline?" For pity's sake don't go on like that; you frighten me out of all the few wits I really do possess. You were grave enough two minutes ago—I shan't dare to tell you any more. There, now, do be quiet."

"It was like, was it?" said Minnie.

"I won't tell you; I won't hear you. Charlotte, be a good girl, and don't ask me; it is not fair. You surprised me into laughing, and then I could not leave off."

"Of course not; I know you are nearly worn out. You have been packing all day for Aunt Camilla. 'Because Wetherell *is* so tiresome, she never *does* know where the things are; and there is something, quite a *little* thing at the very bottom of the trunk, which ought to have been at the top! And dear Pauline is the *only* person who *can* get it out! And it won't take her *two* minutes!' etcetera, etcetera: and she won't keep dear Pauline any longer, for she ought to be looking after her own things; and the moment dear Pauline is at the door, she is called back to rummage for a mother-o'-pearl button."

"Never mind the button," said Minnie; "but do just tell us about little Fennel—only Charlotte and me; and we promise not to repeat it, even to mamma. Tell us when it was, and what he said."

"I can't tell you, Minnie. What would you think of me if I did? Be content with what you have found out for yourselves."

"You refused him, of course," said Charlotte. "But did he not want to know if there was any one else?"

"No, certainly not."

"And did he——"

"Now don't say a word more, and don't tell Aunt Camilla, or any one," said Pauline, turning resolutely away from the question. "You ought to be doubly upon honour, having found it out for yourselves. Promise, Charlotte."

"And Dolly will be up to-morrow," said Charlotte, significantly.

"Dolly?" said Pauline, with evident discomfiture; "Dolly? No, I don't think so. He is away from home."

"Away? Then that was what sent him away, was it? He was the first in the field. Well done, Master Dolly! He knows the value of a good start and a clear coast."

"Nonsense, Charlotte."

"Not nonsense at all. Don't think to annihilate me with your 'Nonsense!' I am too well accustomed to the dear, delightful word, and have too much sympathy with the author of

'Sense may be all true and right,
But, Nonsense—thou art exquisite.'

To return to Dolly. Be good, sweet Pauline ('and let who will be clever'); tell us about Dolly."

"She is not likely to tell, while you talk, talk, talk the whole time yourself," said Minnie, indignantly. "I wonder if you ever think anybody else can like to say a word! It's always the same, wherever you go——"

"I wonder who is talking now?"

Pauline hoped that in the altercation other subjects might be forgotten: but no; the sisters were speedily reconciled, and returned in company to the attack.

"If you don't tell us, we shall imagine it worse than it was," cried they.

She would not tell them, and accordingly they proceeded to imagine.

"So that is your winter's work, is it?" concluded Miss Jermyn, at length. "And a very pretty winter's work, too. 'Pon my word it is, as your little man would say. So now you are off to Wales; and there you will break a few more 'country hearts, for pastime,' ere you 'go to town.' Well, I won't envy you more than I can help; and, considering that you go with Aunt Camilla, I am not absolutely sure that I envy you at all."

DRESDEN CHINA AND ITS MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN, SAXONY.

To most people the very name of "Dresden china" has a magical charm; and though "old Dresden" is supposed by some people to be priceless and the thing to have, while "modern Dresden" is held to be of small account, we confess we were delighted to find that the manufactory at Meissen, where all Dresden china is made, was only one hour by rail from Dresden, where we were; that it was the easiest thing in the world to go and see it; and that an enthusiastic German friend—a connoisseur in china—was not only willing but charmed to accompany us.

The town of Meissen is a quaint, but not very interesting, old town built on a hill, with a castle and cathedral joined together at its summit; and as the train arrived at Meissen at twelve, and we were advised to be at the manufactory at two (when the workmen resume work after dinner), we spent the intervening time, first in eating a very indifferent and greasy luncheon under the shade of some oleanders in front of the best hotel, and then, in climbing an exceedingly steep street, and in going to the cathedral and castle.

Both buildings are extremely plain, and have no pretensions of any kind to their names. The castle, dark and old, with endless storeys and innumerable windows, gained a certain liveliness of appearance from being used as a barrack; and as the day was hot, every window was filled with lounging, smoking, little Saxon soldiers evidently enjoying themselves.

The cathedral consists of one aisle; its one picture was being "restored;" but on either side of the altar were some very coarsely painted

plaster figures representing Saxon sovereigns, with gilt crowns, and what, it must be confessed, appeared to us a very diabolical grin on their red faces.

We asked for the recess where the flames of purgatory are said to be heard, and putting in our heads we heard a peculiar and melancholy noise, made by the wind. One could quite understand a little imagination and ignorance converting this sound into the roaring of flames. Our guide said, very gravely, that when the wind was high the noise was "truly terrifying."

From the platform outside, the view is very extensive and pretty, with the Elbe winding along as far as the eye could see; in one direction the blue hills of Saxon Switzerland broke the line of the horizon, and the flat and uninteresting country between Meissen and Dresden gained all that enchantment which distance is supposed to lend.

Two o'clock found us in a suburb of Meissen, and in front of the large and substantial building which is the manufactory, and which looks much more like an overgrown German country-house. There is a great deal of building behind it, and it covers altogether a large space of ground.

On entering we went into the huge show-rooms down-stairs to wait for the guide, for whose services we each paid one mark (about one shilling).

These rooms contained an enormous amount of china of every description. From floor to ceiling, shelves, tables, and wide counters (not to speak of the floor itself) were loaded with articles, from the most fragile and costly tea-cups to huge animals; and ranging in price

from small salt-spoons price sixpence, to vases and candelabras valued at many hundred pounds. Judging from what we saw, his Majesty of Saxony must find china pay. Our guide arrived, and we went with him first through the buildings on the ground-floor to see everything from the beginning. The clay from which the china derives its fineness and delicacy is found about an hour's journey from Meissen. When it arrives it is sifted and pulverised several times till nothing but the finest and purest part remains; in this state it looks like very fine flour with a slightly yellow tinge. It is then mixed with *feldspatz* (a kind of flint)—which is ground to powder—gypsum, and water, made into huge balls, and kept in zinc-lined boxes, to be served out as occasion requires.

There was nothing in the moulding of the commoner forms, or in the whirling of plates and bowls, &c., in any way differing from the ordinary method pursued in every china manufactory in this country, and this is therefore not worth describing. In a very long gallery—round two sides of a square, and into which opened the various work-rooms—we saw the most extraordinary collection of moulds,—bodies guiltless of heads, legs, or arms; right legs, left legs, with and without shoes; birds, animals, and fishes,—ready to be filled at will.

In a large and well-lighted room sat a perfect army of workmen, to whom the contents of these moulds were given, after one baking, and while the clay is still plastic. Taking a body, they joined arms and legs and head with inconceivable rapidity, passing a camel's-hair brush dipped in water to make the members stick on. With small agate tools each began to bring these moulded figures to perfection. The workman gave the eyes expres-

sion; he deepened an eyelid, softened the cheek, rounded an arm, marked the finger-nails, patted it on one side, then on the other, till it stood before us a shepherdess complete. Nothing was more marvellous than the gentleness and dexterity with which the fragile thing was handled, and the wonderful quickness with which he manipulated each smallest detail.

Next to this room in point of interest was the one where the raised fruits and flowers are made and arranged on each vase or jug or basket.

There is no moulding here. The most delicate leaves are rolled at the point of the accomplished fingers; leaf is added to leaf, every bit of the smallest rose is curled, patted into shape, and stuck into its place, till it grows before you into a perfect rose. The tiniest petal of each diminutive forget-me-not is made by itself and put in its place by the aid of daintily-held pincers, that might belong to fairy-land. The miniature flowers on the lap of a dancing-girl are all made in the same way: and seeing the time taken, and the care required, it made one understand why "raised china" cost so much.

The perforated edges of plates and baskets are marked in the moulds, and cut out with a penknife afterwards, then carefully rounded and smoothed by the inevitable agate tools. Indeed in all cases the mould gives the forms very roughly, and much more skilled labour is required than we had imagined—850 people being the regular staff, which does not include artists, sometimes specially engaged to undertake the painting of particular orders.

When the china is ready, it is taken to be baked again, then glazed, then painted, then baked again, in some cases being baked no less than six times, and break-

ing to pieces in the sixth baking. These accidents, however, are much less frequent than formerly, as the degree and distribution of heat are all much better understood now.

The ovens are built in circular chambers, and we stood in the centre of one, finding the heat less than we had expected. All round were recesses, in which trays of lovely china were placed; and in the lower, and, as we supposed, the hottest ovens, moulds (looking in their closed form exactly like so many Stilton cheeses of all sizes) were deposited.

The apparently careless way in which the workmen moved about with tray-loads of exquisite china made one a little breathless—no baker's boy, with a batch of rolls, could have looked less anxious than they did; but we were assured that an accident hardly ever occurs; and the china after one baking is so brittle, that on my admiring a basket, and wishing in my ignorance to buy one, the superintendent, with a smile of superiority, put it into my hands where it crumbled to bits immediately.

The only part of the manufacture they would not explain thoroughly was the glazing-tub, into which everything is dipped; and our German friend said that some improvement in this glaze or enamel is thought to be a secret.

When the glaze is hard, the china is taken to the various painting-rooms; and as most people in these days know, the colours then are but dingy and often false, to their after-appearance, the gold, which is a dull dark brown on going into the oven, comes out looking much the same, and the china is then taken to the burnishing-room, where a great many women and girls sit with agate tools of various shapes, and quick friction turns this dark and

dark brown to gold that glitters. In the room devoted to the finest painting, we were introduced to an old Frenchman, with two pairs of spectacles on. He was celebrated for his child figures, and was painting groups in the centres of a set of dessert-plates, ordered by one of the Imperial family of Prussia. Children guiltless of clothes were swimming, bathing, making flower-wreaths, riding goats, catching butterflies, &c. Each group was different, and the grace and beauty of the figures were perfectly wonderful. He had painted there for years, but had never learned German; he had never tried, he said, with a little shrug. He also told us he seldom painted flowers. "Any one can do that," he said, with a fine sense of his own unrivalled talent; but looking at the flowers, we could not agree with him. It is not given to "any one" to paint such flowers.

The blue and white china, called *par excellence* "Meissen china," is of course also made here. The difference between it and Dresden china consists in its being painted in cobalt *before* it is glazed, and it is not baked so often.

Besides the reproduction of beautiful old shapes in the finest clay, this Meissen china is made more coarsely and strongly in commoner shapes, when it is much cheaper and very strong. It is also hand-painted, but is very quickly done, by means of a perforated paper laid over plate or cup, when powdered cobalt is shaken over it, out of a thing exactly like a small pepper-box. This leaves the pattern marked, and lads, with a fine brush and a little water, stipple in the colour. It is then baked and glazed. Some of the old shapes with perforated edges were quite beautiful.

When the china is examined by the superintendent, and he considers

it perfect, he affixes on every piece the well-known crossed swords before the last baking. Every bit with the slightest imperfection in pattern, shape, or transparency, is marked imperfect, and sold for less than half-price either at the manufactory, or, more frequently, at a small shop in Dresden near the Frauen Kirche, which goes by the name of "the rejected shop."

This mark of imperfection is simply a small white line drawn through the crossed swords.

The perfect china is finally put on the list, and passes on to the packing-case or to the show-rooms.

There was something, apart from the prettiness of the manufacture, that was very taking. The quantity of light, the great space and cleanliness, the ventilation of all the rooms, and the well-to-do look of the "hands," gave one a very cheerful impression. The wages were good

—half-a-crown a-day being the lowest to ordinary hands (young lads and girls), and £3 a-week and upwards to those with any particular skill. As in the buildings in Saxony many Italians are employed, so in this factory many Italians sat. The three best flower-makers were Italians; and their long dark hair, flashing eyes, and peculiar slender fingers, formed a strong contrast to the type of their Saxon neighbours.

When at length we drove away, we had the unusual and comfortable feeling of having seen a beautiful art produced under the happiest conditions, instead of having, as is sometimes the case, to pity the work-people, and to regret that hard necessity compels one portion of humanity to injure their constitutions in order to supply the other portion with articles either of use or ornament.

SLEEP.

BEAUTIFUL up from the deeps of the solemn sea

Cometh sweet Sleep to me:

Up from the silent deeps,

Where no one waits and weeps:

Cometh, as one who dreameth,

With slowly waving hands;

And the sound of her raiment seemeth

Like waves on the level sands.

There is rest for all mankind,

As her slow wings stir the wind;

With lullaby the drowsy waters creep

To kiss the feet of Sleep.

J. R. S.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACY.

AMONGST the various classes of her Majesty's servants, few have been so generally and unsparingly attacked as her representatives at foreign Courts throughout the world. It must be owned that the diplomatic service offers many vulnerable points to an enemy. In the first place, the word "diplomacy" has an unsavoury flavour for English palates. England as a nation has so often come second best out of a diplomatic transaction, even when entered upon under favourable auspices, that an inclination to blame its tools has a dangerous fascination for the mind of the mass of the nation.

In the second place, it is so easy to blame an ambassador. Suppose that in some matter of foreign policy the nation, or the vast majority of it, has set its heart on obtaining a particular point; and suppose, as is often the case, this point is not fully obtained. The remedy is obvious. Newspapers and pamphleteers join in a fierce onslaught on the representative of their country at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or whatever Court may be immediately in question, and institute disparaging comparisons between the influence of the costly English envoy and that of his less highly-paid brethren of Germany or the United States. Their victim must submit to these attacks in silence. It is contrary to all the rules of the service for him to seek to vindicate his conduct through the medium of the press. Parliament is only open to him by proxy, and even a foreign secretary's defence of his subordinate is necessarily marred on many important occasions by the necessity of maintaining an absolute silence as to the causes

of some apparent diplomatic miscarriage.

Lastly, in many cases distance prevents a diplomatist from replying to criticisms made upon his conduct at home. Take the case of a British Minister at one of the South American republics. Some newspaper of high character and veracity publishes a letter from an aggrieved British subject, animadverting on our Minister's conduct in such and such an affair. The writer, we assume, pens his complaint perfectly *bonâ fide*, and acts in the way he believes to be the best for exposing an abuse. It may, and it does, constantly happen that he writes from an imperfect knowledge of facts. But there is his letter, perhaps emphasised by articles in the columns of the paper in which it is published. How many of the public who read it and say "What a muff our Minister at ——— seems to be!" look out for the refutation which appears some months later half hidden in the wilderness of a blue-book?

We admit, however, that inconveniences of the nature indicated form part of the incidents of a diplomatic career, and that the man who adopts this profession must make up his mind to endure occasional misrepresentation; and we have only referred to them briefly as some of the most obvious stumbling-blocks in a path which it is the pleasure of certain writers to picture as strewn with nothing harder than soft-boiled roses.

But there are two or three less immediately salient obstacles in the way of an English diplomatist to which we think it worth while to invite a few minutes' consideration. The first of these is the publicity

with which English negotiations have nowadays to be carried on. We do not, it is needless to say, advocate any sort of interference with the liberty of the press—if for no other reason, at least because it is utterly impracticable. But the national demand for information at all stages of pending negotiations, however natural, however laudable, is often a serious impediment to its representatives abroad. It is probably difficult for an ordinary Englishman to conceive the amount of distrust and dislike with which our blue-books are regarded in other countries. They do not sufficiently consider that on the Continent—at least in some States—there is practically *no* public opinion; or rather, that no expression of public opinion is tolerated by the Government. Take Russia, for example. It is the habit to thrust Russian diplomatists down our throats *ad nauseam*—to eulogise Russian diplomacy—to draw the most unflattering parallels between General Ignatieff, for instance, and a British ambassador. But do the bulk of our countrymen consider that General Ignatieff is primarily responsible, not to a Russian Parliament, representing the Russian people—nor even to a press that would lay an outline of his proceedings in any diplomatic transaction before eighty millions of his countrymen—but to the Czar and the Foreign Secretary alone? General Ignatieff's despatches remain entombed in the archives of one of the most jealously-guarded Foreign Offices in the world, and the Russian journals are merely permitted to publish inspired articles advocating, as the national policy and feeling, the course that may commend itself to the Czar and his confidential advisers. It is impossible to overrate the enormous advantage it gives to a Russian diplomatist (and our remarks are applicable, in

an almost equal degree, to the representatives of the other Continental Powers), that his auditor should feel perfectly secure that no remark which he may make in confidential conversation will afterwards be blazoned forth in an official publication for the consideration of the whole world. At this moment the arbiter of Europe is commonly considered to be Prince Bismarck. Frankness is universally recognised, and we believe justly, to be a leading characteristic of his policy; but it would be absurd to confound frankness with gross indiscretion or stupidity. It cannot be doubted that the Prince can and does hold his tongue when he considers German interests will best be served by silence. How often, we wonder, have our statesmen racked their brains to divine what his policy in the Eastern Question was to be?

Is it not a reasonable hypothesis to suppose, that had the Prince felt absolutely certain that any communications he might make to Lord O. Russell would never go beyond the breasts of the Cabinet, we might have been in possession of information of immense value to us at this juncture? Is it not a still less pleasant but equally probable supposition, that Baron d'Oubril may have received inklings which are denied to the ambassador of a less secretive Power? We put these cases merely as hypotheses, as it is scarcely necessary to state that the archives of the British and Russian Foreign Offices being alike closed to us, we may possibly underrate the information possessed by our own Government, and overrate that in the cognisance of the Russian administration. But our contention has, we think, a plausible *prima facie* basis.

It is hardly needful, in the space of a magazine article, to do more than refer such of our readers as

may argue that France, Italy, and Austria publish red, green, and yellow books, to the pages of the respective works, and also to the usual dates of their publication. Then let the student compare them with the contents of an English blue-book. They are habitually published long after we have laid our ampler version of facts before the world; and we venture to assert that, unless it be done *pour cause*, not a single despatch will be found of a nature to be disagreeable to another Power. On the other hand, whilst we admit the enormous difficulty under which the Foreign Office authorities must lie in deciding what can be published, and what documents must be regarded as confidential, it would not be a difficult task perhaps to point to some papers, the publication of which can hardly have been regarded with entire satisfaction on the Continent.

If English diplomacy, then, be put upon its trial on the ground of inefficiency, it may fairly plead as an extenuating circumstance the not unnatural distrust of British public feeling which reigns in the breasts of many of the foremost Continental statesmen. Nor is this the sole plea that may be put forward in mitigation of sentence. British diplomacy, in the judgment of foreigners at least, has at the present moment no logical result. We mean, of course, that a foreigner, after studying Lord Granville's or Lord Derby's despatches, asks what will happen if the views, or expressions, or demands set forth therein, are not acceded to by the recipients of these documents? Englishmen are too apt to forget that the world is not governed by protocols or treaties, but by the impalpable force behind these papers to which the pen-and-ink scratches act as a decorous veil. A statesman from

Monaco might expose with the most overwhelming logic the fallacies of a policy adopted by Prince Bismarck or Prince Gortschakoff. But to what practical effect? Since time immemorial, force has been recognised as the *ultima ratio regum*, and the logic of battalions has been held to be the most unanswerable reasoning possible. For twenty years this logic has been in abeyance on England's behalf. Non-Intervention, Non-Intervention, Non-Intervention, has been preached from every political pulpit. For the sake of argument, and only for the sake of argument, we grant that this is a thoroughly sound doctrine. But even its most fanatic champions must see the difficulty in which it places their representatives abroad. France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Great Britain form what are commonly known as the Six Powers who regulate the destinies of Europe. Five of these Powers will fight for cause shown, and clearly shown; the sixth contents itself with vague generalities. Ever since the Crimean war we have steadily refused to take up arms in a Continental quarrel. The wrongs of Denmark did not move us in 1863; we were impassive, before that date, to provocations from the United States; the downfall of Austria in 1866, and of France in 1870, left us motionless. The purport of this article is not to criticise the foreign policy of two decades, and we abstain from all comment on our national conduct during that period. But any one who knows more of Europe than can be gleaned from the letters of "Our Special Correspondent," knows perfectly well that our European prestige has suffered. We have enormous natural advantages—a border-land defined by the ocean, a free people, and wealth vastly superior to any

other nation. But were it not for these advantages—our capital, so to speak, in some respects, on which we live—we should be nowhere. Our army is barely sufficient for our own defence; and, with the present system of torpedoes, the value of our navy has diminished. The United States already threaten us in several branches of our industries; and it may be questioned whether our vaunted freedom is not, in the not very remote future, menaced with the terrors of a mobocracy. Be this as it may, the point we would establish is this, that when the British ambassador at Berlin, or St Petersburg, or Constantinople, conveys the views of his Government to Prince Bismarck, or Prince Gortschakoff, or Edhim Pasha, he has done all that is in his power. Not to him is it given to say, or to lead his hearers to suppose, that the ultimate rejection of his counsels may be followed by the appearance of the British fleet off Wilhelmshafen, Cronstadt, or the Dardanelles. Absolutely alone among great Powers, England feels obliged to have a voice in every great question, and only a voice. The policy may be intelligible, it may be wise—we express no opinion—but it is one of extraordinary difficulty; and it seems most unfair to tie our Ministers' right hands behind their backs, and then blame them for not coping on equal terms with their *chers collègues*.

English diplomacy works under specially disadvantageous conditions. Germany and France care little for Russian Asiatic conquests. Austria and Russia have small concern with German possible acquisitions in Holland. England alone has to maintain her interests all over the world, and to maintain them solely by pacific means. This is no light task to impose on our diplomatists; and the unthinking criticism to which

they are exposed by certain members of Parliament is a poor recompense for their conscientious and incessant labours in this direction. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* If our diplomacy failed in averting war in 1866, 1870, 1877, had it nothing to say on the settlement of the Liège-Luxemburg railway question? in the Franco-German "scare" some two years back? in the present amicable relations of Turkey and Persia? We cannot alone play the policeman to the world. Had France cordially supported us from 1860 to 1866, there might have been no Sadowa. Had Russia joined with us in 1870, Sedan would never have occurred. Had Austria been straightforward since 1875, she need not now tremble for her Slav provinces. Where has been the failure of our diplomatists? England has, through her representatives, at least given good advice: more she would not give—more, therefore, they could not pledge her to grant. It has been neglected, Europe has been convulsed, but surely not through the fault of English diplomatic servants.

So much, then, for the second plea, which may briefly be summed up in the assertion that England's representatives have with lesser materials really done as great a work of recent years in the maintenance of European tranquillity as any of their *confrères*. That England does not exercise a more paramount influence over Continental affairs is, we believe, simply to be explained by the fact, not of the incapacity of its Ministers, but of the settled resolution of the nation that it will not back any of their possible arguments with its purse or its armies.

The stupendous ignorance of the semi-educated Briton, who satisfies his *amour propre* with platitudes about the Suez Canal, but who has no idea of the bearing of the Dar-

danelles navigation question, for instance, on the point, is an example of the difficulties with which our ambassadors have to contend. Too many of our countrymen would have us leave Turkey to her fate, so long as the Canal is left open. Why, no Russian dreams *at present* of interfering with it! Turkey is a sufficiently large cherry for even a Muscovite mouthful. But do our merchants and our peace associations ever reckon the cost of the fleet we shall have to keep permanently in the Mediterranean, should Russia obtain the free navigation of the Dardanelles, to guard against a flank attack on the Canal? If not, let them study a map for half an hour, and they will see why their representatives abroad and their Ministers at home cannot accept with such perfect placidity encroachments on the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire.

To these amateur statesmen who can see nothing in the Eastern Question but a diplomatic muddle, and who consider the question as one simple in itself, and only purposely complicated by unnecessary despatch-writing, we commend the able Preface to the Sixth Edition of Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' as a paper well worthy of their consideration. Mr Kinglake, when speaking of the promoters of the autumn agitation, expresses himself as follows:—

"The Russian multitude, as I have shown, were not without means of pressing their entreaties upon the Czar, and pressing them, too, with great force; still they necessarily uttered their prayer in general terms, saying only, if so one may speak, that they were ready and eager to begin and carry through a crusade. But in England, the angry denouncers got a tighter grasp of the subject. Including amongst them great numbers of gifted, well-informed men, with the prince of all orators at their head,

they really were not common throngs, but thousands and thousands of Foreign Secretaries, free from any tough doubt about anything, and they entered upon the duties of the invaded Department with minds unhampered by the traditions of Office, nay even so unhampered by Policy that, if reminded by some grey-headed clerk of the connection between Turkish 'independence' and the burning question of 'the Straits,' they all said there was nothing in that. They undertook a grave task."

The consummate irony of this passage needs no additional emphasising on our part.

But to return from extraneous matters to the subject of this article, it is only fair to point out what we believe to be certain advantages peculiar to the English diplomatic service. First comes the vulgar advantage of wealth—not, however, the result of over-payment, but the general rule that none but well-to-do men enter its ranks. It is now an accepted maxim that no young man should embark on the career without a private income of £400 or £500 a-year. Many, of course, have more. And though the remuneration in the lower grades of the service is beggarly, ministerial and ambassadorial posts are well paid. A good deal of information may be procured for money abroad; and, almost insensibly, a good deal may be wormed out by diplomatists who know how to give dinners, as a sort of unintentional recompense for their hospitality. It is probable, indeed, that our insular stiffness and shyness militate considerably against our obtaining the amount of intelligence the representatives of a nation a little lighter in hand might do. This is much to be regretted; and we fear it is a growing fault on the part of the younger members of our diplomatic service, who seem annually to develop a greater disposition to keep to themselves, and avoid "when at Rome doing as the Romans

do." We have no excuse to plead for such conduct, and can only trust that the Foreign Office and the heads of missions will do all in their power to discountenance these proceedings. It is throwing away one of our few advantages. Russia knows the benefits of well-paid and wealthy Ministers, and strives with increasing earnestness to man her service with well-paid and rich as well as able men. We have the raw material she seeks after, and should utilise it to the utmost.

There is one other important point on which we think we may congratulate ourselves. The personal honour of the members of our diplomatic service is practically unimpeachable. Scores—nay, hundreds—of foreign diplomatists and officials may with perfect truth claim an equally honourable position. But we venture to assert, and on no mere *ex parte* evidence, that the proportion of black sheep is infinitely smaller amongst English diplomats than amongst those of any other nation. A curious proof of this occurred recently to the writer of these lines. Though not a diplomat, he happened to find himself temporarily enlightened on a confidential transaction. An influential agent of certain newspapers called on him—the agent was a foreigner—and asked for information. Coming frankly to the point, he said, "I suppose it is useless for me to offer you anything in return for the intelligence I solicit, since you are an Englishman."

We feel confident that no member of the service who may read these lines will consider that any such testimony to the integrity of his associates is necessary from an outsider; but it is well, perhaps, that the public in general should be made acquainted with the honourable reputation their delegates enjoy upon the Continent.

If, moreover, the circumstances of their position debar English diplomats from taking as leading a part on the European chess-board as falls to the lot of some of their associates, have the merchants and trading communities of this country no good word to say for the valuable industrial and commercial reports annually furnished from all civilised, and from most uncivilised, countries under the sun? When we compare the total cost of the diplomatic and consular services with the value of the statistical information which is rendered by them yearly, and which their official position enables them to procure with far greater accuracy of detail than could be done by private individuals, we confess we think a sufficient *raison d'être* for the existence of such a profession has been established. It is true that their reports are less studied than they deserve to be. The proverbial clergymen and widows would probably have lost less money in South American bonds had they perused the reports of our representatives at Guatemala, Honduras, and Peru.

That the service has its failings, we do not deny. We have already indicated our insular reserve as one most serious drawback. The inadequate salaries paid to its junior members restrict the choice of *employés* to a narrow circle. Were young men enabled to live, to exist, on their pay, an improvement might doubtless result from the increased number of able men who would seek to enter on a career with so many *agrémens*. But in this life everything is comparative; evil and good are rarely unmixed. Take the profession as a whole, and you have a body of men, a few of first-rate capacity, a great many of fully average intelligence, and some doubtless of very inferior intellect. For this staff you pay an excessively small sum from the public funds—

not one man in ten lives on his pay; you obtain the services of a body of scrupulously honourable men, and an immense deal of valuable information about foreign countries. Is the bargain a bad one?

If the country desires diplomatic reform, there are two ways to set about it. The first is, change your policy. You need not then change your men. We venture to think that our representatives would hail with joy such an alteration in the public feeling of England as would enable them to back up their remonstrances, or their communications of "spirited despatches," by the menace of coercive measures if necessary. It would relieve them from the dilemma in which the writer once saw an English diplomat placed by a foreigner, who asked him, "*Mon cher, si nous profitons de votre avis, est ce que nous profiterons de votre flotte?*" So long as our ambassadors have merely moral support to fall back on, the wonder is that our influence stands as high as it does.

Assuming, however, that the nation has determined on a policy of rigid neutrality, will a change in the *personnel* of her servants abroad be of material benefit? If so, the parliamentary vote for diplomatic expenses will have to be doubled or trebled. Even then it is somewhat more than doubtful if poor but able men would enter a profession the remuneration of which, for twenty years at least, would be utterly inadequate to enable them to marry — a life wholly estranged from the intimate knowledge and sympathy of their own countrymen, and which is to a poor man full of hardships. How many Englishmen are acquainted with more than the names of one or two of our ambassadors abroad? Lord Lyons and Lord Odo Russell may convey some faint idea of personality to them. But we doubt if

one man in a hundred knows anything of the services of such men as Mr Morier, or Mr White, or Mr Rumbold, or a dozen other men whom we could name of high ability, and who are doing good service for slender pay to their country. Contrast this condition of things with the celebrity that awaits a fairly successful lawyer, or doctor, or soldier, or politician, whose names are household words amongst us, and can it then be supposed that an appreciable number of our best and most promising young men, but who have to make their own way entirely in the world, will select the diplomatic rapier as the weapon wherewith to open their oyster?

It may be assumed that the most ardent advocate for throwing the service open to public competition will hardly be prepared to advocate paying a young man more than £250 per annum at the outset. At present, as many of our readers are aware, they receive nothing. Now it is quite certain that neither at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Washington, or any great capital, can a member of the corps live on anything like such a salary. His father will have to allow him at least another £200, and he will find even then that he will have difficulty to make both ends meet; while, at a place like St Petersburg, even £450 a-year will not nearly suffice. If the young man, then, has to scrimp in a garret, and is unable, for want of funds, to mix on equal terms with his colleagues, or go into society and make himself acquainted with distinguished foreigners, more than half his value as a public servant is at once destroyed. Over a game of whist, or dominoes, or billiards, or on a shooting or riding excursion, young men fraternise, and much useful information is acquired, from which a poor man, by the fact of his poverty, is debarred.

And there is one other reason

why the fact of diplomacy being a sort of close preserve for the well to do and titled, is very far from being an unmixed evil. Many of these men are eldest sons who are destined hereafter to legislate for their own country. To such a class a knowledge of foreign life is of vast importance. We all know what M. Blowitz, or M. Eber, or M. Gallenga say public feeling is at Paris, Vienna, or Constantinople. But to have a class of men amongst our legislators, hereditary or elected, who have lived at these cities, and who have, in consequence, been able to form independent judgments of popular sentiment, is no slight advantage to our Houses of Parliament. Were the diplomatic service solely manned by men who looked to its emoluments for their daily bread, how little possibility of independent intelligent criticism of ministerial action would exist! If the members of the profession were compelled, by the exigencies of poverty, to seek solely or mainly for personal advancement, would not their leading idea be to view the country they reside in only through the blue or buff spectacles that might chance to be in vogue at the English Foreign Office?

We have endeavoured in these few lines to lay before our readers some considerations which appear to escape the observation of the glib denouncers of this country's representatives abroad. That the career has charms, we allow; that it has serious drawbacks, is indisputable. The profit and loss account will stand somewhat as follows:—

Diplomatic profit includes the pleasures of an eminently interesting profession, introduction to the best circles of the Continent, and varied knowledge of Continental life, and, in a very few instances, an adequate remuneration; *plus* the, let us hope, tolerably general feeling

of being serviceable to one's native country.

On the other side the account must be set,—expatriation from home, a nearly universal sacrifice of private means, constant residence in unhealthy and uninteresting climates—such as Teheran, Peking, or a South American or small German town—exposure in a defenceless condition to the assault of economists desirous to strip the “breeks from a Highlandman,” an insecurity of tenure of their posts greater than that of an Irish landlord, with an ultimate obscure retirement after a wrangle with the Treasury over a mediocre pension.

Weigh the two prospects in the balance, it will not be the latter that will kick the beam. Do not judge the profession entirely by the opulent members thereof, or by those who, as is the case at some Courts, have not enough work to keep them busy. Do not rate them all as *flâneurs* because you may have seen them lolling at the opera at Paris, or in the Prater of Vienna. Remember that it is the men whom you see taking their relaxation there who make journeys like Mr Grosvenor's to Yunnan, like Mr Baring's through Bulgaria; who carry out delicate diplomatic missions like Mr Malet's in 1870, or Mr Monson's at Cettigne in still more recent times; or who sacrifice their lives without a murmur, like Mr Herbert at Marathon. Whilst England can command, at a practically gratuitous rate moreover, the services of men of this stamp, and of a hundred others against whose zeal and personal honour calumny itself has never dared to raise its voice, it seems to us that of all the unfounded cries to which faction has given vent, the cry raised by certain politicians against the tongue-tied members of our diplomatic service is one of the most baseless and unfounded.

HEINE.

HEINE, like the sphinx of his own weird poem, half tender smiling humanity, half animal fierce and lustful, at once spiritual essence of poetry and worshipper of fleshly delights—Don Quixote in his warrings against oppression, and Voltaire in his scoffings against things sacred—Heine, not only as wit, poet, and satirist, but as man, with soul striving to reach the heights, and body chained to earth, awakens our curiosity, and fascinates our thought, with the keen interest of a living enigma!

Born with the century, when the world's whole and anxious attention was centred on that mighty captain's doings who from victory to victory was marching triumphantly through all lands, changing the boundaries of kingdoms and countries, Heine early drank in the spirit of the Napoleonic epoch. His first education, though he was born a German and a Jew, was French and military, for a soldier of Napoleon's army of occupation educated the spirit of the Düsseldorf boy.

How great a share this old veteran of France had in shaping the tastes of Heine's manhood, we learn from those heart-moving pages of the 'Reisebilder,' to which for title he has given his old friend's name. 'Das Buch Le Grand' tells of the ineffaceable stamp left on its author's mind by this early initiation into French thought, feeling, and deeds, —wakening in him an admiration that never changed for France, her mission, and her great Emperor.

Heine's teacher, a drummer—"who looked a very devil, but was so angel good at heart"—won the whole-hearted love of the child; and in return opened up before his astonished gaze unknown fields of

glory, and taught him the wholesome joy of hero-worship—the need and good of veneration. Little wonder, then, if the ardent young mind clung to his uncouth-looking comrade, following him as his shadow on guard, on parade. We can picture the gentle, pretty lad hanging on to the fiery-eyed, red-lipped, fierce, black-bearded soldier, of whose strange teaching Heine tells with a humour quaint and inimitable, ending with a pathos all his own that is absolutely grand and ghostly.

Le Grand spoke but little and broken German, knowing such indispensable words only as "bread," "kiss," and "honour;" but he translated all things unspeakable with the sole help of his wondrous drum. Wishing to explain the meaning of the word *liberté*, his drum rolls out "*La Marseillaise*," and the boy understands. When *égalité* has to be made clear, the "*Ca ira, ça ira, les aristos à la lanterne*" makes the signification but too patent. *Bêtise* has to be made a tangible fact, and the "*Dessauer Marsch*," that the Germans had played marching through Champagne, sounds, and again the lad understands. Once he explained "*l'Allemagne*" to the quick-witted child, after this curious phonetic fashion, by playing the quite simple barrel-organ melody to which on market-days the show-dogs dance, "Dum, dum, dum." "It vexed me," says Heine, "but I understood him."

But more heroic and wider reaching were other of the drummer's teachings; and if from him Heine learnt his first notions of pungent satire, from him he learnt also to reverence things noble and great. Not always could the child under-

stand each word that fell from the veteran's lips; but doubtful passages were cleared up by the drum's comments, and the boy followed him. First was told the taking of the Bastille and of the Tuileries, related as never yet set down in the teaching of school-books, but with the red guillotine march for its fuller interpretation,—"a wondrous march, that shivered through my bone and marrow when first heard, and that I was glad afterwards to forget," says Heine. But though for a time forgotten, it comes back to him long afterwards, on hearing a *ménagerie* of princes, princesses, counts, chamberlains, and court officials condemn the great offspring of that revolutionary epoch—Le Grand's hero! "How could I, Le Grand's disciple, hear the Emperor condemned? Der Kaiser, der Kaiser, der grosse Kaiser denke ich an den grossen Kaiser;" and here his words roll like a rich melody, upborne by his grand theme, and we forget it is but prose that we are reading, so full and sweet is the flow of sound. "If I let my thoughts dwell on the great Emperor, my memories seem all bathed in golden light and summer. A long linden alley raises aloft its flowery wealth of bloom, on the bowery branches thereof the nightingales sit and sing, the waterfall pours down, and the crests of lovely flowers are dreamily rocked by the breeze."

Old Le Grand's historic teachings were all of the Grosse Kaiser's marvellous acts: while in the Court gardens at Düsseldorf the child lay on the grass, and drank in the grand epic. Over the Simplon they marched, the Kaiser on ahead, behind him his brave grenadiers, while alongside down thundered the avalanche. On Lodi's bridge, holding aloft the glorious flag, they see him stand—the Kai-

ser! At Marengo, wrapped in his grey *capote*, or on the Pyramids' grand day, riding well forward through the smoke-wreaths, surrounded by Mamelukes—the Kaiser! Ping! how the balls whistle at Austerlitz, where, unfailing, they follow him! The noise of Jena's field, of Eylau and of Wagram, rolls, thundered forth by the proud, the rejoicing drum!

Hardly dare we trust ourselves to follow Le Grand's story to its tragic end. For very pitiful it is, the tale. They returned and passed through Düsseldorf again, "those orphan children of glory," but after long years of wearing detention and awful suffering in Russian Siberia. Through their tattered garments their naked but glorious misery showed, and in their withered faces gleamed forth sunken, mournful eyes; yet though worn and footsore, they trod as soldiers should, marching, oh, strange to tell! to the sound of a leading drum. As a spectre risen from the grave, wasted to a shadow of his former self, with soiled grey *capote*, a yellow dead face and long beard hanging melancholy-wise over his whitened lips, but with eyes like ashes, in which yet lingers some spark of the once living fire, marched Le Grand! But his drum jubilates, revels, rejoices no more. Very terrible are now its muffled rolls. Yet once again it pictures the roar of guns—the bullets whistle, the Guard, strong as death, resists; but through all the drum's fierce tale there sounds the wail as of a funeral march; and in Le Grand's wide-staring eyes, in their ghastly, glazing glare, Heine saw, as it were, the reflex of a broad, stretching field of ice and snow, all covered with corpses! It is the tale of Moskowa's sad day. A tale all of sighs, and of tears, is the old man's last revelation. At last, weaker and almost

ghostly sounds the drum. With feeble hands, shaking from the frosty cold, Le Grand sits as in a dream, listening, it seemed, to far-off voices. His drumsticks beat now the air alone. Then once again he bestows on Heine—a child no more—one deep, earnest, and imploring look—again, as in happy days long gone by, “Ah, les jours de fête sont passés!” Heine understands the mute prayer; and when down sank the soldier, his head falling forward on his drum, which never again should roll forth the heroic marches of conquering hosts, with Le Grand’s own valiant sword he pierced the poor instrument of his old master’s eloquence, too proudly honoured during the poor drummer’s life ever to beat a servile march.

Who can wonder that such teaching, instilled by the deeds and utter devotion of a brave man’s whole life, should not only have rooted in Heine a love of France and her Emperor, but have awakened at the same time in him admiration for the French form of government, with its wealth of liberties, astounding to those freed by it from the gross oppression and crying abuses of a petty German and still feudal potentate, that this new reign of liberty and equality had superseded? Hence, too, Heine’s understanding of the necessity of that terrible French Revolution, whose excesses the Emperor had put an end to, and whose benefits alone he had consolidated.

Properly to understand this leading feature of grateful admiration for liberating France, it is essential that we strive in some measure to realise the base vassalage in which, at that time, were still held the Bürgerleute of Düsseldorf—as, indeed, those of every small German principality—under the harsh and brutalising tyranny exerted by the

princes and nobles over all classes beneath their own.

Crushing as had been the yoke from which neighbouring France had set herself free, at the cost of much blood, terror, and crime, its oppressive weight was immeasurably exceeded by that under which groaned Germany in 1800. At that date German citizens were considered and treated but as little better than brute beasts by their princes and their nobles, who trafficked shamelessly in the blood and lives of their long-suffering subjects and peasants. Justice was but an empty sound and meaningless word when demanded by one of the people against the exactions of the privileged classes. Marriage between one born noble and one of another caste was absolutely forbidden. Serfage, enforced labour and dues, *le droit du seigneur* in its most corrupt and hideous form,—all these were exerted only seventy years ago by “a *ménagerie* of beasts so wonderful,” says Heine, “that no poet’s brain could have conceived such, requiring for their creation God Almighty Himself.”

Add to this general tyranny, from which vassal and subject, serf and burgher, alike suffered, the far more intolerable and special persecution to which were subjected all of Jewish blood, at this black time of superstition and violence, and we shall comprehend the full cause that the Jew-born Heine had for rejoicing in the emancipation of his race—emancipation that lasted unfortunately but for the time the French occupied the Grand Duché de Berg, being lost to them again on the departure of Napoleon’s soldiers, and recovered only after many long years of persecution. Jews were considered as hurtful animals: they were liable not only to insult, but to violence, plunder-

ing, and even to loss of life; nor could they hope for any protection or redress. No Jew might appear in any public place of amusement without incurring almost a certainty of stones and dirt being flung at him. They had a separate appointed quarter in each town, wherein, like lepers, they were caged, with closed gates, nightly. Nor was freedom granted them even to mate and marry at their pleasure, lest their despised race should become too numerous for facile oppression; and in many towns, we are told, notably at Frankfort, not more than twenty-five Jew marriages were permitted yearly.

This abominable persecution and degradation of his race and people, were one of the several forms of gross abuse of power and authority against which were later directed Heine's first efforts and young endeavours. Well can we conceive how his ardent soul chafed, when the horrid Jew-hunt took place that Frankfort celebrated when he was but nineteen years old, during which the accursed race were hooted and hunted like mad dogs, driven back to their own poor quarter, and there besieged and assaulted, stoned, and subjected to cruel usage. Nor may we count the public Jew-hunt that Hamburg, "Verdammtes Hamburg," indulged in while Heine was living there in 1830, as least in the determinant causes that forced him to flee his own land. Every abomination was perpetrated on the Jewish community: their houses were broken into, robbed, and destroyed; nor might any Jew dare be seen of the populace, without risk of life.

"The working of such influences on Heine's boyhood," writes Strodtmann, with great truth, "cannot be too sharply delineated if any adequate appreciation is desired as to the causes of development of his

character, and its effect on the writings and deeds of his later years."

But although his first impressions were coloured and influenced by the splendid military pageant of the Emperor's passage through his native land—although the German qualities of his poetical genius seem to have acquired an added quickness and keenness of Gallic tincture, yet his supreme aim and object was ever his *Deutsche Vaterland*. For it he wrote and laboured. Very various in their form and nature were the encouragements, reproofs, advice, and satire—satire, alas! mostly—that he bestowed upon it.

The cause of liberty, and of equal justice to all men, as vindicated by the persecuted race to which he belonged by birth, next claimed the full sympathy of Heine's delicate and ardent sensibility. A Jew "Verein," or association, had been formed, having for its purpose the emancipation of the Jewish people from the base condition of servitude in which they were kept. To obtain this result, the finest intellects of their community devoted themselves to the task of being ripe for, and of deserving, spiritual and political freedom, by taking for basis of their programme and endeavours, the highest philosophic conceptions. In 1822, Heine, still a student, being at Berlin, became an enthusiastic member of this society; and numerous are the letters he wrote to friends made at this period, which amply prove the wealth of passionate interest he lavished on this cause, with the sole result of seeing the noblest advocates of such capital dogmas of humanity obliged to flee the tyrannical German land, to seek in others more tolerant the liberty denied them there.

Finally, in his attempt to rouse

and help his Fatherland to emerge from the thralldom and heavy dullness of the "Bund," he made for himself powerful enmities, and reaped but vexation of spirit. With all the might of his youthful energy and recognised talent, he engaged heart and soul in the struggle against oppression, bigotry, and feudal privilege; but this effort likewise ended in disheartening failure. This great business of his life—this large love, and wise purpose for his country, how was it rewarded? by failure—by hatred and petty spite—by banishment for himself, and by interdicts upon his writings, which could be read only secretly and by stealth in his native land! His publications were interdicted in Germany, and had to be smuggled across the frontier under the disguising binding of dictionaries and educational works, to satisfy the immense circulation they at once attained; whereas, for his personal share, incarceration in a German fortress was the threat ever hanging over him, and which at last left him no choice, as he himself puts it, "but to secure himself from the folly of the Government by quitting the country." This he did in 1831, to find in France that liberty for his pen and career that his own land had ever refused him.

The apostle of a gospel of freedom too great for Prussian acceptance, and of doctrines borrowed from the democratic teachings of the levelling French Revolution—doctrines too wide in their vast embrace for the petty States he strove to transform—Heine found enemies in his own land, bitter and strong, and these not amongst the small-minded only, but amongst those who like himself were honestly striving for the German common weal, but who failed to comprehend the true bearing of his efforts. In Heine's

love and purpose for Germany, joined to his affection and admiration for France—in these two feelings we find the key to all his political and satirical writings. Dying, he wrote, "It was the great business of my life to labour at a cordial understanding between Germany and France, and to foil the artifices of those enemies of the democracy who cultivate to their profit international prejudices and animosities. In so doing I consider I have deserved as well at the hands of my countrymen as of the French."

Poor Heine! it was not only in his outer life that he found grief and disappointment. His sensitive poet soul, gifted with impassioned genius and a heart attuned to all the mysterious communings of sea and stars, forest and field, by nature open to all joyous and genial things, was poisoned in its glad spring-time by the unfaithfulness of her who had been honoured by inspiring the miracle of adoration of a poet's first love. What might not Heine's rich faculties have produced, if the woman into whose keeping the impassioned young poet had given his very soul, had not basely and treacherously forsaken him!

We have a theory of our own to explain the many contradictory out-comings of one and the same heart, which, all arduous to-day, is as ice to-morrow—which, fearful and trembling at a falling leaf one time, is capable of superhuman courage and reckless daring at another,—of the heart in which none but violet-sweet and modest thoughts dwell one day, but which the next may give vent to the scorching, hot desires of the courtesan's wildest imaginings, and which, pious and prayerful, has exhaled heavenwards but humblest petitions or thanks, yet which in some hidden fold conceals the bitter revolt against supreme decrees, which may some day

break forth in fiercest ravings and imprecations against the fiat of the gods! Our theory is, that as in the Garden of Eden *all* things were contained in germ, and in embryo, so is it also in the heart of man, every man having in him the seeds of all things good, of all things lofty, and of all that is lovely and sweet, but likewise the roots of all wrong and evil. In that beauteous Paradise were lurking the serpent and the toad; and in the soul of man—made in God's high image—are dormant the many low and crawling, the numerous venomous and hurtful things that mar its beauty, bringing as retribution all pain and evil. And who shall say which will prove mightier, of embryo good, or embryo ill? Who may tell which shall eventually triumph of the sweet or bitter influences? Who may venture to foretell whether the rays of circumstance will call into life the splendid flowery growths of the soul, or raise up noxious miasmas that will poison the whole heart?

This theory, if admitted, explains the undue development of Heine's bitter and stinging qualities, to the detriment of faith and hope, early shattered by cruel events. To what heights might not Heine's love have raised him, had he found in it the realisation of his pure ideal, and the wholesome felicities and fostering affections needed for the expansion of all the noble gifts wherewith nature had so plenteously endowed him! Had Heine's fine and tender feelings, his bright and fervent soul, found in the young girl he loved a spirit capable of understanding his—of exalting all the passionate worship of his heart by satisfying the full needs of his being—of moulding his character by stimulating its nobler instincts—and of perfecting it by bringing into harmony all discordant elements,—who can

doubt that the great faults that all we who love Heine deplore in his life's work, would not have been, and that excellence of a higher order might have been attained both by the man and the philosopher, and perhaps even by the poet?

The story is a common one—the “old tale, often told.” With a high-souled generosity that betrays the depth and delicacy of his feelings for her he loved, Heine, all his life long, carefully abstained from entering into any details of their mutual relations, or from ever mentioning her name. In countless ballads, in heart-rending verse, he has sung in touching accents his undying grief and misery—his ever-torturing remembrance of the faithless one, with her “Engelsköpfchen, am Rheinwein gold grund.” But in all he tries to screen his false love by endless and perplexing transformations of names and circumstance, keeping, during his whole lifetime, as a sacred mystery the name of his worshipped darling. In 1827, however, writing to his tried friend, Varnhagen von Ense, he somewhat lifts the veil that enshrouds the features of his heart's idol.

The *Herzliebchen* was his cousin, Amalie Heine, hardly younger than himself, for it was a boy-and-girl courtship; he was but nineteen, she eighteen years old. He left her in order to achieve literary distinction at the universities; during his absence his promised bride became another man's wife. From the consequences of this cruel shock Heine never recovered; the treachery of her he loved and trusted wounded him mortally. He lived, but bearing within his breast a poisoned and rankling wound that never healed.

A later source of bitterness welling up in poor Heine's bosom, was one not from without, but from within—one springing from the evil-

acting thoughts that result from wrong done consciously. He was a renegade and an apostate, for a miserable mess of pottage, which in the end was not even awarded him in poor recompense of his self-scorn and contempt. He sold his birthright! Yes, Heine, the earnest champion of the rights of his people, the ardent member of the *Jew Verein*—Heine, so full of the great "Jew anguish," was untrue to the faith of his fathers, and stained his manhood by accepting Christian baptism, whilst loathing it, in the wretched hope of earning an independent position for which his soul sickened—a position which the narrow-minded intolerance of the Prussian Government left no hope of, unless as price of his conversion.

His scorn of himself for this lamentable error, is equalled only by his hatred of the bigotry that extorted from him this shameful concession. Hence the cruel cynicism that disfigures his writings on religious topics,—hence the biting scourge with which he so often lacerates his writhing self. "I often get up in the night, and stand before the glass and curse myself," he writes to his friend Moser. Hence much, also, that startles and shocks us, both in the man and in his work.

Can we wonder if all this wasted labour and love, this misery of self-reproach, embittered his words and acts, and deteriorated some of the sweeter qualities of his nature? For his whole being was warped, and never enjoyed development in a congenial atmosphere and life. His instinctive longing, he writes in 1830, was for a position that would have permitted him to give himself up, wholly unfettered, to his natural inclinations, to his dreamy character and ways, to his fantastic imaginings and reflection. But the

irony of fate gave him as destiny to scourge his poor fellow-Germans out of their comfortable repose, and to goad them into action. "I, whose dearest occupation is to watch the clouds drift, to contrive the spell of metrical words, to hearken unto the mysteries of the spirits of the elements, and to lose myself in the wonder-world of ancient legends,—I had to send forth political annals, to carry out the interests of the day, to make a programme for revolutionary desires, and give the spur to men's passions. . . . I am weary, and yearn for peace. In Germany none is possible."

Thus sick at heart from wearing disappointment, like an angry child, Heine in his wrath strikes at friends and foes,—at things high as at things mean—at things profane and at things holy,—and writes 'The Town and Baths of Lucca,' which none of his comrades, dearest friends, or literary partisans, found any word to praise, although overflowing with thought, and wit, and satire, because so marred and debased is it by coarseness, irreligion, and objectionable matter, that disgust overpowers admiration. From such faults we turn hastily away, leaving them to Him of whom Heine in his death-throe said, "Dieu me pardonnera—c'est son métier."

While Heine's friendship was both tender and passionate, his heart remaining ever grateful and open to those who, like Varnhagen von Ense and his true-souled helpmate, made him know "the glow of friendship and the breath of love," he gave no quarter to his foes, far too often yielding to the desire he was so easily able to gratify, of avenging himself on his enemies, by lashing them with his satire, or stinging them by his keen powers of ridicule.

"I am not vindictive," he says, in his aphorisms; "I would willingly love my adversaries, but before I may do so, must I first be revenged upon them. Then only will my heart expand, for as long as one remains unavenged, does bitterness lurk in one's heart." We incline, however, to the opinion that Heine's heart remained most generally a stranger to much that his brain produced and his facile pen too quickly rendered. A friend who, by her faithful presence and visits, constantly soothed the long years of his terrible last illness, used frequently to chide him for his unsparing use of irony, which so often made enemies for him of those who had been, and would otherwise have remained for ever, his friends; but her remonstrances were never availing. He seemed absolutely incapable of resisting giving flight to the poisoned arrows ever ready in the quiver of his quick fancy. Nor could he seemingly even understand that they should have power to penetrate, rankle, and fester in the minds of those towards whom he bore no persistent ill-will—answering her by the apparently illogical words, "Why do they mind? are they not my friends?"

If such was the treatment Heine gave his friends, small wonder is it if those who had tried upon him their inferior weapons of criticism and disparagement, fared but ill at his hands. As proof, we will but recall the pen-and-ink feud between Platen and himself, which induced him to add to 'The Baths of Lucca' two chapters, written in 1830, which he deplored afterwards, and of which the scandal was great at the time in Germany, though nothing would now remain of the former's fame had not Heine given a borrowed importance to this would-be poet, by his injudicious

and excessive attack. "Platen would have been truly a great poet," writes his satirist, if he "had but in him either thoughts or poetry. Pride, irritability, poverty, debts, knowledge — every requisite for poetry he had — he lacked but poetry. Thoroughly had he mastered the art of poetic cookery; the meat, and fire wherewithal to cook it, was alone wanting. Still that does not justify the assault I made upon him. I wish I had never sent out into the world the chapters in 'The Baths of Lucca.'"

But Platen was not singular in attracting the retort of Heine's ever-ready pen. In 1838 he wrote 'Der Schwabenspiegel,' in which, as in a looking-glass, he shows us the likenesses, or perhaps more exactly, the caricatures, of the lesser stars shining in the literary heavens of Germany. They are amusingly and humorously drawn; many of them have a disdainfully good-natured turn which prevents them being painful or offensive, and they are really interesting as showing the very numerous authorised pens occupied in vainly striving to write down the great German poet who in his own land now ranks only after Goethe and Schiller. Uhland, alone perhaps of all those whose names occur in this pamphlet of Heine, has achieved a wide reputation, reaching beyond the confines of his own country. Heine, with a due sense of the distance that separates this real poet from the lesser fry, at whom he has been pitilessly joking, begins his *critique* of him with sober and dignified words that fitly introduce his remarks on this man of mind and talent.

"And now let us speak earnestly," he writes, "for what remains for me to say is incompatible with the joking tone and playful temper which inspired the preceding pages. Indeed I experience a real dislike to mention

Ludwig Uhland, the great poet, in the same breath as those I have spoken of as forming the Suabian school, for well might he be offended at being named in such pitiful company. Nevertheless, as the aforementioned versifiers count him as one of their number, giving out that he is their head, my silence might be disadvantageously interpreted. Far from censuring his work, I would fain express the veneration his poetry awakes in me, by venting it in sonorous and full-toned words."

We have translated with pleasure these words of our hasty-tongued poet, because they show a full-hearted willingness and delight in honouring that which he recognised as truly great, which was unquestionably a feature in Heine's character, compensating in some measure for his iconoclast tendencies, whenever the image set up for his worship seemed to him unworthy of his full homage.

Long since his own land, so churlish to Heine living, has admitted the claim of its dead poet to deathless fame and world-wide homage! Nor could every means employed by the German States to hinder the soaring flight of his genius, prevent its speedy recognition by the people of Germany, even during his lifetime, for they quickly adopted as "Volklieder" many gems of Heine's sweet songs; and the more his satirical and political writings were prohibited from entrance into Germany by the censors, the more eagerly were they run after and enjoyed with the additional zest that appertains to forbidden fruit. This popularity amongst the lower orders of society was very dear and pleasant to our poet. Years afterwards he related the intense satisfaction he experienced when, having been indignantly refused, as student, a kiss he had endeavoured to snatch from pretty Lottchen, the waiting-

maid at the "Landwehr" Inn, near Göttingen, it was granted him, unasked, on her learning that he was the author of the "beautiful lieder" that the well-conducted little Kellnerin delighted in learning by heart. "This slight honorarium," said Heine, "gave me more pleasure than all Hoffmann & Campe's* glittering gold pieces."

This prompt recognition of Heine by Germany as national poet was but right and natural; for, as says Carlyle, "truly it is a great thing for a nation that it get an articulate voice—that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means."

That France also, his adopted country, should quickly have given him *droit de cité*, and as quickly have acknowledged his genius, is not strange; for his verve, dash, and sparkle—his very likes and dislikes, as also the entire tendencies of his nature—chime in admirably with the character of the French, to whom Heine could not but be sympathetic.

England has been, if not slower, at least less general in its knowledge and appreciation of Heine and his works, and this though the English mind is one peculiarly apt to enter into the deep pathos, married to exquisite simplicity of expression, of this great lyrical poet, as also thoroughly to enjoy the wit and humour of this brilliant prose-writer. There is no difficulty in discovering why it should be so, nor wherefore much of this author's best should still remain almost unexplored and unknown ground to the generality of our countrymen. The reason unquestionably is, that much in Heine's writings, their spirit, tone, and unorthodoxy, is repugnant to English taste and feeling; added to which, Heine, who loved Germany and

* Hoffmann & Campe were his publishers at Hamburg.

France, disliked England, of which his impressions and judgments, formed chiefly during a stay of a few summer months only, are most frequently severe and excessive.

But can such reasons be considered sufficient and decisive for neglecting so rich a mine of delight? Surely not. Those, therefore, who bring within reach of the general public of our country so great a literary treasure, are undoubtedly deserving of encouragement and praise.

But to us who know and love Heine, such productions as Mr W. Stigand's recently published volumes, 'The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine,' appear utterly inadequate for any real apprehension of the rare beauties of his style, or of the manifold forms that his genius affected—as politician and philosopher, as wit and social agitator, as prose-writer and as poet.

Stigand's book is, in fact, little more than a compilation made from Adolf Strodtmann's far more complete and superior work, 'Heinrich Heine's Leben und Werke.' Indeed scarcely any trouble is taken to dissemble this; for he neither remodels general outlines, nor alters any detail of facts furnished by the conscientious German biographer, but reproduces, in a colourless rendering, chapter after chapter, page after page, of Strodtmann's interesting narrative; while his translations of the poet's suave creations in no degree render his author's charm of simplicity and metre. They have a strange twang of Burns and of ancient ballad minstrelsy, to which is sometimes added a meretricious ornamentation under which but little of the author's style remains, or such a likeness to it only as the features of an ugly offspring may bear to a beautiful parent.

Yet we pray the English reading public not to be deterred by the drawbacks of Stigand's rendering from further penetrating into the varied writings of the wide-grasping mind of one who as political writer and commentator is as remarkable as in every other manifestation of his many-sided powers, and who possessed a wondrous insight into the future, which well deserves to be called a gift of prophecy. As instances of this, we will only recall his prediction that Germany would, at some future date, claim not only Schleswig-Holstein, but also Alsace-Lorraine; and his prevision of the Franco-German war and of the Commune. "Communism," he writes, "is the secret name of the fearful antagonist that is coming forward: hardly mentioned as yet, it will be the lugubrious hero to whom a great if but a brief rôle is allotted in modern tragedy." He goes even further in these marvellous foretellings of facts, of which we have seen since then the terrible accomplishment; and predicts the fall of that embodiment of French glory, "la colonne Vendôme!" "It might very well occur," he writes, "that the madness of the radicals should bring down to the ground the column, symbol and souvenir of the thirst for glory."

As art critic, his articles on music and painting show that no chord was wanting in the grand harmonies of his being. But to us the charm of his writings lies in their Don Quixotism—in his power, as he explains it, of turning us, his readers, into obedient Sancho Panças—the mere followers of his wild enthusiasm and wilder fancies. We shake our heads at him often dubiously—but we follow him, drawn on, as he truly states, by the mystic power that enthusiasm ever exerts over the multitude.

There is a grand page in the

'Reisebilder' on this subject that we strenuously recommend as wholesome reading for discouraged hearts, "in all time of their trouble."

Heine has been previously telling of the fascination that the story of Don Quixote exerted over him from its first perusal by him in his boyish days, and magnifying the knight of La Mancha as a noble incarnation of sublimest folly and enthusiasm, ever ready to make war against every form of oppression, and to defend all that is weak and succourless. He has taken us into the confidence of his heart's delight as he followed the brave knight through all his adventures, and of the sober earnest with which he believed the tale; never finding anything laughable in his misfortunes, but, on the contrary, grieving at the deduction and saddening consequence, that the reward of heroism and devotion should inevitably be wounds, blows, and ridicule. "I was a child, and knew not how much irony is mingled by God in the order of earth's creation—irony which Cervantes has copied in the world he created—so I wept bitterest tears when the noble knight, as reward of his chivalry, earned but blows and ingratitude." He has gone on to relate his sufferings when the true-hearted knight was vanquished by a barber in disguise! But he comforts himself—a Don Quixote in his turn now, having undertaken the thankless folly of "bringing prematurely the future into the present"—by the reflection that the long gaunt paladin, the type of the ideal and of enthusiasm, cuts a less ridiculous figure than the stout short squire who pictures realism and common-sense; for this latter, in spite of his better judgment, is compelled to trot along on his sorry beast, following after enthusiasm,—such being the mighty transporting force of the ideal over

the real—of enthusiasm over common-sense. He concludes by saying:—

"We are of modern yielding stuff, and moreover we contemplate the success of a philosophy that grants but a relative value to all enthusiasm, and thereby brings it to nought of itself—or neutralises it at any rate, by considering it as a self-conscious Don Quixotism. The cool and wise philosophers! how pityingly do they smile down upon the self-inflicted torments and visionary fancies of a poor Don Quixote! while, with all their wisdom of schools, they perceive not that this very Don Quixotism is of all things the most praiseworthy in life. Yes! life itself; and that it gives wings for boldest flight to the whole world, and to all that philosophise or make music, that labour or yawn on its surface. For the great multitude, philosophers included, is, without knowing it, but a colossal Sancho Pança, who, notwithstanding his home-baked prudence, and a prosaic aversion to stripes, follows the senseless knight through all his perilous adventures—drawn on by the promised reward, in which he believes, because he wishes to do so—but driven thereto even more by the mystic power that enthusiasm ever exerts over great masses—as we see in all political and religious revolutions, and may see daily in smallest circumstances. For instance, thou, dear reader, art unwillingly the Sancho Pança of the mad poet that thou followest through his wanderings in this book—shaking, it is true, thy head at him, but nevertheless following him. For in my breast still glows a flame of love, that, full of desire, rises above the earth, circling adventurously through the wide yawning realms of heaven. Thence to be thrust back again by the cold stars, and sink homewards down to this little earth again—forced to admit, though not without sighs and sobs, that in the whole creation nought can be found more lovely or better than the heart of man. This love is enthusiasm—ever of divine essence, however foolish or wise be the acts it accomplishes."

If some cold nipping blast has torn from us cherished illusions,

leaving our chivalrous ardour chilled and wellnigh dead—if youth's generous heat of sacrifice and abnegation seems fading from us, and becoming a thing to smile at,—let us read this page, that once more our hearts may swell, that we may rise above the grovelling necessities of life, and that with Heine we may feel and say, that there is nothing nobler, better, grander, than the heart of man fired by this warmth, and expanded by this divine essence of enthusiasm!

Heine's first lyrical compositions, which date back to 1816, are those strange "wild visions," as he himself calls them, contained in the 'Traumbilder.' They tell of a fresh young sorrow, and bear already Heine's stamp in full. To this early epoch also belongs that most pathetic poem, "Die Zwei Grenadiere," which Schumann has married to such noble music, and which has deservedly become one of Heine's best known and loved lyrics; for what a perfect embodiment it is of the soldier's chivalrous hero-worship and love of country, expressed in words of deep but unemphasised pathos; and the stirring chant that Schumann's inspiration introduces to give force to the dying soldier's vision of resurrection, fitly bears his gallant soul away!

"As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, that convey
A melancholy into all our day."

As in dreams we visit fairy landscapes more penetratingly lovely than those seen in waking times, where the moonbeams lie more silvery, bathing more perfect beauty of unknown glades, and where stillness has a deeper voice and meaning, so the Intermezzo reveals to us enchanted ground, where we have been during those hours when, as in a sleep, our souls are most

freed from our detaining bodies; where we have, in some superior and spiritual state of being, both suffered and enjoyed what his wondrous verse, as in a magic glass, reflects to us again, but the remembrance of which had escaped us, yet, dimly perceived, lay slumbering in some mysterious aisle of memory, until, evoked by his spell, the unearthly vision is ours again.

One of the essentials of true genius is its power of insight into the higher attributes of humanity—those common to all, though generally dormant. This is Heine's gift. He reveals to us the height and depth of our own capacities, the shades of finest feeling that hardly we had thought ourselves to possess, till, by the light of his introspecting genius, he made all clear. For his mind is large; so is the horizon that lifts, widens, and broadens at his bidding before our closed-in-upon and cloud-oppressed souls. His artistic knowledge of perspective corrects, as it were, our faulty mind-pictures of castles in the air tumbling crookedly down, and opens up before our astonished eyes the distant summits and wide expanse of perfect beauty.

One of these enchanting, mystic pictures we have before us in the Intermezzo, full of the marvellous surprises in which the poet brain delights.

Hark! it is the prelude. The first faint chords of the divine melody are struck. Listen! Let the harmony, subtle and sweet, steal and wrap us round with hushed and unresisted incantation!

"Das ist der alte Märchenwald
Es duftet die Linden blüthe!
Der wunderbare Monden glanz
Bezaubert mein Gemüthe."

It is the old enchanted wood,
'Tis scented with linden flowers;
The wondrous moonbeam's silvery glance
Has chained my senses' powers.

"Ich ging fürbass, und wie ich ging
Erklang es in die Höhe.
Das ist die Nachtigall, sie singt
Von Lieb, und Liebeswehe."

I wandered on, and, as I went,
A peal rang high in air.
It is the nightingale! she sings
Of love, and love's despair!

"Sie singt von Lieb, und Liebesweh',
Von Thränen und von Lachen;
Sie jubelt so traurig, sie schluchzet so
froh,
Vergessene Träume erwachen."

She sings of love and love's sharp woes,
Of smiling and heart-breaking;
So sad her rejoicing, so glad her lament,
Forgotten day-dreams are awaking!

In spring-time, youth's spring-time,
in blossoming lovely May,
with growing grass, with singing
birds, and buds full bursting green,
the tale of love's glamour begins.

The stars in their mysteries of
speech are understood, love being
interpreter.

Upon the wings of song the
heart's darling is borne away to
drink in love and rest, and dream
a dream all blest.

But short is the dream's blessing
and radiance. Pale grow the roses
red, and the sun himself gives a cold
and sorry light to the dull, grey,
and tomb-like earth. For the wor-
shipped one has abandoned the
heart whose songs are poisoned for
evermore. "For within him are
lurking serpents, and her the loved
one dear."

The vision is told. The great
castle of desolation, with its high
gables, gleams upon us through an
opening in the moonlit forest. See
how mournful it stands, with win-
dows barred and closed, around it
stillness as the stillness of death,
and within its silent halls no life
there seems!

But, lo! what fearful shape be-
fore its gates is lying? A marble
sphinx! half hideous, fierce-clawed
beast, half fair and exquisite wo-
man! Her pale look heavy with

wild delights, and dumb lips shap-
ing softest promise! . . . And
the nightingale still sings on,
sweeter and yet more sweet, . . .
and resistance is no more.

The Intermezzo tells this mystery
of the sphinx, and the burden of
its victim's sufferings.

"Entzückende Marter, und woniges
Weh',

Der Schmerz wie die Lust unermesslich;
Der weilen des Mundes Kuss mich be-
glückt,
Verwunden die Tatzen mich gräslich."

Delicious the suffering and exquisite
grief,

The pain as the joy beyond telling;
For while I delight in the kiss of her lips,
From wounds of her claws blood is
welling.

But how vain the attempt to ren-
der any of the satisfying sufficiency
of metre and sound that robes so
divinely the utterances of a sorrow
for which no breadth of earth's
imagery seems too wide, no depth
of ocean's chasms too profound;
yet the characteristic of which re-
mains—*simplicity*! And if more
than once we have already used
this word, it is because none other
so well renders the charm by which
Heine's poetry holds us. Nature is
the imperial mantle in which he
gorgeously veils and dresses the
nakedness of his grief—simple but
all-adorning Nature.

This his friend Gérard de Nerval
points out in a preface approved by
Heine, and which most delightfully
ushers in the Intermezzo as the
story of every man's life, told by
the genius who had heard every
heart's beat, and detected every
blush, sigh, and tear of humanity.
He says:—

"Comme tous les grands poètes,
Heine a toujours la nature présente.
Dans sa rêverie la plus abstraite, sa
passion la plus abîmée en elle-même,
ou sa mélancolie la plus désespérée,
une image, une épithète formant ta-

bleau, vous rappellent le ciel bleu, le feuillage vert, les fleurs épanouies, les parfums qui s'évaporent, l'oiseau qui s'envole, l'eau qui bruit, ce changeant et mobile paysage qui vous entoure sans cesse, éternelle décoration du drame humain. Cet amour ainsi exhalé au milieu des formes, des couleurs, et des sons, vivant de la vie générale, malgré l'égoïsme naturel à la passion, emprunte à l'imagination pantheïste du poète, une grandeur *facile et simple* qu'on ne rencontre pas ordinairement chez les rimeurs élégiaques. Le sujet devient ainsi immense !"

As *facile and simple*, De Nerval rightly qualifies Heine's talent. To awaken in mankind vibration of the grand human chords of sympathy and deep feeling without effort or emphasis, was indeed one of Heine's special gifts. He tells a simple tale in words so simple, that some might wonder why the tears stand after reading in our eyes. The reason is that Heine ever knew how to strike the answering note in each of us, by speaking of a grief we all have known—of some joy that has smiled once upon us all at some blessed time—of some dread thing that has ever been horrible to all—of some great virtue that has been, and will be, virtue in all times,—and thus, as when the harper's hand sweeps the responsive strings, all hearts are quivering at the touch so lightly laid upon them.

Space forbids our lingering to pluck from Heine's many-hued garden other most fair and perfumed blossoms, whose wealth and glory of colour tempt our charmed senses.

Reluctantly we leave unspoken of the beauties of his 'Nord See,' with its magnificent sea-pictures—its waves that gently rock or wildly rage, and its salt-laden breath of sea-wind, bearing on its wings the eternal echoes of mortal sorrows and of human moan !

Neither may we take time to claim attention, as we fain would,

for those delightful 'Reisebilder,' as sparkling models of all wit, fun, and satire, combined with an artist's competent judgments, and a poet's tender insight into all the lovely things of nature.

But it is not want of space alone that deters us from dwelling, with any detail, on the *man* and his material life. For if we have spoken at some length of the evil spiritual circumstances that frequently determined the ascendancy of the worst in Heine, to the abasement of all the finer qualities of his character, we perceive that unconsciously we have shown him more as mind than matter, more as poet than as man.

In his last long and horrible illness the good that was in him came out nobly. Never did those who surrounded him hear him complain. Studiously did he avoid, on the contrary, any appeal or attempt to move to compassion for his sufferings. He never alluded to his trials otherwise than by a jest or a gibe. To those who pitied his paralysed frame and hapless condition, he retorted by a light answer: "I am but half a man, and, what is sad, can lay claim to but one-half therefore of a woman's heart."

In his love and tenderness for his wife and mother we have evidence of what his character *might* have been had his gentle qualities met with the recompense they deserved. Very sweet and tender was he with "the old lady;" and some exquisite traits have been related to us by eyewitnesses. To spare the poor mother's heart the pang of learning that her "Harry" was sick unto death, Heine wrote daily to her, at a time when the effort required to accomplish this was almost intolerable. A German paper had fallen under his mother's notice which spoke of him as being at the point of death, whereas all his

efforts, poor fellow, had been directed towards keeping from her even the knowledge of his illness. "It is a trick that my editor and I have imagined between us," he writes, with a sublime mendacity, in answer to her agonised inquiries, "to augment the value of my writings to an almost posthumous value." "And the poor old woman believed it, thank heaven!" said Heine, relating this episode gaily to a dear friend. "And she went daily to bless God, therefore; and God remorselessly accepted this grateful heart's offering!"

Perhaps involuntarily we shrink from all that sets forth the triumph of the grosser elements of humanity over the rare spiritual gifts of this great mind. For as such a triumph do we view Heine's marriage. His love for the woman he made his wife, was of the earth, earthy. His delicate mind remained unmated, uncompanied, and alone. True, he poured out upon the mere clay he worshipped much sweet and foolish tenderness. True, the tears stand very near our eyes as we read of the unwearying fondness that in his darkest days he lavished on his "*Nonotte, sa Nonotte chérie*," for whom his devotion and anxious care never failed, and for whom were all his dying preoccupations and gentlest forethought. Nevertheless pain predominates too greatly for us to care to dwell at any length on these scenes, where our strongest feeling is one of regret that the love of such an exquisite organisation, intended doubtless for fullest fruition, should have been wasted on so inferior an object, and in humiliation also that the higher and purer forces of his being should have been merged in this overpowering attraction of mere warmth of blood and fleshly bloom.

Sad and repugnant is the picture that eyewitnesses have drawn for

us, in words too forcible to be reproduced, of Heine—with body bent and twisted, with paralysis weighing down his eyelids, overmastered even thus "*par la bête qui est en tout homme*," and yielding to all the madness of passion. When his chains were as yet but newly formed, their ignoble nature jarred upon him. Thus we find him writing to his friend Laube respecting Mathilde: "I am condemned to love but the lowest of the low, and the most foolish of foolish ones. Can you fancy how that must torture a proud and spiritual-minded man?" But as time went on, he learnt to live what he describes as "half and half happy," and finally to hug the chain that bound him to a woman, that with all his fondness he knew he might never bring himself to trust, and who, though taught by him to read and write, had no more comprehension of the man who had raised her to his side than the senseless stone of the kingly tread that presses it.

Thus clogged, trammelled, and debased, Heine's verse, nature, and life were materialised, soured, and enervated. Almost from the date of Mathilde's sway do we reckon the beginning of that fearful end, whose writings and songs, often produced for bread, are but cries of pain.

How different—ah, heaven! how different, is the tone of his last works!—his last lyrical composition, "*The Book of Lazarus*," written in 1854 when dying—from those of early years, of which we have already spoken, when his mind, keen and vigorous still, lies a prisoner in his body, already, as he informs us, a corpse! The very title tells its heart-rending tale. A Lazarus, very full of sores, pitifully in need of the crumbs that fall but grudgingly from the rich man's table, calling out with a

fearful simplicity, "Health and a little more gold—this is my prayer, O Lord. Leave me yet on earth to live bright happy days, by my wife's side, *in statu quo*." Though he strive to hush his tortured spirit's maledictions, exhorting himself to endure his fate, "trying to whimper softly only, and to pray," the pain is beyond bearing—the racked nerves compel him to sue for the mercy of death. "Thou also, O my God, have pity upon me; send Thou me rest, and bring this fearful tragedy to an end."

Nor is the body's torment his sole or worst misery. "The Book of Lazarus" might have been as aptly called "The Book of Job;" or as the book of that disheartening preacher who took as burthen of his teaching "that all is vanity." For in it the enigmas of life and of death are questioned, curiously, upbraidingly, scoffingly, and often profanely. He stamps upon the hallowed memories of pain of his past, and mocks defiantly at the unknown future that the gates of death will soon open before him. The mystery of life's unequal justice and fates, which has been a snare to so many souls, makes him writhe to the last and ask, "Why does the just man, crushed and bleeding, drag along his heavy cross, while on his proud courser's back triumphantly rides past the fortunate sinner? Is not ours, then, an Almighty God? Can He, then, be the Creator of all injustice? Such are our ceaseless questionings till the earth covers our inquiring mouths—and us."

The burthen of his aching life draws from him that prayer for death, entitled, "Thirsting for rest." But the unknown horrors of dissolution turn him shuddering from the grave's brink—clinging piteously to life, mere life; such

barest husks of living, bent and twisted we are told, tied in a knot as it were, shaken by frightful spasms that, beginning at the brain, extended to the extremity of his poor, withered, and atrophied limbs, with a constant terror lest the cruel, creeping paralysis might not some day incapacitate his brain also; unable to write, or read, or eat; blind, and partly paralysed, with a lone, a living brain, in this more than half-dead body; tortured by years, long years of acute agony, half drugged to death by opium, helpless and dependent as any child, and carried lightly from bed to bath, and from bath to couch, in a woman's arms, so shrunk and wasted was his frame, yet retaining all the keenness and vigour of his intellect, and obliged, moreover, to write for the bread that "the gold-devouring monster," as he termed his sore sickness, demanded—bread very hard to win. Painful and unwholesome are these creations sent out into the world from his "mattress tomb." So despairing are his memories of the past, so bitter his irony, so sharp his cries of pain, so distressing his clinging to the mere dregs of life; for all is marked with a hideous stamp of truth that cruelly enhances the unsought-for impression, for there is no vulgar attempt or aim at tragic effect. We feel it is all real suffering, that the contempt of himself and others is genuine, and that nothing set down is forced or exaggerated.

Why is it that Heine's image, though draped in such black and trailing robes of doubt, of scepticism, and of desolation, should so powerfully lay hold of our imagination? Why does his corpse-like figure seem to us full of pulsing, passionate life, attracting us with an irresistible power of magnetism that other more graceful and smiling shapes cannot

exert over us? Why is it that we linger, not unwillingly if painedly, by this pale form, whose paralysed, down-dropped eyelids give a statue-like aspect to the unseeing eyes, whose gaze, turned inwards, penetrates but the more surely to those awful depths and abysses, where happy are those who have never fallen in some dark hour of existence, there to realise in its fullest horror that abomination of desolation, of love debased, and of faith and trust shattered, leaving the whole edifice, in which our soul delighted to dwell, rocking to its base, threatening ruin, and, through its ghastly rents and fissures, letting in a cold disgust of life, and an icy despair?

Is it not because Heine is as the evoked spectral apparition of all the poignant griefs, doubts, revolts, questionings, and aspirations of each one of us? Is it not for this that, readily admitting his sins and failings as great, we as readily absolve him, and are largely merciful towards him and his faults? "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Which of us but has enjoyed days of lofty inspiration and highest delight, when all the best and noblest in us alone throbbed and glowed and triumphed over every baser fibre in our organisation? when the Divine, in whose image we are all created, raised us on its mighty pinions above the earth and all earthy, leaving our lower nature as a dropped garment, from which, contemptuously, we turned away? Who but has felt himself, during these excellent, rare days of life, as pure as heaven and as strong as

death—possessed by a Christ-like spirit of joy in self-sacrifice, and a godlike power and force of good? But from these heights sublime, alas! we have fallen to earth again; our limited powers of flight shattering our bright ideal hopes, and condemning our bodies, bruised and bleeding from the fall, to detain in lower cycles our aspiring hearts, all athirst and aflame for the just-discerned splendours of the skies.

It is because we have thus known what it is to aspire, only to forfeit soon our yearned-for ideal; to rise but to fall again; it is through our selfish selves—our egotistical need of retracing in other lives that which ourselves have enjoyed and suffered,—that we keenly enter into Heine's life-pain, which reawakens in us memories that, even in their remembered bitterness, we yet cling to.

At the thought of so splendid an intellect condemned thus to dwell years prisoned within a body paralysed, yet quivering with unspeakable pain, searching the while bitterly the purpose of life and the *au delà* of the grave, and its enshrouded mystery—at thought of this awful close to a tragic life, a pity divine, or a pity most human, as we best please to term it, overflows in us, even at his wild revolts and pain-wrung entreaties for repose.

O sad soul! O tried soul! O soul in need of rest! who through the grave's portals hast now passed beyond the praise of friend or blame of foe,—to the great Father's comforting we leave thee, and to the sleep of death! *Requiem eternam dona ei, et lux perpetua luceat ei, Domine! Dona ei requiem!*

LORD ABINGER AND THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

WE well remember the portly form and rubicund visage of the late Lord Chief Baron. A more remarkable contrast has seldom been seen than between him and his immediate successor, the late Chief Baron Pollock. *He* embodied the mathematical definition of a line, as length without breadth, and his face was as long, and lean, and pale, as that of Lord Abinger was round, and jolly, and red. We fancy we see him now, as he sat on the judgment-seat, listening to counsel, with a large green shade over one of his eyes, and from time to time looking at a little oval pocket-mirror which he held in his hand, while he stroked with his finger a hard tumour on his cheek, which caused him, not without reason, considerable alarm. We believe that he had been earnestly admonished by the eminent surgeon, the late Mr Bransby Cooper, not to touch the excrescence, but habit was too strong for him, and his finger was constantly playing on the rough white spot, although this tended only to irritate and inflame it. His voice was low and mellow, and we never saw a judge who seemed to discharge the duties of his high office with less effort or more apparent ease. Accustomed for many years to influence juries by his persuasive tones and subtle arguments, he was perhaps too apt on the bench to forget the judge in the advocate, and having taken his own view of the merits of the case, he was too much given to plead for it rather than hold the balance with that unswerving evenness which is the first and paramount

duty of a judge. Not that there was the slightest intention of one-sidedness, or the least consciousness of bias; but he had been so long accustomed to take a side, and throw his whole energies into the advocacy of it, that he found it almost impossible to shake off the habit, and present to the jury the facts and arguments on the other side with the same cogency and fulness with which he enforced his own prepossessions. It was jokingly said, with a certain touch of sarcastic truth, that when Lord Abinger was judge, the jury consisted of thirteen; and we remember the remark that when as Lord Chief Baron he first sat at Liverpool, and tried causes at the assizes, he lost several verdicts. He showed too plainly which side he wished to win; but this was solely and simply because he believed that that side was right. The shrewd special jurors of Liverpool, however, were not to be induced by the mellifluous eloquence of the judge to surrender their own convictions, and they sometimes gave their verdict against the view of the facts which he had not obscurely shown that he entertained. Certainly a more persuasive reasoner has seldom if ever existed. As an advocate he always seemed to have right on his side; and we do not know a more characteristic anecdote than that which is told of a Lancashire labourer, who had frequently witnessed the forensic contests at the assizes between Scarlett and Brougham, and said, "I think nowt o' that chap Scarlett, for he has always got the right and easiest case; but

Brougham is the man for me, for he has always a wrong case and fights it like a man." What stronger proof of his consummate skill and tact in the management of a cause could be given than this? He was able so to disguise the weakness of his own case, and "make the worse appear the better reason," that the ignorant rustic imagined his success was due not to the skill of the advocate but the strength of the cause. And never was success apparently so effortless. His voice, as we have said, was like that most excellent thing in woman, "ever soft, gentle, and low." It did not so much strike as permeate the ear, and envelop the hearer in an atmosphere of persuasiveness. He never overstated, and never exaggerated—faults which are the besetting sin of most counsel, and especially of young counsel who forget the maxim that *on diminue tout ce qu'on exagère*—and he always wished the evidence to surpass his opening statement rather than to fall short of it. He has himself told us the mode in which he dealt with juries: "I avoided every topic that I observed make an unfavourable impression upon them; and when I discovered the strings which vibrated in their bosoms, I often, by a single touch on the true chord, in the course of my address, or sometimes in an incidental remark on the evidence as it was given, saw that I had carried the verdict." How different is the course pursued by many counsel at the bar! They hammer away on a topic which they see is distasteful to the jury, and fancy they can alter the convictions of twelve men by mere pertinacity of repetition. A rock may be softened by the constant dropping of water, but a juryman's mind is hardened by the attempt to force him to assent to an untenable point.

We will now give a short sketch of the life and career of this dis-

tinguished lawyer, and we will take the opportunity of adding some of our own reminiscences of the Northern Circuit. Lord Abinger left behind him the fragment of an autobiography, of which his son, the writer of the Memoir before us, has availed himself; but unfortunately it does not proceed further than the year 1816, when he received his patent of King's Counsel, although he mentions that he became Attorney-General in 1827, and was appointed Chief Baron in 1834.

Lord Abinger—or, as he is perhaps better known, Sir James Scarlett—was born in 1769 in the island of Jamaica. His grandfather married the daughter of a West Indian proprietor and had by her fourteen children, amongst whom he divided his numerous estates. His father seems to have had an ample fortune, and was able to give his son a considerable allowance, upon which he maintained himself until by his industry and ability at the bar he became practically independent. We have heard that he used to say that no man ought to be called to the bar who had not £500 a-year. This is rather an aristocratic view, and was prompted, no doubt, by pity for the men whom he saw struggling around him to get briefs, and who had to languish on for years in penury and disappointment, sustained only by that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." But such an independent income would in many cases be fatal to success. It would remove from its possessor the chief stimulus to exertion, and induce him to prefer inglorious ease to hard work and patient industry. It was not so, however, with young Scarlett. He seems to have taken for his motto the noble line of Lucan—

"Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum;"

and he worked as hard at the bar as if he had to rely solely upon his professional income for bread.

He tells us in his Autobiography that "notwithstanding the confident allegations of several journalists to the contrary, he was never at any school." The cause of this was the sensitive fear which his father and mother had of the corruption of morals incidental to the state of society where slavery exists. They resolved, and surely they were wise, to separate their children, as much as possible, from any intercourse with slaves, or with those who were in daily familiarity with slaves. His father provided him with a tutor, first a Scotchman, and then an Englishman; and to use his own words, which we well believe, his ardour was insatiable. He found that his elder brother could work out problems in arithmetic to be solved in writing better and more quickly than himself; and he therefore determined to try and work each problem in his head without writing the process, and he merely put down the result. By this means he acquired a facility of mental calculation which was of considerable use to him in after-life. There are many cases tried at Nisi Prius, involving complicated figures, where such dexterity is of signal advantage to an advocate.

It was the intention of Lord Abinger's father to send his son to Oxford preparatory to a course of study for the bar; but for reasons which he says are not worth relating, his destination was changed to Cambridge; and having left Jamaica in 1785, he commenced residence as a fellow-commoner at Trinity College in that university in his sixteenth year, having been previously admitted as a student in the Inner Temple. This is an age much younger than is usual now. Young men do not generally enter

the university before they are eighteen, and many are beyond that age. We ourselves were only seventeen when we became an *alumnus* of Trinity. There is no doubt that in competition for honours it is unfair that there should be no restriction as to age. It would be unfair to allow a four-year-old to run against a two-year-old at Epsom without handicapping. The subject, however, has attracted the attention of the House of Commons; and by an amendment in the University Bill now before Parliament, the Commissioners are to have the power of regulating the age beyond which competitors for prizes are to be disqualified.

In Scarlett's time the tuition at that noble College, Trinity, seems to have been lamentably inferior to what it is now, and has been for many years. The head-tutor whose lectures he attended had chosen the fifteenth Satire of Juvenal as the subject, when he entered the lecture-room; but what was his surprise to find that "the worthy man consumed the hour in vain endeavours to explain the rules of the College and the hieroglyphics in which it was then the fashion to write the weekly butter-bills!" Young Scarlett engaged a private tutor, but he says the choice was not happy. His knowledge was not profound, nor was his industry equal to that of his pupil. This checked his progress in classics and mathematics; and he tells us that he wasted his industry and energies on a vast amount of desultory reading without plan or method. We remember that Burke somewhere complains of the time he lost when young by miscellaneous reading; and Sir Walter Scott makes the same confession of himself. We doubt, however, whether so much harm was done by this wild liberty as these illustrious men supposed.

Both Burke and Scott must have stored up their rich treasures of multifarious knowledge by such a process; and the world has no reason to regret that their studies were not more severe and more methodical. One great incentive to Scarlett's industry was the desire to marry. At the age of sixteen he fell in love. The lady was a Miss Campbell whom he met on a visit at Tittenhanger Park near St Alban's. The attachment, which was mutual, lasted for seven years—for it was not sooner that he felt himself sufficiently independent to marry; and certainly it was soon enough, although his choice was most happy.

In one of his letters to her from the Northern Circuit which he had just joined after their marriage, he said: "I have not yet had a single brief, and do not know of one which I am likely to have! . . . But do not be uneasy, my dearest; we can but go to Jamaica at last. I shall be happy anywhere where you are with me and happy." The young barrister who could write thus might well set at defiance the caprice of fortune.

Scarlett had not been long at Trinity before he was told that he had been elected a member of the True Blue Club. It was confined to undergraduates of the College to the number of twelve, and according to its original constitution was to consist of an equal number of noblemen, fellow-commoners, and pensioners. "Rank, fortune, but, above all, agreeable manners and a social disposition, were the passports to admission." But Scarlett was told that it had been long considered as a mere drinking-club, whose practice it was to meet at stated periods at Newmarket and at Cambridge and dine together "with abundant festivity." Now it so happened that Scarlett at that

time was particularly averse to wine, and did all he could to avoid drinking it, although sobriety was certainly not the fashion of the day. Besides, he was anxious to study hard and qualify himself for the serious business of life. He therefore, much to his credit, civilly declined the proposed honour, and not a little surprised his jovial companions by the refusal. He soon reaped the reward of his self-denial. The Fellows of the College and other Dons began to cultivate the acquaintance of the young anchorite; and with some he formed friendships which terminated only with their lives. One friendship, however, must be particularly mentioned, as it had an important influence upon his future career. A former Fellow of the College named Baynes, who had taken the high degrees of second wrangler and senior classical medallist, and was then in considerable practice as a special pleader in London, happening to visit Cambridge, was introduced to Scarlett, and attached himself to him for the express reason that he had declined to be a member of the True Blue Club. They soon became sworn friends; and Baynes gave Scarlett excellent advice both as regarded his present studies and his future profession. He introduced him, when he went up to town to keep a term in the Inner Temple, to Richard Porson, of whom one or two characteristic anecdotes are told in the Autobiography. Scarlett once saw him drink sixteen cups of tea one after another at Baynes's chambers in Gray's Inn; and it would have been well if he had confined himself to so innocent a beverage. But it is well known that Porson would drink anything provided it was liquid; and we have been told that he once sat at a supper-party until the bottles were drained and the

lights went out, when he rose and muttered, οὐδὲ τόδ᾽ οὐδὲ τᾶλλο—the wit of which can only be appreciated by those who understand Greek. In proof of his extraordinary memory, Lord Abinger says that he has known him repeat the whole poem of “The Rape of the Lock,” referring, as he went on, to similar passages in classical writers which he supposed Pope to have imitated. Upon one occasion he resolved to say nothing for a week which was not to be found in Shakespeare, and he astonished those with whom he lived by his readiness in answering in the very words of the poet the most trivial as well as the most grave questions that were put to him. The following specimen of his ready wit we have never seen in print. It was in former times the custom at Trinity for the scholars of the College to write Latin themes in hall on a given subject, which were to be ready before dinner. The subject was *Brutus, Cæsare interfecto, an bene fecit aut male fecit?* Porson came late, and he scribbled on a piece of paper, *Nec bene fecit, nec male fecit, sed INTERFECIT*—which we think is one of the happiest puns ever made.

Young Scarlett had been taught by his father to study and admire the writings of Pope, Addison, and Swift; and while at Cambridge he became a diligent reader of Cicero, many of whose speeches he translated into English, and then back into Latin, when he had nearly forgotten the original. We think he could hardly have hit upon a more useful plan to acquire facility of composition in both languages. His fondness for Cicero lasted throughout life; and we have heard that, when asked which was the most useful book for a judge to read, he answered, the “*De Officiis*,” which is characteristic of

the love of equity with which he wished to temper the rigidity and technicality of law; for it would be difficult to find anywhere a better manual of the principles of real justice than in this delightful work of the great Roman orator.

Scarlett kept his Act at Cambridge with credit, and was honoured by the presence in the schools of a good array of masters of colleges, professors, doctors, and graduates. He was urged to try for honours, and told that he might look forward to being a high wrangler; but for this he would have to remain at college six months or a year longer than was necessary for an ordinary degree as a fellow-commoner, for fellow-commoners and noblemen were, and we believe still are, entitled to “go out” at the end of their second year. He, as a fellow-commoner, could not sit for a Trinity fellowship, and he thought the delay “too great a sacrifice for the empty honour of a high degree.” He says, “The desire I had formed for an early establishment in life overcame my vanity,” and he therefore became Bachelor of Arts in 1789, and took up his residence in the Temple. We may mention that while he was at Cambridge he was introduced to Pitt and Perceval. Of Pitt he says that he had no opportunity of being better known to him; but he became intimate with Perceval until his melancholy death by the hand of an assassin in 1812.

But his chief friend was Romilly, who was his guide and counsellor in his professional studies. He became the pupil of Wood, who was then practising as a special pleader, and afterwards became a Baron of the Exchequer. Wood “did not take much trouble with his pupils, but left them to learn, by the alterations he made in their drafts, the rules and principles of the science.”

But Scarlett's quickness and industry soon made him the favourite pupil, and Wood condescended to send for him from time to time into his own room and explain his reasons for altering the drafts; so that after the young student had been three months in the pleader's chambers, the greater part of the whole business was done by himself.

He was called to the bar in 1791, and the vacant place in Wood's chambers was filled by no less a man than George Canning, with whom Scarlett then formed a slight acquaintance, "little imagining that he should one day become his intimate friend and zealous supporter." The question was, whether he should return to Jamaica and practise there, or try his fortune at the English bar. Romilly advised him to remain in England, at all events for a year or two; and this advice he followed. The next question was the choice of a circuit. Professional connections he had none. He did not know an attorney by sight, with the exception of two or three whom he had occasionally seen in Wood's office, but whose names were actually unknown to him. He determined to go the Northern Circuit, one of his reasons being a desire to see Yorkshire, on account, as he says, "of the attachment of my friend Baynes to his native county, which had given it an imaginary charm for me." At Carlisle he got a brief, which was put into his hands as junior, because he had drawn the pleadings in Wood's chambers; and he was complimented on the way in which he acquitted himself by the judge and by Law, the future Lord Ellenborough, who was one of the counsel on the other side. Lord Abinger here takes the opportunity of praising the knowledge and quickness of Mr Justice Buller, who happened to be one of the judges on the circuit

when he joined, and who was certainly one of the best lawyers and *nisi prius* judges that this country has ever seen. There were eighty-six cases tried at York—one a boundary case that lasted sixteen hours—thirty-six at Lancaster, and forty to fifty prisoners at each place; and Mr Justice Buller concluded the whole circuit in three weeks. "It was not the fashion of the bar," he adds, "to make long speeches, or to occupy any time in resisting the opinion of the judge once declared." *Quantum mutata tempora!* This seems to imply that Buller had no colleague; but the universal rule, so far as we have known it, has been, and is, for two judges to sit at the assizes, one of whom tries civil causes, and the other tries the prisoners. Scarlett, on the advice of Romilly, now selected as his field of practice out of London the Lancashire sessions; and at Preston, Wigan, and Manchester soon became the decided leader. He next ventured on the important step of matrimony, and in 1792 became the husband of Miss Campbell of Kilmorey, to whom he had been so long and faithfully attached. He says, in touching words: "Her children, for whom these memories are intended, lived to witness her sweet disposition, her divine temper, and consummate discretion. I lived with her in uninterrupted comfort and happiness from the time of our marriage to the month of March 1829, and have lived ever since to lament her loss." He resolved, on his marriage, to ask from his father no increase of his allowance, but lived upon that and his professional earnings until his father's death in 1798, when his fees exceeded his expenditure, and continued to do so until the time when he quitted the bar for the bench. We have heard that at one time he was making as much as £19,000 a-year, but

we cannot vouch for the truth of this. In those days the California of railway committees was unknown, and the "diggings" in which Austin, Wrangham, Talbot, and Hope Scott enriched themselves were not yet opened.

He says that for some years after his marriage he avoided society, and became an obscure, plodding lawyer. He seems to have acted on the maxim attributed to Lord Eldon, that a lawyer must "live like a hermit and work like a horse," and, it has been added, with a capacity for eating sawdust without butter. Business rapidly flowed in upon him at sessions, on circuit, and in Westminster Hall. He explains the mode in which he was able to master the points of a case so quickly that he was not embarrassed by the multiplicity of his briefs; and it may be useful to the present generation of barristers to quote it:—

"As to the law and decided authorities I came well prepared, and required no study. The mode, then, which I adopted to obtain the facts was to interrogate the attorney when he came with his brief what was the fact in his own case on which he mainly relied. Next what he supposed his adversary's case to depend upon. Having made a short note of his statement on the back of the brief, I proceeded to discuss the appeal without further instruction or meditation; and I believe I may safely say that I did not read one brief in the most important cases in which I was concerned at quarter sessions. In like manner, when I began to lead causes in the superior courts, it was my practice to inquire of my minor counsel what were the points in the cause

on both sides, and to make a minute of these on the back of the brief."

We have heard of one eminent *nisi prius* leader who used, when an attorney brought him a brief, to be very particular in asking him how many pages of it were his own statement and commentary on the case. And when the attorney, expecting to be complimented on his skill and acumen, pointed out page after page of his own lucubrations, the ruthless counsel took a penknife and cut them all out, and threw them into the fire; thus lightening the ship of what he considered useless lumber.

In 1799, Mr Chambers, one of the leaders of the Northern Circuit, was elevated to the bench; and a silk gown was given to Mr James Allen Park, of the same circuit, who was afterwards a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.* Law asked Scarlett why he had not applied for silk, as his business in circuit gave him a better title than Park; but he replied that he had not thought of it, and the sessions, which he must have quitted if made a King's Counsel, were at that time too important to him. In fact he did not get a silk gown until 1816, though for many years previously he had been leading in almost every cause on the Northern Circuit, and dividing the lead at Guildhall and Westminster with Garrow and Park. Lord Eldon, who was for many years Lord Chancellor, was very chary of making King's Counsel; and we think that if he were alive now his very wig would stand on

* It is curious that in his Autobiography Lord Abinger always misspells the name of Mr Justice Park, and writes it Parke. This was the name of Mr Baron Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale. They used to be distinguished from each other in conversation by being spoken of, the one as "St James's Park," and the other as "The Green Park." We knew Sir James Allen Park, who was a Tory of the old school. Once, when we were reading for the bar, we called upon him at his house in Bedford Square, and he asked what books we were reading. We mentioned amongst others Hallam's History of England. "Isn't he very Whiggish?" said the old judge,—"very Whiggish?"

end at the sight of the array of Queen's Counsel who crowd the front benches of the courts. So numerous are they that the witty saying of Lord Chelmsford is justified, "There is so much silk now that the distinction is all stuff." Scarlett did apply for silk to Lord Eldon in 1807, but he received no answer until 1816, when, as we have already mentioned, the honour was bestowed upon him. In the meantime he worked hard, and fairly reached the top of his profession. And when he became King's Counsel the same good fortune attended him; so that he could say without any exaggeration, that when he was appointed Chief Baron, in 1834, he had "had a longer series of success than has ever fallen to the lot of any other man in the law." He mentions the curious fact that in 1814, being unable to go to Northampton on a special retainer in a case in which he was counsel for Lord Exeter, he was requested by the solicitor to recommend some other barrister in his place, as the leaders in the Midland Circuit were all retained on the other side. He named Sergeant Copley, and said he would undertake for his success in the cause, which was one of no difficulty. But the solicitor, after taking a day or two to consider the matter, informed him that as the case "was of great importance to Lord Exeter, he would not think himself justified in placing his lordship's interests in the hands of a gentleman so little known in the profession as Sergeant Copley."

Lord Abinger had been brought up as a Whig, and amongst the Whigs were his chief friends and associates. With no one was he more intimate than with Sir Samuel Romilly. But he never was a violent politician; and the best definition of him would be to call him a Liberal-Conservative. When Lord

Liverpool died in 1827, Mr Canning was called upon by the King to form a new Administration, and he offered the post of Attorney-General to Mr Scarlett, with many expressions of regret that it was not in his power to offer him a seat on the woolsack, which was occupied by Lord Lyndhurst. He accepted the appointment with the full sanction and approval of the Whig leaders, but only held it for a few months, owing to Canning's untimely death in the same year. After the ephemeral Ministry of Lord Goderich — during which he still continued Attorney-General — the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister, and Sir James Scarlett sent in his resignation. He resumed his former practice; but as etiquette prevented him from joining again his old circuit, he went on special retainers to the different assize towns in all parts of England, travelling from place to place as rapidly as four post-horses could carry him.

When 1830 came with its three days of July, the downfall of the Wellington Ministry, and the introduction of the Reform Bill, Sir James Scarlett finally separated himself from the Whig party. He thought that the Reform Bill went much too far, and he opposed it in the House of Commons. Describing what took place to his son in a letter, he said, "The game is, I fear, up with the constitution. You must not state to any person, however, that I express a strong opinion upon it, as I made a moderate speech without any party feeling." As he held his seat for Malton by the interest of the Fitzwilliam family, he offered to resign it, feeling uncomfortable "between a party seat and moderate opinions;" but the offer seems not to have been accepted until March in the following year. Writing to his son on the 29th of that month, he says: "By

this time you will probably have read my funeral dirge in the 'Times' —the only paper that does not make nonsense of it. . . . I in due form departed my life in the House of Commons on Saturday, and I believe that the last obsequies were performed upon me yesterday evening by a notice for a new writ." On the dissolution of Parliament in April 1831, Sir James Scarlett accepted the offer of a seat from his old friend Lord Lonsdale, in order that, as he wrote on the back of a copy of a letter to Lord Holland, "I might in the most authentic manner signify that I had quitted the Whig party." We have no doubt that he acted from conscientious motives, and that his conversion to the side of the Tories was sincere, for he thought that his former political friends were going too fast and too far. But it cannot be denied that he felt the sting of personal neglect. In 1813 he had been offered the choice of two seats in Parliament if he would consent to support the Government of Lord Liverpool, which, he says, would have led to the immediate consequence of office. He, however, refused. Again, in 1816, he was told that if he would accept the office of Solicitor-General the post would be offered to him, it being then vacant, with the promise of the Chief-Justiceship whenever Lord Ellenborough resigned. He again declined the tempting proposal. Shortly before the general election of 1826, Mr Canning earnestly pressed him to quit the ranks of Opposition, and leave the House of Commons, assuring him that the King was desirous that on those terms he should have the first judicial office that fell vacant if he thought it worth accepting. But Sir James Scarlett refused to abandon his seat. We have seen that he did become Attorney-General under the Duke

of Wellington's Administration ; but this was after the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, measures which the Tories had opposed, but which he had always supported. He still kept on friendly terms with the Whigs, but in a letter to Lord Holland he complains that they afterwards threw him over. He says, "I considered myself as only obeying their impulse in accepting office, and rather than have broken with them would at any time have resigned it, upon a suggestion that such a step was expected from me. No hint of the sort was even given. Nevertheless, when the Government was changed, I was dismissed from office *sans phrase*. I was not desirous of continuing in office. But I freely own that I did expect from a Cabinet composed, with one exception only, of my personal friends, some explanation or some kind word at parting."

We cannot compliment the author of the 'Memoir of Lord Abinger' on the way in which he has arranged his materials, or the order and method in which he has told his father's history. The correspondence is in great confusion ; and we have failed to find any notice of Lord Abinger's appointment as Chief Baron in 1834, except in two lines in the introduction, and six words in the Autobiography. Nor can we collect from the work any clear idea of the places he successively represented in Parliament, and can only guess that they were Peterborough, Malton, Cocker-mouth, and Norwich. His constituents at the last-named city wished him to take his title from it ; but the patent had been made out for Abinger, and instead of altering it, he introduced into his coat of arms the Castle of Norwich as a compliment to the electors.

He made an admirable judge; and as at that time there was an equity side of the Court of Exchequer, he had the opportunity of now and then escaping from the pain of seeing justice defeated at common law by special pleading and demurrers, which were then its scandal and disgrace. Our limits prevent us from giving specimens of his judgments, but we will mention one. The case was that of *Cornfoot v. Fowke*, decided in 1840; and we select it because Lord Abinger, differing from the rest of the Court of Exchequer, took what we think was the broad and equitable view, although technically, perhaps, the other Barons who held an opposite opinion were right. It was an action brought for the non-performance of an agreement to take a ready-furnished house. The defendant pleaded that he was induced to enter into the agreement (which was in writing) by means of fraud, covin, and misrepresentation of the plaintiff. It appeared that the plaintiff employed an agent to let the house, and on the defendant asking the agent "if there was any objection to the house," he answered that there was not. The defendant then signed the agreement, but afterwards discovered that there was a nuisance next door, and he therefore declined to fulfil the contract. We should add that the plaintiff knew that the nuisance existed, although the agent did not. We need not trouble our readers with the learned arguments of the other judges, who held that the knowledge of the plaintiff of the existence of the nuisance, and the representation of the agent that it did not exist, were not enough to constitute fraud so as to support the plea; but we will quote a few passages from Lord Abinger's opinion. He cited extracts from Cicero's "*De Officiis*," whom he called an "illus-

trious moralist," to show that, as the fact of the nuisance was known to the plaintiff, although concealed from the agent, it was a case not consistent with good faith, nor free from moral turpitude, and said: "It appears to me that nothing can be more plain than that the principal, though not bound by the representation of his agent, cannot take advantage of a contract made under the false representation of an agent, whether that agent was authorised by him or not to make such representation. . . . I own that it never had occurred to me to doubt upon principle or upon the authority of decided cases, that the knowledge of the principal was the knowledge of the agent, and the knowledge of the agent the knowledge of the principal. . . . *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. And what would be the condition of men if, in every case of a treaty made with an agent, the party was under the necessity of submitting to suffer by the misrepresentations of that agent about the subject-matter, because he had not first ascertained the extent of the agent's powers! . . . It is one thing to say that a principal may avoid a contract, if his agent, without his authority, has inserted a warranty in the contract; and another to say that he may enforce a contract obtained by means of a false representation made by his agent, because the agent had no authority. Upon these grounds—which, I own, seem to me very clear—I am of opinion that for the purpose of this plea the representation of the agent is that of the principal; and the falsehood of that representation to the knowledge of the principal, and the concealment of a material fact to the defendant, are sufficient to sustain the plea."

Lord Abinger's death was very sudden. In April 1844 he was taken ill while on circuit at Bury

St Edmunds, just as the magistrates of Suffolk had sat down to dinner with the judges at their lodgings. He got up and walked to his bedroom, where he immediately became speechless, and died on the following day. The attack was apoplexy. He had lived to achieve a peerage for himself, and see his son-in-law, Sir John Campbell, who married his eldest daughter, achieve a peerage for his wife, and become successively Attorney-General, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and a Cabinet Minister. He died full of years and honours, *felix etiam opportunitate mortis*.

In the Autobiography there are many interesting notices by Lord Abinger of his contemporaries; and we will rapidly mention some of them. We have already alluded to his friendship with Romilly, of whom he says, "Of all the friends whom I cultivated in the profession of the law, I must put Romilly the foremost." He was a man of reserved habits and cold demeanour, but under that exterior were covered the warmest heart and most generous emotions. "He did not persuade by his rhetoric, but convinced by his logic. His reasoning was acute and perspicuous." This description exactly applies to the late Sir William Follett, who with his silvery voice was the most persuasive speaker we ever listened to, for we never heard Sir James Scarlett at the bar. Romilly was an omnivorous reader, and in the midst of his enormous business found time to read every book that had any real value. "Even upon the subject of the last new romance he was the best man to consult." He seems to have had some of the same faculty as Macaulay, and took in a page at a glance, thus getting at the heart of a book in an incredibly short time. "I have known him," says Lord Abinger,

"read a new book as fast as the leaves could be cut open." Like Lord Abinger, he was an enthusiastic admirer of the style of Rousseau; and this at one time affected his judgment with a bias in favour of the principles and character of that sentimental and dangerous writer.

We have mentioned that Lord Abinger had only a very slight acquaintance with Mr Pitt; but he used to sit in the gallery of the House of Commons, and attend the debates, when he frequently heard Pitt speak.

"With a tall commanding figure, a graceful action, a most sonorous and perfect voice, he spoke with the same deliberation and fluency as if he were reading a book. There was never a moment's hesitation for a word; the emphasis was always correct and beautiful, because it served to render the longest sentences intelligible. His language was always vigorous and perspicuous, occasionally sarcastic, sometimes animated and elegant, but never passionate."

Burke, who never liked Pitt, said that his style was the very tiptop of mediocrity; but this is certainly unjust and untrue. The passionate eloquence, however, of Fox, had the most winning charm. He had

"an ungainly person, a shrill voice, an embarrassed manner, and considerable hesitation when he first began; but by-and-by he poured out torrents of reasoning in beautiful language mixed with emotions of disdain, anger, resentment, and contempt, which he made it impossible not to share with him. In the meantime all the personal defects were forgotten; and he had so the art of captivating the attention, that you forgot the man entirely, and thought only of the subject."

Lord Abinger says that he could not help admiring Pitt and believing Fox. He compares the two great orators to Virgil and Homer. "In reading the first, the polished ele-

gance and beauty of his manner make you think always of the man. But the rapid succession of events, and the simplicity and energy with which they are related by Homer, make you forget the author and think only of the Greeks and Trojans." We do not agree in this criticism. We think that there is nothing in the *'Æneid'* that brings before us the personality of the poet; and we are no more reminded of Virgil himself in the woes of Dido and the fortunes of *Æneas*, than of Homer—if there ever was a real and single Homer—in the bravery of Hector and the anger of Achilles.

Lord Abinger entirely confirms the general impression that Burke was not a successful speaker. He says his manner and action were sufficiently graceful, but his style was too didactic, and his topics were too general to affect the passions, or to excite a continued interest in the audience. The fact is, that Burke was rather a lecturer than an orator. He sounded depths which his audience could not fathom, and scaled heights which they could not reach. It required time and thought and meditation to take in the whole force and scope of his argument, and feel the full beauty of his imagery. They were speeches to read rather than to hear. Hence, strange as it may seem to us, Burke, whose orations we study and admire as rich treasures of eloquence, was known as the dinner-bell of the House of Commons. Such is the difference between contemporary opinion and the verdict of posterity! Sheridan had a charming voice and good action, to say nothing of his brilliant wit. In Lord Abinger's opinion, "if his industry had equalled his genius and talents, he would have been second to none of his age in the

art of public speaking." But the great object of his idolatry was Erskine; and Lord Brougham once told us that he thought him by far the finest speaker he had ever heard. He was so full of fun and frolic in society that he was more like a schoolboy broken loose for the holidays than the great counsel of the law courts. Lord Abinger says: "As an advocate, no language can exaggerate his merits. Cautious, wary, astute, clear in his discernment, and almost infallible in his judgment, no point that could really serve his client was unobserved, no topic that could advance his cause omitted. His examination of witnesses was always pointed, brief, and perfectly gentlemanlike. His manner towards his antagonist, and his mode of speaking of him, always courteous." We wish that some of this praise were more generally applicable to the bar than it is. But, unfortunately, we have known examinations of witnesses which were anything but gentlemanlike, and manners towards an opponent which were anything but courteous. Erskine had the special gift of pathos. Lord Abinger says that neither Pitt, nor Fox, nor Sheridan, nor Canning, ever excited a tear in his eye or a strong movement of passion in the House of Commons; "whereas I have known the whole audience dissolved in tears at a speech of Erskine's, and many eager to press round him, and, as it were, to kiss the hem of his garment." We confess that this puzzles us. Lord Abinger is speaking not of the bar, but of the House of Commons, and we never heard that Erskine there made any speech which had such an effect. And surely it is not true that Fox never excited a strong movement of passion in the House of Commons. Indeed, we have seen that Lord

Abinger himself says the direct contrary. The general idea is that Erskine in Parliament was comparatively a failure. No doubt his immense reputation as an advocate dwarfed his reputation in the House, and the greatest rival he had to contend against was himself; but Lord Abinger was of opinion that if he had bent his mind on politics and studied the best mode of speaking in that assembly, he would have taken incomparably the first rank. He discusses at some length the reason why great lawyers so often do not succeed in Parliament, but we are not altogether satisfied with his views. He himself was an instance in point, but it was not by eloquence that he triumphed in the courts. He admits that his style of speaking was rapid and his voice rather weak, and he never attempted to dazzle juries by pyrotechnic display. We quite understand his idea that posterity will be at a loss to reconcile his success at the bar with the "very indifferent appearance" he makes in his reported speeches. No report can give a just conception of his oily and persuasive manner, and the way in which he took, as it were, the jury into his confidence, and flattered them with the notion that their view and his was the same, and therefore must be right. It was not so much the language as the mode of using it that made the impression on their minds. But this is not the style for the House of Commons. Lord Abinger says that "he who seeks reputation as a public speaker must not only compose his speeches, at least as far as the ornamental part, but must ingraft upon the topics that belong to his cause certain generalities in morals, politics, or philosophy, which will give scope to declamation, rhetoric, and ornament—to polished phrases and well-turned sentences—

to epigram, humour, and sarcasm." The lawyer, however, who thinks only of the success of his cause, "must show that his mind is busied about nothing else. He must be always working upon the concrete, and pointing to his conclusion. He must disdain all jest, ornament, or sarcasm that does not fall directly in his way, and seem to be so unavoidable that it must strike everybody who thinks of the facts. He must not look for a peg to hang anything upon, be it ever so precious or so fine." Now this is all very true as regards an argument before judges sitting *en banc*, but is by no means true in the case of addresses to juries. In them there is verge and room enough for every kind of oratorical effort; and the advocate who "disdains all jest, ornament, or sarcasm," whatever may be the nature of the cause for which he pleads, will deprive himself of some of the most effectual means of winning it by carrying captive the imagination and overpowering the judgment of the jury. We believe that Burke nearly hit the mark in explaining why lawyers so often fail in the House of Commons, when he said, "The best that the lawyers bring us in this House is but the rinsings of their empty bottles." A counsel in large practice who has a seat in the House of Commons has little time to prepare himself to take part in a political debate. His mind is wearied and his thoughts are pre-occupied by his professional duties, and the late hours of the House prevent him from getting the sleep which his tired energies absolutely require. But it cannot be denied that the tendency of legal studies is to narrow and sharpen rather than give breadth to the intellect. Moreover, it is one thing to be able to speak from a brief with all the facts carefully digested and pre-

pared, before an audience which is bound to be patient and attentive and silent, and another thing to rise in an assembly of which one half is hostile, where interruptions are frequent and noisy, and where you have to answer on the spur of the moment an antagonist whose argument may be entirely new to you. Again, there is another difficulty which a lawyer has to contend against in Parliament. His sincerity is apt to be suspected. He is thought to be holding a brief for the side on which he speaks. He gets little credit for fluency and ease of expression, because it is supposed that these come to him as reading and writing came to Dogberry—"by nature." An anecdote is told by Lord Campbell in one of his 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' which if not true is *ben trovato*. A retired barrister was returned for a county, and he had been so long out of practice that his original profession was forgotten, and he was looked upon as a country gentleman, especially as he dressed like a squire, and wore a blue coat with brass buttons. When he rose to speak he was listened to with favour and respectful attention, until unfortunately on some interruption he was addressed by a member as "the hon. and learned member," when the temper of the House instantly changed, and instead of cheers he got nothing but laughter and clamour.

But we must return to Lord Abinger's contemporaries. Our general idea of Lord Ellenborough was that he was rough and imperious, both at the bar and on the bench, and Lord Abinger fully confirms this. He says that at the bar Law always seemed to carry his point by force. Perceval said of him, "He wields a huge two-handed sword to extricate a fly from a spi-

der's web." He had a happy talent for ridicule, and was not sparing in the use of it. His great speeches were in many parts composed, as indeed we believe is the case with almost all great speeches. "He was a well-grounded lawyer, an honourable man, and a most lively and agreeable companion." Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden, was in many points the exact opposite of Law. Law's mind was naturally suspicious of fraud, while Abbott suspected it so little that it was necessary to detail it fully before him and enforce it by argument. He was remarkably candid, "receiving easily the impression sought to be raised." He was not fitted to be a leader; and Lord Abinger says that he believes he never had more than two special-jury causes in his life before he was raised to the bench. He made an excellent Chief Justice; but so little were his merits appreciated at first, that when Scarlett met Lord Liverpool at a private party a few days after Abbott's elevation to the bench, the Prime Minister asked him with apparent anxiety what he thought of the appointment. Scarlett answered that he was a competent lawyer, and he made no doubt that he would give satisfaction. Moderate praise enough! His chief fault was distrust in his own judgment; and his slowness in trying causes came into unfavourable contrast with the rapidity of Lords Kenyon and Ellenborough.

Sir Vicary Gibbs, or as we have heard he was called, Sir Vinegar Gibbs, "was very acute, very ingenious, and well grounded in the law, but there was an asperity in his countenance and manners which was very, very repulsive." Perceval said of him that Gibbs's nose would take out an iron-mould. Garrow, "an eloquent scolder, with a fine voice and most distinct articulation,

a great flow of words, . . . without education, without taste, and without law, acquired and maintained a high reputation with the public, but none in the profession. Perhaps there never was an instance of a man who stood so high with the public and so low with the bar." In private life, however, he was kind-hearted, generous, and humane. We daresay some of our readers have heard of the clever epigram which Erskine once addressed to Garrow. Garrow was cross-examining an old lady, and trying in vain to make her prove that a tender of money had been offered. Erskine scribbled on a piece of paper and threw over to Garrow these lines—

"Garrow forbear—that tough old jade
Will never prove a tender maid (made)."

Lord Abinger speaks in the highest terms of Perceval. He says, "he was a most perfect gentleman in all points, with a benevolence that knew no bounds, of lively conversation and most amiable manners, of a sound and vigorous intellect, capable of adorning any station in the profession of the law." He was an excellent debater, and had great quickness in catching the arguments of the speakers who preceded him. "If ever there was an honest man with a pure heart, Perceval was the man." Sir Arthur Pigot was "a man of great modesty of manners, good temper, sound judgment, and competent learning, but a speaker somewhat dull and lengthy." Lord Abinger's estimate of Lord Eldon is kindly and appreciative. Of course he could not be insensible to his doubting habit, which led to such intolerable delay in his court. When Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he was so full of subtle distinctions and ingenious hypotheses that he puzzled and confounded the jury. In fact they

were bewildered in a maze of perplexity. But he "possessed a turn for grave humour that sometimes relieved his tedious discourses." We think that there never was a greater contrast than that presented by the judgments of the two brothers Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. Those of Lord Stowell are remarkable for their felicity of diction and happy use of metaphor. They are clear as a pellucid stream, while those of Lord Eldon are like a muddy and turbid pool with a heavy fog settling on the water. But "he was in private society always acceptable and agreeable, and so much conciliated the bar by the kindness of his manner, that no man in his own courts ever joined in the clamour that was often raised against him by the Opposition in the House of Commons."

We shall, in conclusion, say something of the great Circuit of the North, of which Scarlett was for so many years the chief ornament. Railways have made a great change in the arrangements of the bar. In old times the only mode of travelling from town to town on circuit allowed to barristers was by a post-chaise, for it was contrary to etiquette to use the stage-coach. The reason for this was that possibly some attorney might travel by the same conveyance, and thus an opportunity might occur for what is called "hugging"—that is, conciliating the favour of an attorney with the view of getting a brief from him. For the same reason no barrister could put up at an inn in an assize town, and he was obliged to hire lodgings. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* When we joined the Northern Circuit the old system of travelling still prevailed, but was on its last legs; and we well remember the circuit van which carried the luggage of the barristers, and which was inscribed

with the name of the late Mr Baron Watson, as baggage-master, then a thriving junior at the bar. We went in a post-chaise from Durham to Newcastle, for the railway had not been carried further than Durham. Those were pleasant days when "we went 'circuiting,'—a long time ago." We remember once as we travelled from Newcastle to Carlisle, with small prospect of briefs, stopping at the little watering-place on the Border called Gilsland, which is said to be the original of Sir Walter Scott's St Ronan's Well. There we hired a stout pony and rode to Bewcastle to see the Runic pillar that stands in a churchyard; but as we returned in the evening across some boggy country against which we had been warned, our little steed sunk in the morass up to his girths, and we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves. At that time the two leaders on circuit were Cresswell and Alexander. The name of Sir Cresswell Cresswell is well known both as a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and the first appointed Judge of the Probate and Divorce Court. He had no pretensions whatever to eloquence, but was a most successful advocate. No man could put a case before the jury with more crystal clearness. He was the very soul of honour; but from his own quickness of conception apt to be a little too impatient. He showed too palpably something of a feeling of contempt for his chief opponent Alexander, whose position was hardly warranted by his legal knowledge, or his ability as an advocate. Alexander died soon afterwards, and left no trace behind him. The succeeding leaders, as nearly as we can remember the shifting scenes of a few years, were Martin, Baines, Dundas, Wortley, Watson, Hill, and Knowles. Then came Sergeant Wilkins, who for a very brief period

did certainly lead the circuit by the command he had over juries, although his knowledge of law was infinitesimally small. He had a magnificent voice, which rolled like thunder through the courts. We well remember the first occasion on which we heard it. There was a great Conservative meeting in the Amphitheatre at Liverpool, when Earl Wilton presided, and the late Earl of Derby was one of the speakers. The banquet was nearly over, and the guests were leaving the arena, when suddenly a voice was heard, which filled the building, and arrested the attention of all. Wilkins had risen to respond to one of the latest toasts. As nearly as we can remember, he began thus: "My lords and gentlemen, I am aware that I speak late. The mighty speakers have gone before, and gathered in the shocks of the harvest in armfuls, while I, a poor solitary gleaner, am left to pick up the straws that remain. I have been attacked in the Manchester papers for having changed my political opinions. I was once a radical reformer. Thank God! I am now radically reformed. And to my mind's eye the loveliest picture in the gallery of history is Saul the persecutor transformed into Paul the follower of the Nazarene." Sergeant Wilkins and St Paul!

And now, shall we venture to unfold some of the hidden mysteries of circuit life, and lift the veil that shrouds the jovial doings of the Grand Court? Lord Abinger in his Autobiography gives us a glimpse of it when he says: "On the Northern Circuit at certain periods there used to be a grand supper, at which all the members were assembled, and the expenses of which were paid by fines and congratulations that resulted in contributions to which the principal leaders were subject. These were introduced in general

in a ceremonious speech by one of the body, who bore the office of Attorney-General of the Circuit." On one occasion when the late Chief-Justice Tindal was Attorney-General, he presented the name of Mr Scarlett for congratulation (that is, a fine) as the inventor of a machine that had the effect of making the judge's head move in a direction angular to the horizon, which signified a nod of approbation. But there was another leader of the circuit, whom Lord Abinger does not name, but says that he "was a gentleman of more popular and of much higher reputation than myself"—meaning of course Brougham—who was also presented as the inventor of a rival machine to operate upon the head of the judge; but it had the effect of producing a motion parallel to the horizon—that is, of signifying dissent. This is not a bad counterpart of the story we have already told of the Lancashire rustic. On another occasion, after Scarlett had left the circuit, Pollock, who was the leader, was crowned with an empty punch-bowl. In fact there was hardly any limit to the fun and nonsense that ran riot at the Grand Court. And it was treason to the circuit to absent one's self from it. If any members had not joined it at the assize town, their names were called three times—each time with some ludicrous prefix, which was supposed to hit off the foible or foibles of the man—and stinging truths were often told in the selection of the epithets. We know no occasions when the lines of Burns were more strictly applicable—

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!"

But no excuse but that of positive illness was allowed to prevail, if the absent barrister was in the circuit

town. He was sent for by the officers of the court, who were sworn to do their duty on a bottle of port wine, and he was fetched *nolens volens* into court. Once a friend of ours had quietly slipped away, to attend, we believe, a marriage on the following day; but he was pursued by Hildyard, late M.P. for Whitehaven, and another—we think it was Cresswell—who were the messengers at the time, and being found at an inn in the neighbourhood of York, he was literally handcuffed, and brought in that state to the circuit mess. All this was borne with perfect good-humour. The only thing with which we can compare these saturnalia of the bar—

"Si parva licet componere magnis"—

are the proceedings of the Abbot of Unreason, as described by Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels, when the motley crowd that followed in his train shouted out "A hall! a hall! for the venerable Father Howleglas, the learned monk of Misrule, and the Right Reverend Abbot of Unreason!" And we must not forget the scene in 'Guy Mannering,' where Counsellor Pleydell is represented, in the midst of his frolicsome companions, engaged in the pastime of High Jinks, "enthroned as a monarch in an elbow-chair, placed on the dining-table, his scratch-wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine."

We don't know whether the same practice prevailed on all the other circuits, but it certainly did and still does in some; and records of the proceedings are carefully kept and jealously guarded by the "Attorney-General" of the year. We remember once looking at the records of the Midland Circuit, and the first entry that caught our eye

was the following: "Mr Wallace bets Sergeant So-and-so a dozen bottles of port that the words, *Audaces fortuna juvat*, are not in Virgil;" and then comes an entry, which tells that the Sergeant lost the bet, and the wine was confiscated to the use of the circuit mess.

We have been permitted to have access to the records of the Northern Circuit kept during the time that Scarlett was a member of it, and a few extracts from them may amuse our readers.

Scarlett joined the circuit at the summer assizes at York in August 1791, and filled the office of junior. This office, although held by the youngest member of the bar on circuit, confers some dignity and considerable power. The object is to initiate the last comer in all the mysteries of circuit life; and the voice of the new-fledged barrister is as potent in determining questions of professional etiquette as that of the most smoke-dried and venerable leader. Heywood was then "Attorney-General;" and we find that at the Grand Court held at York, Mr Law (afterwards Lord Ellenborough) and Mr John Cockell were indicted "for that they had wilfully and maliciously hired a mob to attend the trial of a certain cause, and applaud the speech of Mr Law with loud noises and shoutings." Law pleaded guilty as to the hiring; and Mr Chambre being called as a witness, proved that Mr Law had been offered twenty-five guineas for a copy of his speech at the said trial; and this being thought "relevant evidence," Mr Law was fined two gallons for the said offence. At the Lancaster summer assizes in 1797, Mr Topping was congratulated in two gallons for his lucky "miscarriage" in throwing himself out of his gig; and on the same occasion Mr Scarlett was congratulated in two bottles "for hav-

ing argued a demurrer extremely well in court this morning."

At the Grand Court held at York in March 1812, the "Attorney-General" of the year produced the manuscript copy of a London Gazette which had been accidentally dropped by Lord Grey, and which "ought to have been published" if Lord Grey had not lost it. It purported to contain several appointments of members of the circuit to important offices; "but," said the Attorney-General, "Mr Scarlett, you perceive, was not included in the Gazette, and he showed the most sensible disappointment, that being his only hope of getting into business at all. So at Guildhall he proclaimed himself a junior at the bar, hoping that by his modesty some good-natured soul would give him something to do. . . . He has been canvassing with great zeal, and says that owing to his likeness to Bonaparte he doesn't now care a farthing about the bar or business, but will ship himself privately in a smuggler and go over to the Continent. He knows a secure way of taking Bonaparte off; and as he is so like him, the French won't know the difference, and he'll have himself proclaimed Emperor instead. I move that he be proclaimed Emperor, and congratulated accordingly." Mr William Wypeng, however, proposed that he should be proclaimed "the Scarlet whore of Babylon," which was negatived; and it was declared that his title should be "simply and supremely Emperor." He was then congratulated in two guineas "amid peals of applause."

At the summer assizes at Lancaster in August 1815, Scarlett held the office of "Attorney-General," and presented for congratulation the name of James Allen Park, on account of a gallant exploit he had just performed. He had gone to Rochefort and challenged Bonaparte

to single combat; but "after much shuffling," Bonaparte declined to meet him, but consented to become his prisoner; and Mr Park "has returned amongst us after delivering up his prisoner to Captain Maitland, to be safely and securely kept without bail or mainprise." He moved that Mr Park should be congratulated in two gallons. At the same Grand Court Mr Paine was fined one gallon "for a most fulsome compliment he had paid in open court at the late assizes to an attorney;" and Mr James Parke (afterwards Lord Wensleydale) was also fined one bottle for the paltry offence of "puffing himself" in an article published in the 'Pilot' newspaper. A similar fine was imposed on Alderson (the well-known Baron of the Exchequer) for the like offence. Scarlett then made a short address, and craved leave to retire from public life and lay down his office of Attorney-General.

At Lancaster summer assizes in 1816, the Attorney-General of the circuit produced a copy of the 'Sunday News,' and called attention to a column headed *Multum in parvo*, which contained amongst other items the following, "Another letter on the subject of Junius. At Scackleton, near York, a goose lately produced two goslings from one egg. A steamboat has lately crossed the English Channel and ascended the Seine to Paris. The Prince Regent now walks without the aid of a walking-stick. Mr Scarlett had 82 briefs at Lancaster, in 78 of which he succeeded." The Attorney-General moved that the circuit should determine how many gallons, "not exceeding the number of his successful briefs," Mr Scarlett should be fined for inserting this paragraph. Mr Scarlett pleaded in mitigation that he had derived no benefit from the artifice he had recourse to, and he was fined five gallons. But as

at the present assizes at Lancaster the 78 successful verdicts of the last assizes had already dwindled down to 50, with small prospect of any increase, Mr Scarlett was further condoled with in four gallons. At the same Grand Court Mr Richardson was congratulated in three gallons on his equestrian skill in contriving to throw himself from his horse and "give himself so many beautiful marks on the face."

At the York Lent assizes in 1821, Mr Scarlett was fined for flattering himself that he had made a good speech for Sir Francis Burdett, whereas the whole merit of the speech belonged to Mr Blackburn, who, "by his vigour, force, and energy, reduced the judges to a perfect state of nonentity. He thundered, lightened, stamped, and roared in such a manner that every one thought that the devil or the Bonassus had broken loose." Mr Williams (afterwards a Judge of the Court of King's Bench) was condoled with in for not having a nose for snuff, in consequence of which the Corporation of London had not presented him with a box; although, by way of compensation, the electors of Preston, in pure admiration of his talents, had sent him a warming-pan. At a subsequent court, Littledale was fined for having drawn an indictment with one hundred and twenty counts, "not one of which was applicable to the case;" and a quadrille was got up in which Alderson, Tindal, Sergeant Cross, and others, danced to the tune of "Fol de rol rol;" "but Alderson setting off wrong, put the rest out, and the whole was soon a scene of confusion."

We must now, however, pass on to a more distinguished name, and introduce Brougham upon the stage. It is well known that he is the Mr Quicksilver, and Scarlett, the Mr Subtle, in Mr Warren's famous novel

of 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' which first appeared in the pages of *The Magazine*—and no names could have been more happily devised. It is unnecessary to speak of the prodigious acquirements of Brougham, which are known to everybody; but we doubt whether the public are generally aware of the extraordinary versatility of his powers. We know writings of his, which he published anonymously, full of wit and fun, but of which he has never been suspected to be the author. His greatest speeches, both at the bar and in Parliament, have been collected, and are familiar to us all; but some of his admirable addresses to juries, both on circuit and in London, have not been reported, or can only be found in out-of-the-way corners, and by considerable research. We will mention one which has always struck us as a masterpiece of cleverness. It was delivered at Guildhall in the case of *Shaw v. Williams*, in 1823. It was an action for seduction, and the late Mr Charles Phillips was counsel for the plaintiff, and Brougham for the defendant. It seems that the young woman whose father brought the action, had affiliated her child upon the defendant; and Phillips made use of this to support her credit, as showing that she attested "her truth before Heaven." He made one of his impassioned speeches, and asked the jury "what damages they would think sufficient to repay them if, like the plaintiff, they found the blossom of their hopes, the fair flower they had tended, trampled under the accursed hoof of ruffian sensuality, and soiled and blasted for ever." There were some circumstances in the case to which we will not allude, and which gave Brougham an opportunity for cutting sarcasm; but we will quote one or two passages from his speech to which no exception can be taken

by the most fastidious reader—"Oh! but" (said Mr Phillips) "she could prove her truth—'she could give the defendant the most solemn pledge one human being could give another;' and when they expected some awful adjuration—that she must take the horns of some storied altar, or produce a Bible to swear on—it turned out that this fine and mystic allusion meant only that she went and swore the child to the defendant before a justice. In the decline of ancient eloquence, when occasions for display were rare, it was the practice of the Roman orators to spin out subtle disputations on the vilest animal substance, and it was reported that this very splendid language was indited on the subject of *dirt*. Thus had Mr Phillips—not in the decline of eloquence, for his speech proved it was flourishing, but in the absence of a fit subject for his powers—taken the course once pursued by less able speakers, and garnished out with the ornaments of rhetoric this most dirty cause. . . ." He asked the jury "if they thought that they must give the plaintiff something, to tender him the lowest and basest coin—symbol of worthlessness and impudence—as the reward of the most frivolous and brazen-faced action." The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages forty shillings.

At the York Lent assizes in March 1822, Brougham was "Solicitor-General." The "Attorney-General" was Courtenay, who brought under the notice of the Grand Court an article in the *Edinburgh Magazine* which thus spoke of Mr Scarlett: "He has the manners of a finished and perfect gentleman, and the air of a man of the world. . . . His person is stately and symmetrical, and his physiognomy almost too good for a man." He proposed, therefore, that Mr Scarlett

should take off his coat and show his symmetrical form that he might be congratulated upon it.

"I come next," he said, "to my friend Mr Brougham, who is thus puffed in the Magazine," alluding to a breach of promise of marriage case—*Thompson v. Blamire*—in which Brougham had been counsel for the plaintiff, "and kept the court in convulsions of laughter for an hour and a half. Never was poor sinner rendered so unmercifully ridiculous as Blamire, the treacherous lover of the forsaken Sarah. Judge, jury, bar, ladies, gentlemen, and 'swinish multitude,' were all equally acted upon by the irresistible drollery and comic humour of this wonderful man." The Attorney-General proceeded:—

"Sir, I recollect the case, and it did produce immoderate laughter, but it was at the expense of our friend's own client. He did, however, get a paltry verdict of £100. I recollect a good story about Brougham's features. He stood for Westmoreland, and by means of the grossest bribery contrived to get a few votes. The bribe was a five-guinea piece, covered with pewter, with a likeness of Brougham on it. One voter, showing his piece to a friend, the other said, 'It is not like him!' 'Oh,' says the first, 'you miss the twitch in his face, but you cannot get that in pewter.'" Mr Brougham was then congratulated in two guineas on his "change of features."

In the record of one of the Grand Courts we find competitive translations of the line—

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo"—

assigned to different leaders of the circuit. One of them, "by Mr Brougham," is—

"The case, my lords, is closed; but ponder well—

For, if you don't, I'll pitch you all to h—l."

Another, "by Mr Holt," is—

"The gods decide against me—stupid boobies!

I'll have a writ of error *coram nobis*."

A capital eclogue, written by the late John Leycester Adolphus, was read out by the Attorney-General at Liverpool in 1839. It was assumed to have been spoken by Sir Gregory Lewin and Joseph Addison, both well-known members of the circuit. The scene is the banks of Windermere, and the time sunset. We have only space for a few couplets—

ADDISON.

How sweet, fair Windermere, thy waveless coast!

'Tis like a goodly issue well engrossed.

LEWIN.

How sweet this harmony of earth and sky!

'Tis like a well-concerted *alibi*.

ADDISON.

Pleas of the court are coarse and spoil one's tact,

Barren of fees and savouring of fact.

LEWIN.

Your pleas are cobwebs, narrower or wider,

That sometimes catch the fly, sometimes the spider.

ADDISON.

Thoughts much too deep for tears subdue the court,

When I *assumpsit* bring, and godlike waive the *tort*.

LEWIN.

Tell me the difference first—'tis thought immense—

Betwixt a naked lie and false pretence.

ADDISON.

Change we the venue, Knight—your tones bewitch;

But too much pudding chokes, however rich.

Enough! enough! and surplusage the rest:

The sun no more "gives colour" to the west.

And one by one the pleasure-boats forsake

Yon land with water covered called a lake.

'Tis supper-time—the fun is somewhat far,

Dense are the dews, though bright the evening star,

And Wightman might drop in, and eat our char.

The two swains were congratulated in one guinea each on their success in bucolic poetry.

At the Grand Court at York, held in March 1849, the theme of the Attorney-General's wit was the difficulty felt by the Lord Chancellor in deciding upon the numerous claims for a silk gown made by leaders of the Northern Circuit. Some, of course, were disappointed, and amongst others, Ingham, who was said to have suddenly disappeared; and on the door of his chambers in the Temple was found, written in chalk, the following epitaph:—

"The Chancellor he did me bilk;
He said, 'No!' when I asked for silk.
Enquire within for Robert Ingham,
Who lies interred in stuff and gingham."

We might of course draw largely upon the stores at our disposal, and give many more specimens of the fun with which the grave and learned lawyers of the Northern Circuit amused themselves and unbent their minds at Grand Court in the midst of their multifarious labours. But our space will not allow us to indulge in more quotations. And we confess that it is not without a certain feeling of melancholy that we have committed to paper this slight record of the frolicsome doings of the bar. They recall to our memory many friends who have passed away—some of them whose sun went down while it was yet day:

"They the young and strong who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

In the struggle of the bar, it is not always true that there is the "survival of the fittest"—unless by fitness we mean physical health and strength—for many succumb in the race, who, if intellect carried off the palm, would be first at the goal. How many have we known whose career has been prematurely shortened, but who, if life had been spared to them, would have risen to the foremost rank in their profession! And even with regard to their more fortunate competitors—fortunate, that is, in the sense of worldly honours and success—it is with sadness that we reflect that their place shall know them no more. Types of high honour and gentlemanly feeling—full of kindness and courtesy—they sustained the dignity of their noble profession, and reflected lustre on the bench, which they adorned. In one of his eloquent discourses, D'Aguesseau, the great Chancellor of France, exclaims,—“What treasures of knowledge, what variety of erudition, what sagacity of discernment, must not be united to obtain pre-eminence at the bar!” and England may well be proud of those distinguished men whose profound knowledge of law was only equalled by their love of justice and the purity of their administration of it. They have passed away from the race, but they have handed on the torch to others, who will, we hope and believe, still keep alive the traditions of an ancient profession, and justify the confidence which the people of this country unhesitatingly place in the independence of the Bar and the purity of the Bench.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. II.

As the day came when the old alchemists were compelled to relinquish their pretensions to the power of transmuting base metal to gold, so does the day seem to have arrived when the believers in the preservation of a universal and continuous peace must confess that their faith is vain, and submit to an only too evident law. As if in despite, the very influences which were expected to make for concord, have been found to fail of that object, and, indeed, to engender and foment strife. The extension of commerce, the advancement of science, the circulation of opinions, the increased knowledge of each other which men obtain through multiplied facilities of personal communication, have only made states more pugnacious than they were of old. Else what mean the greedy eye which every nation keeps on its neighbour, the continual watch for opportunity, the readiness to spring at the first favourable moment? Have we become forgetful of the miseries of war, callous, cruel, with all our progress? God forbid! We believe that there never before was a period when strife in the abstract was condemned, deplored, deprecated, as it is now. But, in extending their communications, nations have also extended their interests. Every state in Europe is more or less interested in everything that can befall any other European state, and knows that such is the case. There is hardly an affair of consequence which a nation can view as not affecting itself. As a rule, therefore, every nation is disqualified for the office of judge, umpire, or mediator. But the hopes of the friends of peace were founded chiefly on the possibility of erecting courts of

arbitration to be composed of the heads or representatives of states, who were expected to be unbiassed and indifferent as to the matters before them. If these cannot be unbiassed or indifferent, who is to arbitrate, or who can be trusted to enforce the award of the arbiter? The causes which have quickened our sense of the wickedness and the misery of war, and enlisted us all on the side of peace in the abstract, would seem at the same time to have rendered the peaceful settlement of any particular quarrel in the highest degree difficult. When A and B begin to fight, C will be at liberty to fall on D. C will desire that A and B should fight; D that they should remain at peace. Long before the merits of the dispute can be regarded, C and D are compelled by self-interest to take their sides. Thus there is no arbiter, save the sword, that can be trusted. The "good old plan" is what all are reluctantly obliged to fall back on. Our civilised sentiments and softened consciences have to accept this unpalatable truth, that the means of preventing war are not more effectual now than they were in days when war was less deprecated; and further, that, every year, consent to form a ring and to let two determined belligerents settle their differences hilt to hilt, becomes more difficult of attainment. Once swords are drawn, all hands may be in the *mêlée* before peace can be re-established.

Of all the men who in these latter days have set up as teachers of the multitude, none has been more signally convicted of error than the late Mr Cobden with his recipe for insuring peace.

We have recognised the strong

and conscientious desire for peace which exists among all the peoples of Europe. There is a large and ever-growing English party of peace, in whose ranks we are proud to be ourselves numbered, and which includes most of the liberal and rational minds in the nation. But we are compelled to make a distinction between this party of peace and the so-called peace-party. We doubt whether the latter are either in fact or in act the best friends of peace. To recur to our illustration from the old alchemists—just as the adept pursued his studies, not from love of science, but from avarice, so do peacemongers lie open to the suspicion of being swayed by political rather than moral motives. As long as their political adversaries are likely to declare or to accept war, their abhorrence of strife is insuperable; but when measures which may lead to war suit their own purposes or may damage their opponents, it is found that they “do not object” so entirely to fighting. We know that we have professing seekers of peace at any price who would involve us in war to-morrow if they could have their way. Let us beware of loud professions. Let us confess the too plain proposition that there is no known expedient by which wars can be absolutely made to cease. And let us make our rational and earnest efforts for peace, boldly acknowledging that the issue does not rest wholly with us; and that, although we would think it sin to fight for any factious or sentimental or selfish object, we may nevertheless be called upon to strike for our rights and our honour.

One excellent result of our discountenancing the peacemongers and their crotchets would be, that we might stand prepared for war—for defence, at any rate—while repudiating all intention to seek a quarrel. With *them*, as we know

by experience, preparation for war is regarded as almost more culpable than war itself; but the real friends of peace know that to be ready for war is often the best means of averting it. And there is another consideration not at all out of place at the present moment. The Continental nations are all said to be coveting the goods of others, while they are lavishing their own means, and so impoverishing themselves, by the immense armaments which are some day to help them to what they want. May not some of them discover that they want money more than anything else, and may they not choose to make their attacks, when they *are* made, on some nation worth the spoiling—some nation with a long purse? The idea is not an unreasonable one; but it does seem unreasonable that in a time when actual strife and threatened strife are the prevailing subjects of men's thoughts and speech, the nation which has most to lose should hesitate about insuring herself. This is not a time when a purely peace establishment is safe or proper. It is admitted from all sides that an accident may happen any day which may force us into war. Such an admission is surely incompatible with remaining unprepared. There is nothing to conceal now—no end to be gained by supineness. Our policy has been made as clear as words can make it; and it would be consistent with that policy to make ready. It will cost us a little to do this; but no matter, we can afford it. If we do not require to use our armament after we have organised it, so much the better: there will not then be proof that it was unnecessary, but rather proof of the contrary, for our prepared state will probably have made the aggressor beware.

It is but natural that they who by long-continued industry and pru-

dence may have acquired a full share of this world's goods, should wish to enjoy their possessions in peace. They are conscious that what they have is the fruit of patience and frugality, of wise legislation, of rising early and late taking rest: they cannot imagine how any can grudge them the enjoyment of benefits that have been so fairly earned. They envy no man's happiness: why should any man envy theirs? They would gladly do anything which peaceful means can achieve to promote the wealth of a neighbour: can that neighbour's eye be evil towards them—can it kindle with the desire of robbing them, and of spoiling their goods? Impossible!

The very sounding of an alarm is, we are aware, in the eyes of many of our countrymen, an improper proceeding, a sin against the enjoyment and ease of society. Unwarrantable, fanciful alarms are, without doubt, to be condemned. It is not good for ourselves or for our neighbours that we should be unreasonably suspecting offences. But will any man look around him, and then say that the present condition of Europe is not such as to give rise to the most serious alarm? What are the two matters, as regarding the European nations, of which we hear and read prominently every day? War and Bankruptcy—an ominous conjunction! Up to a very recent period English money has been acquired abroad by the easy process of borrowing. It seems probable that that process has come to an end. What, then, is to be done next? We are not charging any particular nation or nations with an intention of robbing us. We only say that, spite, perhaps, of the very wishes of its inhabitants, all Europe is tending towards war. We say that when war does begin and become general, the rich nation

which has ceased to lend or to give will certainly be rifled unless she is ready to defend herself. We say that it is the duty of England to stand armed until Europe shall be quiet.

The argument which has thus been used in favour of arming is, at the same time, an argument against plunging into war. Provided only that we are ready to meet aggression when it may come, it is undoubtedly our policy not to anticipate aggression by a single moment; not to be captious, suspicious, or to seek an occasion against this or that Power whose doings may only seem to point to our damage. We indeed know not from what point real danger may menace us; and perhaps the surest way of rendering ourselves incapable of meeting it adequately when it does come, would be to embroil ourselves now while the pot is seething but the issue is undefined.

It will thus be seen that the policy of remaining neutral as long as we can, as regards this war in the East,—the policy which, from first to last, our Ministers have proclaimed,—has our entire concurrence. Indeed it is so manifestly a right policy, that those who oppose our Government dare not to find fault with it (the policy), but are driven to the miserable, unworthy course of saying that Ministers speak what they do not mean, that they are not in earnest in wishing to keep England's hands free, that they are desirous of plunging into war on behalf of the Turk, and are restrained only by the careful watch of the Opposition! If the said Opposition were to surrender this shameful accusation, that the Ministers are untruthful, the whole country would be unanimous in approving the policy of the Government.

But it is one thing to avoid war,

and another to shut our eyes to the evident signs of the times. There is war in the world, there is warlike feeling in the air all about us, there is a general apprehension that war ere long must come home to us. What more rational, then, what more necessary, than to stand with our loins girded, to put forth some of our undoubtedly great resources, and to let no foe take us unawares?

After what has been said above, it is almost unnecessary to remark that we see now as little danger to British interests as we saw last month, in the Russian attack upon Turkey. Our anticipations regarding the Suez Canal and Egypt have been fully borne out by the action which England has taken, and the declaration which Russia has made concerning them. We quite believe that in the present stage of the war Russia will carefully avoid giving umbrage to Great Britain; and even that, if Russia should be more prosperous and victorious than she is yet, she will see the prudence of not giving us offence in any point where she may have the control. The danger would rather seem to lie in matters which she may not be able wholly to control. She is not sufficiently mistress of the situation to beat the Turk in any way or in any time that she pleases, although it may be true that she is able in the long-run to overcome him. He may give her much trouble and occupy much of her time before she conquers him, and there's the rub: for to what collateral unpremeditated encroachments she may be driven in her efforts to get this dogged enemy at her mercy, neither she nor we can foresee. She went to war spite of many chances that her footsteps would slip somewhere; so we must be always prepared for her collision with some other Power than Turkey, while crediting her with the

endeavour to keep on an even path, straight at her one foe.

Looking, then, very impartially at the war, we endeavour to understand the changes that have occurred since our last paper was printed, and what they signify or portend. For changes in some direction there must have been. No great battle has been fought anywhere up to the middle of June, and in Europe the war has appeared to stand still. But a war like this cannot really stand still. Half a million of armed men cannot undertake the invasion of an enemy's country, and operate against it for six weeks, without a vast number of acts and casualties very incompatible with standing still. It may be that Russia foresaw how, on the Danube, she must occupy a given time in accumulating her strength, so that her blow should at last be irresistible—in which case there has been no standing still; there has been the necessary and inevitable preparation for further action, the massing of troops, the perfecting of preparations. Or it may be that Russia is contending with difficulties which she did not foresee; that her plans are to some extent balked; that she has in many respects advanced according to programme, while in other respects she is far behind expectation; that her advance in due order is altogether delayed. This cannot be called standing still more than the other case; for when a host like this has once taken the field, and finds itself, from whatever cause, thwarted, it is of necessity deteriorating. It was the opinion of Napoleon that moral force is in war of far more importance than physical force; and, coming from him, the maxim is probably sound. Therefore, to give proof thus early in a campaign that there has been a miscalculation, or that there is inability to cope with the difficulties incidental to the undertaking, is

to lose this important moral force—to decline in reputation abroad and in confidence at home. Moral deterioration must be greater in proportion as the show of force has been more paraded.

We incline to the opinion that this long delay on the banks of the Danube was unexpected and unprovided for. Our reasons for this supposition are: 1st, That the distance of the Danube from the Russian frontier is not so great but that in less time than six weeks everything should have been amply ready; 2d, That from the style in which the advance was begun, it was clear that Russia meditated a rapid and brilliant, as well as a decisive campaign—to “strike soon and strike hard,” as we said in our last number; 3d, That, taking into account the work which remains to be done after the Danube shall have been passed, two months are an excessive fraction to allow out of the summer and autumn for simply collecting on the river's left bank; 4th, That with the heats of June the bank of the river is likely to become exceedingly unhealthy, and to be more damaging than an enemy in the field; 5th, That the understandings with Roumania clearly pointed to a *passage* of the army, not an *occupation* of six weeks' duration.*

If we are right in presuming that the Russian army in Europe is already impeded by unforeseen difficulties, which hitherto it has been unable to overcome, then in effect it has suffered a moral defeat. This, like a defeat in the field, may be compensated and cured by subsequent successes; but while it lasts it must go down to Russia's debit—it is not mere standing still.

It was almost a matter of course

that while there should be little progress of the war to report, speculative minds would catch at all sorts of rumours, and try to make them interesting. Accordingly, peace negotiations were said to be in course of discussion, and we were informed of the terms on which generous Russia would yet condescend to spare her foe. And we do not doubt that such terms may be ascertainable. Russia has gone to war with some specific object, and if she can attain that object without further exertion, it is to be presumed she will do so. Then, to add force to the peace rumours, we were told that the Sultan had lost heart, that he saw the necessity of securing peace as he best could, and that he was watching to get the upper hand of the war party, and to propose conditions. But this last idea should, we think, be very cautiously received. The determined, deliberate attitude which the Turks took up, after representations, lasting many months, had forced them to a consideration of the consequences, forbids us to imagine that they can possibly meditate surrender before they have suffered even a serious reverse. More absurd was a report that Russia had stated the conditions with which she would be content *after her first brilliant victory*. Russian statesmen have never enjoyed the reputation of being fools, whatever else they may have been esteemed; and they certainly would lie open to the reproach of folly if they could be guilty of thus vaingloriously discounting success. The general opinion in Russia and in Europe is, we believe, that Russia will succeed; but none knows better than Russia that while the smallest chance of failure remains, it is not

* The Convention, we believe, was made on the 6th of April, and provided that the expenses incidental to the passage should be paid for by Russia in gold within two months.

prudent for her to openly vaunt as if she were taking her armour off.

“The man that once did sell the lion’s skin
While the beast lived, was killed with
hunting him.”

We may rest assured that no statement of what Russia means to do after her first signal victory can be relied on.

It is worthy of more serious attention that, through the last days of May and the first fortnight of June, the swollen state of the river was put forward as a sufficient reason for the passage not having been attempted. Now we are not aware that the mere swelling of a river is, or ought to be, a bar to the passage of it. In one respect, the increased volume of water does no doubt present a difficulty. The current will be more rapid, and the mooring of a bridge, or even the passage of a flotilla, will thus become a more difficult operation. The ordinary current of the Danube, near its mouth, is said to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour; and floods increase this to 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. But the difficulty arising from a rapid current, if great, should not be insuperable by able engineers. Moreover, the rising of the river is not an uncommon phenomenon at this season; and surely the Russian engineers should have known whether they could or could not overcome the force of the stream in June. If they could not, it would have been better to have approached the river earlier or later in the year—anything rather than to stand looking at it.

Again, while the river is overflowing its banks there is a greater breadth of stream to cross; but against this may be set the harder and firmer ground to which the water will have risen, instead of the low swampy bank from

which embarkation would have to take place when the river is at its ordinary height. Altogether we feel by no means satisfied that the rising of the water is the sole reason why the passage is delayed. Many military men are now of opinion that the Czar is inclined to forego the passage of the Danube, and to gain in Asia such an amount of success as will satisfy his army and his people. And it is possible that the Czar might be content to do this. But those who thus settle the scope and end of the war seem to us to forget that there will be at least two parties to the making of peace, and that one of these is notoriously obstinate. We expressed a doubt last month whether anything that could happen to him in Asia would bring the Turk to submission, and we see no reason to relinquish our doubt in that respect. The very fact that the Czar does not wish to cross the Danube may cause the Turk to force him to that measure.

And now to glance at the Asiatic campaign by such light as we can obtain. We remember that, just after we went to press last month, great successes of the Russians in Asia were reported, and these rumours acquired such strength that a large portion of the daily and weekly press assumed that the contest was virtually over. The Turkish general was said not only to have withdrawn from the mountain passes and the fortified positions where he might have struck a telling blow or two for the defence of Erzeroum, but absolutely to have retreated to the westward of Erzeroum itself, thus leaving the capital open to the assailants. But by degrees, and after some days, it began to appear that these accounts were untrue. The Turkish general had never uncovered Erzeroum—never, in fact, retired from the defence of the mountain

passes ; while the Russians by the 9th June were reported to be at the same points as they were said to have reached some sixteen days before, only this time there was reason to believe the report correct. The Russian right advance was at Olti ; the left at some point on or near Lake Van ; the centre was coming along the mountain roads and the Araxes valley, its exact whereabouts not known, but Midshinger named as its probable attainment. Immediately after this there came intelligence of the Russian left having retreated to Bayazid, no sufficient reason being assigned for the movement—which was, however, subsequently accounted for by an assertion that a Turkish force, by seriously threatening its communications, had forced it to fall back. And this is the latest news of that wing up to the middle of June. Before the report was reasserted with sufficient force to make us regard it as a possible fact, another announcement stated that the Russian right advance had retreated precipitately from Olti after casting away arms and ammunition, and distributing among the peasantry provisions which it was unable to take with it. A second account showed that this retreat was the result of a sanguinary engagement wherein the Turks were the victors. As we write we await confirmation of the news of the engagement, while the retreat of the Russians from Olti remains uncontradicted. We are compelled to be most suspicious of news from Asia Minor : a fortnight hence, perhaps, when this article will be in print, it may be discovered that these Russian retreats were fabrications. Nevertheless, as the movements, if truly reported, must have a considerable significance, we think it worth while hypothetically to consider them. We hear, then, of the two

Russian wings, or of the advanced bodies of those two wings, retiring within a day of each other, from positions which they had been three weeks in reaching, the second body retiring with more precipitation than the first. These movements are quite consistent with one another ; for one can hardly suppose that one wing of a combined attack or advance would fall back without the others also retiring, it being probable that the same reason would affect all. It is probable, therefore, that if the two wings are falling back, the centre (concerning which we have no information) is falling back too, supposing that intelligence or orders can have reached it in its difficult position. The distributing of provisions among the inhabitants is not in harmony with the account of the right wing being driven back, and the two stories are more consistent on the assumption that the wings have been ordered to retire. To yield ground which has been got with so much toil and pain is in itself a sacrifice. Add to this that the ground now said to be yielded cannot be recovered later than September, and we perceive that some cogent reason must exist for abandoning it. And when we come to examine what reason sufficiently cogent to produce this result can be adduced, we are at once led to the conclusion that something must be wrong in the rear. It will be remembered that in our former paper we dwelt particularly on the vital importance to an army of preserving free and certain communication with its base. We also pointed out how a Russian general, plunging into the difficult country of Armenia, and leaving behind him ever so little of danger to his communications, could never advance with confidence ; must ever be casting back anxious thoughts dreading some untoward event that

might sever his slender connecting path, must feel his anxiety increase with his progress, must indeed "drag at each remove a lengthening chain." We expressed an opinion that the revolt in the Caucasus, the Turkish force left unsubdued though observed at Batoum, the garrison in Kars, and the irregular Turkish troops known to be scattered among the mountains and valleys, must prove sources of considerable solicitude to the Russian commander in Armenia; and we showed how, through the Turks having command of the sea, it was impossible to estimate the exact importance of all those causes combined, because troops suddenly thrown ashore at Sukhum Kale or at Batoum might alter the situation materially. The Russians took Ardahan, which was a very useful achievement as far as it went; but they undoubtedly left in their rear too many possible impediments, and went ahead without that prudence which is thought to propitiate the gods. It is very difficult sometimes accurately to value your enemy. If you undervalue him and fail, unhappy are you, for none will excuse you: if you value him at a very low figure and succeed, your sagacity will be lauded to the skies. It is just possible that Turkish negligence and ignorance may in the end justify the daring Russian advance; it is possible, also, that the Russians may smart for their presumption. When Sir Garnet Wolseley's force advanced to Coomassie, the Africans, by simply destroying a bridge behind it, might have brought it to the most deplorable straits, probably to ruin. But the ignorance of the negroes was relied on for not using, or even perceiving, their opportunity; the bridge was found practicable on the return of the expedition; and we were entirely success-

ful. But how would it have been if Koffee's men had broken the bridge and gathered on the line of retreat? It is hard to see how our troops could have escaped! It is, however, to be remarked in the character of the Turk, that his stupidity and apathy are often streaked with gleams of cunning and energy. He is profoundly patient; and if he sees an enemy making a mistake, will wait indefinitely until he can turn the mistake to account. To come back, then, to the cause of the Russian retreat, if retreat there be. It is quite possible that some of the many elements of danger, which were daringly or negligently left behind, may be operating with greater or less force, and at any rate causing an alarm which has grown to be intolerable. And the army may be now going back to do what prudence would have enjoined them to do before they advanced—*i.e.*, to make their rear secure. As to what may have happened in the rear: The Turkish irregulars, who know the mountain defiles, may have got on the communications after allowing the columns to pass; the rising in the Caucasus may have become too serious to be any longer ignored; or the garrison at Batoum may have been so strengthened by sea as to make it difficult for the masking force to hold its ground or to prevent excursions against convoys of provisions. We observe that a weekly contemporary who makes comments on the war consistent and showing a true conception of the state of the campaign, is puzzled to understand why the Turks are so persistently transporting reinforcements to Sukhum Kale, while Batoum, which is much nearer the Bosphorus, and whence a few thousand men could operate so effectually along the border towns, is comparatively neglected. The reason

of this we believe to be that a force would have extreme difficulty in making its way from Batoum to Ardahan, Kars, or Bayazid, from the ruggedness of the country and the want of roads. Within the Russian border a passage between Batoum and these points might be effected, but there of course the roads are guarded. It is a scandal to the Turks that this should be so; but, viewing it as it is, one can see some reason why troops are not disembarked in larger numbers at Batoum. We may know more about what this retrograde movement of the Russians means before we finish writing; but, whatever it signifies, it gives an opportunity to Mukhtar Pasha to fasten on the Russian rear, and to inflict heavy injuries on their columns. There is small choice of roads; and if he could force any body, greater or less, of the invaders off the track, that body would be lucky to escape annihilation.

On the last day of May there was reported to be open disaffection among some Circassian troops in the Russian army of the Danube; and, though particulars have been concealed, enough is known to make us aware that there are explosive elements even in the military body, which might become formidable if Russia should fail of the expected success. Indeed, there is reason to believe that faith in her power and in her strength of will is necessary to obedience in the Russian empire. When her power to deal summarily with a foreign foe comes in question, it is highly probable that domestic foes may incline to be troublesome. There are not only the old animosities of race and conquest smouldering—there is the discontent excited by the check to industry, and by the intolerable expenditure caused by this war. The Russian army must do something remarkable after

all this display of force, or not the army only, but the empire, may find itself in jeopardy!

The experience of the past month will, we think, satisfy our readers that we did well in speaking very cautiously of the probable effects of torpedo warfare on the campaign, in our June number. As might have been expected when a new arm was to be tried, there has been a good deal of fighting with torpedoes. But there has been no proof that these machines will materially affect the issue. Late in May the Turks lost another monitor by a most dashing attack of torpedo boats; but towards the middle of June a stronger attack made on some iron-clads was beaten off, the Turks say, with sinking of three of the torpedo boats, and destruction of their crews; the Russians say without loss. By both accounts the boats were unable to effect their purpose. In the instance of the successful attack, the Russian boats, according to what seem the most consistent accounts, did, by persistence and bravery, contrive to attach and fire their infernal machine, producing complete demolition, and to escape with little or no damage themselves—a service which could not have been performed in face of the enemy except with the greatest coolness and intrepidity. We must heartily admire the gallant fellows who performed this feat. Again, when we find a second and more elaborate attack attempted at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, the boats are seen to have had the worst of the encounter. A simple precaution of mooring a cordon of boats, connected by chains, round the ironclads, arrested the assailants at a distance from the ships and kept them under fire, which was completely turning the tables on them. Whether the latter were sunk or only baffled, the action

tends to prove what we said last month, that there is a parry for every thrust, and that it is yet too early to look upon the torpedo as ruling the fortune of war. No doubt the next time the Russians attack, they will be ready with some expedient for breaking the cordon ; but then again the cordon is doubtless susceptible of improvement, and so one sees how for long the two sides may go on giving tap for tap without seriously affecting the balance of strength.

We again confess to some surprise that the Turkish navy should hitherto have done so little in the war. Russia takes the initiative on land, and the Turks have only to play to her lead ; but, with a really fine fleet, Turkey should be able, in some fashion, to carry the war into the enemy's country. In explanation of the naval inactivity, it is suggested that ironclads cannot themselves readily carry troops, and that the Turks are not provided with a proper fleet of transports ; but this does not quite answer the objection, because the Black Sea is not so extensive but that a flotilla might make a strictly coasting voyage in any direction along Turkish territory, and now in the height of summer very light craft might for the most part form such a flotilla. The movement of bodies of troops from points where they can for the moment be spared, to points where they can be immediately of service, would exercise an important effect upon the war ; the knowledge that such movements were habitually being made would keep every Russian commander within reach of the coast in perpetual alarm, and would paralyse his efforts to strike blows far in the interior. In the case of Turkey we cannot tell whether it is sheer want of means or want of energy which keeps her so quiet by sea. It can hardly be that she does not perceive the immense ad-

vantages which her navy, well handled, would give her. We know that just now (middle of June) some ships of war have gone to bring or convey a further contingent from Egypt ; but this is a special service of not very long duration, and does not engage the whole of the fleet. As far as can yet be seen we are bound to credit Russia with having accurately taken the measure of Turkey in this respect. On the other hand, the Turks seem to have understood many of the Russian proceedings far better than their critics. They were accused of great waste of force and unnecessary dispersion of their not too numerous troops in attending at all to the state of war in which the Montenegrins chose to remain, in preference to accepting most lenient and honourable terms after their unprovoked hostilities of last year. "Not a man can be spared," said the advisers, "for this minor conflict in the west ; your whole force must be used against Russia. If you can conquer her you will easily deal with Montenegro ; if you cannot conquer her, it little matters whether you conquer Montenegro or not." Now the Turks, as we write, have pretty well made an end of the ambitious Montenegrins, and the troops who have subdued them would, if they had been stationed on the Danube, have been simply waiting for the Russians, who are in no hurry to come on, whereas they have now put their feet on the Montenegrins, and are yet likely to be up with the main army before there is much occupation for them in Bulgaria. Like some of their friends, the Montenegrins have outwitted themselves. They have managed to bring the power of the Porte on them just when it is impossible for any power to interfere on their behalf. "Russia," say some of our writers, "having received from them in the war all the aid they could give, is bound

to see them righted when the settling day comes." But it is not easy to right people who are well-nigh exterminated. The whole Montenegrin male population is understood to be in arms, and those who may not be killed or wounded stand an excellent chance of being forced to labour at fortifications and military roads for the present. So there will not be many remaining to right when all is over, and nobody, we think, can say that these grasping mountaineers have met with worse fortune than they deserved. They are the first of Russia's dupes that have come to signal discomfiture. And now as to the wisdom or otherwise of Turkey attacking them as she did. Their fate may probably deter Serbia and Greece from hastily engaging with a power which is not quite so *effete* as it was thought to be, which can yet hit pretty hard for a "sick man." Serbia, it is thought, beaten, disgraced, without a shilling, is most anxious to earn some crumb of the plunder which is expected when Turkey shall be parcelled out; and, to fortify her claim, she would fain be found contributing her mite to the holy cause on the great day of distribution. But this was probably Montenegro's game too; and behold what has come of it! Under Russia's very nose, as it were, the Turks have inflicted on Montenegro the punishment for which she laboured so hard. Now, may not the energetic, obstinate, fatalist, what-you-will nation that has managed thus, in spite of so many pressing engagements, to deal a fatal blow at Montenegro, snatch a moment by-and-by to do a like office and administer an equally well-merited retribution to Serbia? The question cannot fail to suggest itself, and to bring with it many misgivings as to the farce of Serbia figuring in arms. And, if it be only by the creation of these

misgivings, the punishment of Montenegro will be shown to have had its good effect. Greece may learn a lesson from it as well as Serbia. We say, therefore, that the Turkish policy in this respect has been amply justified. While we write there comes in what looks like a fulfilment of our foreboding, in the shape of a report that Turkey is not going to wait for Serbia's action, but means to occupy that troublesome state forthwith. Such a step may, no doubt, be averted by timely concessions, assurances, and guarantees on the part of Serbia; but the latter tricky spirit must make up her mind quickly as to which risk it will be safer to run; for she, too, seems, by her intriguing, to have brought herself to a pitiable pass, and to have no friend in the world quite ready to help her. It has been said that Austria will not allow Serbia to pretend to make war again, and that Russia herself will decline the very questionable assistance which Serbia could render. Nevertheless, the imprudent fussiness of Serbia has laid her open to the worst suspicion, and to, perhaps, sharp discipline. The tangled web which "we weave, when first we practise to deceive," must be embarrassing Montenegro and Serbia disagreeably at this moment, and perhaps not producing absolute complacency even in Russia. To stand on the bank of the Danube with a quarter of a million of men in arms, and from thence to see her *protégée* struck down without moving to the rescue, is dishonour and nothing less!

Dishonour to the Russian, that is; but what shall we say about the Turk? Be the Turk's crimes what they may—and we do not extenuate them in the least—he is exhibiting some qualities which England with all her heart admires. We must go back to the days of Xerxes to find a nation confronting

with such cool determination forces so vastly superior to their own, science much beyond theirs, and the public opinion of Europe so unmistakably pronounced against them, and at the same time "taking occasion by the hair" and turning aside to act out this little Montenegrin episode, while their national existence is in the balance on the Danube and in Armenia. Is there not here a good deal of the spirit which we like to see win? When we witness brave, resolute, devoted behaviour, we involuntarily yield our approbation to it without waiting to rake up all that can be said to the discredit of the doer. Whatever may be the result of this war, so far without doubt the preponderance of glory is with the Turks, according to the latest advices. The Russians have taken Ardahan, and there is the beginning and the end of their achievement. The Turks have turned them back in Armenia, lighted a fire behind them in the Caucasus, checked them on the Danube, and in spite of them overrun and well-nigh silenced a petty principality their ally. All this may be reversed, but it is the picture of to-day. And we are certain that if this brave people had been anything but "unspeakable Turks," all England would have been lauding their heroism.

We were so unwilling to believe, at a word, the retreat of the Russians in Armenia, that we have waited as long as our arrangements for publication allow us to do, before assuming that it is history and not fiction. Additional information, however, meagre though it be, does but harmonise with the reports now four or five days old. The last item of intelligence before us is the turning back of the centre Russian column. We had been already advised, on different days, of the withdrawal of the left, then of the right. The whole force, therefore, is said to be

now retreating. This is accounted for by correspondents, by the explanation that it is thought best to make a speedy conquest of Kars, and therefore the whole Russian force will combine for that object, and effect it, before proceeding to Erzeroum. When this is said, the first thing that strikes one is, that it is not apparent how the balance of force can be affected by the columns, which have advanced so far, turning about. If it could be ascertained that the Ottoman force would not move from in front of Erzeroum, then, certainly, the retreat of the Russian columns might be the means of accumulating an overwhelming force of besiegers around Kars. But as the contrary is probably the case, and the Turkish army of Mukhtar Pasha, which has hitherto been confronting the invaders, will certainly follow them in their retreat, the siege of Kars can hardly be affected one way or other by the movement. The explanation, therefore, is manifestly insufficient. Again, army corps do not, in general, advance many weary miles through difficult country and over bad roads without some purpose in view more determined than that they should turn back after doing some fifty or sixty miles, as if they had only gone forth for a stroll. They more commonly advance with a fell purpose which they will not relinquish till they are obliged to do so. The Russians, be it remembered, have got altogether but four months or so to establish themselves in Armenia, if they wish to do so this year; it is therefore in the highest degree improbable that, having advanced as far as the meridian of Olti, they would choose to go back again to Kars, and so spend their summer in marching and counter-marching. There is, moreover, another consideration—to wit, that if the Russians choose to retreat (as

they are reported to be doing) on three lines which cannot continuously communicate with each other, they give the Ottoman commander the option of following one of them with a superior force. There is very little choice of roads, and if he could contrive to push them off their path, and to retain the command of it himself, he would put them in extreme jeopardy. The idea, therefore, of preferring to retire for a season is absurd. If the Russians be really retreating, they are doing so from dire necessity. The necessity has not arisen from their having been beaten by an enemy in front, and so we are led to suspect that there is some insecurity in the rear, which makes it advisable for the army to draw together, and that its original advance, before it had fully secured its rear, was imprudent.

We have shown how, if this retreat is in progress, an opportunity is afforded the Turkish general of following one of the retiring divisions, with more than its strength, and afflicting it grievously. Whether Mukhtar Pasha is equal to the occasion remains to be seen. Even if he cannot or does not make the most of his chance, still there remains the truth that loss of time to the Russians is gain to the Turks. If the Russians do not "strike soon and strike hard," they must lose striking power. Should there be any truth in the idea that the operations on the left bank of the Danube are demonstrations which will not be followed by great attempts if there should be timely success in Armenia, we see an additional reason why loss of time in the Asiatic campaign must be a bitter damage to the invader. We find it difficult to estimate nearly the forces which are opposed to each other in the Asiatic campaign; but the Turks probably, after providing a corps to watch Persia, have

80,000 men in the field: the Russian field force may be 100,000.

As our day of printing draws nearer, and the waters of the Danube are reported to be daily subsiding, the opinion seems to gain ground that Russia, if she can take Kars, and perhaps Erzeroum, will rest satisfied for the present with those acquisitions, and take her pressure off the Turk. We can find no one who will tell us what is to happen if the Turk is content to prolong the war. Russia, it may be, will hold fast by what she has got, and leave Turkey to digest the loss as she best may. But, surely, something must be done for the oppressed Christians. Servia must be cared for, the remains of Montenegro must be cared for, Roumania must be cared for. Holy Russia cannot leave all these to shift for themselves after her grand proclamations; and what if the pig-headed Turk should refuse to accord to either of them anything? There will be nothing for it but a renewal of the strife. Then rises again the apparition of the Danube, of another loan, of perhaps discontent in Russia—all pointing to very disagreeable contingencies. But we do not, in truth, at all accept this interpretation of the Russian mind. We believe that Russia took the field fully persuaded that she could cross the river and do exploits on its right bank. Whoever has taken the trouble to read what we wrote last month, will have perceived that we did not think the task which she had set herself an easy one; and perhaps by this time she does not think so either. If the problem were only to get the army across, it might be solved; but supposing this done, and the twenty-five or thirty thousand men (about whom there is so much tall talk) expended, the Russian army would be in a worse, rather than a better, position, unless

it could establish a secure passage that could be maintained as long as the war should last. The maintenance of this communication is what she probably does not see her way to. As we pointed out last month, the superiority of the Turks at sea would place any bridge which she might construct, or any flotilla or ferry service, in perpetual danger. The Porte has still fourteen or fifteen monitors, all of which would, of course, use every exertion, and run every risk to break the bridge or sink the boats. If they could succeed in stopping the passage or in continually interrupting it, the army on the right bank could not operate confidently, and would scarcely dare to advance southward at all. Now, as far as is known to naval and military men, there is no means by which the safety of the passage could be assured. The bridge once made, could be fenced by spars or chains, and protected by torpedoes and by the fire of heavy guns; but it would probably be destroyed in spite of these. Store-boats would be watched for and sunk. In short, the chances of fatal misfortune, after the passage of the army, are very many, and the question remains as difficult to answer now as at the end of May—Will Russia dare to pass over, at an enormous cost, an army which, in every probability, will be severed from its base, and left to hold its own, as it best may, in an enemy's country? In estimating the chances, however, we must not leave out of sight the accounts which were current some weeks ago of Russia having brought boats to the river overland. If this has been done secretly to any extent, and a force collected in the tributary streams fit to cope with the Ottoman flotilla, then the superiority of the latter on the river being at an end, the invaders might proceed more boldly. The average depth of the Sulina mouth, when

the stream is in its ordinary state, is 17 feet. The Turkish vessels will therefore draw 13 to 14 feet of water, and it must be vessels of equal or nearly equal draught that Russia has transported overland.

The review of the very great difficulties to be encountered on the Danube sends the mind back inevitably to the suggestion of the war being finished by Asiatic conquests. We do not think such a termination probable; still, the war must end somehow, and, one would think, at no very distant period. Supposing, then, that the forecast should be right of those who say that the real struggle is in Asia, and supposing that the Turk should not be utterly impracticable, but should consent to buy peace for a season by surrender of Armenian territory, it is well to look at what the results of the war would be. And what strikes one first of all is, that the way will only have been paved for another war. Erzeroum is in itself of small importance to Russia; but it is very important if viewed as a stepping-stone to some Mediterranean station. Of all the suppositions we can form, the least probable is that she would regard any arrangement as final which might assign her a boundary not somewhere touching a southern sea. The Eastern question would only be complicated by such a convention; because it would not only leave open the old *bête noire* of the advance on Constantinople by the Balkans, but would create the new nightmare of an advance to the Bosphorus, or to the Levant, or to the Persian Gulf, from Erzeroum. It has been said that the new dangers thus created would concern Great Britain alone; but that is by no means clear. The probability is that Russia would never relinquish her designs upon Constantinople, even though she were in possession of a Syrian port, and that the latter would only help

her to move by an additional path upon her object. The interests of Germany and of Austria are certainly involved in any acquisition of territory which Russia may make westward or southward from her present Caucasian boundary. If to deny her the possession of the Black Sea and of the mouths of the Danube be a vital policy to them, equally ought it to be their policy to forbid her to advance in Asia Minor. It is pretty evident that she cannot *take* anything which the principal European powers are indisposed to let her have. We have, at any rate, got the measure of her ability now, and it would surely be the height of folly to allow her, while she is needy and (by the hypothesis that she cannot advance direct by the Danube) baffled, to secure any advantage which might hereafter facilitate designs inimical to other powers. Unquestionably the safest way to prevent evil arising out of this present war, and to sicken the aggressor of making these wars of acquisition, would be to strictly limit her to her ancient landmarks, on pain of having those landmarks still further contracted if she resists. She did not, by her own profession, make war for aggrandisement; and she should not be allowed to aggrandise herself by means of the war. The occasion contemplated has not yet arisen, and possibly never will arise; but as Englishmen are beginning to talk seriously of Russian acquisition in Asia Minor as the probable outcome of the war, these possibilities are worth a passing glance, as directing attention to all the bearings of a result which seems at first sight unimportant to any but Turkey, and perhaps to England as the possessor of India.

As we believe that this (as we may call it) Asiatic solution of the dispute is being gravely discussed by persons very inimical to the present Ministry, one cannot but per-

ceive the cruel reflection which it contains on Mr Gladstone and his followers who have so loudly called on us to co-operate with Russia, and to hasten the "bag and baggage" consummation. It, of course, assumes that the protection of the Christians in Europe was a mere pretext, that the zeal which attracted the benediction of Mr Gladstone and the envy of Mr Lowe was only a zeal for spoliation, and that Bulgarians, Servians, and the rest of them may "go hang" provided Russia can advance a stage toward her long cherished object. "It assumes," we say, for as yet Russia has said or done nothing to warrant us in accepting the assumption as correct. We only comment on the opinion which some of Mr Gladstone's friends must hold regarding his penetration and judgment, when, so early in the day, they coolly put aside the thought of the war being in any respect a war of liberation and sympathy, and ascribe to Russia the design to annex Mohammedan territory, not to emancipate Christians.

The utterances of these friends must fall very heavily on Mr Gladstone's ear, proving as they do that the real designs of Holy Russia are becoming more and more clear even to the Liberal party. No Englishman can regret that we were better guided than to cast in our lot with Russia: none can fail to see the fearful mistake that we should have committed if we had listened to Mr Gladstone. We should have been using our gunboats to clear the Danube, and to smooth the way of Russia to Constantinople. We should have been stifling the cries and repressing the efforts of the tribes that are now rising against Russia in the Caucasus. We should have made sure her grasp of Armenia. Probably, too, while thus doing her work, we might have ventured to refer now and

then to the Christians in Bulgaria, and been answered with derision. No, it is much better that things should be as they are. We shall soon be able to judge what really are the designs of Russia. If she has been sincere, we can help her more effectually than if we had made war by her side. If she has been deceiving Europe by specious pretences, we can yet disappoint her lust of territory, and forbid her to advance another stage towards Constantinople or the Mediterranean. Let her execute her philanthropic mission if she likes, but let her have nothing by way of indemnity either in Europe or Asia. It was a self-imposed duty which she undertook. Europe did not consider such action necessary, and Europe should decline to let the wretched Turk be amerced to cover the expenses of Russia's wilfulness. It is just as well to consider early what England will do if called upon to speak on this question of annexation. Not long ago it was an opinion received on all sides as irreversible, that, happen what might, Russia should be allowed to reap no material advantage from the war. That opinion seems to be slipping from our minds, and we are quietly reckoning that Russia may be satisfied with this region or that, with the Turkish navy, with the freedom of the Dardanelles. Would it not be better far to remember our intentions of last winter? Will it not save much time and trouble if we determine once for all that, beyond the satisfaction and glory of ameliorating the condition of the Christians in the Turkish provinces, and exciting the envy of Mr Lowe, Russia shall, as far as England can restrain her, profit in no way by the storm which she has raised in the East?

We are not, it seems, destined to chronicle any noted change in the military situation this month. But,

before we conclude, a little as to the state of things on the left bank of the Danube gleams across the correspondents' pages. The river is falling rapidly, and will no longer serve to account for the continued inaction; and at length it begins to transpire that the condition of the transport and commissariat services is not such that a huge host can be confidently launched into Bulgaria. Here then is a flaw independent of the dangers of crossing the Danube, independent of the resistance which the Turks may offer, independent of the natural difficulties which intervene between Bulgaria and Constantinople. The army cannot be with certainty adequately served and fed. This is the very point in which we expected to find the Russian army weak. We never doubted that it could exhibit innumerable hordes of hardy, brave barbarians; we never doubted that it might be armed with the last invented and most destructive weapons of war, purchased from the manufacturing nations of Europe; but we did, and do, doubt Russia's ability to feed and move this tremendous machine at such a distance from home and without water conveyance. When first Russia began to threaten war, it struck us that she might find her supply service to be a grand embarrassment. And, if this be her misfortune, it is in vain for her Czar to censure or to fret. The mischief, probably, is not in any one's laziness or neglect; it is in the backwardness of the whole nation in mechanism, organisation, command of the world's most modern resources, and ability to wield effectually such of those resources as are procurable. We read, in legends of old jousts and adventures, of gallant knights being crushed by the weight of their armour; here would seem to be an instance of a gallant nation much disabled from the same cause. Of course the Russian staff did

not undertake this tremendous war without sitting down and counting the cost, or without making what seemed to them adequate provision for the possible contingencies of the campaign. But theoretical computations drawn from data furnished by stranger nations, and the calculations of those who have daily experience in furnishing and moving supplies on a large scale, are two very different things. We do not doubt that the Russian host is to Russia a more or less unwieldy machine, or that before long we shall hear a great deal more about this difficulty in transport and supply. The long delay must be eating, too, into the resources of Russia, which will not hold out for ever. Here, then, is some comfort for the Powers which do not, and cannot, possess vast armies. The armies often contain within themselves the germ of incapacity: they are too big to be used. Henceforth we must not dread a nation because she possesses an immense army, until we know whether she has the wit to use it. Some nations there be, no doubt, which not only can amass huge armies, but can thoroughly wield them. These, however, are the few, not the many.

Simultaneously with these hints of failure in the Russian army services, come accounts of Mukhtar Pasha having been reinforced in Armenia, and having gained some advantage over a Russian corps. We do not suppose that the victory amounts to much; but certainly all accounts have for several days conspired in representing the tide of war as rolling back from the immediate front of Erzeroum. The exact reason of this does not yet appear; but it will come to light some day, like the commissariat failure on the Danube. The rising in the Caucasus seems to have reached its height under present circumstances,

which is against the Turks, who ought to try and revive it by executing some bold and telling stroke in the field. We have indulged a fancy that the Turkish ships would make some attempt on the maritime station Poti, braving the torpedoes which are known to be laid there, and assailing the small garrison. This Poti is a railway terminus, and, were the Turks able to hold it for a week, they would greatly inconvenience the enemy, and assist their own forces in Armenia. But there is no sign of action in that direction at present; and, indeed, the war is barren of episodes. There has been nothing on the Turkish side equal to the exploit of blowing up the monitor on the Danube; and yet there never, perhaps, was a war in which more opportunities are offered for dashing adventures, both to army and navy, or in which such adventures, when achieved, could have more important consequences.

The Czar has come to visit his army in Roumania, and is now said to be about to leave it again. His arrival was announced with a great flourish of trumpets, and was said to be the signal for some mighty deed to be performed under the Imperial eye. Of course most people assumed that the passage of the river was the exploit which his Majesty would overlook. But it was an error to suppose that the Czar's coming meant any achievement at all to be performed by the troops; and now that the Autocrat, said to be heavy and disquieted, and continually moved to tears, is about to depart, we hear again that preparations are on foot which can mean nothing but an immediate passage. Perhaps it will be so, and the moment we lay down the pen the catastrophe for which we have been waiting daily for the last month will occur. The alarm, however, has been so often given, that we are

in no hurry to believe. In the meantime Europe will not, we presume, sympathise very profoundly with the Czar's depression. If he is on a bed of thorns he has made it for himself, as Junius once remarked of Sir William Draper. He has stooped to folly, and finds too late that Mr Gladstone's boastings are apt to betray. He remembers, perhaps, with some bitterness, that Russian policy, clever as it is, has erred before now, and he reflects, it may be, upon the cause of his father's death. We only wish it may prove a godly sorrow, penitent of cupidity and bloodshed. But this sad picture is not without its companion. Shift the scene to Constantinople, and there again, as we are told, sits in his divan another autocrat—no, we beg pardon, a constitutional Sultan—also in the deepest dejection, desiring of Allah that some blessed event may soon be the occasion of peace-making. It is a pity that when such excellent dispositions are reported on one hand and on the other, this cruel strife should continue to rage!

And to aggravate the Czar's anguish, Prince Milan of Servia, the principal agent in the wickedness of last year, must needs intrude himself into the Imperial presence. For what good purpose he can have been there it is difficult to imagine. He is a pardoned rebel who very lately, after having been vanquished and disgraced, received most merciful terms, and made solemn promises of good and loyal behaviour. His sovereign, to whom he submitted and professed obedience, has since been attacked by the Czar, and he the vassal cannot rest until he has posted to Plojesti and saluted the invader. What the special object of the visit was no one seems to be aware; but whatever it was, the visit itself was an insult to the Sultan, and a conclusive proof, if further proof be needed, of the ut-

terly faithless spirit in which the peace was lately agreed to, and Prince Milan's fealty affirmed. It is scarcely worth while at present to comment upon this duplicity, or to denounce the miserable puppet who is thus disgracing himself. But the circumstances should be remembered, and brought up for a memorial whenever there may be again a prospect of restoring peace in the East. Assuredly if a settlement be made in any equal spirit, so perfidious a principality and princeling cannot escape without chastisement. The Servians have shown themselves utterly unworthy of the independence which they nominally enjoy and might really have enjoyed; and we trust, if the Turks have not in the meantime executed vengeance, to see them in that day improved off the list of intriguing and covetous princes and peoples.

The mistake of Roumania in going the length of declaring her independence and making war upon the Porte is of a different complexion. Europe is really guilty of the error of the principality. Some support ought undoubtedly to have been tendered with the view of keeping her in the right path. She was unfairly abandoned, and thrown upon her own resources and devices, and she has, as we think, chosen the wrong course, being astounded and misled by the power of Russia, which is overshadowing the land, and appearing there to be irresistible. It may, ere long, be some comfort for her to reflect on how forgiving and placable the "unspeakable" can sometimes be to those who have braved and provoked him! To us the present position of Roumania is valuable chiefly as illustrating the sagacity of Mr Gladstone. Let us remember the beautiful lessons about autonomy and so forth which he taught last autumn, pointing to Roumania as the example of the high utility of such states in preventing war.

"We have," wrote Mr Gladstone in his 'Bulgarian Horrors,' "in the neighbouring province of Roumania a testimony which appears to be nearly conclusive. For twenty years it has, while paying tribute to the Porte, and acknowledging its supremacy, enjoyed an entire autonomy or self-government. *It has constituted a real barrier for Turkey against the possibility of foreign aggression.** It has overcome for itself serious internal difficulties in the adjustment of the relations between class and class. It has withstood the temptation to join in the Servian war. *Guaranteed by Europe,** it has had no grave complaint to make against Turkey for the violation of its stipulated rights, which have indeed been not inconsiderably enlarged. With such an example before us, let us hope at least that the territorial integrity of Turkey need not be impaired, while Europe summons and requires her to adopt the measure which is the very least that the case demands—namely, *the total withdrawal of the administrative rule of the Turk from Bulgaria,** as well as, and even more than, from Herzegovina and from Bosnia."

Let any man read this froth, and then consider the present condition of Roumania! Suppose that Mr Gladstone's advice had been followed, and Bulgaria politically assimilated to Roumania, what would have happened? Why, surely that Russia now would be overrunning Bulgaria, the Danube would have proved no obstacle to her, and she would be almost in view of Constantinople! It is certain from the passage which has been quoted above, that Mr Gladstone, if he could have had his way, would thus have prepared Bulgaria for Russian occupation. How is it possible that, after such a palpable manifestation of his inability to understand the signs of the times, or to apply a political illustration, even a minority of our countrymen can regard him as a safe guide? What can be a stronger justification of the attitude of the

Government with regard to Mr Gladstone's agitation of last autumn, than this proof that the right hon. gentleman *utterly misunderstood* the operation of a so-called barrier state in regard to the invasion of Turkey? How thankful ought the country to be, that its foreign relations were cared for by men who had the courage to resist the violent assaults of popular passion, to perceive and to follow the course dictated by common-sense, and to refuse to lend themselves in the slightest degree to the machinations of Russia! Mr Gladstone wearied himself last spring to find some sentence or phrase in the speeches or correspondence of individual ministers by which he might convict the Cabinet of having changed its policy. He could find nothing in all its utterances displaying such utter defect of penetration, so entirely erroneous, so destructive of a man's pretensions to be a ruler, as this misleading paragraph about Roumania, which he was ill-advised enough to put in print.

Now this blind leader of the blind, who would have committed such a cardinal error in regard to Bulgaria, is the same who would attempt to raise a cry against putting the country into a state of defence. We have seen how entirely he mistook the one case; and we see that, if his opinion had been followed, it would be now too late to think of keeping the Russian out of Constantinople. Then let us be warned regarding the other case, and not allow him and his followers to deter us from the necessary and reasonable measure of making ready for any warlike contingency, until it is TOO LATE. We gave away three and a half millions to settle (ignominiously, as many of us think) our dispute with the United States of America: the same

* The italics are ours.

sum, or perhaps a smaller one, would enable us to stand prepared for any event, and to speak with our enemy in the gate without confusion.

We take our leave, for a month, of this Storm in the East, under the strong conviction that, before we write again, some very important changes must take place. Our last advices show that the Russian force which was retreating from Erzeroum, or a part of that force, had faced about and fought a severe action, of which the Turks got the worst. Whether this action was fought by a rear-guard to facilitate the retreat of the main bodies, or whether the cause which at first compelled the Russians to retreat has disappeared or decreased, we have no means of judging, but it is reported as a heavy blow which Mukhtar may find it difficult to recover from, and which may preface a still worse disaster. We hear, too, of the closing in of the Turkish columns upon the Montenegrins after continued successes; also of the somewhat tardy solicitude for that unlucky state which is rising in the imperial breast of the Czar. The Russian divisions must show more smartness than they have shown in crossing the Danube if they wish to avert the catastrophe which is impending in the west. Indeed one hardly sees how anything which they can now do can avail; for if the Turks go on as determinedly and rapidly as they have begun, nothing less than the arm of Providence can prevent them from complete triumph. Servia, either dreading a similar punishment for herself once the Montenegrins are disposed of, or determined

at all hazards to keep herself in the public view, has called out her militia. "But will they come when she does call for them?" They went home, we remember, last winter without leave asked or given, and they have since been represented as in no wise so enamoured of glorious war as to wish for another campaign. Nevertheless, this move, by exciting Austria to action, may bring on grave consequences. On the Danube the Russians cannot be said to make no sign, but they make signs which are not followed by events of importance.

Thus much we think we perceive: that the military premiership of Von Moltke is in no sort of danger through the competition of Russia; that Europe still fully expects Russia to administer a severe defeat to the Turks; that, notwithstanding this expectation, there are ominous sounds, serving the purpose of the shuffling of feet and the calls for the rise of the curtain in a theatre, which show that opinion will not rest long where it is. Either something must be done to justify the public anticipation, or belief in Russia must fall away, to be succeeded by we know not what emotion. The attitude of Russia with her innumerable host, her magnificent arms, her hand raised to strike, is still sublime; but she must beware of the one unlucky step from that thrilling pose. The days of this solstice are fraught with the gravest issues to her. Opinion is surely on her side so far, and is buoying her up more than she knows. Should she let it veer, she may discover on what a shifting groundwork she has built her reputation.

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MINE IS THINE.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

THERE are three influences which generally carry their point in this sinful world—violence, obstinacy, and money. Men, as a rule, hate a row, and either knuckle under to violence or get quietly out of its way. Obstinacy wears out the resistance of indifference and laziness, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, are its only opponents; and as for money, the consciences of all intelligent readers tell them what *it* can do, so that the author need not commit himself to a misanthropical axiom.

Lord Germistoune, enjoying the advantage of all these forces in combination, generally contrived, as he said, to get his own way; and, in this wrathful freak about the villa, he was successful. The hotel authorities, warned by the courier of his master's indignant resolve, tendered every sort of salve, in the way of excuse and apology, which Italian amiability, sharpened by self-interest, could devise; but in vain. Violence gave way, indeed; but obstinacy stepped into the breach.

"I never," said Lord Germistoune to the excellent and most courteous manager—"I never go back from my word. All you say may be true, and indeed your tone is proper—very proper; but I have made up my mind. You may go."

Then the courier was despatched post-haste to "find a villa." Under ordinary circumstances, to find a villa ready, then and there, and available for so short a term, would have been out of the question and not to be dreamed of. But Lord Germistoune being violent, obstinate, and rich, the necessary dwelling was at once procured. The favourite maid of an Italian *marchessa* who was occupying the Villa Bianca for the season, had been accidentally drowned in the lake two nights before, and her mistress had received such a shock from the occurrence that she was anxious to leave the place at once. And thus, by paying her a double rent, and taking over the establishment as it stood, on condition of *instant* possession, the noble lord was able, literally, to carry his point. His

new landlady went to the hotel for the night; and he, sending his courier in the forenoon to order dinner, took his daughter over in the evening, in time to avoid the *origo mali*—the *table d'hôte*.

"It is too large," he said, "and the rent is distinctly monstrous; but it will be a lesson to them. The money is well spent."

And perhaps it was. "What!" you cry, "in such sinful extravagance? in such a shameful indulgence of temper?" Yes; but the money went to the marchioness, who may have been an angel of charity, who may have fed the hungry and clothed the naked with the *live* of the angry man, and who at least took from bloated England a crumb or two for starveling Italy. There is an unction, drawn from philanthropy and political economy, which the angry pauper may lay to his soul when he is glaring with fiery eyes at the profligate extravagance of the rich—and it is this, that, in the vast majority of cases, the rich man, by his self-indulgent frailties, even though he fool it to the top of his bent, does infinitely more good than harm to the world at large. He may damage himself, to be sure; but what of that? He is in an infinitesimal minority. The greatest good of the greatest number. If that is our motto, we may look on with equanimity and resignation when another, and yet another, dukeling is cut down, withered by the epidemic of imbecile profusion, so fatal of late years to our young aristocracy.

If the indulgence of bad temper be criminal, the beauty of the Villa Bianca involved a certain miscarriage of poetical justice. A little below Cadenabbia, the lowest spur of a thickly-wooded hill, projects a promontory into the lake; and on the centre of this the villa stood, somewhat higher than all its neigh-

bours, and with a clear prospect up, down, and across the water. A pleasant confusion of garden and grove and shrubbery clothed the little peninsula with luxuriant wealth of flowers and foliage, and made the air about the house rich with the perfumes of rose and violet, of citron, jessamine, magnolia, and myrtle. Much taste and ingenuity had been displayed in laying out, adorning, and giving variety to this little territory. A labyrinthine path traversed it in all directions, and wound up with a gentle ascent to the summit of the hill behind. There, there was a circular summer-house, open all round, and commanding views in every direction. Besides this, divers tributary paths led to a variety of well-chosen points of view, where the prospect might be enjoyed in shady solitudes. Esmè was enchanted with her new abode; and the favour with which her father first regarded it, as a kind of moral beacon for refractory hotel-keepers, was soon confirmed by its own charms. They began, at once, to live in the open air; and, small though their domain was, it contained so much variety in itself, and enjoyed so unlimited a command of the scenery round about, that they seldom went beyond their own boundaries till evening, when, if the coolness of the air tempted them out on the lake, they were rowed about in a pretty boat, manned by rowers in a picturesque costume, which belonged to the establishment. Esmè, who had a keen eye for all kinds of beauty, and who was very susceptible of impressions from external nature, was never tired of wandering from point to point of the pleasure and the hill. To her it was a fairy-land, through which she moved amidst constant transformations, finding in every mood a congenial resting-place, and even being able, as she

said, to alter her mood at will by a change of scene that could be effected in a few seconds.

"If I wish to be 'sublime,'" she wrote to a friend, in describing the place, "I have only to climb to the top of our 'Muses Hill,' and gaze at the splendid mountains of the Engadine, far away, and watch the shifting lights on the eternal snow, and the weird effects of the whirling mists and vapours that hang about the boundary-line between the heat of Italy and the cold of the Alps and the glaciers; or if I desire to be gently poetical, I look down upon the sunny lake; or if a dark spirit possesses me, we have a grotto, all overshadowed by a gigantic ilex, where the world may be comfortably forgotten. If I wish to sketch, there is a subject everywhere ready to my hand, and I have only to sit down and begin. In our Helicon we have natural music always, for a most harmonious little spring bubbles out near the top, and goes singing down among the silent trees, and through the gardens, and into the lake. As for poetry, we have it here at first hand. We see it and breathe it; there is no need of books."

Her father, without taking such a transcendental view of the place, was thoroughly contented with it. Nothing jarred on his irritable nerves. He worked away in the open air with his pencil and brush, read his papers *al fresco*, and composed weighty contributions to the literature of a "ganging plea," which still seems to constitute, in some Scottish families, a necessary condition of landed state and dignity.

Two days after his establishment in the villa, he paid a formal visit to the two friends at their hotel. They had met on the lake, and had a few minutes' conversation, on each of the previous evenings; and

on this, as on all other occasions, his manner was especially cordial to Tom Wyedale, whose jovial humour had taken his fancy, none the less that its joviality was tempered with a careful deference to his opinions and prejudices. His manner to Cosmo, on the other hand, was markedly cool, stiff, and distant. He seemed to have a difficulty in realising the fact that Cosmo existed and was present. He had certainly taken a violent dislike to the young man; to all which Cosmo, not slow to observe and swift to resent it, responded with an equal *hauteur* and reserve. Nevertheless, he accompanied Tom on the return visit the following day. They found Lord Germistoun sitting in the open air. He had just finished his correspondence for the day, and his letters lay on the table before him, sealed and ready for despatch. Esmè was with him, but just about to start with her drawing materials for the top of the hill; and on the friends begging that their visit might not detain her, she suggested that the whole party might transfer themselves to the summit, where she could promise a magnificent view; "and," she added, "I shall send you all away when I am going to begin my work."

Lord Germistoun and Tom having mutually button-holed each other, Esmè again fell to the lot of Cosmo, and she led the way with him.

"We are very proud of our realms," she said, "and I am going to take you all through them before we begin the ascent. Prepare yourself to be surprised and delighted."

Their pride was thoroughly justifiable. Cosmo was much struck by the ingenuity with which the labyrinthine path had been contrived; for, turning and winding, backwards and forwards, here, there, and every-

where, it led them past an astonishing variety of features, and gave the wanderer the impression that he was traversing a most spacious and variegated domain, though the whole was probably included within two hundred square yards. Here they came upon a grotto; there upon a fountain. Now they plunged into a bosky dell, all gloom and tangle; or passed under bright arcades, where the sunbeams glanced through leaves of the vine and the passion-flower. Now they emerged on the emerald sward of a miniature glade, or were met by gorgeous flashes of colour from exquisite parterres. Everywhere marble fauns and nymphs peered forth from bowery ambushes of bay and acacia, taking a semblance of life and movement from the quivering streamlet that washed their feet, and from the boughs and leaves that cast down upon them the shimmer of green-gold shadows. At the upper end, a pretty group of Nereids received a tiny cascade in a glittering shell, and let it escape, a meandering rivulet, to water the whole pleasaunce. At the other extremity, the daughters of Danaus caught it again in a bottomless *amphora*, and gave it to the lake in its original form. All around, the descent to the water was steep and craggy; but flowers nestled among the rocks, creepers festooned the ledges, willows drooped their tremulous sprays over them. Whatever was harsh or rugged wore a brave mantle of bloom and greenery, and none but fair images fell upon the dreamy lake. At last it was all explored, and they began the ascent.

"Well," said Cosmo, "you are indeed to be congratulated. The contriver of all this must have been a genius. Of his one talent he has made at least ten, and he has done it all with such perfect taste. We

have seen much in the small space, but there is no jumble or crowding. One little *morceau* of scenery seems to lead naturally to the next."

"It must have been a delightful amusement laying it out," said Esmè.

"Yes; I think there can be nothing more fascinating than landscape-gardening."

"Oh, that must be delightful! like painting, with trees, and lakes, and rivers, and meadows for one's materials."

"And then the contriver of these grounds had, besides all the difficulties and charms of the art, the triumph of concocting a sort of Chinese puzzle; a subtle delight for a mathematical mind, I suppose."

"You will see that he had quite as true an eye for grand scenery; all the points of view on the hill are perfectly chosen."

"There he excels his Italian ancestors. I was thinking, down in the garden, that it might all have existed in the old Roman days. Horace would have delighted in just such a place. One can imagine him reclining on that beautiful bit of turf beside the cascade, passing the flask of Chian wine to a circle of companions, pouring a libation to Bacchus, and making the company laugh with quaint conceits about the Nereids and all the mythological statuary."

"But then he would have changed his mood up here. Look at that glimpse, through the trees, of the high peak—the Bernina, I think it is."

"Magnificent! but Horace would simply have wrapped his toga round him, shivered, and proposed an immediate return to the 'Chian.' He would certainly have changed his mood, but it would not have been for one of fine frenzy."

"And yet he was the most popular poet of his time, was he not?"

"Certainly—the most popular; but if he had gone into ecstasies over sublime scenery, he would not have been so; men would not have understood him. A poet sings with the voice of his age, or he does not sing to it at all."

"Well, but they were immensely cultivated and civilised in those days."

"Yes, they were, of course; but their culture did not develop the love of natural scenery to any great extent. They liked pretty scenery certainly, but they looked upon the Alps with horror, and the magnificence of a stormy sea was only a thing to be shuddered at. After all, this real love of scenery is quite modern."

"Then, has all this beautiful world been wasted for thousands of years upon eyes that might as well have been blind?"

"'Wasted' is a strong word. Its beauty and grandeur may have produced all sorts of other valuable effects upon men's minds before it woke up what may almost be called a new passion."

"How *did* it come at last?"

"Ah, I am afraid that is getting rather beyond my depth. But I suppose, for one thing, it would begin to grow steadily as people began to travel."

"One does often notice that people who remain always in one place, even though it be beautiful, take its beauties as a matter of course, and don't seem to observe them or to be aware of them."

"But, as they begin to move from place to place, they naturally begin to compare one scene with another. The habit of comparison increases the habit of observation, and produces the idea of excellence. Art takes hold of this idea, develops it, paints it, teaches men to think of it, helps them to compose from their own experiences an ideal

standard. By degrees, poetry recognises the fitness of surrounding romantic action with picturesque scenery, and suggests the sympathy of external nature with men's emotions. This is almost altogether modern. The ancients have, indeed, beautiful flashes of it; but they are few and far between. One of the most perfect gems of modern poetry is Tennyson's 'Ænone.' You know it, of course. The same story is beautifully told by an old Latin poet. But compare the ancient with the modern, and it appears cold, sunless, and dead. The ancient relies upon the human *pathos* almost exclusively; the modern poet draws within the circle of his drama, as a most sympathetic audience, and almost as active participants, everything in external nature that made the Italian glen beautiful and impressive. The deep, solemn pine-wood—the light of the 'solitary' morning touching the far-away snow-peaks—the bewildered cloud seeking its lost way among the tree-tops—the silence, the shadows, the distant murmur of the cascade,—all in perfect harmony with the sorrow that is wringing Ænone's heart. And then the burst of life and joy when Aphrodite appears—the upspringing of the violet and the crocus, the lotus, the lily, the amaranthus, the asphodel, to do her honour;

'And a wind arose,
And overhead, the wandering ivy and
vine,
This way and that, in many a wild fes-
toon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs,
With bunch, and berry, and flower,
thro' and thro'.'

Even history at last begins to chronicle events with an eye to the scenery in which they are enacted, and delights to point to harmonies and discords between the former and the latter. Look at Macaulay,

Froude, and Kinglake, and then turn to Hume and Smollett. And ——” but here Cosmo broke off with a laugh, and said, “A thousand apologies, Miss Douglas, for prosing and lecturing to you, and for what is perhaps, after all, mere solemn nonsense. What I mean to say is, simply, that when this educational system has once been set in motion by the arts, or what not, every sort of other influence co-operates, and helps to clear our perceptions of that to which the old world was nearly blind.”

“You spoke,” said Esmè, after a pause, “of ‘a poet singing with the voice of his age;’ and I remember now that there is nothing worth speaking of, in the way of landscape, among the early painters. It had never occurred to me before that the love of scenery was a modern invention, and I don’t think I had thought about the blank in early art. Now I understand the reason.”

“Ah! an analogy. Well, I suppose the artist ought to give expression, in every age, to that with which the more ideal side of human nature is mainly occupied in his time. It was the aspiration of the ancient Greeks to reach, by moral and physical discipline, an ideal standard of beauty in the human form. How splendidly this is expressed in their sculpture! In the dark ages, art, in any true sense, all but slumbered, because in the dark ages its occupation was all but gone. Then, at the revival of art, we find religion altogether the predominant subject. The painters, to be sure, were generally, if not monks, under monkish influence; but, in fact, religion was in these days almost the only outlet which men had from their lower nature. As the outlets were multiplied, the field of art was extended. You couldn’t have a better proof of this

than by going direct from the Florentine galleries to the annual exhibition of the ‘Salon’ in Paris, or of Burlington House in London. Outlets there, with a vengeance. No one artist, nowadays, could represent his age as one of the great old masters represented his; he would require to have a thousand minds. Forgive all these truisms.”

“But they are not truisms to me. Though I have seen many of the best pictures in the world, I am afraid I have not thought about them—beyond, of course, immensely admiring what appeared to me to be beautiful.”

“And I am sure you could not meet with any one less competent than I am to hold forth on the philosophy of art. I know nothing, except that I know nothing.”

“Oh, but you have both seen and thought; and that at least gives you knowledge enough for yourself—enough to make you enjoy art thoroughly.”

“But not enough to entitle me to lecture you as I have been doing. Now, tell me which of all the pictures you have seen is your favourite?”

“What a formidable question! If I knew anything about painting, I might be able to say which, in my opinion — *my* opinion! how grand that sounds!—is the most admirable as a painting. But I know nothing of technicalities. I only know the pictures that please me, and impress me, and touch me the most; and there are so many that seem to do all these things the *most*. No, I could never say which was my greatest favourite; I have so many. Every mood has its greatest favourite; and each mood is *me*, I suppose, for the time being. So I can have no one *constant*, greatest favourite. That sounds dreadfully fickle, does it not?”

"Not at all. If we had no change of moods, life would be monotonous indeed; and if in each mood you felt the same appreciation of the same picture, it might only show that you were not really touched by it at all. A connoisseur, of course, can have a constant favourite, because his judgment as to the mechanical part of the work will not vary; but when it comes to be a question of sentiment, everything is changed."

"There is one painter, by the by," said Esmè, "though not one painting, whom I sometimes fancy I prefer, on the whole, to all the others. Of course, you will think me a barbarian; for he is, I suppose, what you would call a painter of the darker age: but I must be honest—I mean Perugino."

"Perugino?"

"Yes; you are horrified, are you? Well, I like him for one quality, and that is the beautiful, pure, innocent expression which he gives to all his figures. That, of course, would not make him a *great* painter, but it makes all his works lovable. I don't think he could paint a bad man. It does one good to look at the faces he has painted. I don't think they are often to be seen in the real world, although they are real men and women. But there they are, always in his pictures, saints and angels, and holy men and women, such as they should be. There is a St John in the 'Belle Arti' museum at Florence which makes one think of man as he may have been before the Fall. One must delight in goodness and innocence in every mood, and so I am always delighted with Perugino."

"You prefer him to his immortal disciple?—to Raphael?"

"Well—no; I won't answer that question. Of course, even *I* know how much the disciple excels the

master in many things, and in none more than in the power of painting varieties of expression. Raphael can paint every human emotion. Perugino is always expressing the same, but it is one that delights me more than any other."

"Of course, then, you have the same feeling for Fra Angelico?"

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, I have; but not nearly to the same extent. I think his holy faces are the faces of holy people who have never had any temptation. Perugino's are quite as holy; and I think one has more sympathy with them, because they are the faces of people who have thought, and struggled, and suffered—who have come out from many trials and temptations saddened but purified and pure. Do you not like them? I hope you do."

"Indeed I do. I have always been a great admirer both of Perugino and Fra Angelico, and for *your* reason; but the distinction which you draw between them never occurred to me. It is excellent. I will remember it when I am among pictures again: and, really, it is natural; for Angelico lived his holy life in the convent, and Perugino lived *his* life in the world."

"Yes, Angelico's saints are certainly convent-bred saints. Perugino's have had sad experiences in the outer world."

"I see you *have* thought about pictures, notwithstanding your humble disclaimer."

"No, I don't know how to think; do you believe that any woman does?"

"If I had ever doubted it, you would have satisfied me that my doubt was groundless."

"Oh, Mr Glencairn, you must not laugh at me! I can only think, and then only in a very dim way, when I am talking. One's silent thoughts are so vague and shifting."

"The complaint is fully as much male as female, you may be sure. I suspect that the thoughts of most men are seldom quite completed till they are being expressed in some shape or other. But the remedy is simple, is it not?"

"What is it? Oh, I see!—to talk."

"Is that not simple? or do you repudiate all the brutal proverbs about the fair sex on that score?"

"Of course I repudiate them, as in duty bound. But I am not really qualified to be a champion of my sex. I know so little of it: papa and I have been such wanderers since I was grown up, and we have so few neighbours in Scotland. Then papa's health has prevented us, almost entirely, from having visitors at home, so that my acquaintances are very limited indeed. I have a great many dear friends by hereditary right; but they are really strangers to me, and shadows, more or less. Have you a great many friends?"

"A great many acquaintances, certainly; but the friends are, like yours perhaps, rather shadowy. But you have been in London some seasons, have you not?"

"Only one—the year I was presented; and that was such a whirl! People were very kind to me; but one does not get to know people in that kind of life: do you think so?"

"Men's lives are so different, but there is certainly little time for any one thing."

"No, there is no time to make friends. I possess one real female friend in the world—the funniest, quaintest, cleverest, kindest, best creature—my old governess, my beloved Fraulein. I don't think she is in the least like any one else; and if I were to form my ideas of women from her—the *only* one I know really—and act on my ideas,

I suspect I should pass my life in a comedy of errors. A whole world full of Frauleins! It would be a very nice world, to be sure, and a very good one, but too funny."

"Did you enjoy your season?"

"Some of it, very much; but there was too much of the same thing every day."

"I should have thought you would have found variety enough in London."

"Oh, one certainly did a great many different things every day; but every day was very like yesterday, and I was always tired. Papa thought I was not enjoying myself if I was not *always* doing something, and my *chaperon* was full of energy, and I could get no holidays. I wonder, now, what you would say—is quiet monotony or bustling monotony the more disagreeable?"

Cosmo laughed, and said, "Miss Douglas, I am getting quite afraid of you—you are so philosophical."

"Oh, please don't think me 'strong-minded!'—it is only a little question I was constantly asking myself during that season. And oh! I must tell you, one night it got me into a dreadful scrape. I was dancing with a very pleasant partner—exactly like every other partner I had danced with every night for a month—and he was making himself very agreeable, exactly as they all had done, with the same ideas, and almost the same words, as they all had used; and I was tired, and I became a little absent, as one does when one is tired, and this unlucky problem came into my head. Well, I mixed it up with what my partner was saying, and when he asked me, 'Which will you say?'—meaning which of two dances he knew I was disengaged for—I answered, 'I think, for the less of two evils, I would like to choose quiet monotony.' Then he was really very angry, and said, 'The quadrille, I suppose you

mean ;' and the more I tried to explain, the less he seemed to understand, and became silent and sulky ; and he didn't come for the dance. Was it not dreadful ?"

"The loss of the dance was so serious?" laughed Cosmo.

"No, of course not ; but his feelings were so much hurt—and he was really kind, and trying to amuse me. That was serious."

"Oh, Miss Douglas, I could tell now that you had not been many seasons in London."

"From my want of manners?" asked Esmè, simply.

"No, no ; from thinking so much of the gentleman's feeling."

"Do you think a few seasons in London would make me careless about people's feelings? I don't think I should care to go to London again if that were to be the result."

The words were simple enough, and spoken without any *arrière-pensée* ; but sometimes the simplest words, illustrated by a tone or a glance, offer a magical revelation of character to a sympathetic nature, and ever thereafter the voice that spoke them has a different sound. Even so was it now. "The Madonna!" said Cosmo to himself—and then aloud, after a long pause, "No, Miss Douglas, I am perfectly certain that no number of London seasons would produce that effect upon you."

Esmè changed colour a little and looked at him inquiringly ; but his eyes were cast down, and she said nothing : and though she wondered how he could answer for her with so much confidence, she never for a moment suspected that he was using words of idle compliment. Here was an instance of the sudden, and, so to speak, unconscious but mutual insight of nature into nature, upon which one might expand psychologically ; but fear not, watchful reader !

While the dialogue just recorded was in progress, the speakers had pursued the path in all its windings, stopping mechanically here and there, where a terrace and an artificial opening in the woods invited the passer-by to pause and admire. They had left all these, however, without comment, engrossed in other topics ; and, as the last words were spoken, they reached the summit.

It would be difficult to conceive a more varied or beautiful prospect than that which here met them ; and they enjoyed it, for a time, in silence. A scene of immense variety indeed, full of contrasts, with every feature of marked individuality, each full of individual suggestiveness, but associated by a series of delicately-graduated tones of light and colour which bound the complex whole together in a sort of ethereal federation. Thus the distant Alp was brought into communion with the vine-clad slopes, the bowery gardens and waving woods, and the grand expanse of the blue lake, with its images and shadows and flying gleams from snowy sails and fluttering pennons. It was not a scene the beauties of which could be catalogued glibly off, as Milton's "Allegro" catalogues the items of *his* panorama. The delight of it would have exhaled in minute examination. The mind would have become wearied and paralysed under so many and such various calls on its exertion. The *coup d'œil* was sufficient. It was one which words could never do justice to. This was one of the occasions when "silence is golden." Esmè, without speaking, merely turned on her companion a look of confidence in his appreciation, and then both were silent for some time. At last Cosmo said—

"Have you seen it by moonlight?"

"Yes," replied Esmè, "but it is a complete transfiguration. Nothing could be so changed by the absence of the sun. The colour is the life of it. It is only a spectre by moonlight—beautiful, but with all its glory gone. It almost saddens one."

"I should like to see it."

"Oh, pray come and see it! I should like to hear what you think of it."

"But the moon becomes late of showing herself—too late to allow me to invade the villa."

"But, if you wish, we can have the gate left open for you, and you know your way up here now."

"Thanks," said Cosmo; "it is very good of you:" but perhaps he felt that he would rather contemplate the beautiful spectre in some other company than his own or Tom Wyedale's. This must have been his thought, otherwise his next sentence would have had no reasonable connection with the last—for, "At any rate," he said, after a pause, "I consider myself very fortunate to have made acquaintance with this splendid view, by daylight, and in your company."

"I consider that very flattering, Mr Glencairn; because, in nine cases out of ten, one would rather be alone in looking at fine scenery. In nine cases out of ten, people either talk too much, or they say something jarring, or they are cold and indifferent."

"That is true; but it does not make what I say *flattering*. In all respects, this is one of the *tenth* cases."

Esmè looked at him quickly. Even in her short experience, she had had, no doubt, many gallant speeches made to her; but the judicial gravity of this method of making her pleased with herself was new, forcible, and gratifying. She laughed gaily, however, and said—

"Well, Mr Glencairn, I feel as if I had talked a great deal too much; but you must blame yourself—you know it was your own prescription."

"To follow your metaphor, yours was one of the cases where the physician is called in, and finds the patient to be merely a *malade imaginaire*, but is forced to prescribe something to humour him."

"Oh, now you really are flattering me!" cried Esmè; "but, not to let you monopolise all the fine speeches, let me say that invalids sometimes find the doctor's visits more beneficial from his conversation than his prescriptions. But that, by the by, is not paying you in kind; for what I say *is* true—for once you have really made me think."

"Who speaks of *malades imaginaires*?" here broke in the voice of Lord Germistoun, who, having once been thus described by a brusque London doctor, was jealous of the phrase.

"It was only in a parable that such a person was mentioned," said Esmè.

"Ah! in a parable? the only proper place for him. No such person really exists. There's any quantity of imaginary health in the world, but no one needs to imagine himself sick. Every one *is* sick, more or less." Then, turning to Tom, he went on—

"As I was saying, these Lowland farmers are the most confounded fellows in Europe. I'll tell you what they are; they're Communists—that's what they are. The last time I was at Ferniehall—my place in the Lowlands—two of these pirates came to me 'to remonstrate,' as they said, about the state of the game.

"I presume you mean rabbits?" I said.

"Rabbits, hares, and winged

game too, particularly wood-pigeons,' they answered.

"'Well,' I said, 'why don't you add crows, magpies, and sparrows, and slugs, and snails, and everything that eats anything on a farm? But what *do* you want?'

"They said that their crops were being eaten, and they wanted the game to be killed down to a reasonable limit. I told them that the game *was* within a fair limit, and not more than enough for the sport which I had a right to expect for myself and my friends, on my estate, which, I begged to remind them, was my own.

"'But our crops are being eaten,' they said.

"'And so they ought to be,' I replied, 'in a fair proportion.'

"'Game,' I then explained to them, 'is placed on a property by Divine Providence—just as wind blows on it, sun shines on it, rain and hail fall upon it, by the decree of Providence. The crops suffer a little from all these things, by the decree of Providence—and, by the same decree, the game eats the crops in a fair proportion. Great heavens!' I said, 'are you going to fly in the face of Providence?'

"They declined to fall in with this view of the matter, and I then remarked—

"'When you became farmers you knew what you had to expect; when you signed your leases you knew all these things; and what the devil do you mean by trying to squeeze me for more than your covenant gives you?'

"'We want justice,' they said.

"'No,' I replied, 'you want injustice—injustice for me;' and then I gave it them hot.

"'I'll tell you what it is,' I said; 'if you think I'm going to be harried and bothered by a lot of malcontents, you're mistaken. I'll make you an offer; it is a good deal

more than just—it is foolishly generous. I'll cancel your leases, if you like, and all the leases on the estate, and turn it all into a game-preserve. There; I believe there is a good market for game, and I dare say I should not lose much by the transaction. But I'm indifferent to that. One thing is certain, I am not going to be the servant of my own tenants, cost me what my freedom may.'

"Then I bowed them out, and told them to send their decision to the factor."

"Admirable!" cried Tom; "that is the way to deal with them. What did they do?"

"Do? stuck to their farms, of course. One of them made £70,000 out of my land in thirty years; I know that for a certainty: and he was only paying me a rent of £600. And what did this fellow do? started against *my* man as candidate for *my* boroughs—on the game-laws 'platform,' of course. Fortunately I was able to take advantage of a technical flaw in the lease, and send him to the right-about."

"Ha, ha, ha!—bravo! I dare say there was a considerable fuss about that."

"I believe there was; but I never read the Radical papers, so it didn't even reach me. In any case, the anger of pickpockets against a man for looking after his own watch and purse is not likely to affect him much. The Lowland tenant-farmer is the most confounded fellow in Europe. There is no one so greedy and selfish."

"I believe," said Cosmo, "that the great irritation of the farmers about game is owing not altogether, nor perhaps even so much, to over-preservation, as to the fact that the game is very generally sold; and another thing they dislike is, that it isn't even shot by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The farmers,

of course, have some sort of neighbourly feeling for them, which they can't possibly have for the strangers who are invited to the *battues* simply because they are crack shots, able to swell the grand total of the bag. All this looks to the farmer like a mere mercantile transaction. I confess I am not surprised at it. What they wouldn't grudge to the landlord for his own and his neighbour's amusement, they do grudge when it appears to be simply another rent to be taken off the land at the expense of the rents which they have to find."

"You defend them?" cried Lord Germistoune, with a rising crest.

"Not entirely, by any means; but I can quite understand their point of view, and to some extent sympathise with it."

Cosmo was resolved to be calm, firm, and judicial, though greatly irritated by the domineering tone of the noble lord, and smarting under previous impertinences.

"Then, pray, sir," said Lord Germistoune, "may I ask, has a man, or has he not, the right to do with his own as he pleases?"

"Unquestionably, so long as it is his own exclusively; but it seems to me he limits his rights of proprietorship when he admits another by contract, and for a consideration, to share in the proceeds of his property: by so much he lessens his right to do as he pleases with what is *then*, only *nominally*, his own property."

"This is rank communism!"

"Excuse me, my lord," said Cosmo, angry, but with a laugh, "I entirely decline to plead guilty to that. 'Communism' is a word that at present is very lightly used, and very loosely. But as to the game question, after all, the grievance is, as I say, very much a sentimental one, which the tact and good feeling of the landlords would easily allay."

"By giving up all their rights?"

"By no means; simply by exercising them with fairness and discretion."

"I see, sir, that you are one of the 'new lights.' When you have an estate of your own, you will find your theories change marvelously."

"I don't pretend to any elaborate theories; any acquaintance I have with the question is a practical one. As a game-tenant myself, I have come a good deal into contact with agricultural tenants, and have never had the slightest difficulty with them."

"Ah, that is beside the question altogether. I decline to consider sophisms. I distinctly beg to be excused from argument with a sophist. The Lowland tenant-farmer is the most confounded fellow in Europe. If you want to find Belleville and Montmartre done into Scotch, go to Forfarshire, and Aberdeenshire, and the Lothians, and you will find them." Saying this, he glared at Cosmo with a *sic volo, sic jubeo* air, as though he were one of the agriculturists in question, cast out of court and in outer darkness for the future.

"Poor Cosmo!" said Tom, as though his friend's logical annihilation were complete, "you'll never make much of politics. You had better stick to your moonlight, and music, and pictures, and leave politics to practical men like Lord Germistoune, or even my humble self."

"A nice business you'd make of them!—I mean you, of course, Tom," said Cosmo; "but this is *not* a political question. It is extremely mischievous and wrong to try to make it one."

"I think," said his lordship, loftily, "we have quite exhausted the subject."

"If it is not politics, it is quite

as unpleasant," laughed Esmè ; "and therefore I am glad it is exhausted. Papa, Mr Glencairn has given me so many new ideas !"

"They appear to be his *forte*," growled her father.

"Oh, but not stupid, prosy ideas about game, and farmers, and rents ; but about art, and pictures, and the spirit of the age—what you never *will* answer my questions about, or talk about."

"I don't want you to be a 'new light,' my dear. I had rather not see you lecturing on a platform. Pray confine yourself to your own subjects. What?"

"But, papa, what *are* my own subjects?"

"There, there ! don't tease," snapped her father, with a pettish little stamp of his foot.

Esmè gave a comic look of terror, and presently crossing over to Cosmo said, "There is a view to the back you ought to see. Shall we go?" and they began to move.

"Where are you going?" cried Lord Germistoun, sharply.

"Only to the other side of the plateau, papa, to look at the inland view."

"I wish you to go down with me now, at once, Esmè. There is something I wish to have copied," and he turned in the direction of the villa. His lordship's temper was evidently broken, and his company manners all but evaporated ; and so the descent was made in haste, and almost in silence. Even Tom Wyedale's rattling power of talk was not exercised. Tom felt by instinct that it was not his hour. Cool adieux on the part of his lordship, even to Tom ; more than cool—stiff and grim—to Cosmo. A laughing whisper from Esmè to the latter, "Shall we have the gate left open ? Will you visit 'the spectre' to-night?" A gay reply from Cosmo that it would

"hardly be safe, in the present state of the game-laws and the penalties against night-poaching ;" and so the visit ended.

"What were you saying to that puppy, Esmè ?" snarled Lord Germistoun, when the friends had gone.

"What puppy, dear papa?" asked Esmè, with demure innocence.

"You know who I mean ; that priggish fellow with the theatrical name—Glencairn."

"Oh, Mr Glencairn ! I could never have recognised him under all these wonderful epithets."

"You're a little imbecile. I hate giggling. You distinctly giggled with him just now. I abominate giggling. Get ink."

"You're ruining all my plans for the autumn, Cosmo," said Tom, as they strolled homewards.

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"Mean ? I mean that you're getting that old man's back up mountains high ; and he's just the sort of fellow to visit your sins upon your associate. You'll cut me out of my Dunerlacht shooting, to a moral certainty. Why do you beard him ? Why do you run against his hobbies?"

"Do you suppose *I* am going to cry 'Amen' to every pompous old autocrat who chooses to talk nonsense to me ? I wouldn't do it to get all the shooting in Scotland for myself ; and I'm not likely to do it merely to let your 'programme,' as you call it, fulfil itself."

"It's deuced selfish of you, then. There is no place in Scotland where you can make so mixed a bag, or so big a one, as Dunerlacht—that I'm sure of. There's a lake, and a marsh, and the moor, and a good lump of forest, and A1 partridge-ground—all convenient to each other. It's unique—that's what it is ; and I've set my heart upon it.

And now I'm to lose it, all because of your conceited, stiff-necked temper! What *does* it matter what the Lowland tenant-farmer thinks, or does, or says, or suffers? Confound the Lowland tenant-farmer! For a day's good shooting I would agree to swear him anything from an angel to an imp of darkness; and, for the same consideration, I'd include in the same category every agriculturist, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same! Hang it all! what can it matter to *you*? But I've no patience with you."

"There's an effrontery about your selfishness, Tom, which is almost magnificent, from its expanse. However, you're not a humbug—not to *me*, that is to say—which is so far well. And now, for your comfort, I may tell you that I shall spare your prospects any further jeopardy by having nothing more to do with Lord Germistoun. His manner to me is nothing short of insolent. So be of good cheer. A little of your unadulterated blarney will soon set matters right for you and your unique mixed bag."

"What! you'll cut the connection altogether?"

"Yes, I will."

"And Miss Douglas?"

"Well, what of her? Of course I can't meet her if I don't meet her father."

"That's a pity too; you seem to pull well: but I suppose it can't be helped. After all, there's a good deal of common-sense, Cosmo, in what you say. There's an incompatibility between your temper and that old patriarch's that would lead to nothing pleasant for either of you. Your absence will certainly help my autumn scheme. On the whole, I have no objection. It won't be so pleasant, of course, going by one's self; but I can make a sacrifice for a friend at a time, I hope."

"Of a friend, at least, beyond any sort of question."

"That's right; have a good sneer. Don't mind me. It will do you a world of good, after bottling up so much dignity with his lordship. By the by, you've decided, I suppose, to close with Finmore?"

"No; and I don't think, on reflection, that I'll go to Scotland this autumn. I think I may go to the Dolomites, perhaps, or try the fishing in Bohemia, or make the tour of the Crimea—one ought to do that—and perhaps work through the islands of the Ægean afterwards, or——"

"Why not do the Andamans, or the Fijis, when you're about it? or, say the Antarctic Circle? Well, you *are*—— Then, one way or other, you're determined to ruin my autumn—that's about it. So there's no good my hanging on *here* to make up my book. I'll be off. I say, by the by"—here Tom lowered his voice to a confidential tone—"do you remember what I was saying about my banker the other night?"

"No, I can't say I do, particularly; he is so often under discussion, you know."

"Why, I told you, didn't I, of his heathenish conduct, about that over-draft? and you very kindly said——"

"Did I?"

"That is, you were just going to say, when that old ass began to shout for assistance——"

But here again Tom was interrupted. "Lady and gentleman anxious to see you, sir," said a waiter, for they had now reached the hotel.

"Who are they?" said Tom.

"Don't know name, sir."

"Where, then?"

"No. 26, sir. Just arrived from Milan. Maid and courier, sir."

"Do *they* want to see me too?"

"No, sir," grinned the waiter.

"Show me up, then." And off he went, all excitement, forgetful of his budget, and his autumn, and everything else.

"What a weathercock the fellow is!" muttered Cosmo. "No doubt his finances are in an awful state, and some one will certainly have to suffer. Just as certainly, however, Tom won't be the sufferer."

CHAPTER V.

Tom Wyedale was not again visible to his friend that evening. Apparently the anonymous party in No. 26 had proved amusing; and thus Cosmo was left to his own society. An occasional respite from Tom's eternal flow of mirth and *badinage* was not unwelcome to him, and on this afternoon it was a positive relief. Cosmo was in a thoughtful mood. He indulged it in a long saunter along the shores of the lake; and at night, when the moon rose, he went out upon his balcony overlooking the lake, and again took up the thread of his reverie.

At certain stages of life, people of a certain temperament and cast of thought seem to become suddenly conscious that their relations with the past are altogether altered—that what seemed, but yesterday, good and pleasant and fitting, must, or ought to, cease to be so any longer. Such minds do not appear (though the process, if unconscious, must be gradual) to arrive gradually at a conviction of change, but to reach, with a bound, each new standpoint, from which the necessities of the actual present and the things of the immediate past are instantaneously discovered to have no relation to each other, but to be separated by an impassable gulf. To such, even at the outer confines of childhood, its toys become in an instant despicable. At the next stage, the delights and ambitions of adolescence are discovered, by a *coup d'œil*, to be paltry and in-

sufficient. Later on, the goodness of pleasure, scanned in the musings of a single night, seems in a night to pale and wither—exposed by a sudden vivid light, in which life's realities flash upon the vision, or in which duty unmasks itself and emerges from the luminous mists of illusion. And so on, doubtless, to the end; for these are only, in a more defined and emphatic form, that series of deaths and resurrections which, in ourselves, we all undergo, and which connects itself with the ultimate death which we all know we must die—with the ultimate resurrection, in which we hope to begin a new and higher life. The experiences of each past stage are the poet's "stepping-stones of their dead selves," by which men may rise to nobler things; and those to whom each stage is thus sharply revealed ought to have the firmest foothold for the ascent.

Cosmo Glencairn was of this temperament. In his case, one of these stages had been marked by his adoption of the army as a profession, and another by his retirement from it. To the first step he was led, not merely by the natural attraction which the "career of arms" has for spirited youth, but, after the close of a studious and earnest career at the university, by a sudden reactionary feeling in favour of an active as against a studious and contemplative life. "I have learned my part for the drama of life, as much as books can teach it

to me ; and now I must play it. Life cannot be meant to be passed in literary *otium* or philosophical speculation. A true man's true mission is active exertion in the noblest sphere he can find. I have had enough of books. Let me act ; let me be a hero !" Thus mused the young enthusiast ; and his ignorance of that life in which, as he conceived, he had learned to play his part, suddenly buried his aspirations in the baths of a cavalry regiment. Noble lives are doubtless led, and noble aspirations fulfilled, in that splendid branch of a glorious service ; but the aspirants are usually more patient, and have more definite and limited and less transcendental aims, than those professed by Cosmo Glencairn, who forgot that in actual warfare alone does the army offer a really exalted and heroic sphere for active exertion. But to lead an active and heroic life !—it was for this that he turned his back upon the Muses ; and, after the pleasant novelty of the dramatic side of military life had worn off, he found that he was embracing a shadow where he had hoped to find a substance.

There was nothing heroic in the routine of "stables" and parades—nothing lofty in mounting guard over things that required no protection ; and he was too much (or too little) of a philosopher, to like, or even venerate, the minutiae of regimental organisation, and their liturgical observance, in consideration of that far-away end—efficiency before the enemy—which they are designed to subserve. The patience which does so consciously is eminently laudable, and may indeed be altogether heroic ; but Cosmo's heroism was of a different stamp. Yet youth, however earnest and philosophical, is youth after all—Mr Stuart Mill's venerable infancy notwithstanding ; and the weariness

and disappointment which his mistaken choice of a profession entailed, were for a time neutralised, or at least quieted, by those first experiences of social pleasure which are so delightful when life opens in a burst of sunshine. Many of the best gifts of Fortune—youth, health, wealth, personal charms, gay surroundings, troops of pleasant friends, promotion coming quickly, as it often comes to those who care nothing for it,—all these were Cosmo's. It was a glittering life ; and it was only at the end of five years that the conviction flashed upon him that the brightness was not the effulgence of sterling gold. But then it came suddenly, embodied in the following reflections : "It is all pleasure—nothing else. What we call 'duty' is simply mechanical, calling for nothing but the slightest physical exertion. I am doing nothing ; I am thinking nothing ; I am losing ground intellectually. The world is none the better for me. I am altogether deteriorating in the sphere which I have chosen ; I must leave it at once. Nothing else seems open to me—no other field for high or even useful effort. After all, I am ignorant and uncultivated, and fit for nothing. I thought myself educated when I left college, but I find that I had only learned the alphabet, and I have been unlearning it ever since. Self-culture—that must be my first business ; when that is complete, the hidden uses of my existence may be revealed."

The immediate consequence of all this was, a few weeks later, the 'Gazette' announcement : "—Draagoon Guards.—Captain Cosmo Glencairn retires from the service by the sale of his commission ;" and the departure of the ex-draagoon shortly after, with a trunk full of promiscuous literature, science, art, and philosophy, to qualify for the

discovery of the hidden uses of his existence, in a tour through Europe. Cosmo did not plunge haphazard into his travels, shaping and changing his course by passing caprice. He set about his educational pilgrimage in a most systematic way; and his appearance at any special place generally marked a stage of progress in some particular study. History, art, systems of philosophy, systems of religion, ethnology—such and such-like—were the companions, the directors, the objects of his travel; and, since the strongholds of art and history lie for the most part in pleasant and romantic lands, his poetic fancy and his love for the beautiful were for ever receiving fresh delights and new instruction. His tour was by no means a continuous one; it was regularly broken every year by a return home for several months, which were spent in visiting his friends, and in that Highland sport which he loved almost as well as did the feverish intriguer—his friend Tom Wyedale.

Thus had passed more than three years; and the years of Cosmo's life were eight-and-twenty—a great age, as it appeared to him—a great many years to have been passed in receiving seed, without the issue of a single grain of harvest crop. And on this night, looking down from his balcony upon the still and moonlit waters, this conviction—the spirit, perhaps, of another stage—fell upon him. Deep was his depression, deep his self-dissatisfaction, as he reviewed his own career and the process of his own self-culture. He came to the conclusion that, after all his pains, he was still but at the threshold of knowledge, and as far removed as ever from achievement of any sort. “Born to be a cipher, a dreamer, at best a *dilettante*.” Such was his despairing verdict on himself, as it

well may be that of others who, however cultivated, neither test nor utilise their acquirements, by carrying them into the field of active competition with other men. And what then? The future seemed to be a blank. Was this another recoil from the contemplative to the active life, destined to mark the commencement of a new phase in his history? He certainly believed it to be so. Of one thing he was convinced—that from his wandering life all the good, if any, that could be derived from it, had been already extracted, and that it ought to cease. But in the future there was a blank; and even for the time, in his own consciousness, all onward impulses to effort and achievement seemed to be paralysed. The darkness of soul which falls at times so overwhelmingly upon the children of genius, fell down upon him—that darkness which permits the sufferer to see nothing save his own impotence, the incompleteness of the highest human effort, the shortness of life and the narrow limits of human power in comparison with the magnitude of human aspiration,—these, and, written everywhere and standing out in letters of fire on the walls of this mental prison-house, a mournful inscription declaring that “all is vanity.” The steps which led up to the conclusion that his wandering life must cease, had no doubt been many, though passed over all but unconsciously; but some proximate cause of especial energy there must have been to develop and unmask the conviction, and to bring about this state of despondency, from the midst of which it sprang into evidence. The task is not for us to grope through psychological labyrinths, and discover, for the concurrence of intellectual convictions and strange phases of moral consciousness, the explanation of a common cause.

Suffice it to say, that something in the events of the day had produced the feeling of despondency; and the sentiment of self-dissatisfaction which usually accompanies it, had naturally issued in the conviction that a change of life was necessary. But what was that something which set the whole process in motion? Cosmo himself could not have told you. It certainly could not have been the disturbance of his equanimity by Lord Germistoun's unpleasant tone and bearing towards him. Certainly not. He could never have allowed himself to be more than irritated by any one whom he held in contempt. Was it in reality the discovery of a new want—the unconscious perception of a void in his life, in his being, revealed by the existence of that which might satisfy the one by filling the other? Well, but what was the want? and what could supply it? All was misty, dark, and perplexing, and Cosmo's cogitations brought no solution.

It was late when they came to a close, and he turned from the balcony. But as he turned, the moon, which for a time had been

obscured, dropped, far away out upon the lake, a solitary circle of silver light. Complete and solitary, it gleamed for a moment with a weird effulgence—isolated in the darkness of surrounding waters—gleamed thus for a moment, then slowly widened, and at last gradually broke into a thousand tremulous shafts, from the midst of which one broad smooth avenue of mellow fire went solemnly to landward. It crept up through the gardens of the Villa Bianca, and bathed its glittering walls; it stole over the exuberant foliage of the woods behind, and absorbed into its breadth of light the snowy glints that flashed from plumes of feathery blossom,—till, from the lake to the hill-top, it lay like the path of some blessed angel who paused a moment on his heavenward way and rested upon Esmè's home. Oh, mother Nature! beauteous and benign—mother that never yet deceived the heart that loved thee well—was this the mute response of thy tender oracle to the bewilderment of a spirit that dimly felt, but could not utter, its enigma?

CHAPTER VI.

Tom Wyedale was by no means a domestic character. So much may have already been surmised. His intercourse with his relations was intermittent and spasmodic, depending very often upon the state of his exchequer. Barometric pressure in that quarter was usually accompanied by a rise in the thermometer of his family affections, and *vice versa*; and in the latter condition there generally intervened between him and his people a certain haze which concealed from either party the whereabouts and movements of the other. Tom was

the kind of fellow whom one meets without surprise in any part of the habitable globe; lounging in the "Street of Hermes," or loafing in "Fifth Avenue;" swarming up the "Cordilleras;" in "the Corso," in "Rotten Row," in the "Maid-aan;" punting at San Francisco or Monte Carlo; in the ring at Epsom, at Longchamps, or Deyrah Doon,—wherever men are conspicuous by their presence or their absence; and very especially where money is to be lightly made and lightly lost. His own appreciation of time and space being blunted by his erratic

habits, he was prepared, in his turn, to meet any one anywhere without astonishment. Thus, when he walked into No. 26 and found his brother-in-law and his sister, Mr and Mrs Francis Ravenhall, his only emotion was one of slight regret that his summons had not come from a more interesting quarter.

"Oh, it's you, Lucy, is it?" he said as he entered; "I couldn't think who it could be. How are you, Frank? Well, what brings you Londoners here at this time of year, when the gay and voluptuous throng the haunts of folly? and how does the senator escape from the toils of lawgiving? How does the wisdom of the nation thrive without its mainspring?"

"Oh, Frank has been out of sorts—overworked; too many committees, and then the night-work. We have come away for a month's complete rest."

"As Frank's night-work usually consists of eating big, good dinners, and playing small, bad whist, I think we can promise him perfect repose down here. But is this your destination?"

"Well, we haven't quite decided on anything. As we were passing through Milan, we met the Philipises, and heard a charming account of the weather here, and also that you were here; so we thought we might as well run down and try it: and here we are. What a time it is since we have seen you! Where have you been? What have you been doing with yourself? What can you be doing in this quiet place? Are you alone?"

"Too many questions, impetuous sister. *Commençons par le commencement.* Where have I been? I answer, like the wind, 'Where have I not been?' Well, I was in Albania February and a bit of March, with Bertie Radcliffe. We

lived on board his yacht, you know, and landed to shoot. The shooting was fair, and the yacht well found, and the cook really quite a gentleman; but it was rather a sacrifice of time. However, I didn't mind. The fact is, Bertie's wife ran away from him, as I daresay you know, last winter, and my post is ever with the afflicted."

"Particularly when they have good cooks and good shooting."

"Providence has placed me in such a sphere that I am usually called to mingle my tears with those of affluence; but, had I been born in fustian, they would have been equally at the disposal of brother chaw-bacons. We all have our missions, Lucinda. We ought all to be thankful for such chances of sacrifice as come our way. We ought not to grudge to others the more delicious depths of self-abnegation and misery with which they may have been blessed."

"Well, well, Monsieur Tartuffe, and when did you leave Sir Albert?"

"As soon as I could, kindly and consistently. Bertie benefited immensely in spirits by the shooting; and when the best of it was over, he was quite another man, and I was able to leave him. He went on to the Piræus: indeed he wanted me to go with him; and I might have done so, but unfortunately his admirable cook fell through a hatchway and broke three of his ribs, which put him *hors de combat*, of course; and then I felt that an extra mouth to feed, in a scratch sort of way, would be a burden—so I left him. After that, I went home for a week or two, and was at Newmarket for 'The Guineas.' By the by, Frank, didn't you dine with me in town one night about that time?"

"Certainly not."

"Quite sure?"

"I haven't set eyes on you for eight months."

"No? I fancied I remembered your making a row about a bad truffle at the Windham. I daresay, after all, it was old Jack Ruggles. He is just like you, you know—thinks of nothing but his grub. I believe it *was* old Jack."

"Much obliged to you for the compliment."

"Well, then, let me see, where was I? I really *was* very unfortunate at Newmarket, and my banker—you have no conception what a villain that man is, Lucy—behaved scandalously; and altogether, it was convenient to give up a summer campaign in town; and when I heard from my old crony, Cosmo Glencairn, that he was in Florence, and going to moon about in this part of the world for a bit, I thought I might as well join him. Cosmo and I hit it off exactly. He is a quiet, studious man. Our habits are similar, and we are mutually of use to each other in our pursuits."

"Pray what are your pursuits?" asked Mr Ravenhall.

"Severely intellectual, Frank. I am trying to solve as knotty a problem as ever knit the brows of thought."

"And what may that be?"

"I am haunted by the desire to disprove the Epicurean dictum, '*De nihilo nihil in nihilum nil posse reverti*'—nothing from nothing is made, nothing to nothing returns. Do you know where the horrible hexameter comes from?"

"No, I don't."

"No matter. I can't remember; and of course, in a parliament of plutocrats, classic lore don't pay, and you're not likely to know. But the pith of it—the major proposition—can you disprove it?"

"I think so."

"Will you back yourself against

Epicurus for six hundred sovereigns?"

"You know I never bet."

"I hate a fellow who hasn't the courage of his opinions. But never mind, disprove it."

"The world was made out of nothing."

"Oh Solomon! what a bold assertion! Nevertheless, *conceditur*. Well, but let us descend to humbler regions, and apply the case where it affects a man who hasn't the slightest desire to make a world."

"Well, well, well?"

"Well?"

"What are you driving at, man alive?"

"Man alive, I want to draw out of void a tangible something."

"Oh, you're getting beyond me."

"Exactly what my banker said when I stated this very case to him in a less abstract form—viz, that I wanted to overdraw my account, which was empty, by six hundred sovereigns. There was the void and the tangible something, all *en règle*. The fellow has no orthodoxy; when pressed, it turned out that he held with Epicurus obstinately. 'While you have no "effects,"' he said, in his hideous jargon, 'it is impossible for us to honour your drafts.' *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*"

"Oh Tom, Tom, you are incorrigible!" cried his sister. "All this fine philosophy only comes to the old, old, tiresome story."

"No one can be more tired of it than I am, Lucy."

"Then why don't you do something?"

"I piped to promotion in the Civil Service of my country till I was short of breath, but it declined to dance. In an age of mediocrity there is no market for genius."

"What are you about, then?"

"I tell you. I have been trying to confute Epicurus without

success, and it's getting serious, Lucy—I can tell you, very serious. It has been serious for certain people for a long time—so my creditors assure me; but now it's becoming grave for myself. In fact, Epicurus proving correct, my immediate future is, financially speaking, rather more than cloudy. Don't you think, now, that the squire might for once——”

“No, Tom; I'm sure he won't—not 'for once,' by the by, but for the tenth time. He becomes furious when your name is mentioned.”

“That fellow has the soul of Cain. Well, then——” and here Tom's gaze rested mournfully on his brother-in-law.

“Don't look at me, Tom—don't look at *me!*” cried that gentleman hastily, and nervously buttoning his coat.

“Don't be afraid, Frank,” said Tom, changing his look to one of contempt; “if the man who fell among thieves were to be similarly unfortunate a second time, do you think he would waste a glance upon the Levite? Not a bit of him. No more do I.”

“Very well, then—very well,” gobbled Mr Ravenhall, with rising choler; “we're both satisfied.”

“That I am satisfied, I deny; that you should be satisfied, is discouraging to one who hopes for the amelioration of the species.”

“Well, now,” cried Mr Ravenhall, addressing an imaginary audience—“well, now, here is a fellow who has wasted his patrimony, and thrown away his chances of getting on. Here is a fellow who is in debt—deeply in debt—for the twelfth time——”

“There have not been eleven liquidations, old man,” interpolated Tom.

“A fellow, I say, who is in debt deeply, and who expects his friends

to get him out of his scrapes, while he lives—lives——”

“Like a fighting-cock, you mean; but I don't—not at my own expense, at least.”

“Lives, I say, a life of idle extravagance and pleasure; here is this fellow——” but here Mr Ravenhall's eloquence failed him.

“Well,” said Tom, “errors excepted, here he is; *après?*”

“Well, hang me, if he oughtn't to feel his position!”

“He does, my boy: what he complains of is, that others don't.”

“Why didn't you take the secretaryship to Mr Foozler when I got it for you?”

“I hate encouraging fraud. Mr Foozler would have started on my brains as a first-class parliamentary speaker. Besides, I decline to cram a politician to whom my principles are opposed.”

“Principles! Pray what are your principles?”

“Patriotic (and personal) Conservatism.”

“Patriotic fiddlesticks! They have their price, I'll be bound.”

“So well I; but as yet, the price has not been offered. To return to Epicurus, I am that void out of which that nothing—radicalism—cannot be produced for nothing.”

“And what the deuce does the man mean to do?”

“We go round in a circle, my legislator; the man solicits tenders of advice and assistance on that very point. The Epicureans——”

“Oh, d—n the Epicureans!” shouted Mr Ravenhall; and clapping his hat on his head, he bounced out of the room. Tom threw himself into a chair with a shout of laughter.

“Frank,” he cried, “is evidently not a Stoic, and he curses the Epicureans; what manner of philosopher, then, is Frank?”

"You ought not to vex and tease Frank."

"Why is he so confoundedly rusty, then?"

"He is not well, poor fellow; and then your light tone about money and your difficulties vexes him. He has a great regard for you, and believes you to have ability, and can't bear to see you waste yourself. Admit, Tom, that you *are* provoking, and reckless, and unsatisfactory, and——"

"Altogether charming. Yes, I will admit anything to your sisterly ear; but I say, Lucy, don't you really think you *might* draw the squire for me? I'll let him off as cheap as I can—upon my word I will; and you might even hint that if I have a good 'Leger' I might refund. I suppose, perhaps that *would* be too strong, though. At all events, you may use full discretion."

"No, Tom."

"Come, Lucy: appeal to his brotherly feelings; say I'm looking thin and wretched. How would it do to suggest that want of proper nourish——"

"No, no, Tom; there has been quite too much of that sort of thing already. He has never forgiven that mythical rheumatic fever in Bulgaria."

"Ah! that was awkward; but who could have expected him to turn up at Wiesbaden? What right had he to come to Wiesbaden?"

"No, Tom; there's nothing to be expected from him or any of us. You must really help yourself."

"But how?"

"Ah! that's the question. On the whole, I see nothing for it but to do as I have advised before. You must marry money."

Tom made a wry face.

"You *might* have married Miss

Carter, you know; she had £130,000."

"Might I?"

"Every one said so."

"Except herself."

"Try to be in earnest for a moment."

"Well, failing Miss C.?"

"You must look about you."

"I can't look about me without money. Epicurus and the void meet us at every turn."

"You have seen no one suitable?"

"Not I."

"We must think."

"Well, that's cheap, at all events."

"By the by, Mrs Phillips said the Germistounes were here."

"They are."

"He is an old friend of mine; he was a great friend of poor Uncle Tom's. By the by, the girl must be grown up, is she not?"

"By the by, how cunning we are! Yes, she is grown up."

"And you have met her?"

"Certainly."

"And—and——"

"No, Lucy; I'm not a marrying man."

"If it is between marriage and starvation?"

"*Quien sabe?*"

"Come, Tom, be sensible. Is she nice?"

"Yes."

"And pretty?"

"Cosmo Glencairn calls her a Madonna."

"Cosmo Glencairn! hem!—does he admire her?"

"As a sensible man may, who can afford to be jolly *without* marrying."

"Reprobates! Well, there is an heiress for you. It must be £20,000 a-year at least."

"Very likely; but there are three to a bargain in this case: self, first;

damsel, second; last, but not least, angry father."

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

"I don't think it's in my line, Lucy. I don't know how to set about it; and I should get sick of the business before the climax. She is a nice girl, and pretty, and rich, and all the rest of it—but what am I?"

"Oh, you're good-looking, and clever, and can make yourself charming if you choose, and——"

"You sweet sister! and a younger son barnaced with debts, and perhaps not of the best possible reputation."

"Why, you've done nothing *very* wrong, have you?"

"No, no—nothing that every one else *doesn't* do; but 'every one else' is a little disreputable in the eyes of the old world. Ah, that old lord! I shudder to think of his imperial aspect when I proffer my suit and tell the unvarnished tale of my impecuniosity. Besides, an heiress of *that* sort, Lucy! Surely she is above my flight?"

"Nothing and nobody are above a man's flight, if he will only use his wits perseveringly."

"But an heiress, not merely of money, not merely of lands, but of territories, mountains in the Highlands, mines in the Lowlands, tracts of arable everywhere; and last, not least, a pedigree. Good heavens! a Scotch pedigree; going back to the period of the mastodon! That is a kind of heirloom which the old lord would not like to transmit to the keeping of a mere fellow like me."

"Our family is as old as most."

"Yes; but we have none of the thin blue blood of Caledonian thanes who lived and robbed long before the heptarchy. I suspect that would be a *sine quâ non* in

this case. I don't remember that there is any larceny in our pedigree."

"How did you get on with his lordship?"

"Famously. I 'compassed him with observances,' having an eye to some shooting at his place this autumn. Shooting!—by heavens! that's something like a game estate. By heavens! Lucy, if the match *did* come off, I should have quite the best general shooting I know; and if I were to buy the next place, Pockmahalakin (pretty title, by the by, for an eldest son—'Baron Pockmahalakin!'), even the forest would be a good deal more than respectable. I'm not sure that I wouldn't drain the lake and plant it—part of it, at least; there's far more than enough now: part of it would be the very thing for a polo-ground. And then ponies from the Shetland Islands, crossed with Norwegian! By George! we'd have a kind of polo undreamt of at Hurlingham. We'd make it a national sport, and swear it a revival. With plenty of bagpipes and yelling, it would be accepted as the familiar recreation of Scottish royalty in the days of Kenneth M'Alpine. I myself, as 'The M'Wyedale,' in a suitable tartan invented by Poole—by that time appeased and an ally——"

"Oh Tom, Tom! I begin to despair of you."

"Well, Lucy, enough of sorrow. Let us, for the moment, cast this matrimonial physic to the dogs. Upon my honour, I'm in a very ugly corner, and will place myself in your hands, and *will* follow your advice, if you think you see your way out of it; yea, though the gates of matrimony should have to open for me. But even for you, Lucy, my Lord of Germistoun will be a hard nut to crack. I tell him

off to you, of course. Be mine the sweeter task to throw glamour over his 'Princess of Thule,' if I can; and so—

All hail, M'Wyedale! hail to thee,
Thane of Dunerlacht!

All hail, M'Wyedale! hail to thee,
Thane of Ferniehall!

All hail, M'Wyedale! that shalt be
Pockmahalakin!—

and here comes Frank, *à la bonne heure*. Well, Frank, we've laid the ghost of Epicurus; and I've repented, reformed, and become practical. Lucy and I have been arranging a new scheme of life for your contrite brother-in-law. But of that to-morrow; and now let me have all the gossip. But first, by the by, about dinner?"

"We've ordered it here at 7.30. Will you join us?"

"I am here. *Quis separabit?* A capital speech, by the by, Frank, that of yours, on the Canadian Railway Guarantee business; quite to the point."

"Oh, you read that?"

"Read it? we all read it; for once your principles are mine."

"I'm glad you liked it."

"Oh, it was quite first-rate. By the by, about the wine here—avoid Roederer's champagne. I hope you haven't ordered *that*? It's spurious, and they always try to force it."

"No, I hadn't ordered *any* champagne."

"Lucky, by Jove! Then—*experto crede*—order 'Pomery and Greno,' vintage '65; that's the stuff for a legislator—and his connections."

"You're an original, Tom, certainly," said Mr Ravenhall; but he was mollified by the compliment to his speech, and the 'Pomery' *was* forthcoming. Tom, thus fortified, was pleased to be extremely amusing, and the party broke up at last on the most amiable terms.

"I will call on the Germistounes to-morrow," said his sister to Tom as they separated.

"Good night, best of sisters! and, I am sure, of sisters-in-law to be," said Tom.

VICTOR HUGO.

If there is a contemporary writer whose language could do justice to Victor Hugo's genius, it is the great poet and novel-writer himself. For it is altogether impossible to define it, and exact definition is a thing of which Victor Hugo is incapable. But it might be appropriately indicated by those sonorous phrases often so magnificently eloquent, which may mean much or little, or nothing at all, according as it pleases you to interpret them. We can hardly doubt that Victor Hugo generally understands himself; or at least that he has a clear conception of the dominating idea which is firing his imagination for the moment. But it is rarely easy to follow his chain of reasoning or his line of thought; and the brain gets dazed and dazzled in the multiplication of his metaphors and illustrations. He is not content with expressing his idea in a single far-fetched epigram. He exults in the exuberance of his warm fancy, and seems to fetch his illustrations from the immensity of the Infinite in which his intellect is floating. His greatest source of power is fatal to the completeness and finish of his work. For his mind is far too fervid, and its action far too rapid and impulsive. Whatever his gifts and the virtues of his style, he has no strength of self-control, and no sense of proportion. When the spirit is moving in him it must have its say, no matter how unfortunately timed may be the utterance; so that his poems have seldom either consistency or sequence, and his fictions are marred by all manner of digressions. Victor Hugo has good reason to believe in himself, and we probably do him no injustice in fancying that he is his own most ardent

worshipper. But it is a pity that he had not shown some little consideration for those simple rules of art which go so far to make the grandest reputations. He would occupy a very different position with his contemporaries, to say nothing of his standing in the temple of fame, had he taught himself to submit to the practice of self-restraint instead of abandoning himself absolutely to the volition of his genius. In his latest poem he confesses the inspired independence which rejects all order or systematic relation, although he does not care to apologise for it, nor seem conscious that it has been his invariable habit. And we could wish too that he had condescended to be more intelligible. It is true that it may not be given to meaner mortals to plumb the depths in the mind of the Poet; and in the consciousness of his mission and his heaven-born gift it must sound to him like the profanity of ignorance, should we pray him to be more prosaic. But, after all, the noblest forms of poetry should surely come as a revelation which may be brought home to the mind of the many; not like the mystic mutterings of the oracle, which can only be vaguely interpreted by the initiated.

One must have a certain sense of presumption in calling attention to the shortcomings of an extraordinary genius; but, at least, in the case of Victor Hugo, we may be free from any strong feeling of the kind. These faults of his are too patent, and, we may add, too painful. For we admire him so much, and have so often been delighted by his works, that it is honest flattery rather than ingratitude, when we

are indignant that he should not have delighted us more. And we are angry for his sake as much as for our own, that he should not have stooped to go to school in his youth, when he might have profited by the universal experience of his predecessors. We dare not say that he has wasted, but he has certainly been reckless of opportunities such as rarely fall to the lot of writers. It is now five-and-fifty years since he published his first volume of poems; it was some ten years later that he wrote his 'Notre Dame de Paris,' which had been preceded by more than one remarkable novel; and here we have this veteran at the age of seventy-five giving us a fresh instalment of the 'Légende des Siècles'—a magnificent poem when all is said—and promising not merely its completion in due course, but the immediate publication of several other works.

Victor Hugo is seventy-five, yet his mental eye is not dimmed, nor is his bodily strength greatly abated. He shows the same richness of fancy, the same powerful grasp of grand ideas, the same originality of thought, and the same susceptibility of feeling, as when he wrote in what would have been the maturity of men of feebler stamina. There is as much of youthful impetuosity, and as much of nervous vigour, as when he flashed out on the world in the 'Odes and Ballads.' And all the time he has been indefatigably occupied; ransacking strange store-houses of fantastic learning; tracing the mythology, the superstitions, the legends, and the semi-mythical history of every race and creed, till he has accumulated a store of the peculiar treasure which he of all men has the talent to use. But how much of it has been unhappily misapplied so far as his own immortality is concerned! Should he be spared, as we trust he may, to

write those books which he promises, we know very nearly what we may expect. They will abound in beauties of no common order; they will be enriched by rare thoughts and sublime conceptions; they will show a generous sympathy with the sorrows of mankind, and breathe ideal aspirations as to human perfectibility. But they will be written in the style and shape that were formed thirty or forty years ago. They will show the tyro in practical politics; and possibly the melancholy spectacle of a Titan in intellect laying himself open to the ridicule of the *premier-venu* of the pigmies. We may enjoy them more or less than others that have gone before, but that will be all. For this noble 'Légende des Siècles' shows not the slightest advance in art on its predecessor or on the 'Châtiments'; and his latest novel but one—'L'Homme qui rit'—is more artistically faulty than anything he has composed.

It has been unfortunate for his fame that he has been so much of a Frenchman in more ways than one. It seems harsh to reproach a man with an excess of patriotism, especially when his much-loved country has fallen upon evil times. But Hugo's party escapades and democratic volubility have reacted on his literary career and his serious literary workmanship. Political opinions fly to the head with him; he has preached the principles of that pernicious gospel that the Communists of Paris translated into action. He has dreamed a perfection of institutions that presupposed a perfectibility of nature; and those of his countrymen who have followed him, or dragged him with them, have still a long way to go towards perfection. We cannot conceive that he has been blind to their shortcomings; and it is probable that their very faults or their

crimes have tended to increase the exaltation of his language. If his doctrines in their legitimate application have sown the dragon's teeth,—if things turn out other than as they ought to do,—the more that he is disappointed and disenchanted in his heart, the more fondly he clings to his illusions. It is touching, in spite of the unconscious self-satire of his writings, to see how firmly he has held to his fancies about his ideal Paris,—the salt of the earth, and the lamp of civilisation. We are far from desiring to deny the claims of France on the friends of civilisation and refinement; but Victor Hugo's jealous and excessive exaggeration is almost the only sign of senility about him. Not that there is anything really senile about that, for he felt and spoke equally extravagantly in the hot-headed fervour of his early youth. He is perfectly happy making a speech to the crowd on some subject that is touching every man of them closely; when each burning word falls like a firebrand on the heap of inflammable materials that is piled all ready to his hand. He is entirely in his element, writing a glorification of his darling Lutetia in such a handbook as was given to the world on the occasion of the last grand exhibition there. But it would have been well for him, and well for his readers, had he blown off his sentimental hallucinations by such occasional safety-valves, instead of leavening all his books with them; thus provoking our smiles when he would have had us most serious, by blending the sublime with the ludicrous and impossible.

At the same time, rather than be misunderstood, we must run the risk of repeating ourself. We admire and we respect him too much to do him unintentional injustice: and the comprehensiveness and

tenderness of his philanthropy; his habit of judging the world by himself; his rooted belief in his theories of virtue,—only needed to have been modified by unbiassed observation, and chastened by his own melancholy experiences. It is that vast philanthropy of his, indiscriminate and ill-regulated though it be—those feelings of chivalrous gentleness towards the helpless, with the affection he shows for the suffering and the miserable—that make the great charm of his books. And though his heart is as soft as a woman's, and although he is impulsively feminine in the quick transitions of his moods, yet the spirit of his genius is thoroughly masculine. He glorifies manhood wherever he meets with it, and his moral conceptions are invariably lofty. Not a few of his noblest characters are to be found among men whose opinions or prejudices are antipathetical to his own. And his teaching, if it is sometimes politically dangerous, is always morally pure. In spite of the *écartades* of his somewhat sickly sentimentality, the tone of his books is sound and invigorating: he preaches above everything man's duty to his neighbours; he inculcates charity and self-abnegation; he arouses you to the grave responsibilities of life, and bids you make the most of the powers and the talents that are given you in trust for your fellows. He reminds you that you are bound to bear your part in advancing the cause of humanity; and is never more indignantly eloquent than in denouncing the pharisaism that wraps itself in self-righteousness and despises others. Victor Hugo is French in every fibre, but he is a living reproof to the troops of his clever countrymen who have prostituted facile pens to pander to popular fashions. It is true that he handles delicate subjects with the force and the freedom of a strong

and honest man. He calls a spade a spade on occasion, with the nervous bluntness of our sacred writers and old divines. Nay, he sometimes scandalises English taste, indulging in rhapsodies that had better have been omitted; as when he chants the "epithalamium" of Marius and Cosette in the 'Misérables,' from his own very peculiar point of view; or when he indulges in his odd "excursus" on the imaginary "mot" of Cambronne. It is his habit to analyse, rather than to gaze. But he only rests upon impurity to reprobate it; though, while holding the sin up to reprobation, he delights in offering opportunities of repentance to the sinner.

So he carries the earnestness of his nature and the courage of his opinions into the choice of his subjects. Not unfrequently, according to our ideas, he provokingly fails in some magnificent theme, because he will persist in looking for far-fetched lessons in it, and will wrest it to the illustration of doctrines with which it is only connected by some shadowy train of association invisible to all but himself. Yet, on the other hand, we may have him selecting some subject where failure seems a foregone conclusion. Perhaps it even suggests at first sight nothing but what is ludicrous or degrading; and it is hard to attune the soul of the reader to sympathy and admiration when he is disposed beforehand to smile or mock. Yet it is precisely in some feat of the kind that Hugo is likely to be most successful. He accomplishes his *tour de force* without the slightest apparent effort; and before you are aware of it, the smile is dying on your lips, and possibly the moisture may be rising in your eyes.

Victor Hugo is essentially a poet, and he is a great poet; yet, as he is more likely to live in his novels than in his poems, it is as a novelist

that we propose chiefly to regard him. But it would be an imperfect and one-sided criticism indeed that passed his poetry over in silence; and, as it happens, we can hardly give a better idea of it than by passing under rapid review his new 'Légende des Siècles.' There are passages and whole poems in his earlier volumes which we like at least as well as anything in this latest work—"Boaz endormi," for example, in the former part of the 'Légende;' but, on the whole, this latest work does its author ample justice. Its theme is humanity. Its pervading idea is the *ἀνάγκη*, or inexorable Fatality, whose imaginary influences on various orders of society he has elaborated in four of his most admirable novels. Here we have the cycle of the sufferings of the whole human race, with the struggles waged by its heroes and martyrs against the powers that oppress it. The careless rule of the immortal gods who had crushed the sturdy children of the Earth, was succeeded by the tyranny of kings and priests, aggravating the inevitable miseries of mankind. The opening argument is the vision, "D'où est sorti ce livre." The poet's blindly devoted admirers will be delighted by it; and to us it seems that the grand and sublime greatly predominate over the fantastic. What is certain is, that in thought and style it is in Victor Hugo's most characteristic manner. He attributes life and sensation to inanimate objects. He revels in the most original and wildest conceptions. He brings the old and the new, the sacred and profane, mythology and history, facts and fancies, into strange yet often striking juxtaposition. The wall of the ages rises before him.

"C'était de la chair vive et du granit
brut,
Une immobilité faite d'inquiétude,

Un édifice ayant un bruit de multitude,
Des tours noirs étoilés par de farouches
yeux,
Des évolutions des groupes monstrueux,
De vastes bas-reliefs, des fresques collos-
sales."

It was a floating mass like a rolling cloud ; at once a wall and a crowd of weeping dust and bleeding clay, where the falling stones took human forms, and all mankind, and existence, and the universe, interwoven by the threads of destiny, were palpitating in the face of this wall that lost itself in a vague immensity of darkness. There was a vision of everything, though in dire inextricable confusion—mind and matter, mud and sunlight, arch-angels, demi-gods, saints, heroes ; the cities of the universe, from Thebes to Paris ; the rivers, from the Nile to the Scheldt ; "Hicétus preceding Newton ; the Marseillaise, Æschylus, and the angel after the spectre."

"Et dans l'obscur taillis des êtres et des choses,
Le regardais rôder, noir, riant, l'œil en feu,
Satan, ce braconnier de la forêt de Dieu."

In charming contrast to the grotesque imagery of the prologue is the opening hymn to the Earth. Then comes a wild Veda of the Hindoo mythology, entitled "Suprématie ;" but the finest of the fragments are those that follow, whose themes are the battles of the gods and the Titans. Even here, however, the writer will be political. Those Titans, whose strength and courage have succumbed to the supernal powers, are the prototypes of the people rising in its might to vindicate the rights of man against the monarchy and the privileged orders. In "Le Géant," the mighty Titan growls out his opening monologue with the voice of a man of the Parisian people ; and in the turn of the sentences he launches at

Olympus, you recognise the ring of a Danton's eloquence.

"Un mot ; si par hasard il vous venait l'idée
Que cette herbe ou je dors, de rosée inondée,
Est faite pour subir n'importe quel pied nu,
Et que ma solitude est au premier venu,
Si vous pensiez entrer, dans l'ombre où je séjourne,
Sans que ma grosse tête au fond des bois se tourne,
Si vous figuriez que je vous laisserais
Tout déranger ; percer des trous dans mes forêts,
Ployer mes vieux sapins et casser mes grands chênes,

Vous me croiriez plus bête encore que je ne suis."

There is a fine account of the victory of the gods, of the wreck that has been scattered broadcast over the affrighted Earth, when mountains were bandied about as missiles, and rivers took refuge in subterranean darkness, never again to reappear.

"Les Dieux ont triomphé. Leur victoire est tombée
Sur Enna, sur Larisse et Pylos, sur l'Eubée ;
L'horizon est partout difforme maintenant ;
Pas un mont qui ne soit pas blessé ;
L'Atlas saignant
Est noir sous l'assemblage horrible des nuées ;
Chalcis que les hiboux emplissent des huées,
Le Thrace où l'on adore un vieux glaive rouillé,
L'Hémonie où l'éclair féroce a travaillé,
Tout de mornes deserts que la ruine encombre."

And one solitary mountain, sombre and menacing, blots out the whole horizon of man. It is the sunny Olympus where the gods are revelling after their victory,—the superb Venus, "the murder called Mars," "the theft styled Mercury," and all the rest of them. But while they are feasting careless, Pthos, the oldest of the vanquished Titans, lies bruised and fettered in the caverns deep in the roots of the

mountain : he broods and meditates as he gnaws his giant fists, refusing to accept his defeat. The doom he resents and rebels against has befallen his brethren, for

“Tous les géants sont pris et garrottés.
Que faire ?”

He refuses to resign himself. He exerts his Titanic force and strains his muscles. He bursts his bonds and is at liberty in the labyrinths of his dungeon. Then as he drags himself along in the darkness, rending his way through the rocks with bleeding and mutilated hands, Victor Hugo's imagination has free scope. The giant is groping between darkness and horror. “He pushes the abyss before him and says, ‘Allons.’”

“Il fouille le néant et le néant résiste
Parfois un flamboiement plus noir que la
nuit triste

Et tout ce qu'il faut faire,
Il l'aperçoit. La fin de l'être et de l'espoir,
till at length,

Il est à l'endroit morne où tout n'est plus.
Terreur.
C'est fini. Le titan regarde l'invisible.”

And at last, struggling forth from his prison-house, he scales the seats of the joyous immortals, and breaks in upon their banqueting—

“Et leur cria, terrible ; O dieux, il est un
Dieu.”

Necessarily ‘La Légende’ in its progress must fall below that ambitious key-note. “Après les dieux les rois,” is the title of the following section, and thenceforward we are hurried hither and thither among those scenes of legend and history that have taken the poet's fancy. First come, “Les Trois Cents,” the gallant stand made by the Greeks against the surging tide of Asiatic barbarism. We have the march of Xerxes set out at length, with the muster-roll of the many nations and hordes who crowded into the ranks

in the train of his triumphant car. When we have been impressed by the force of those brute masses, who might well make their master believe himself invincible, we are transported to the pass of Thermopylæ and the decks of the Grecian fleet. We are among the men of thought and culture, heroes and warriors as well, who are charged with the defence of the destinies of civilisation. And when the battle is fairly ranged as it were, and incalculable results are trembling in the doubtful balance, by a favourite trick of Victor Hugo's art, the situation is solved abruptly with a “Xercès s'en vu.” As a pendant to that we have the interview of Majorian with Attila, when the Roman legionaries—the *Wacht am Rhein* reversed—are menaced by the clouds of barbarians from the mysterious depths of the German forests ; a subject, by the way, which struck Southey, who recommended it to Savage Landor. Only in this instance the poet's sympathies are with the hosts who were to relieve the groaning world from the despotism of imperial Rome.

“The Romancero du Cid” fills an altogether disproportionate space in the work ; indeed it is a complete poem in itself, of no little power and beauty, though in the extreme variety of its local allusions, it aims over the head of the ordinary reader. The Cid, too, stands out as a champion—the champion of popular rights against the encroachments of royalty. He is the true type of the knight-errant, the protector of the feeble against the strong. Chivalrous in his bearing as in his deeds, he is as loyal in his conduct as rough in his speech. He will not draw his sword against his sovereign and liege-lord, but he apostrophises him in language of unmeasured vehemence, and speaks his mind with the frankness of a Castilian of the oldest and

bluest blood. There is a martial ring in the verses, which run on over many pages; but we can only quote at random, for the piece should be read in its completeness, though each of the stanzas is perfect in itself.

“Quand je songe en ma tanière,
Mordant ma barbe et rêvant;
Regardant dans ma bannière
Les déchirures du vent.

Ton effroi sur moi se penche
Tremblant, par tes algazils
Tu te fais garde, Roi Sanche,
Contre mes sombres exils.

Moi, je m'en ris. Peu m'importe,
O roi, quand un vil gardien
Couche en travers de ta porte,
Qu'il soit homme ou qu'il soit chien!

Tu voudrais dans ma vieillesse
Comme un dogue dans ta cour,
M'avoir, moi, le Cid, en laisse.
Et me tenir dans ma tour.

Et me tenir dans mes lierres
Gardé comme les brigands . . .
Va mettre des muselières
Aux gueules des ouragans.”

In “Montfauçon,” we are in that full vein of the horrible, which seems as dear to the best French writers as it is repugnant to English taste. “Montfauçon” is a bitter invective on the Church, as the sworn enemy of thought and progress. An archbishop teaches the king to persecute, by a parable he draws from the dead birds that are hung up as scarecrows in a field of corn. And we have such revolting details of rotting corpses swinging from the gibbets, as charmed the senses of Catherine de Medicis when she paid her famous visit after the St Bartholomew. The same idea of ecclesiastical aggression is developed, even more dramatically and far more agreeably, in Welf, Castellan d'Osbor. Welf is a medieval Titan and a northern Cid. The stay and providence of the poor and weak, he

holds his mountain stronghold against all comers, till he provokes the resentment of the mighty and merciless. He is beset and beleaguered by the forces of a famous leader of free-lances, of a king, of the Emperor, and of his Holiness the Pope. Each of these powers or potentates addresses him in person, mingling threats with magnificent promises. To all he turns a deaf ear, till he makes his final and indignant answer, giving voice to the cry of suffering humanity. As for the Pope, ignoring his offers of eternal felicity, denying his assumption of the vicegerency of the Deity, and assuming that the keys of St Peter open hell rather than heaven, Welf bursts out—

“N'usurpez pas ce mont. Je le conserve
à Dieu.”

But as *ἀνάγκη* prevails on earth more often than virtue, the Castellan loses his mount by an act of charity. He calls in a wandering beggar-child to warm herself at the furnace he has kindled to melt lead for his defence, when his enemies rush in upon him out of their ambush. Then the neighbours he had watched over, and who had regarded him as a demigod, load the captive with insults. For it is the inconsistency of Victor Hugo, that he knows human nature as it actually is; although he credits it with an imaginary perfection of virtue when it is a question of advancing his favourite theories. There is much that is vigorously, almost morbidly, suggestive in the long “Epopée du ver,” which is a pæan of the sovereignty of the worm over all created existences, and reaches its characteristic climax in the stanza—

“La création triste aux entrailles profondes,
Porte deux Tout-puissants, le Dieu qui
fait les mondes,
Le ver qui les détruit.”

The descriptions of mountain scenery in "Masferrer" are very fine; and Masferrer himself, a beneficent bandit, robbing the rich and giving to the poor, comes in as a most picturesque figure in the foreground. He sits mending his bow in his cave in the Pyrenean forest, contemptuous as Welf of the proposals of the robber-kings who sue for the alliance of the formidable freebooter. Admirably spirited is the song of the Reitres, with its wild scent of blood, lust, and rapine; and the sonorous jingle of the ringing refrain to the clink of gold and the clatter of arms. And by way of contrast, and as showing the poet in his gentlest mood, what can be more tender and touching than his "Petit Paul"? Victor Hugo adores children; witness not only this perfect little piece, but scores of pictures scattered through his writings—notably that one in the 'Misérables,' where Valjean comes in quest of Cosette, and that other in 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' of the three infants in the tower of La Tourgue. Little Paul is left motherless from his birth: adopted and petted by his grandfather, he becomes the tyrant and darling of the fond old man, who anticipates his every fancy. But the old man dies, and the child is once more left solitary at the age of three.

"L'aïeul, parfois, se sentant las,
Avait dit—Paul, je vais mourir. Bien-
tôt hélas!
Tu ne le verras plus, 'ton pauvre vieux
grand-père
Qui t'aimait.—Rien n'éteint cette claire
lumière,
L'ignorance; et l'enfant, plein de joie et
de chants,
Continuait de rire."

Paul is taken to his father's house, where his stepmother hates and maltreats him. He listens to the caressing language with which he was once so familiar, but now it is addressed to his baby half-

brother. His prattle is silenced. He ceases to weep. Often he would gaze mournfully at the door. They missed him one evening and sought him in vain. Next morning they found him at rest upon the ground, outside the grating of the village cemetery.

"On voyait qu'il avait essayé de l'ouvrir.
Il sentait là quelqu'un pouvant le se-
courir;

Il avait appelé dans l'ombre solitaire,
Longtemps; puis il était tombé mort sur
la terre,

A quelques pas du vieux grand-père, son
ami.

N'ayant pu l'éveiller, il s'était endormi."

Again we have a swift change in the strain, as in the ode of Timotheus at Alexander's feast; and we are in the very midst of Napoleon's campaigns, in the heat of the battle of Eylau. The hero of this feat of arms, we are told, was an uncle of the poet's; and it was a double good fortune to him to find such a theme in his own family annals. The colonel summons the Captain Hugo, and gives him the curt order, "Take the whole of your company and faites vous tuer in the cemetery." The cemetery is the key of the strategy of the day, and must be held at any cost. The colonel says—

"La mort n'est pas loin. Capitaine,
J'aime la vie et vivre est la chose certaine,
Mais rien ne sait mourir comme les bons
vivants.

Moi, je donne mon cœur, mais ma peau,
je le vends.

Gloire aux belles! Trinquons. Votre
poste est le pire.

Car notre colonel avait le mot pour rire."

Here, though the scene is enveloped in a halo of poetical fancies, the language is blunt, rough, familiar, and almost vulgar. The soldiers of the forlorn-hope lie down to sleep in the snowstorm, that folds them in heavy shrouds emblematic of their fate on the morrow. They rise to defend the

churchyard wrapped in fog, and while the spectre-like ranks are thinned by the shot and shell, the succession of casualties is hidden from the survivors. At last the colonel arrives to relieve them towards evening, to the shout of "victory," from the men who come trooping after him.

"Par qui donc la bataille a-t-elle été gagnée ?

Par vous, dit-il. La neige était de sang bagnée.

Il reprit ; C'est bien vous, Hugo ? C'est votre voix ?

Oui—combien de vivants êtes-vous ici ? Trois."

The 'Legend,' which is really grand, though wild, fantastic, and fragmentary, culminates fittingly in the "Abîme,"—an audacious flight even for Victor Hugo. The dialogue commenced by man the creature, carried on by constellations, comets, and the Infinite, is closed in a single line by the Deity—

"Je n'aurais qu'à souffler, et tout serait de l'ombre."

And there at least there is none of that questionable tampering with a subject that ought to be approached reverentially or not at all, which is not an uncommon vice of Victor Hugo's art ; as, for example, when he explains Napoleon's catastrophe at Waterloo in three words, "Il gêna Dieu !"

But it is time we passed on to his novels, for we should be led too far aside were we tempted to advert to his dramatic pieces. 'Notre Dame de Paris' is the first of those that really made him famous, and it ran rapidly through eight or nine editions. That it should have had an extraordinary success is not surprising, for there is much that is both beautiful and exciting in the story ; while, as a vivid reproduction of the manners of a most picturesque period of history, it stands

altogether unapproached in French fiction. Victor Hugo has been an indefatigable, if not a very exact, student of history. He has pushed his researches in its *quartiers perdus* as in its more commonly trodden fields ; in the palaces ; the university, which was a power in itself ; in cloisters and taverns ; in the *cour des miracles* ; and in the dungeons and the torture-chambers of Bastilles and *châteaux*. As Macaulay remarked of Burke's studies on Hindustan, he had made everything that was most vague to other people vivid reality for himself. His lively imagination flying lightly back, rebuilt old Paris and re-peopled it ; and he threw himself so entirely into the life of the period, that you felt as if you had been carried backwards over three centuries and a half, to assist at the events you found passing around you. It is only a pity that he should not have been content to tell his tale out of the fulness of his own historical knowledge, conveying information and instruction incidentally. But that, as we have said already, is the one thing he cannot do. He *will* digress, and he must pause to moralise. Now he comes to a stand on the *parvis* of Notre Dame, before the superb portal of the cathedral, to read you a long lecture on Gothic architecture *apropos* to the noble structure before you. It is inevitable, then, that when he is in the full swing of his eloquence he should launch the thunderbolts of his wrath on those restorers who make a profession of sacrilege. He drags you up the steps of the tower of St Jacques Boucherie to map out the old city as it used to be ; or he stops short in the middle of an exciting scene of disturbance to explain the constitution of the venerable university. All that is most interesting and curious—ininitely

more so than those philosophical and poetical rhapsodies in which we shrink from following him at the best of times; but then its legitimate place is in an appendix, or in archæological notes to illustrate the novel. The intense individuality of the author is perpetually asserting itself; he is himself the central figure in every one of his books; and in place of paying some deference to the recognised rules of his art, he takes us drifting hither and thither on the current of his tastes and his fancies. We may be sure that it is a fatal mistake artistically. The primary purpose of the novelist ought to be to sustain the interest, apart from what is popularly known as sensation. The object of that interest may be manifold—the most simple story of the feelings of a child, or the disentanglement of a network of mysteries and horrors. And erratic geniuses of the intellectual power of Victor Hugo might learn profitable lessons from the practice of the primitive artists who gain their livelihood in unsophisticated societies by paying attention to the popular taste. Fancy an oriental story-teller or an *improvisatore* pulling up in the middle of a flow of imagination while his excited audience were hanging on his lips, to give them his ideas on things in general. He would learn to his cost that he was squandering his talents, when his hearers melted away before he had sent round the hat or the turban.

It is the more provoking in the case of Victor Hugo, that he has most of the qualities that command the attention. Nothing can be more striking than some of his scenes; nothing more subtly effective than many of his studies of character. In his gathering in the great hall of the Palais de Justice, we are transported bodily into the middle ages. We are made to mark

the most conspicuous signs of the period in which the reign of Louis XI. was a turning-point. What passes on the grand *estrade* under the eyes of the excited populace of Paris, as a *résumé* of contemporary history is a masterpiece. The magnificent princes of the Church and the great feudatories of the Crown, are still formidable enough to excite the apprehensions of the sovereign,—witness his Eminence the Cardinal de Bourbon, who appears in the pomp of his rank and the authority of his sacred office. But the people begins to be conscious of its strength; and a far-seeing prince like Louis, who smarts under the fretting restraints of his aristocracy, has been cunningly practising the policy of playing one off against the other. He sees and welcomes a sign of the times, when Coppenole the shoemaker of Ghent is sent him as one of the Flemish envoys,—a formidable burgher, who, as he says himself, had not only seen revolutions, but made them. For Louis had a dangerous courage of his own; and no one, not excepting Sir Walter Scott or Michelet, has painted him more happily than Victor Hugo. It was his pleasure to fish in troubled waters, for though the perils were great, the profits might be incalculable. Nothing can well be more true to his nature, as we have imagined it, than the Louis XI. of 'Quentin Durward'—the *bon-homme* of Tours who has the provost-marshal for his gossip—the wary fox, who for once overreached himself when he ran into the lion's den at Peronne. But there is a finer and more scientific analysis in the Louis of 'Notre Dame de Paris:' there is an almost instinctive perception of each shade of inconsistency in that strange character; in the mingling of timidity with inexorable resolution; in the cold-

blooded cruelty luridly lighted up by fitful gleams of good-nature; in the liberality that would always have value for its money; in the systematic sacrifice of appearances to realities; in the seasonable condescension that sought to smooth the way for the unbridled exercise of tyranny. It is the man all over as we conceive him, when we see him becoming almost the sycophant of his physician, whom he propitiates with every offering that covetousness can crave; and drawing freely on the treasures he has amassed by his crimes, to conciliate the saints and his mistress the Virgin. And all the time, his astuteness is on the alert to get the better of heaven, if he can do it with impunity. We have the spirit of his policy in the events of the night when the savage hordes of the *truands* are swarming to the of storm Notre Dame.

Louis chancies to be in Paris for the moment, and according to his distrustful habit, he has taken up his quarters in the Bastille. Characteristically, he has welcomed with familiar hospitality the plebeian delegates of the Flemish embassy, and he has his barber, Olivier le Diable, at his elbow. Another monarch in Louis's place would have shrunk from lifting the veil that covered the cruelties of his justice. This king of France, on the contrary, shows his claws out of policy. He invites his foreign visitors to accompany him on a round of the dungeons. There they make the tour of one of his iron cages, and its inmate, a bishop who had once been a favourite, recognises the presence of the tyrant and pours forth his miserable complaint. Louis, affecting to turn a deaf ear, calmly discusses the cage-maker's bill.

"Mercy, sire! Is it not enough that they have given all my property to my judges, my plate to M. de Torcy, my

books to Maître Pierre Doriolle, my tapestries to the Governor of Roussillon? I am innocent. Here are fourteen years that I shiver in this iron cage. Mercy, sire! you will have your reward in heaven."

"Maître Olivier," said the king, "the total?"

"Three hundred and seventy-five livres, eight sous, three deniers."

"Notre Dame!" exclaimed the king, "what an exorbitant cage!"

The lamentable accents "had iced all who were present, even Olivier himself." The decrepit king hobbles up the stairs, apparently unconscious of what had thrilled everybody, and then we have the second scene of the drama. His "gossip Jacques" bursts in, all in agitation, to tell him that the *truands* of Paris are up, and are delivering a formal assault on the fortress of the *bailli* of his palace. "If you do not send promptly to his help, he is lost." "Assuredly we shall send," says the king, placidly; "but it will be time to-morrow morning! I said to-morrow," he repeats in a tone that silences the terrified official, who has continued timidly to protest. And then as he looks out of a window, removing his cap, "Bon, mon peuple! brave-ment! brise ces faux seigneurs! fais les besogne. Sus! sus! pille-les, pends-les, saccage-les! Ah, vous voulez être rois, monseigneurs." Never has Louis been seen in a more genial humour, when fresh news arrives, to be followed by a fierce revulsion. It is the church of Notre Dame that the *truands* are attacking, and not his Majesty's officer. The king turns livid, and is trembling with rage. "What? They lay siege to my good mistress in her cathedral of Notre Dame?" And he gives his orders for the onslaught so ferociously that the savage Coppenole, who has been looking on in wonder, whispers to his comrade, "Here! I have enough

of this king who coughs ! I have seen Charles of Burgundy intoxicated ; he was less malignant than the invalid Louis XI. ! ” “ Maitre Jacques,” replied Rym, “ you see that the wine of kings is less cruel than their *tisane*.” That passage seems to us to show Hugo at his best in that particular manner of work ; nor do we know any professed historian who could have written a chapter more comprehensively suggestive.

But if we leave King Louis in his Bastille to follow the author among the *truands* of the Court of Miracles, we find him even more entirely in his element. There the scum of Paris are in their stronghold, which insures them all the privileges of sanctuary, since it can only be taken by deliberate siege or carried by formal assault. We have a terrible picture of the times—a picture in its breadth and its blunt minuteness something between a Dutch piece and a Gustave Doré—of the times when the privileged classes held the *rascaille* in check by occasionally making atrocious examples ; when the borders of so-called respectable society were beset by gangs of desperate outlaws, whose precarious lives were so full of wretchedness, that the gibbet, the dungeon, or even the torture, had but little terror for them. Among these Victor Hugo can indulge to his heart's content in the graphic delineation of the grotesque and horrible. He groups together with revolting effect the most repulsive maladies of mind and body ; yet whatever flights he may permit to his fancy, we may well believe that he has exaggerated but little ; and it is immediately against that background of hideous shadow that he has thrown the bright and graceful figure of his Esmeralda.

Esmeralda, like his Dea in ‘ *L'Homme qui rit*, ’ is a beautiful

embodiment of his idealistic dreams on social subjects. Engaging as she is, charming his readers by seeming enchantment as she charmed the penniless poet Gringoire, the gay Captain Phœbus de Châteaupers, the grave Canon Claude Frollo, it is only as an after-thought it flashes upon us that the girl is a brilliant impossibility. Brought up by reckless Bohemians who live by outrages of every kind—who pride themselves in the shamelessness of their profligacy, and whose talk is the foulest obscenity—although innocent of all principles of morality, her virgin nature is a law unto itself, and she remains pure, and even refined, in the midst of that loathsome contamination. Her sole safeguard beyond her instincts is her belief in the precious amulet her mother has hung round her neck. It is in the sublimity of passionate self-sacrifice that she decides to give herself to her lover, since she knows that in that case the charmed amulet must lose its virtue. But even in that extremity the author saves her by a crime that comes as an interposition of Providence. And when the secret of her birth is disclosed at last, the details of the disclosure would have surprised us, with ninety-nine authors out of a hundred. With Victor Hugo it is natural and characteristic. Notwithstanding the delicacy of her beauty and graces, Esmeralda is no child of illustrious descent. She is a daughter of the dregs of the people—the offspring of the promiscuous amours of a peasant woman. The scene where the lovely Bohemian is torn from the arms of the miserable mother, who has just recovered her, is extraordinarily moving in its exquisite pathos. The way she betrays herself, by a shriek of love, to the brutal soldier who had intended her for his plaything, is admirably

dramatic. There is the grandeur of passion in action, without any descent to melodrama, in the desperate defence of the mother behind the bars of her cage, when even the relentless soldiers of the provost-marshal hold back half in sympathy and half in terror; while her agonising appeals for pity are so heart-rending, that we can almost give credit to that climax of the novelist's imagination when he makes a tear twinkle in the eye of the stony-hearted Tristan l'Hermite.

Yet Quasimodo, the horribly deformed hunchback, impresses us as almost a more tender conception; unquestionably he is a more surprising effort of genius. One's sympathies go out naturally to beauty and feminine helplessness; but it is another thing altogether when you are to be profoundly interested in a monster of physical deformity, whose infirmities make him the mock of the vilest of the vile. Quasimodo's lot in life is as deplorable as can well be conceived; and a saint who could seek consolation in the hopes of religion might well have been soured by the treatment he received. Deaf from his birth, he has been struck dumb by the clamour of the cathedral bells. It is scarcely possible that a ray of light should throw a glimmer into that clouded intellect; everybody's hand is turned against him; and whenever he quits the shelter of his church he is mobbed as an outcast from his species. No wonder he detests the world that is so cruel to him! Yet he shows himself susceptible of the most passionate gratitude, and has an almost morbidly sensitive nature that hungers for sympathy and affection. The plaintive melancholy in the eye of the poor mute would have betrayed what was passing within him, had any one cared to regard. But even when he is tied to the pillory and

scourged, his grotesque contortions, in his helpless agonies, only provoke shouts of hilarity. One timely deed of charity by the soft-hearted Esmeralda makes him her devoted slave for ever—and her involuntary executioner, as their ill fate would have it. His uncouth love for her is productive of nothing but exquisite suffering to him, as he contrasts his hideous form with her charms; and his "marriage" is worthy of his blighted life. For he goes to seek his mistress in the vault at the foot of the scaffold, where her corpse has been cast after her ignominious death; and he disappears never to be heard of again, till her skeleton shall be found locked in his mouldering arms. Throughout, the destinies of the hapless pair have been most ingeniously interwoven; for when Esmeralda was stolen from her cradle, it was this hunchbacked outcast who was left in her place.

In 'Notre Dame de Paris,' as in all the author's books, the gloomy and tragic elements predominate. But in 'Notre Dame' not a soul is made happy, except one or two of the commonplace and volatile characters who figure in the secondary parts. The Canon Frollo, who fills much of the space, closes a life of misplaced ambition and ill-regulated passion by one of those strangely horrible deaths which it is Hugo's delight to dwell upon. Yet we can recall no more striking fancy of the power of love than the scene where he and the hunchback look down together from the galleries of Notre Dame on the execution of the hapless Esmeralda in the *parvis*. Till the fair Bohemian crossed his path, Quasimodo had been the faithful slave of the Canon, who had adopted and cared for him in his abandoned infancy. Now he suspects his benefactor of being concerned in her horrible end; he sees him grin a ghastly

smile over her dying agonies; and accordingly, he murders him parenthetically, as we may say, relapsing dreamily into his contemplation, and looking down on the desperate struggle for life, without a thought for anything but the figure at the gibbet.

But the 'Misérables' is even more melancholy than 'Notre Dame.' It is true that the good bishop is a most pleasing picture of a life of superhuman benevolence, sweetening self-imposed privations, and anticipating the bliss of Paradise in almost perfect serenity on earth. But the bishop being a modern saint, and consequently a phenomenon, must be the despair rather than the encouragement of those who would tread in his footsteps. And through the rest of the book, as its name implies, we are generally with the sinful and the suffering. Fair flowers like Fantine are plucked and cast aside when they fade. Even Fantine's more fortunate child has to go through a long period of misery before she is made happy with Marius, and then their future is left in doubt. Vicious natures like those of the Thénardiens are traced in their steady deterioration: men like Tholomys, who have sown their wild oats, are, perhaps, none the better off that they have become so eminently respectable, without having learned to feel remorse for the sins of their youth. We have a sense of a multitude moving towards the grave, predestined to trials, probations, and calamities which even virtue cannot elude—of a bustle and a scramble where the weaker go down. The *ἀνάγκη* is weighing upon everybody, while impelling them irresistibly forward. Saddest of all is the fate of Jean Valjean, almost as deserving of the aureole of glory in his way as his benefactor Monseigneur Magloire; yet more conceivable than the

bishop, since he has so much of the old Adam in him. As strong in mind and in will as in body, his herculean exertions fail to save him from the consequences of a single inconsiderate and insignificant action committed in a moment of moral frenzy. There is the dexterity of genius in the manner in which we are doubly interested in this victim of social circumstances, wearing himself out in so noble a struggle with them. For he shines in the lustre of the light reflected by the bishop who had touched his heart by something like a miracle. When he made his tour of the streets of D—, rejected everywhere till welcomed by Monseigneur, he was far more callous to good than Quasimodo, inasmuch as he had prostituted his natural talents to evil, and been hardened by long familiarity with crime. Yet when treated for the first time like a man and a Christian, those seeds of good that had hitherto lain dormant, quicken instantaneously in the genial warmth. The subsequent struggles are but natural. He admires the bishop, in the sense of wondering at him, and carries off his candlesticks from force of habit—almost as matter of principle. He is caught and brought back. Set face to face with the benefactor he has injured, he finds, to his stupefaction, that he is to escape the punishment that awaits those who are found out. The bishop, by what Victor Hugo would call a sublime stretch of the conscience, tells a falsehood and screens the culprit. Valjean leaves the episcopal palace the second time far more puzzled than before. New moral senses are being born in him, and his reformation is being accomplished in paroxysms and convulsions. In the moment when he is struggling between good and evil, and scarcely answerable for his actions, fatality sends the little

Savoyard across his path. He robs the child of his piece of money: in a savage impulse he immediately repents. Eager to make restitution, he rises and shouts for the child. Alas! it is too late. He does make pecuniary restitution to salve his conscience, but the consequences of that act of passing insanity pursue him to the grave. Thenceforth we see him in the triple aspect of the hero, the philanthropist, and the skulking criminal. All his patient perseverance in well-doing only prepares refinements of torture for him. The spectre of unreconciled justice pursues him in the shape of the austere Javert. He has to hide his identity under an anonym: he is compelled to be a hypocrite in spite of his honourable and truthful instincts. Nay, when he is trapped into a *guet-à-pens*, he has to elude the police like the malefactors who have outraged him. It is his fate, besides, to lend himself to the vilest misconception, and to be treated with ingratitude or indifference by those he has served or cherished. This benefactor of his species remains an object of compassion through the whole of an exemplary career; and his end would be as melancholy as anything in the range of fiction, were it not for our firm conviction that he has earned his reward elsewhere.

For in the story of Valjean, and in the influence exerted on him by the bishop, Victor Hugo has done justice to the power of religion—to the power of religion as distinct from the systems of priestcraft. We recognise the writer's ingrained prejudices, even in the engaging picture he has made of Magloire. He represents him as a brilliant exception to the common run of the clergy. This eccentric Monseigneur perpetuates the true traditions of the Saviour and the apostles, and practises in the France of the nineteenth century

those primitive virtues that were possible in the Palestine of the Christian era. In fact, the glorification of the bishop is a satire on the modern Church. Yet although there is an injustice in it which we cannot fail to perceive, at the same time there are moral lessons which are well worth laying to heart. It is useful sometimes to set up for contemplation ideals which are practically unattainable. And Valjean's deathbed scene is made singularly beautiful, when the friend whose Christianity has been his beacon through life, throws brighter rays of comfort on the close of his gloomy career, and when the presence of that beatified spirit gives him assurance of his welcome into Paradise.

"Will you have a priest?" they asked him.

"I have one," replied Jean Valjean. And with his finger, he seemed to designate a point above his head, where you would have said he saw some one.

"Is it possible, indeed, that the bishop was present at this deathbed?"

To the last the ruling spirit of self-abnegation and of practical beneficence is strong in the convict and outlaw. Far from having a thought of reproach for the adopted daughter who had neglected him, he is ineffably grateful for her tardy caresses; and knowing that he lies on the threshold of eternity, he spends his failing breath in assuring her husband that the fortune of Cosette has been honestly come by. Familiar as we have been made with his practical goodness, there is nothing incongruous or unseasonable in his going into a variety of trivial details as to the trade secrets of the manufacture of his specialty; since the communication of these secrets may increase the wealth and the happiness of the beings whose welfare he has preferred to his own.

In the episode of Fantine, which is in a measure irrelevant, although

far less so than many of the others, there is that tenderness for faults in a manner involuntary, which it is Hugo's habit to carry to excess. Fantine's is the common story—a beautiful and thoughtless girl betrayed and abandoned. But her feelings are more earnest than those of most women, and maternity makes her devotion almost divine. Like Jean Valjean, in whose employment she is, she is terribly punished for her lapse from virtue. The discovery of her early frailty deprives her of her hardly-earned bread. She could live herself on little; but she has to provide for the comforts of her child, whom she has put *en pension* with harpies. As she says herself, when she has been driven back to sin, “Moi, j'avais ma petite Cosette; j'ai bien été forcée de devenir une mauvaise femme.” Finally, the motherly feelings that have been intensified by distance and absence, nearly madden her when she receives the message that her child must die if she does not send forty francs for medicines. In her despairing embarrassment, the dentist tempts her to sell him her beautiful teeth. This woman, who was so vain of her beauty, submits herself thankfully to the horrible operation. Her landlady, who has been in the secret of her anxieties, comes into her room next morning.

“‘Jesus!’ exclaimed Marguerite; ‘what is the matter with you, Fantine?’”

“‘Nothing,’ replied Fantine. ‘On the contrary, my child will not die of this frightful malady for want of help. I am happy.’”

“In saying it she showed the old maid a couple of napoleons that sparkled on the table.

“‘Ah, Jesus Dieu!’ exclaimed Marguerite, ‘but it is a fortune. Where have you got these louis d’or?’”

“‘I have got them,’ said Fantine.

“At the same time she smiled. The candle threw its light in her face. It was a bleeding smile. A reddish saliva

stained the corners of her lips, and she had a black hole in her mouth. Her front teeth had been drawn.”

Probably an English writer would have preferred to indicate the effect of the operation, rather than to express it. But this passage in the life of the wretched mother indicates her prolonged sufferings and the depth of her feelings more strongly than pages of sentimental expatiation.

And as he can probe the saddest recesses of a woman's heart, so Victor Hugo takes a wonderful delight in his rosy-coloured sketches of childhood, and in entering into children's feelings; although delight, perhaps, is scarcely the word to use, since he never goes more earnestly or sympathetically to work than when he is stirring us by the spectacle of childhood in suffering. We have adverted already, as we shall refer again, to the “children of the regiment,” in ‘Quatre-vingt-treize;’ but perhaps the gem of his plaintive descriptions in that way, is when Valjean goes after Fantine's child, and rescues the little one from the brutalities of the Thenardiers. The infant scarcely complains, because she has been led to hope for so little; but her infantile prattle, out of the fulness of her heart, is the more naturally *navrant* on that account. She hardly envies the more fortunate *demoiselles* of her cruel mistress and nurse, though their happiness makes her more sensible of her own isolation. “And you, what do you do?” Valjean asks, when he has come upon the ragged child in the twilight, when she had been sent to the wood to fetch water in mortal terror.

“‘I—I work.’”

“‘All the day?’”

“The child lifted her great eyes, with the tear in them that one did not see in the darkness, and answered softly—

" 'Yes, sir.'

"She went on, after an interval of silence—

" 'Sometimes, when I have done my work, and when they let me, I amuse myself.'

" 'How do you amuse yourself?'

" 'As I can. They leave me to myself. But I have not many playthings. 'Ponine and 'Zelma won't let me play with their dolls. I have only a little sabre of lead, no longer than that.'

" 'The child showed her little finger.'

" 'And which doesn't cut?'

" 'Si, monsieur,' said the child. 'It can cut the salad and the heads off flies.'"

Nor can anything, to our fancy, be more brightly humorous than the chatter of Eponine and Azelma. As yet, at least, it is very much the fault of their parents' example that they behave so unkindly to the little Cosette. "C'était pour elles comme le chien." They were merely thoughtless, and, left to themselves, they had all the thoughtless graces of childhood. They are playing with the cat, which they have dressed up in coloured rags.

"See, my sister, this doll here is more amusing than the other. It kicks, it cries, it is warm. See, my sister, come and play with it. It would be my little girl. I should be a lady. I should come to call on you, and you would look at it. By-and-by, you would see its moustaches, and that would surprise you. And then you would see its ears, and then its tail, and that would surprise you. And you would say to me, 'Ah, mon Dieu !' and I should say to you, 'Yes, ma'am, it's a little girl I have like that—Les petites filles sont comme ça à présent.'"

Anything of the kind must lose by translation; but it seems to us no slight proof of the versatility of the author of 'Les derniers Jours d'un Condamné' and the 'Légende des Siècles,' that he can unbend to trifling like that. It would be infinitely amusing, too, were it not so pathetic, the episode where

Gavroche regales his little *protégés* at the baker's, and then proceeds to welcome them to the hospitality of his elephant, stripping himself in the meantime of his warm cravat, to throw it over the shoulders of the shivering little beggar-girl. But through the whole of the book you are always coming on the most delicate incidents and touches, in every variety of style. The pity is, that it would obviously have gained so much by judicious retrenchment. The inimitable Gavroche himself is almost an excrescence on its scheme; and considering that he illustrates so admirably the *gaminerie* in flesh and blood, we could very well have spared the physiological chapters on the *gamin*. The 'battle of Waterloo, although a masterpiece of French imagination, is still more absolutely out of place; and as for the rhapsodies over the fable of Cambronne, it is simply a farrago of patriotic nonsense, with a strong point of coarseness. *Il va sans dire* that in a fiction dealing professedly with social sores, there are innumerable minor disquisitions that read like the flights of an inspired monomaniac. But, as we have remarked already, and as we may repeat again and again, we must accept the author with his crotchets as with his beauties; and the 'Misérables,' on the whole, is such a work as no other modern novelist could have written.

When Victor Hugo was proscribed in Paris, he sought a refuge in the Channel Islands. As a Frenchman and politician, he felt deeply and expressed himself bitterly; but it says much for the kindly nature of the man, that he should have adapted himself so easily to his altered circumstances. In place of being flattered and fêted, surrounded by troops of admiring friends, and mobbed by petitioners and flatterers, he lived in the pictur-

esque retirement of Guernsey, a passive spectator of the policy he execrated. But art gained, though the artist suffered. He fell back upon the observation of his primitive neighbours; he entertained himself with the superstitions of the peasants and fishermen—superstitions with which we may suspect that the poet was not altogether destitute of sympathy. He gratified his antiquarian tastes by researches into the records and ancient customs of those fragments of mediæval Normandy. He studied the rocks, the reefs, the currents, and the “races” of those dangerous seas, until apparently he might have passed for a certificate as first-class pilot. He examined the forms of life that fill them, with the weeds that float upon their waves, and are tossed up on the shores; and he let his imagination dive into their depths and disport itself in their submarine caverns. The result was the ‘*Travailleurs de la Mer*,’ a novel that is strangely compact and condensed, since it is actually contained in three great volumes, while it confines itself to the fortunes of some half-dozen people.

In this case the hero is unfortunate as usual, but at least a couple of persons are made happy. Poor Gilliatt was even more unlucky than Quasimodo, because he had keener sensibility, had cherished ardent hopes, and came very nearly touching the blessing he had toiled for. He was looked upon with an evil eye because he had more intelligence than those about him; and might have been burned for a sorcerer had he lived some centuries before, because he chanced to have a tender heart, and was addicted to kindly actions. In the pages in which Victor Hugo explains the reasons of the aversion in which Gilliatt was held, we have excellent specimens of his dry irony.

You might fancy you were listening to some superior native who was slightly ashamed of the prejudices he shared. We take a passage or two at random.

“At a census taken in the island, when questioned as to his profession, he had answered,—‘*Fisherman, when there are fish to catch—mettez-vous à la place des gens, on n’aime pas ces réponses-là.*’”

“Gilliatt, not without good reasons, lived in the odour of sorcery. In a storm at midnight Gilliatt was at sea in his boat on the side of La Sommeilleuse: they heard him ask—

“‘Is there room to pass?’”

“A voice cried from the height of the rocks—‘*Voire! hardi!*’”

“To whom was he speaking, if not to somebody who answered? That seems to us a proof.”

“Highly respectable people, and absolutely worthy of credit, affirmed that near the stones they had seen Gilliatt conversing with a frog. Now there were no frogs in Guernsey; Jersey had all the frogs and Guernsey all the snakes. That frog must have swum across from Jersey to talk to Gilliatt. The conversation was amicable.

“These facts were in evidence; and the proof is that the three stones are there still. People who doubt may go and see them; and besides, not far off, there is a house in which you may read this inscription: ‘*Marchand en bétail mort et vivant, vieux cordage, fer, os et chiques, est prompt dans son paiement et dans son attention.*’”

“Il faudrait être de mauvaise foi pour contester la présence de ces pierres et l’existence de cette maison. Tout cela nuisait à Gilliatt.”

Occasionally the French would lose its point of droll simplicity by any attempt at translation. Moreover, this Gilliatt had actually been guilty of such acts of malice as taking a brood of young birds from a boy and restoring them to the nest that had been robbed, to the relief of the agonised mother. “But he had a weakness for birds; it is a

sign by which one generally recognises the magicians !” Gilliatt had the seeming good fortune to have a grand opportunity of winning the favour of Mess Thierry, the great man of the place ; to whom he was recommended besides by his athletic frame and dauntless seamanship. And it appeared for a moment as if he had pleased the fancy of the fair Déruchette, the niece and adopted daughter of Thierry. Thence the labour of Hercules he undertook, when he went out to save the engine from the wreck of the *Durande*, with the hand of Déruchette for the recompense of success.

It is to be remarked that in most of Hugo’s romances love plays a secondary part—in ‘*Quatre-vingt-treize*’ there is not a trace of it—and that in every instance, so far as we remember, the male lover is made the superior being. To his women he freely assigns all the graces of person and manner : they are winning and beautiful, and often kind-hearted ; possibly even, like *Fantine* and her daughter, they are capable of ardent affection. But more frequently they are volatile and shallow ; they have rarely the quick perceptive sympathies that respond to nobility of nature and intellect. Dramatically, we should say that Déruchette should have recognised the man in Gilliatt through the rough husk he could have easily rid himself of ; that in place of being shocked and repelled by his squalid aspect, when he comes back from his fierce battle with the elements, which he had been waging for weary weeks for her sake, she should have only seen the hero, and been softened by the proofs of his passion. But in spite of her beauty and engaging ways, she is but a very commonplace female after all, and Victor Hugo deliberately intended to make her so. Looking at her in that light,

there was nothing unnatural in her being fascinated by the position and the soft raiment of the singularly uninteresting clergyman she prefers. This story, too, like all the others, was predestined to the saddest of ends. It was necessary to show that Gilliatt’s mind and will were cast in a mould as heroic as his body. We are meant to measure the absorbing power of his passion by his almost superhuman exertions over the wreck, and the patience with which he endured fatigue and the ravages of disease in all the extremities of thirst and hunger. Through days and nights of solitary and dreary exposure, he had been borne up by a single hope, and cheered by a delightful dream. He came back to disillusion and disappointment, and we can realise something of the depths of despair to which he fell in the revulsion of his feelings. Déruchette, in her selfishness, has scarcely a thought for him ; yet his strength of self-abnegation never fails him for an instant, when there is anything to be done to help her to happiness. It is he who almost forces her into the arms of the man she has preferred. It is he who promises to smooth any difficulties, and who has the courage to attend to the most trivial and commonplace details of her elopement. Finally, when he has seen her fairly on her way, reposing on the shoulder of the man who has robbed him of her, he resigns himself in passive abstraction to the mounting tide, and dies in the sea that has been his cradle and his home.

But as to that crowning act of Gilliatt’s, we must differ from Victor Hugo. He intends the placid suicide to be the appropriate climax to a brave career. We have been taught to think self-murder cowardly—a shirking of duty, and a shrinking from pain. With Victor

Hugo it is the bravest and the wisest characters who undertake to decide for themselves when they shall shuffle off this mortal coil. That poor Quasimodo, who never had much to live for, should have sought for his rest in the vaults of Montfaucon is nothing surprising. But the stern Javert, in the 'Misérables,' condemns himself to death for dereliction of duty. Gwyn-plaine, in 'L'Homme qui rit,' removes himself out of the world when he suspects that, like Mrs Gummidge, he "had better be a riddance;" and Cimourdain, in 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' the type of inflexible principles, levels his pistol at his own head while the firing-party is disposing of his pupil. In that respect, Hugo has the morals and the notions of a pagan. He does not believe life to be a trust, which we are bound to make the best of until we are relieved from it; but a chance property with which we may play fast and loose, according as the luck runs with us or against us.

It is in his 'Travailleurs de la Mer' that his descriptions of nature are most attractive. Generally speaking, although it may sound hypercritical to say so, he throws too much of his poetry into them. There is a lack of simplicity, and consequently of fidelity, in the expressions of his rapturous admiration. You feel yourself less in the presence of fields and foliage, of rock and plain, than before some elaborate drop-scene in a theatre, painted by an inspired master of the brush. But in the natural aquaria off the Channel Islands, and in the submerged transparencies of the surging waves, with the reflections of trembling lights, Victor Hugo is at home as no other man could be. His effects are heightened by the luxury of metaphors, which he uses so well, and too

often abuses. Take the cave into which Gilliatt plunged; the den of the terrible *pieuvre*, which was to succumb later to his prowess.

"It is by this submerged portal that the brilliancy of the open sea entered the cavern: marvellous light given by absorption.

"This brilliancy diffused itself under the cavern like a broad fan, and reflected itself on the rocks. Its rectilinear rays, cut out in long, straight strips upon the opacity of the bottom, growing lighter and darker from one broken angle to another, resembled the interposition of sheets of glass. There was light in the cave, but a mysterious light. You might fancy you had made a stride into another planet. The light was an enigma; you might have said it was the purple glare from the pupil of a sphinx. The cave represented the interior of an enormous and splendid death's-head; the vault was the brain, and the arch the mouth, but the eyeballs were wanting. This mouth, swallowing and giving up again the flow and the ebb, yawning in the face of the exterior sunshine, drank in the light and belched out bitterness. There are beings, intelligent and malignant, who resemble that. The rays of the sunshine, in passing through this porch, obstructed by the glassy density of the sea-water, became green as a beam from Aldebaran. The water, all filled with this moistened light, had the appearance of molten emerald. A shade of aquamarine, of inconceivable delicacy, tinged the whole of the cavern. The vault, with lobes almost cerebral, and its sinuous ramifications like the blossoming of the nerves, showed a soft reflection of the chrysoprase. The watering (*moires*) of the flood, washing against the ceiling, was in endless course of decomposition and recomposition, enlarging and contracting the golden meshes in the movements of a mysterious dance. A spectral impression disengaged itself: the mind might ask what was the prey or the joyous purpose of waiting of this magnificent network of living fire. From the reliefs of the vault, and the asperities of the rock, streamed long and delicate growths of vegetation, proba-

bly knitting their roots beyond the granite, in some lap of the upper water, and letting fall, one by one, from their extremities, a drop of water—a pearl. These pearls dropped into the abyss with a soft, sweet sound. The effect of the whole was inexpressible. One could fancy nothing more charming, or happen upon anything more sombre.

“C’était on ne sait quel palais de la mort, contente.”

If any one is disappointed with the translation, we entreat him to refer to the original. We find Victor Hugo one of the most untranslatable of authors. To do bare justice to his imagination, you must stick by a literal rendering; and when you have rendered him literally into bald English, you can only feel remorseful over the injustice you have done him.

With ‘*L’Homme qui rit*’ we can conscientiously be brief. To our mind, it falls far below all his later romances; and had he not recovered himself so brilliantly in the one that followed it, we should have said it marked a melancholy decline in his powers. The scene is laid in England—in the England of Queen Anne’s time,—and he seems always to lose his head and strength when he takes his readers with him to English soil. The far-fetched idea is equally repulsive and fantastic. The face of the laughing hero has been cut into its perpetual grin by one of those wandering gangs of Comprachicos, who, as we are informed, made a practice of mangling infants, that the hideous eccentricity might have its price with the depraved fancies of the wealthy. The work is a burst of bitter satire and fierce invective against the English aristocracy. And if you took the story *au pied du lettre*, and admitted all the assertions and assumptions of the author, no doubt you would be sufficiently impressed. Possibly his countrymen may think

it a powerful novel; but to an Englishman it is ludicrous. You know that the eloquently imaginative author invents the texts he has determined to preach upon. You see that his fancy has freely coloured most of the facts he has not invented. You see that the personages he elaborates in such circumstantial detail, are sheer impossibilities. The very names he christens them by wantonly shock your sense of the conceivable. Even in the free-and-easy *régime* of Charles II., profligacy was forced to pay some tribute to decency; and “the Duchess Josiane,” though the illegitimate sister of the Queen, would very speedily have been banished to Coventry. Lord David Dirry-Moir is rather more extravagant as a man than the Duchess Josiane as a woman. The *resemblance* of the story as a reproduction of English life is summed up in the *sobriquet* his lordship rejoiced in—Tom-Jim-Jack.

One is inclined to smile or laugh, from the first page to the last; and among the choicest caricatures in it, nothing can well be more droll than the account of the boxing-match. For Victor Hugo is by no means free from the foible of his less gifted and less informed countrymen; and when he has a glimmer of an idea on an unfamiliar subject, he discusses that subject with a solemn self-satisfaction which leaves nothing to desire. At the same time, as we need hardly add, this tissue of absurdities is in a measure redeemed by scenes of extraordinary power and passages of singular beauty,—the storm, for example, in which the Comprachicos go to the bottom; and the parting of the charming blind girl Dea from her mutilated lover, the grinning man. No being could more naturally provoke to ridicule than Gwynplaine; yet the artificial absurdity

of his appearance, so irresistible to all but the blind girl, heightens the pathos of the scene. Gwynplaine has come back to Dea, who is dying from the shock of his disappearance.

"'Dea,' he says, 'all is arranged. We are going to be happy. Don't drive me to despair. Dea! I have done nothing to you!'

"These words were not spoken, but sobbed out. You felt in them a mingling of prostration and revolt. There issued from the bosom of Gwynplaine a groan that would have drawn the doves to him, and a roar that would have made the lions shrink back.

"Dea answered him in a voice more and more indistinct, pausing almost at every word.

"'Alas,'tis useless, my well-beloved! I see you do what you can. An hour ago I was longing to die, now I desire it no longer. Gwynplaine, my adored Gwynplaine, how very happy we have been! God had placed you in my life; He takes me away from yours. You will remember the green box, will you not? and your poor little blind Dea. You will remember that song of mine. Don't forget the sound of my voice, and the way I used to say, I love you! I shall come back to tell you of it in the night when you are sleeping. We had found each other again, but the joy was too great. It had to come to an end immediately,'"
&c.

If 'L'Homme qui rit' made us fear the veteran had outwritten himself, since the appearance of his admirable 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' we have been eager for another novel from his pen. Yet 'Quatre-vingt-treize' is all thought and action, with very little sentiment; and the most of the sentiment there is, is born either of masculine friendship, of the profound instincts of maternity, or of the rough devotion of a savage soldiery to the helpless infants they have taken for their playthings. Strange to say, the nearest approach to a young and attractive female in the book is the *vivandière* of a red battalion of

Paris. Nobody falls in love with anybody else; and Gauvain, the youthful and chivalrous hero, has given himself over to his principles, his duty, and *la patrie*. At the same time there is no lack of interest, and the interest seldom flags. The scheme of the book is the development of the conflicting forces of the old *régime* and the Revolution. On the one side are loyalty and the haughty spirit of the feudal *seigneurie* embodied in Lantenac; on the other, progress and the cause of humanity, championed by Gauvain and the iron-souled Cimourdain. As for the rank and file of the combatants, they are but the pawns on the great chess-board, set in motion by the conflicting dictatorship of remote intelligences. The mass of the Royalists are directed by the *émigrés*, and by their English allies,—according to Victor Hugo; those of the Republicans by that terrible triumvirate in Paris, who hold their stormy meetings in a room in a *café*. It is true that Hugo, with some reason, endows the opposing armies with different degrees of understanding. He makes the ignorant peasants stand desperately in their defence against the vindication of their actual interests, with those blindly combative instincts that are in one sense bestial. While the Parisian recruits of the Republic of Terror have had their understandings enlightened by the demagogues of the capital; and possibly they might act as they think for themselves, were it not for the pressure of a relentless discipline, and the presence of those civil representatives, who are virtually the delegates of the guillotine. Yet, on the whole, we may honestly confess that he holds a fairly even balance. It is not in his nature to be unjust to loyalty and devotion, whatever may be the political ideas they advo-

cate; and his Marquis of Lantenac, when all has been said, is perhaps the most sublime figure in the pages of the novel. Here, too, his subject is so comprehensive, that he can hardly avoid studying concentration. No one of his episodes can be condemned as irrelevant; and although those inevitable digressions of his may sometimes be tedious, yet they seldom fail to converge upon his points.

He is in his element when he takes us on a survey of the ground that is covered by the strategy of that strange campaign. Such strongholds as the forts of Brest and L'Orient were garrisoned by the forces of the Republic; but the real defences of Brittany lay in its trackless forests. Stretching for leagues on leagues in a tangle of inextricable thickets, each of these had to be *cerné* and guarded, if the communications of the Republican advance were to be secured. You may say for once that you had a forest-war, that was waged by mine and countermine. For additional security the peasant irregulars burrowed away below ground. Vast subterranean caverns were excavated, and the issues from them were carefully and artistically sealed. The covert might be closely beaten without discovering a sign of an enemy; yet whenever the exploring force had withdrawn, the insurgent leader had but to send round the signal, and the forest was swarming with armed men. The whole of the warfare was a heroic epic, where the assailants exposed themselves to mysterious dangers, with extermination for the inevitable penalty of their defeat. Nothing could be more ruthless than all the conditions; and their author elaborately shows how passions had been embittered to the utmost. But his picture, which it must have been difficult indeed to overcharge, places the formidable

qualities of his gallant countrymen in a far more powerful and effective light than those rhapsodies in which it is his pleasure to indulge *apropos* of nothing in particular.

He shows himself a master of contrast, too, in the studies of the three infants who play so conspicuous a part in the story. The most ferocious of the combatants, flushed with bloodshed and the thirst for revenge, submit themselves to the commanding power of helpless and unconscious innocence. Infants as they are, and the children of an ignorant peasant woman, he shows his affectionate experience of the childish nature by giving each a distinct individuality that interests. Listen, for example, to the fragments of talk of the hapless *vivandière*, who is treading on the very brink of her grave, as she threads her way through the thickets with the mother and the babes.

“Come along, then, René-Jean.”

“It’s he all the same that keeps us back. He will be stopping to speak to all the little peasant girls one meets. *Ca fait son homme.*”

“Dame, he’s close upon five.”

“Dis-donc, René-Jean, why did you speak to that little girl in the village?”

“A childish voice, the voice of a boy, answered—

“Because it’s somebody I know.”

“The woman resumed—

“What! you know her?”

“Yes,” replied the little boy; “for she gave me some beasts this morning.”

“Voilà! qui est fort!” exclaimed the woman. “Here it’s only three days that we have been in the country. It’s no bigger than my fist, et ça vous a déjà une amoureuse!”

Then we have that inevitable scene in the tower of La Tourgue, where the babes waken on the morning of the conflagration from which they have so narrow an escape. The incident is long, but not a line too long to our fancy;

but we can only extract one little bit of it, which may mean more or less according as it strikes the reader.

"The two eldest, René-Jean and Gros-Alain, had paid no attention to the trumpet and the clarion. They were absorbed in something else,—a wood-louse was in course of crossing the library.

"Gros-Alain saw it, and cried out—

"'A beast!'

"René-Jean ran up.

"Gros-Alain resumed, 'It bites.'

"'Don't hurt it,' said René-Jean.

"And both of them set to work to watch the passenger (*passant*).

"As for Georgette, she had finished her soup. She was looking after her brother. René-Jean and Gros-Alain were in the recess of a window, stooping down and serious over the wood-louse. Their foreheads touched, and their locks tumbled through each other's. They held their breath in wonder, and regarded the insect, that had come to a stop and did not stir, anything but gratified by so much admiration.

"Georgette, seeing her brothers in contemplation, longed to know what was the matter. It was far from easy getting to them; however, she undertook it. The passage bristled with difficulties. There were lots of things lying on the ground—footstools upset, piles of paper, packing-boxes unnailed and empty, trunks, heaps of one kind or another, round which she must pick her way,—a whole archipelago of shoals. Georgette ventured it. She began by getting out of her cradle—the first labour. Then she engaged herself among the reefs, wound her way through the narrows, crawled between a couple of chests, passed over a pile of papers, clinging fast to one side, rolling over on the other," &c., &c.

It is the almost miraculous rescue of these children that gives us the measure of the grandeur of Lantenac, and excites a human sympathy in his fate. Hitherto admiration has been overpowered by repulsion. The veteran *roué* become the terrible leader of guerillas, has scarcely redeemed the *fredaines* of his youth and manhood by the prowess of his almost superhuman inflexibility.

His royalist principles are a fetish to which he sacrifices remorselessly. He does the greater violence to our sense of humanity, that he has chosen his own ancestral domains as the theatre of some of his most ruthless actions. It is true that he is as regardless of his own life as of the lives of others; but, after all, almost as much can be said for nineteen-twentieths of the rude peasants who have eagerly answered his call to arms. If he has a trace of ordinary humanity about him, as yet we have seen no sign of it. His only conceivable excuse must be, that he is the champion of a great but desperate cause, while he has satisfied himself that his only chance of victory lies in showing himself consistently relentless. All at once he is face to face with a dilemma. It rests with him, and with him alone, to save the lives of three innocent children; but their salvation involves the sacrifice of himself. That direct consideration weighs for nothing with him. But the sacrifice of himself is treason to the cause whose success seems inextricably bound up in his safety. Nay, more; should he show weakness now and compromise his mission, all the former deeds he has done on a principle, must change their character and become crimes that might have been avoided. The conflict in that stern and conscientious nature is rather indicated than analysed. But there is short space left for decision, and the turmoil by which he was agitated must have been the more violent for its brevity. It is hard to say whether he showed himself consistent in the resolution he came to; but happily the most austere of men have their passing moments of gentleness; and when Lantenac comes down through the flames holding the infants in his arms, we feel at once that the chief we had taken for a monster, has been brought within the pale of

our sympathies and the category of our fellow-creatures.

His kinsman Gauvain, head of a younger branch of their house, the man of those new ideas to which he gives the humane interpretation of a chivalrous soldier, is what Lantenac might have been with a different training. By the *ironie sanglante* of the civil war the nephew is opposed in mortal combat to the uncle who had played with him as a boy. These old family memories have half faded from the recollections of the hard old worldling, though they are revived on occasion when he is taunting the other. Each of the chiefs proscribes the leader of the opposing forces—one with the courteous though cruel circumlocution of the aristocratic *régime*, the other with the blunt abruptness of the executioners of the Republic. And probably, though Gauvain is ill-regarded at Paris on account of his clemency, and though he has only been left in his command because of his skill and daring, he would have given effect to the bloody letter of his proclamation had Lantenac come into his hands by the ordinary chances of war. But when Lantenac falls a victim to a sublime impulse of unexpected humanity, the situation is abruptly changed. Cimourdain had made the seizure, and Lantenac himself had approved it; and convictions of his strict duty would have made Gauvain pitiless. But he is placed in turn in a position very similar to that of his uncle; and in spite of convictions and scruples of duty, his chivalrous compassion speaks to him imperatively. One can conceive the dramatic situations that arise out of the complication. Gauvain assists his uncle's escape, and offers himself as the scapegoat to Cimourdain, who represents the justice of the inexorable Republic. Cimourdain's position is even more painful

than that of either of the others. He would gladly give his life for his darling pupil, but that, unhappily, is impossible. On the contrary, he sends to announce the impending execution to the heads of the Republic at Paris even before the court-martial has assembled. His voice gives the casting vote that decides the sentence he has anticipated. Then he visits Gauvain in the condemned cell, where they hold philosophical converse on political affairs, without an *arrière-pensée* of bitterness on either side as each feels that *ἀνάγκη* is weighing on him, and that this heart-rending affliction was not to have been avoided. And then it is that on the morrow, on the discharge of the firing-party, Cimourdain puts an end to his existence.

No one but a profound student of the human mind, and a thinker who is a master of the eloquence of language, could have handled so difficult a theme without inviting discomfiture. Victor Hugo was treading on the edge of an abyss, where a single slip or false step might have landed him in a bathos of melodrama. But, as we have remarked at the outset, he is capable of *tours de force*, which would prepare inevitable failure for ordinary talents; and in this instance, at least, his success has justified his daring. To borrow a favourite idea of his own, he is unquestionably one of the Titans of literature. When he breaks down, it is either from carelessness or on a principle, or from the over-confidence that is born of the consciousness of his strength. Like many men of genius, he has the conviction of a mission, in which he must be instant in season and out of season; and, unhappily, instead of confining himself to the limits of his art, he will expend himself in Titanic exertions to set the world in order.

PAULINE.—PART VII.

WALES.

CHAPTER XXV.—AGREE TO DIFFER.

"It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
 Present the object, but the Mind describes;
 And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise.
 When minds are joyful, then we look around,
 And what is seen, is all on fairy ground;
 Again they sicken, and on every view
 Cast their own dull and melancholy hue.

Our feelings still upon our views attend,
 And their own natures to the objects lend."—CRABBE.

THERE is a certain old-fashioned inn, set down in a warm and sheltered spot among the valleys of northern Wales.

It is a quaint, still, sunny spot, dear to lovers of the romantic and the picturesque.

Two broad and beautiful streams unite beneath its windows, spanned here and there by arches of dark grey stone; cottages nestle along the banks; and the village, which straggles in a desultory fashion to the left, is enclosed on every side by thickly wooded heights.

These had never showed more rich in foliage, more lovely in the varied tints of early spring, than they did on one Saturday evening at the close of the second week in May, when we now take up our tale.

The sun was sinking in a bright and peaceful glow, betokening a continuance of the fine weather, which had already lasted for some weeks, to the dismay of anxiously foreboding husbandmen, but to the great enjoyment of all who had no agricultural interests at stake.

So dry a season had rarely been known; and the only visitors to the inn who could bring forward a grievance, were such fishers as had been foolish, or heedless, or ignorant enough to dream of indulging in the sport which, on former occasions, had lured them thither.

The water had not risen to fishing trim for weeks; and now trickled lazily over the rocks, and made only a feint of bubbling in the hollows, where, during the winter months, it had raved and thundered.

Artists were more fortunate—their riches were only too abundant.

A background of pale mountains, set in silvery haze, was to be had, turn where they might; and what was wanted further for a wondrous foreground, than glancing network of sunshine cast over cliffs half smothered in foliage? Every shade of colour from the deep blue-green of the pine, to the emerald prickles of the larch and the pink buds of the oak, was flickering there; whilst beneath the intruder's feet, and spreading themselves everywhere over the newly sprung grass, hyacinths, violets, and primroses blossomed into masses of blue and yellow mist.

Daylight was beginning to wane on the evening in question, as an open travelling carriage, somewhat shabbily appointed and drawn by hacks, was leisurely traversing the highroad leading towards the village.

It contained two ladies, one of whom, reclining far back upon the cushions, exhibited frequent signs of weariness and impatience, as point after point of the landscape was passed, without any indications that their journey was near its end.

"These roads are really very tiresome," she exclaimed repeatedly to her companion. "I don't think I ever saw such roads in my life! One can never see beyond the next turning; it is up and down, up and down, the whole way. I had indulged in a hope that the top of this terribly long hill would bring us in sight of a farmhouse or inn, or *something*—even a church," with a sigh, "would be—well, it would not do much for us, certainly, for I am exhausted, quite; and so must you be, poor child—but still, it would be better than these dreary wilds, without a human habitation. How far off do you imagine we are still? A mile? Oh dear, I wish that were all! I am certain, *positive*, that we have many, *many* miles still before us. A mile? My dear, what could you have been thinking of? Do you take what that man says? I doubt much if he even knows the way. Now that I think of it, it would not in the least surprise me to find that we had taken the wrong turning. Suppose we have! What *are* we to do? Speak, child; it makes me quite nervous. We cannot go back among those frightful moorlands; we really *cannot*—it is growing late——"

"Don't be afraid," replied the other, cheerfully. "Do you see that this valley is just going to meet another, and pass into one? and that the road is keeping close to the river? and——"

"And what of that?" said her companion. "What does it signify if we are in one valley, or two, or a hundred? I am tired of valleys. These trees are a pleasant shade, but, depend upon it, we shall not have them long; we shall emerge——"

"At our destination," cried the younger lady, pointing triumphantly in front. "I knew it was in a

wood, and I knew it was where two rivers meet; and that was what I meant by showing you the signs you could not interpret, dear auntie. See, here is the village close at hand."

"Indeed! I could not have believed it," responded the complainant, upright in a moment, and restored to curiosity and good-humour. "This is a charming surprise. Actually at our feet! Who could have dreamt of a little enchanted nook being so completely hidden, that one is in the midst of it before—— Why, it was not even that mile away we disputed about, was it? Certainly," with a laugh of pleasure, "we have no need to speak to our good driver about taking the wrong way. He has done very well—very well indeed; we are in excellent time for dinner, and I shall take care he has something more than his charge, for driving us so comfortably. It was better, much better, than if he had hurried the poor, good horses; for then, after all, we should only have arrived too soon! Now, all is right, and we will think no more of the perils of the way."

Her spirits and volubility increased every moment.

"It is actually further off than it looks, however," she commented. "How odd! It seemed far away, when it was in reality near; and now it recedes from us, when we are almost touching it. Surely," in alarm, "we are not about to plunge into this never-ending wood again!"

It was but a momentary apprehension; they turned a corner and the village lay before them.

"I am glad for your sake we are here," said the other traveller, as their pace quickened to a brisk trot; "but, for my own, I wish we might go on for a long, long time like this. I wish we need not go in doors to-night. What I should like would

be to encamp by the side of one of those dark pools down there, with the waterfall to lull me to sleep, and the sun upon my face to wake me in the morning. How sweet the scent of the larches is! And how beautiful that cloudless sky!"

"Yes, my dear, yes," replied her companion, opening her reticule, and searching among its contents. "As you say, beautiful—quite. I hope I am not very dusty and dirty, am I? One would not wish to drive up to such a nice-looking place an absolute fright! Not but what a veil *is* a protection. You are burnt, my love, a great deal more than I, for want of one—a little sunburn is not unbecoming, however, to brunettes, as you know, no doubt; for blondes it is different altogether—a fair skin tanned is *horrible*. However, this veil, which is, as you see, double gossamer, has prevented that, I hope. Is my shawl tolerably straight? What a *very* nice little town! Quite a *town*. Railway station, church, everything comfortable. We shall do very well here, for the Sunday; very well *indeed*. What do you say? Oh, charming! yes, a delightful drive, and the scenery is enchanting—no other word for it. But still, one does get a little tired, you know, and hungry. Which is the inn, I wonder? That large grey house, shaded by creepers? Yes, we are going to stop, I am sure. I hope it may be, for it looks most substantial."

She was not responded to. The other traveller was leaning forward intent on something different.

"That cannot be a nightingale," said she, musing. "I don't suppose they come so far north as this. It can only be a fine, deep-toned blackbird."

"Wetherell tells me there is a *table d'hôte*, and everything done most correctly. Only women-servants, too. Odd, is it not?"

"Listen to the cuckoos! One has started another, and they are answering each other across the river. What a bright, hopeful, spring-like sound it is!"

Mrs Wyndham.—"Ah! here we are! And that is the landlady, I suppose!"

Pauline.—"Good-bye, cuckoos!"

The inn fulfilled all that had been said in its praise, and that was a great deal. It was clean, comfortable, quiet; good rooms were secured to our travellers, and the cookery was excellent.

Mrs Wyndham was in the best of humours.

She commended everything. She did not know when she had been in so nice a place, certainly not for a very long time. The furniture was unexceptionable; the pictures on the walls, gems; the servants the most attentive, respectful, and considerate she had ever met with.

"We shall do very well here, my dear—very well *indeed*, I think. We will breakfast at the public table to-morrow, as it is Sunday, to avoid giving trouble; and we will go to that nice little church afterwards. Go to bed early: don't sit up, Pauline; don't lose your 'beauty sleep,' my dear. Neither you nor I can do without that, you know. Your room is next mine, is it not? And they both look to the front, as this one does. We were quite in luck to get such rooms, for the inn is full, Wetherell says. There are more people expected to-night, besides. A man rode in just now, to say so. From the Chester Races, Wetherell says. Where they are to be put, I cannot imagine; for quiet as the place seems now, it was all alive with people an hour ago. Gone to their rooms, probably. They appeared to be coming in from all quarters about ten o'clock. This is really a perfect little paradise of a place! So glad we found

it out, and for Sunday, too ! Well, good night, love—I'm off !”

A few minutes afterwards she popped in, again.

“Sure you don't want anything, Pauline ? Wetherell will attend to you, remember, precisely as she does to me. She has unpacked for you, comfortably ? And you have really everything ? Then don't sit up longer, my dear, and be sure to lock the outer door. *This* door is mine, remember. So convenient having rooms opening into each other ! I would leave the door ajar, but you prefer having your window open, and one must beware of draughts.”

She retired at last, and in half an hour all was quiet in the adjoining chamber.

Pauline leaned out over her broad window-sill.

There was scarcely a sound to interfere with the low monotonous gurgle of the waters beneath ; scarcely a movement throughout the dim and hushed atmosphere.

Birds had ceased to sing, and were asleep on their roosts ; cattle and sheep had nestled down among the high grass of the meadow ; and only here and there a wayfarer trudged along the footpath.

At length even the sound of casual footsteps died away, and silence prevailed over all.

The scene was one to attune a pious mind to devotion, and the

solitary watcher from her window owned its tranquillising influence.

Her heart was at rest with God, at peace with all the world.

No sighs nor regrets intruded, no anxious cares were suffered to assail.

A strange happiness filled her soul, and suffused every subject on which her fancy rested.

With comfort, hope, and simple trustfulness she thought of her brother, her aunt, all whom she knew.

She could not fear nor forebode. Her own life seemed almost too fair and pleasant, so wonderfully had its roughnesses been smoothed, its sharp edges been softened.

Where were the wild and foolish dreams that once had threatened to disturb its even tenor ? Dead, buried, and forgotten, thank God !

To Him her spirit rose in pure and holy communion, the while grand old psalms of praise floated across her memory, and found an echo in her swelling bosom.

And there took possession of her heart a great Love, casting out all other loves, and a great Peace that trouble and sorrow move not.

Yea, soft and tender was the touch of the Everlasting Arms ; and yet, methinks, in that quiet hour, they were girding sword and buckler, making ready with shield and breastplate.

She, knowing it not, was arming for the fight, and the time was at hand.

CHAPTER XXVI.—TRAVELLERS MEETING.

“Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour,
Then comes the fearful wintry blast—
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast—
Pallid lips say, ‘It is past,
We can return no more !’”—LONGFELLOW.

It was dark ere Pauline rose to withdraw, and as she paused for a moment to let down the blind of her window for the night, the sound

of carriage-wheels and horses' feet approaching at a great pace over the hard highroad, fell upon her ear.

With this was presently intermingled voices, snatches of song, and noisy laughter, grating harshly upon the peaceful solemnity of the scene.

The carriage whirled to the door.

It was immediately beneath her bedroom; and as the travellers proceeded to alight with the confidence of expected guests, she concluded they could be none other than those whose messenger her aunt's maid had overheard engaging rooms for the night.

Such an arrival was too late to be agreeable, even had the party been composed of sober-minded and considerate people; but in the present instance, the bustle of greeting inseparable from an inn, was magnified into more of a tumult than was in keeping with the time and place.

Orders issued every instant at the full pitch of rollicking voices, interlarded with asseverations, jests, and nicknames not always polite, indicated that there were no ladies present; and the free joviality of all, pointed further to a party of pleasure, of which some, at least, were under the influence of liquor. Their spirits were at excitement pitch.

Luggage was missing, servants were backward, blunders were, it appeared, rife; but whatever might be the cause of the disturbance, it produced, and was settled by, a laugh.

Once there was the sound of a fall, and the merriment increased prodigiously.

"Asleep?" There was a shout.

"Asleep?" "Who is asleep?"

"Nonsense!" "Did you throw him out?" "He's not awake yet!" from each in turn.

"Ha, ha, ha!" from all.

Then followed a feminine remonstrance. "Come now, gentlemen!" and tittering from the doorstep.

At last the vehicle was slowly dragged round to the stables, and the rioters were prevailed upon to go indoors.

There was a lull. Supper was being served, and in the quiet interval the weary girl overhead fell asleep.

She dreamt she was dancing again at Elsie's Highland Harvest-home.

Again she heard the shuffling, scuffling, stamping of many feet, the shouting, and, above all, the twanging of dance music.

Again she saw by her side a motionless figure, and felt the first chill touch of a fear that, ere the night was over, had deepened into a certainty.

That cruel night!

She moaned and muttered in her sleep.

Louder came the notes of mirth, and still more distinctly, as her eyes unclosed.

She was awake, and still she heard them.

Some one was speaking to her. It was Mrs Wyndham, who stood in the doorway between the two rooms, uncertain whether to retreat or advance.

"My dear child, I would not wake you for the *world*! Are you awake? If you *are*,—eh? *can* you sleep through all this? I can't. What a dreadful noise! How shameful to *allow* such a noise! It is as bad in my room as it is here, I assure you. They must be dancing in a large hall underneath, or it could not be heard so distinctly in both rooms. Do, my dear Pauline, tell me what to do! How shall we put a stop to it?"

"I don't suppose we can, auntie." Pauline sat up, with long, brown, plaited hair falling over her shoulders, and drowsily regarded her visitor. "I don't think we can do anything, now that it is so late. They will stop soon, I daresay. It

must be those people who arrived so late, and who have not gone to bed yet."

"My dear, it is *dreadful*! They *ought* to go to bed! They *ought* to be *made* to go to bed! Past two o'clock in the morning—Sunday morning, too—it is abominable, perfectly abominable! It ought not to be permitted! My dear Pauline, are you really asleep again?"

"Ah, yes; I'm afraid I am, auntie. I cannot keep awake. If I—could—do—anything——"

"We can speak about it, my love. We can, and we really *should*, for the sake of *others*, say something. People have no *right* to think only of their own convenience; and that every one in this large house should be deprived of rest—should be at the mercy of a set of ill-mannered, disreputable creatures—is not to be borne! I don't approve of this inn at all, now. I shall get no sleep to-night, and not be fit to be seen to-morrow. Pauline!"

No answer.

"She is actually over again. That is rather hard; she might have felt for me a little. Young girls are selfish, somehow; not that Pauline is so *very* young,—I thought I should have had some sympathy, if nothing else."

She then concluded to take a glass of water.

The bottle clinked against the tumbler, and the tumbler rattled against the basin; a chair fell over; worse than all, she hit her head a pretty smart rap against the open door, for the flickering moonshine afforded only a partial and uncertain light.

Pauline turned in her sleep.

("She will surely wake *now*," considered the unfortunate lady.)
"Pauline, my dear."

"Whoo—oop!" from below.

"Wretches!" ejaculated Mrs Wyndham, with the comfort of

thorough exasperation, "they have awakened you again, my poor child, and now you will get no more sleep to-night, and neither shall I!"

Saying which, she sat down to exclaim, lament, and conjecture, until at length the music, after breaking off fitfully, and being renewed with vigour several times in succession, finally ceased; and only the hum of voices was distinguishable at intervals, when these were raised above ordinary pitch.

This was endurable, and better than this could not be expected.

Mrs Wyndham retired, and slumber again visited the eyes of Pauline, who, truth to tell, had been more weary of her aunt's presence and complaints than of all the other torments of the night.

Others, however, as well as our travellers, had smarted under these.

"This won't do, you know," said a stout elderly gentleman, during breakfast on the following morning. "We must have this looked into. I could hardly get to sleep the whole night."

"Nor I." "Nor I."

Several others said the same.

Such a disturbance was intolerable, and a repetition of it must be prevented at all costs.

Who were the offenders? And what was the meaning of such a disgraceful revel?

The maids were humble, and explanatory; and it was plain they had not regarded the affair with the disfavour which was its due. (In fact, they had participated in the sport, and enjoyed themselves immensely.)

The gentlemen, they said, had been at the races, and they were full of spirits, and they would not be quiet. They had only run down for the day, just for a frolic. There was nothing wrong "whatever" (in the pretty Welsh accent).

"I don't know what you call wrong," replied the head and front of the complainants, aware that he carried an overwhelming majority with him; "but all I can say is, that if such a detestable riot is to occur again, rather than stay here to endure it—Sunday though it be—you must furnish me and my party with carriages, and we will take our leave at once."

He had all the best rooms; and, like Mrs Wyndham, was only attending the public meal out of consideration. Accordingly, great was the alarm caused by so dire a threat.

The carriages? Oh, he would not need the carriages whatever! The gentlemen—they had their own carriage; and it was ordered that evening, and they would be off immediately—that was, before night.

Oh, they were very well known gentlemen—very well known indeed. They were the —s, and they were on their way to the Castle.

"Well, well," with impatient disregard of the name held in such high estimation, "whatever they are, it matters not to us. Order and decency are expected in a place of this kind; and if you receive visitors who will not conform to the ordinary usages of society, such of us as are accustomed to see these maintained will withdraw our countenance. You may rest assured of that."

"A vulgar man, my dear," whispered Mrs Wyndham to her niece. "I wish he had not taken it up. All that was required was a quiet word to the landlady; it would have been amply sufficient without this bluster."

The bluster, however, was not without its effect. Assurances were given over and over again, that no further annoyance need be anticipated. The gentlemen, they were quite quiet this morning; they were going down to bathe in the river,

and they would not disturb anybody.

Breakfast over, the little church-bell tinkled its summons to morning service.

The door next our travellers' sitting-room burst open as Pauline passed, and was then banged, amid a scuffle and laughter, but she escaped down the staircase without seeing anything of those within.

Her aunt was waiting, and they set out together.

Mrs Wyndham surveyed her niece proudly.

"My dear, you look very nice—very nice. That bonnet just suits you. So simple, too; so suitable for the little church! Who are those people in front of us, I wonder? No one very particular; their dress makes one sure of *that*. I hope they will not sit near us; if I were to have that head before my eyes it would put me into a perfect fidget. Preposterous! Is it not? And for a place like this—a little country spot—for which one ought not to dress up *at all*! Not to *appear* to have dressed, at all events. One ought to have the effect of having slipped into a little bonnet and scarf; all that one had room for. That woman is *en grande tenue*! Nothing could be in worse taste."

"Yes," said Pauline.

She had fallen into the habit of not hearing one word in ten that fell from her aunt's lips.

"I thought, my love," continued the amiable monitor, "of giving you a little hint on this subject. It might not have occurred to you, although I see that it *has*, and I am rejoiced to see it—but really a nice perception on points such as these is given to few. It is in trifles that a woman ought to shine, Pauline. *That*," gloomily regarding the luckless robe on which her text was founded, "is, as any one might perceive, a *fête* dress. Had it been mine, nothing would have induced

me to make such an unsuitable display. To be sure," with deepening dissatisfaction, "Wetherell might have found something for me a *little* better than this! Wetherell's judgment is not altogether to be depended upon. Although, indeed, I had no idea it was so faded when she laid it out."

"Faded? Oh, it has not faded much."

"Has it not? But it is certainly shabby. However, one would always prefer being underdressed to being overdressed. It is nothing to be underdressed—nothing. It merely argues a desire to pass unnoticed; in fact it acts as a sort of *incognito*. Dear me! are all those people going to church?"

They had met another stream of villagers, and a waggonette containing several gaily dressed ladies drove past.

"I certainly did not expect such a congregation," observed Mrs Wyndham, only half pleased. "This is an extraordinary place. At first sight it would appear to be buried in the wilds, and now we are in the midst of a perfect concourse of people! Well, I am quite satisfied that I was in the right to come thus to *church*; but for *dinner*, if you think Wetherell has carried out my ideas rather too strictly, we might make a little change. Although it is only an early dinner—a sort of luncheon—still that might pass. It is quite *en règle* to change for luncheon when one has been out before. And," with reviving spirits, "if noticed, it would serve to mark only the more distinctly my disapprobation of dressing up for church. What do you think?"

"I think you look very nice."

"Wetherell could get me out another in a minute."

"Could she?"

"You might at least give an opinion, my dear."

Mrs Wyndham was vexed. No-

thing hurt her more than a suspicion that she had been thought frivolous.

"I am sure," she continued, with the same shade of annoyance on her brow, "no one cares less than I do about such matters, if I had only myself to think about; but for the sake of *others* I really consider it is one's *duty* to be a *little* particular."

Pauline confessed her fault. She had been giving her attention to—to—the folly of sweeping a dusty road with yards of fresh muslin—among other things.

Her aunt was delighted.

So that was it! Certainly such a sight was sufficient to distract any one's attention. She hoped her own train was out of the way; but it did not signify (carelessly), as she believed she should change it when she went in. She would be more comfortable in something cooler.

"We are in good time," said Pauline, as they approached the door. "Where shall we sit? There appears to be plenty of room."

"Choose a back seat then, my love. Let us be quite away from all those people we have been looking at. I think I always say my prayers better in a back seat, Pauline," whispered the poor woman, plaintively. "You are different, dear. Your head is full of better things, and you are not diverted from them, as I am. You must try to help me, child, for I need it."

"Dear aunt," said Pauline, greatly touched, and scarcely knowing how to reply, "so gladly—most gladly, I mean—— Here is a seat close at hand." And she opened the pew-door, relieved that no further response was needed.

The sun was at its height as the worshippers issued once more into the open air; and so sultry was the heat, that many lingered to enjoy the shade cast by a row of over-

hanging boughs, on their way back to the inn.

At the door lounged the young men, who had returned from the river, breakfasted, and were now inhaling cigars.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mrs Wyndham, descriing them with a woman's quickness. "There are those—— Dear me! what nice-looking—— I cannot understand their behaviour last night. I thought we should have seen clowns!"

"Set of scamps!" muttered a

voice behind. "Dissipated, disreputable——"

So much reached the ladies' ears.

Pauline, not inclined to confront the subjects of such unfavourable criticism, averted her eyes from the doorway, and fixed them on outward objects.

Following her aunt's lead, however, she was about to enter, when a sudden movement among the group, and a loud exclamation of her name, made her stop short.

She turned, and found herself face to face with Blundell.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IN THE VALLEY OF THE LLUGWY.

"Dost thou not know I am a wayward man,
Sullen by fits?"—ETHWALD.

She knew him in a moment.

He was altered. He was stouter, redder, than he had been. There was a dash of grey on each temple. There was a something;—but, in spite of all—perhaps rather because of all—he was even more remarkable-looking than he had been before.

She would have known him in a crowd—have known him anywhere.

As it was, in this quiet place, their eyes met with a flash of instantaneous recognition. A few dizzy moments—a voice in her ears—and then—she passed on.

Met at last! And such a meeting!

The bold look, the swaggering attitude, the contemptuous negligence of dress and demeanour—oh, how her heart throbbed!

She speak to him? She respond to his leap forward, and exclamation of her name?

She permit him to take her hand? Detain her?

No, indeed!

Not a smile—not a moment's hesitation, after that first involuntary halt. She will not vouchsafe him a word.

Up and down her room she paces, with clasped hands and quivering breath. The door is locked. She has secured a moment's quiet and the wretched comfort of being free from prying observation.

Blundell? Could it be Blundell?

Were those Blundell's eyes? Was that Blundell's voice? In the same spot, under the same roof, they had stood and confronted each other, and he had spoken!

Oh! not he, but some vile impostor, miserable changeling! When had he that insolent air, that flushed brow, that inflamed glance?

It cannot, it *shall* not be Blundell!

He, for whom she had wept and prayed, and shamed herself in her own eyes!

For whose sake she had stormed in secret indignation at the calumny, the slander, the injustice which had fastened on his name!

Had not that very name been dear to her?

Had she not hungered even to hear it reproached, albeit every syllable stabbed her heart, rather than not hear it at all?

How quick she had been to de-

teet covert allusions, when he was their object! How ready in guessing, where his form would have supplied a blank!

Now, then, she knew why, that morning, there had vibrated through the thin partition of their rooms a sound which had strangely awakened her memory, yet troubled her to discover why.

She had divined no reason for it.

The husky voice of a late sleeper, demanding brandy ere he could rise—was that like any one she knew?

Most unlike Blundell.

It had been a trick of speech—a something in the accent.

She had smiled—had sighed to think how easily his image could be conjured up.

That sigh was now a groan. That image had been slain by force.

Blundell—her Blundell—was no more.

Pauline did not leave her room till evening.

A headache, she said, detained her. She would lie down, needed no attention.

"Those noisy people are to leave about nine o'clock," said her aunt, coming in. "None of them appeared at the *table d'hôte*, and I understand they have ordered dinner for themselves at seven. So, you see, we might just as well have had our little private dinner, as not; and you, poor child, might have been tempted to eat something. If one ever tries not to give trouble at these places, some one else is sure to reap the benefit. I made a point of going down to that early breakfast, tired though I was; and then, when we came back from church, at nearly one o'clock, there was the *débris* of a great meal not begun to be cleared away! In a sitting-room to the right. The door was open as we passed. Did you not notice? Hot dishes too, for I saw the covers! This dress looks

more respectable, does it not, Pauline? It was absolutely necessary to change, I assure you, for some one trampled upon me as we came in—oh, I told you, I think! So very rude! He never offered the slightest apology: he was staring at some one else; I should have imagined it was you, if I had not seen you took no notice. But, really, I was quite annoyed. I am afraid they are a dissipated set of young men. It was one of *them*, you know, who did it, and there they are sitting at the window now, playing cards. I saw them as I passed by. Well, I have ordered up a cup of tea for you, love; and now I am going to take a little rest myself. How hot this room is! What do you say to a little stroll after your tea? It would do you good. It is so sad that you should miss the whole of this lovely day!"

Pauline pondered.

She longed to go. The balmy air outside would soothe and calm her, but her aunt's tittle-tattle——

"I don't feel equal to a walk myself," said that lady, innocently. "I think my best plan will be to lie down and try to get a little nap, now that the house is quiet. By-and-by I may perhaps put on a shawl and peep out. But don't think about me, Pauline. Don't wait for me. Let us be independent of each other. I shall watch that party depart. They amuse me. And I feel quite good tempered towards them, now that I know we are to be rid of their company before night."

"I shall not come back before they go, then," said Pauline. "After which, shall I come in and fetch you?"

Yes, that would do perfectly. Her aunt would be found in the sitting-room.

At seven o'clock Pauline reconnoitred.

The private dinner was being

carried up, there was a slight bustle among the attendants, and then the door was shut.

She stole down-stairs, intending to turn to the left and explore a mountain track which had come under her notice on their way home from church.

By taking this turn she would not run the risk of being seen.

Here too, she would be safe from any chance encounter, whatever direction the departing travellers took.

It was well planned.

In crossing the hall, however, an opening door startled her, and in the confusion of escaping, she darted across the very window she most wished to avoid!

It was wide open, and the clatter of dishes, and voices within, could be heard.

But he was scarcely likely to have noticed her, and she could not imagine why she should care, if he had.

Still she preferred not to retrace her steps, not to cross the window again; another footpath could be found.

Or stay, she would go down to the river. She would go over the picturesque old ivied bridge, and wander up the other side.

Groups of quiet-looking people, tempted by the warmth of the evening, were strolling up and down the village. Fathers and mothers, with their little ones; sweethearts linked arm in arm; Sunday-school children in clusters.

Several of her fellow-occupants of the inn were likewise indulging in a ramble; and following some of these, she crossed the bridge, and passing a pretty watermill, at which they stopped to look, pursued her way up the river-side.

The party followed; a clergyman and two ladies.

She could hear their voices behind, as she walked quietly on, subdued and refreshed by the sweet influences around her; and after

traversing rather more than a mile, she considered that here it would be well to stay awhile.

The footpath turned again, into the wood, and probably rejoined the highroad a little higher up the banks.

As she halted, those behind did the same.

They had reached the spot most tempting to lovers of scenery. They had gone down, as she had, to the brink of the water, and were remarking to each other on the beauties around.

Presently she observed them, with satisfaction, settling down upon the rocks.

Books were being pulled out, and they were choosing comfortable seats, evidently with a view to remaining where they were, for some little time.

"That will do very well," reflected Pauline. "I shall keep these people in sight. I shall dog their footsteps going back. This is a lonely place, and good company at just that distance is desirable. I will sit down too, as soon as I have had one look round this point."

Accordingly she stepped forward, her scarlet shawl rendering her a bright spot of colour among the flickering greens,—and stood motionless for several minutes.

Her brow bared to the evening air, her shawl thrown off, and hanging on her arm—all in white she stood, and Blundell was looking at her. He had been looking at her for some time.

The first emotion which rushed with almost sickening force over Pauline's mind when she turned and saw him, was a sense of the same thing having happened before.

Then, true, it was *she* who had startled *him*; now, it was *she* who was startled.

But was this all the difference?

What she might have done, had time been given her to think, she

could not tell; as it was, she simply stepped forward and held out her hand.

He took it, bowing low as he did so; but neither spoke.

She had leisure to observe that a change of some sort had taken place in him since the morning—a change which shook her; for it was once again the Blundell she had known in the wild Hebridean island who stood by her side.

Afraid of the silence, and of the strange trembling in her veins, Pauline was the first to stammer hastily a few incoherent words, but her voice was so low as to be almost inaudible.

Blundell made no attempt at reply.

"I startled you," he said, still keeping his eye upon her. "It was hardly fair to come upon you thus, but you forced me to it. Miss La Sarte, you would not speak to me this morning."

She was silent.

"I came to ask you, why?"

"Why?" with a sudden outburst. "Why?"

"Yes; why? We parted friends, we have not seen each other for two years and a half, and you meet me thus. I think I have a right to ask, why?"

"Oh," said Pauline, sadly, "*you* know."

"I—know——?"

"You must—you do. Was that the way you would have met me in the days you speak of? Is that how you would have been seen on God's holy day of rest? In such company—and such—such——"

She paused, much agitated.

He remained quietly regarding her, and after a minute said, "When you saw me last, Miss La Sarte, I had just endured a great loss, and I was in bad health. You would not have me remain always the moping fellow I was then? You were all very kind to me, I know, but you must have seen what a low

state of spirits I was in, equally unpleasant to myself, and to all my friends? Congratulate me upon having got the better of it."

"You have had another illness since then," said Pauline, gently putting aside the question; "I will congratulate you on your recovery from that."

"How did you hear of it? Yes, I was nearly done for, they tell me. But how did you know?"

"I heard about you every day. I was within four miles of Blundellsaye."

"You were within four miles of Blundellsaye! Where were you? Who were you with? How did I not know?"

He poured out the questions with a rapidity and eagerness that could not but be flattering.

"I was at the Grange, with my aunt, Mrs Wyndham."

"Mrs Wyndham? I don't know the name. Has she bought the Grange? Shall you be there again?"

"Yes, she has bought it."

"And when do you go back? How soon? How the devil——ah!——" he bit his lip. "I can't imagine how I did not come to hear of your being there."

No response.

"You did not think much of our society, I presume," continued Blundell. "Stupidest lot of people I ever came across. Will your aunt allow me to call?"

He pressed closer to her as he spoke. She drew back.

"I cannot tell."

"I don't know why you should treat me thus, Miss La Sarte," said he, offended. "Your other aunt was kindness itself to me all the time I was at Gourloch, and you and your cousin likewise. What have I done to injure myself in your opinion? Will you have the kindness to explain to me what really is the cause of your displeasure?"

"My displeasure! It is not *my* displeasure. I have no displeasure. I have nothing to do with it. I don't know—I don't know what to say," cried the poor girl. "But this morning when you spoke to me you seemed—you looked so unlike what I had ever seen you—I am afraid you were not even quite yourself——"

The effect of her words frightened her.

His brow crimsoned, and he leant against the rock as if to steady himself, without speaking, for several minutes' time. At last he turned towards her. "You thought I was drunk, did you?"

To his amazement the sound of a sob came for answer.

"And you cared as much as that?" he cried.

"How could I but care," replied she, "to see *any one* so? and on this day of all days! It"—firmly and quietly—"grieved me very much."

His look hardened again.

"That was a pity, for, as it happened, you were mistaken; I was not so abandoned."

Pauline turned to go.

"I see you do not believe me," he said.

"I cannot make you understand. I will try to believe you. You always speak the truth——"

"You are too good."

"But if it *is* the truth, it—— Why do you ask me to speak at all?" she broke off suddenly. "Why do you persecute me so? I would not say a word to pain you—no, I would not——"

"Oh dear no! You only hint in the most gentle manner at unpleasant details."

Her anger rose.

"You must go now, or I shall. I will not speak to you, nor hear you speak again; I will *not*. It is no good. For the sake of the past, good-bye," putting out her hand, "but don't try to keep me."

"Good-bye," he said, carelessly. "I say, don't laugh at me behind my back, please. I am a fool, I know, but I would rather that *you* did not say it."

"How can you? How can you?" She struggled with her feelings, resolute on keeping a mastery over them. "You never spoke to me so before, and what have I done to make you do it now? Let me go."

"Certainly."

He made way for her to pass. "And so departs all my chance in this world, and the next."

Could she go with those words in her ears? He thought not; and he was right.

She remained riveted to the spot, as if detained by the grasp of an invisible hand.

"Don't let *me* keep you," continued Blundell, in the same light tone. "I am hardly worth a curse—certainly nothing else. Confess now, you would not put out your little finger to save me, if you saw me going down into that pool—would you? You would sooner play the 'Lorelei's' part—I think it is a favourite one of yours—to such a poor devil as I am! This is the second occasion on which you have appeared in it to me. Don't do so a third time, please. That means the final scene, you understand? And I don't wish to be unnecessarily hurried in my exit; I should like to make my bow with decency, when the correct time comes——"

She turned from him, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Good God!" exclaimed he.

He had been beside himself.

The shock of meeting her in the morning, with the mortification consequent on her refusal to recognise him, had left him so ill at ease, as to make an explanation necessary. He had followed her steps, directed by villagers who had seen her pass, and had found her more beautiful and more impassable than ever.

More than that, he had found her at a peculiarly unfortunate time for his own spirits and temper.

He was suffering the reaction consequent on the previous day's outbreak, and he was fasting, having left the dinner-table without tasting either food or wine.

He had been betrayed into an unpardonable degree of irritation, until the sight of her distress recalled him in some measure to himself.

Her distress? But he wanted to be assured of more than her distress. He sought some personal claim to her tears. It seemed to him as though, all along, he had only cared for Pauline.

The trio on the rocks below went quietly home; but Pauline did not see them—her face was buried in her hands.

Blundell did, however, and waited.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—“PAULINE, ACCEPT THE PLEDGE.”

“Give a woman the consciousness of having right on her side, and it is odds but she will prove insensible to argument, inaccessible to tenderness, and invulnerable to scorn.”

“I cannot—no, I cannot,” said Pauline.

“And is this to be final? May I not speak again? May I not hope that you will relent? that time——”

She shook her head.

“Why should I say time, indeed?” cried he. “Why not now, this moment? You have said so much, you have been so good, I can scarcely believe my own happiness—it cannot be that you refuse farther to confirm it? You would not have me now despair? Only tell me that; only throw out the smallest crumbs of comfort, and I will feed upon them like a dog!”

“Mr Blundell, I do not dare. You know, you know why.”

“Yes,” he said, “I do know. A viler wretch than I am you cannot make me out, think what you may of me. That you should care——” He stopped in evident emotion.

“Care! Oh yes, I care——”

“Then you can save me. Can you refuse, and yet acknowledge what you have acknowledged? Confess that I,—that my love, my devotion, has met—unworthy as I am to say it—with return?”

“Are you asking *me* to save you?” cried Pauline. “A sinner like yourself, save you!”

“God forbid! I ask a pure and noble saint to save me, and to her shrine I am come,” he added, folding his arms, and stooping his head before her, with a gesture of proud humility. “Will she disdain so poor a suppliant? Having alone the power, has she not the will?”

“This is dreadful,” said Pauline. “What warnings you have had already! Your brother’s fearful end! your own danger!—these you have disregarded, and you think that I, a poor, weak woman, can do more! What if I gave myself to you? You would soon cease to heed me. You would speak to me as you did just now——”

“No, no.”

“You would. What right should I have to expect anything else? Now, at this moment, you are seeking to persuade me to disobey the plain command of God——”

“What command? To save a soul?” cried Blundell, eagerly. “Is *that* the command I would have you disobey? See here: I have read the Scriptures—have studied them, perhaps, as much as you have—and although I pretend no longer to shape my life by what I found there, so much I can aver,—you could not be committing a sin in making so great a sacrifice.”

"Sacrifice!"

"Perhaps it would hardly be a sacrifice; but still it would be." He paused, casting about in his mind for some word, some idea, that would weigh down the balance in his favour. "Is it nothing to reclaim a man like me? Could you have done this—would I have asked it, would I have spoken another word on the subject—if that moment's weakness had not disclosed to me more than I could ever have presumed to hope? Now you weep again, and give me courage," attempting to take her hand. "You do love me, you do care for me. God bless you for it! Pauline, let us both be happy."

"Stop," said she—"stop, and listen to what I say."

She paused, drew a long breath, and grew calmer.

"Mr Blundell, when I first knew you, and I thought—we all thought, we believed—that you were, so far as you then knew, seeking with a single heart to walk in the right way, I—I would not have spoken to you as I have done to-night. I thought that for a man to be in earnest, and to be sincere, it was enough; that he was sure to find the truth at last. But I have learnt otherwise. You *were* in earnest—yes, you were; but you were determined to walk in your own strength—and you fell. And you *will* fall, whether you lean on yourself or me, or on any other than the Holy Spirit of God. That you may be led to cast away all other aid, and to seek His, before it is too late, shall be my daily prayer for you."

"Don't pray for me—lead me," pleaded Blundell, not unnaturally. "You shall teach me what you mean, and show me by your own sweet example, the way to heaven. Who can do that better than a wife? You are leaving me to myself, when you might be my hope—my light—my life——"

"Should I be that?" said she, trembling. "Are those words fit for me? You would put me in the first place—me!"

"I would. I do already."

"In His place, who will not tolerate such wickedness?"

"Wickedness?"

"Oh yes, you will see it some day. And I should be the cause!"

"I don't understand. You are surely mistaken. You are under some delusion."

"No," said Pauline, starting forward with sudden vehemence, "I am not. And I must not listen to you any longer. Do not——," seeing he was about to interpose, "have pity, do not stop me. You would not be so cruel, if you knew—if you guessed—— And now," resolutely, "I am going."

"Going! Without one word of hope?"

"Yes, I have no hope."

She turned dejectedly away, and he mechanically held out his hand to guide her footsteps over the uneven pathway.

"At least I shall see you sometimes? You return south?" he said, at last.

"Yes."

"To our neighbourhood?"

"I must; I am dependent on my aunt, and must go where she goes."

"Indeed? Forgive me for being glad. It leaves me something yet to look forward to, something to live for. Must I take you home, now?"

He was still moving beside her step by step, holding her hand.

Neither spoke until they reached the footpath, when she would have withdrawn it, but he suddenly caught it to his lips.

"I cannot let this go," he said—"I cannot."

"Would you break my heart?" said she, weeping afresh. "Will you force me never to look upon your face again? Oh, do not make

me fear you! Leave me—leave us friends.”

“And thus I seal our friendship!” said Blundell, suddenly clasping her in his arms, and kissing her trembling lips. “And thus I pledge myself to woo and win you yet! Pauline, accept the pledge.”

She could not speak.

“I am a brute!” said he, lifting the shawl which had dropped from her nerveless arm, and folding her in it. “You shall not have more to bear from me—to-night, at least. Stay—one kiss more; and now, lean upon me, and we will come. You shall not again have to say you fear me, Pauline. You may trust me. Come! By Jove! it is nine o’clock!”

She hurried along, aware of what this meant. His companions must be already waiting, nine having been the hour fixed upon for their start. So much her aunt had overheard, and even at such a moment she could feel an additional torment in the apprehension that he might be searched for, and discovered—with her.

Her hand lay within his arm, but, as he had promised, he forbore to urge her further.

At length the bridge was reached.

“You will stay here, I presume,” said Blundell, bending towards her. “Stay but ten minutes, and we shall be gone. But we shall meet, Pauline, meet at Blundellsaye. Only one question, now. When do you go there?”

“Not for some time. Not till the autumn.”

“You are going to Scotland first?”

“Yes.”

“I wish I were! But I have promised to join a party in Norway. And—yes—I’ll go. I shall come back in October however, and then— No, not a word! Not a single word! I shall forget all

you have said to me to-day, all but one confession, and that I shall *never* forget, *never*. It shall go with me, stay with me, until I draw another from your lips. Now I suppose I ought to go.”

She remained motionless.

“Say good-bye, won’t you?” said he, putting out his hand.

“Good-bye.”

Other wayfarers were crossing the bridge, and a group of villagers stood curiously regarding the pair.

“Good-bye, good-bye,” he whispered, coming close to her. “Say good-bye once again, Pauline. I hate to hear you say it, and so I punish myself for all I have done and said to-night. And yet—I don’t wish a word unsaid. Do you? Have you forgiven me? Forgive me with some more tears, dear. Think of me to-night—no matter how,—I know it cannot be unkindly. Think of me to-morrow, and the next day, and every day. Now, one look, one smile! By heaven! I hardly know how to part with you. Say but a single word—a touch of your little hand will keep me! What? You won’t? And you turn from me again? *Pauline!*”

His look of reproach she could hardly withstand.

“Go, go,” she stammered, faintly. “You promised me to go.”

“I am going. Now, don’t speak, but listen. I take with me to-night a talisman; and when next we meet, you yourself shall acknowledge all that it has done for me. The thought of you”—he stopped—he almost broke down—she could just catch the entreaty—

“Don’t forbid me that, and I shall need no more.”

He was not forbidden, she had no voice—perhaps no wish—to forbid him.

Some minutes he waited, as though to test the full value of her

silence, then with a lingering look, with a grateful pressure of the hand he held, but without another word, he went.

Scarcely had the sound of his steps died away, ere Pauline sank down upon the broken wall by the roadside, unable longer to stand.

Her strength had departed; but so long as it was needed, it had not failed her.

In mute wonder, with a sense of bare deliverance, she hung over the side, concealing her face from observation, whilst feebly wiping from her eyes the ever-gathering moisture—all power of thought and memory for the moment gone.

Blundell with her! Holding her hand! His passionate words vibrating on her ear!

It seemed a dream—a mad improbability.

Here—in this quiet place—away from all the world—she had spent one most terrible, most blissful hour.

Oh! had he known how nearly she had yielded!

This man, till a few hours ago her hero—then her scorn—had almost prevailed to be her husband!

And the past?

It had been explained in a moment, had scarcely seemed to need explanation.

Her coldness, her reserve, his sense of unworthiness, his resolution to forget, all by turns had been recounted.

Then he had hurried on to the present, and then had been the test. Did she love him?

Her heart had been his from the very first day. A word, a glance had made it leap; a touch had made it tremble. This was for herself alone, but something of the truth had been revealed also to him. He had caught at it, and forced from her the whole. She *did* love him.

She could not deny it.

And he loved her. Why then the difficulty?

Over and over, she had been forced to combat the appeals of a resolute, self-willed man, bent on the fulfilment of his wish.

Had she done right? She hardly knew.

Had she done wrong? *No*.

In the dire confusion of misery and happiness one thing was certain, her conscience was at peace. No reproachful voice within had need to be stifled.

He loved her; that could not but make her happy. She loved him; that could not but make her miserable.

But there was One above who would not chide her.

Those only who love the dear ones of earth *more* than Him, are unworthy of Him.

Yea, and the greater the love that is not *more*—the stronger the love whose bonds are broken for His sake—the more infinite will be His compassion.

And this woman hath done what she could. She hath brought a costly offering.

She hath ta'en her sacrifice and laid it at His feet, and—joy unspeakable!—He will not despise it.

It was some time ere Pauline was sufficiently composed to note the flight of time, and the gathering darkness, which warned her to stay out no longer.

She had risen from her seat, and was about to turn her steps homewards, as her aunt flitted across the bridge.

Mrs Wyndham had been infinitely amused watching the party drive off, and was anxious to describe all that she had descried from her post of observation.

They were boys, mere boys, she said,—all, excepting the tall dark man—the wretch who had trodden on her dress in the morning, but

whose misdemeanours she had almost found it in her heart to forgive, as he had been so unmercifully set upon by all the rest. He had been out, and lost his way, and they had pelted him with the most pitiless epithets.

Indeed they had had some cause for vexation: their carriage, a charming drag, with a team of roans, had had to stand, or rather to move backwards and forwards, in front of the inn, for three-quarters of an hour at least.

Hearing his excuse—that he had lost his way—made Mrs Wyndham, she averred, think of her niece, and it had immediately occurred to her that Pauline had in all probability lost her way also.

But for a lady to make her way unprotected through all that uproar, was not to be thought of; and she had been obliged to wait till they were off, ere she could escape from her prison. She had waited till they had turned the corner, and had then set off immediately.

Inquiries followed, to which, in the present tumult of her spirits, it was difficult for Pauline to reply.

Was she rested? Had she enjoyed her walk? Was her head better?

Yes, her head was better—she had really forgotten all about it. The other questions could be passed over.

“Did you see anything of the missing gentleman?” inquired her aunt, presently.

Ah—yes, Pauline had.

“By far the best-looking of the whole set, my dear; and quite seven or eight and thirty, I should say. Men, you know, do improve up to that age. None of the others were in the least handsome,—at any rate, not to *my* taste. Perhaps I am singular, but I must own that I never can look at a fair man when a dark one is by. Fair women, you know, are—are—are

de rigueur. But I ought not to say that to you, ought I, you nut-brown maid? ‘Nut-brown maid,’ you see; every style has its admirers; and there are some whom I could name, who, I fancy, would declare that a blue eye cannot compete with a hazel one—eh, my love? But as a rule, Pauline—as a rule, it is fair women, and dark men. Byron, you know, ‘The lamps shone o’er fair women, and dark’—isn’t it ‘dark’ men? Well, if it is not, it ought to have been; and I do really believe,”—with a little laugh—“that it was his being a dark man, and such a very good-looking one, that inclined my heart to pity that delinquent more than all the ill-treatment he met with, for indeed he seemed to heed that very slightly.”

“What did he say?”

“Nothing; not a word, so far as I remember, after the first. He jumped into the drag without entering the house, although the others did have the grace to ask him to have something before they went; for, it seems, he had not been in at their dinner.”

“And he had lost his way?”

“So he said.”

“I wish,” reflected Pauline, “he had not said it.”

After this the Welsh tour fell somewhat flat.

The best places were duly visited, and the best scenery surveyed, but the tour failed in restoring the animation which it had at first inspired.

Pauline was so very quiet, could it be that she was ill? Mrs Wyndham scarcely liked to confess even to herself that she would have done well to add another to her party; but certainly neither aunt nor niece was unduly depressed when the time came for turning their backs upon moor and fell, and they found themselves safely off in the London train from Hereford.

MURAT AS KING OF NAPLES.

A WANDERER'S LETTER.—NO. VII.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Although I am by no means disposed to wish away any of my days, yet, as March is over, my regrets are not so great as they might be for any other month. March is, in Italy, the one month that cannot be relied on—the month in which the disagreeable weather of a whole year may be collected. This year it was a particularly forward month. From the day of the eclipse in February last (total at Naples), the weather was wet, windy, cold, and cold-giving—a great bar to one's enjoyment; and one morning I even saw the ground white with snow—a sight which a friend of mine, who had the experience of fourteen winters in the city, had never seen here before. There have been, moreover, a good many *sotto voce* growls from Vesuvius, and a sprinkling of ashes about Torre del Greco, as if mother earth, too, was ill at ease, and had something on her breast which she was inclined to get rid of. Indeed everything went wrong for a month or so, causing all the visitors to be continually crying out against this check to amusement, and all the natives to shrug their shoulders to the highest, turn up their palms, and say, “Eh! what would you have? March is mad.” The last three words are an Italian proverb; and, after hearing it some hundred times, I arrive at the conclusion that it was once an English proverb too—as thus, March is mad because of its strange weather; what then could be more natural than to say, As mad as March 'air? Put this into the mouth of a Cockney, and we are face to face with our repre-

sentative lunatic whose origin I never imagined till now. After such a discovery, who knows but I may live to expound the mystery of “the hatter!”

Well, the mad month is past, and the world is agitated with devising excursions, and (now that the days are of a fair length again) dashing away to rather distant points. As the long jaunts come to be discussed, I find that the fear of brigandage is not confined to Sicily, but that all over South Italy one has need to take precautions when about to visit a region at all remote from towns. If the enemies to be dreaded were simply like our Dick Turpins and Claude Duvals, we might reasonably hope that in this active and enlightened nineteenth century the “profession” might be extinguished. But I am afraid, from all I hear, that Italian brigands have very powerful confederates and protectors—a most serious consideration under any circumstances, but particularly so when a representative government has been established, and brigands and philo-brigands all have votes! Brigandage will probably be as hard to suppress in Italy as “veiled rebellion” is in Ireland.

As I sat a day or two ago at mine host's table, hearing, and assisting in, many schemes for spring rambles, a gentleman who was travelling with two ladies, inquired very anxiously about the prudence of going to Pæstum, or of going thither unprotected. Would it be safe, he asked, to go without a guard? or, if a guard were supplied, would it be of any use? would it not

collude with the banditti? Some said one thing and some another, the unlucky traveller being distracted by opinions of all shades, from the most contemptuous "pooh, pooh" to the impressive "I can only tell you that a friend of mine," &c., &c. After he had been exercised for some while in this way, a gentleman who had not yet spoken, observing that there was a pause in the remarks, took up his parable and said: "I guess, sir, you may do the thing considerable safe. I got thar last Tuesday about two o'clock, and spent the balance of the afternoon thar, not leaving the premises till after dark. It was as quiet as a dead nigger. You need not, I think, sir, be deterred by apprehension of banditti; but at the same time you may find your journey to that location kinder unprofitable; for although there are certainly some spacious buildings, they are sadly out of repair." Everybody laughed at this, supposing it to be a facetious way of remarking on the effects of tens of centuries on the temples; but the gentleman who had spoken had evidently been quite serious in his remark, which was the genuine lament of a utilitarian over unproductive structures.

The fine April weather having thus set everybody in motion, I shall, no doubt, soon recommence my wanderings. But a man may wander by his fireside; and in that dreamy sort of wandering I have been indulging in company with fellow-travellers little known before, but the better known the more appreciated and enjoyed. These presents, containing an account of some of my wanderings through a dreary moon, are the results which I have to show of the mad March.

I trust I may not weary you if I say something in continuation of

the subject of my last letter. I found, after I had been investigating the fortunes of old Ferdinand Nasone's kingdom in Nelson's days, that I could by no means withdraw my attention just at the point where Nelson disappeared from Naples. The history of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies continued to be like a romance for many years after Cardinal Ruffo and Nelson's fleet succeeded in bringing back the royal family to its continental capital; and I was, I assure you, very glad to refresh my memory, and to inform myself concerning it. For a quarter of a century or so after this first restoration, although the vicissitudes of the kingdom were many and most remarkable, they have not had—at least the details of them have not had—such a share of the world's attention as they appear to merit: first, because other events no less striking, but of immensely greater magnitude, were occurring contemporaneously with them in Europe; and secondly, (a consequence, probably, of the other reason) because few historians of repute and credit have recorded them. Nasone had, or rather his crown of Naples had, as many lives as a cat. If he had been an active, ambitious sovereign, it would be easily understood how, in ever-changing times, he might see many ups and downs; but, as his chief study seems to have been to avoid business and amuse himself, it is the more remarkable that when crowns were being stamped under foot, or jerked aloft like shuttlecocks, to light where accident might direct them, or where clever heads could dexterously catch them, his should have in the main continued faithful to his numskull, and that he should have died at an advanced age king of all the realms to which he had originally succeeded. When he did rouse himself to an effort, as in his

march to the Roman frontier with Mack for his general, he generally came to grief; but fortune took care of him when he was hunting cheerily along, and leaving affairs of state to take their course. After Nelson left him, he seems to have resumed his old habits; and, his dominions being at a considerable distance from those parts of Europe in which France was at that time so kindly interesting herself, he was but little molested. Of course, the Parthenopean republic had vanished into the same limbo as the French and other republics; empire was the fashion of the day—and while the more northern portion of the French empire was being constructed, King Nasone was allowed to hunt in peace. He was, it is true, an object of suspicion to the French Government, who kept watch over his court, and, indeed, had troops quartered in his territory. But outwardly, he was on the best of terms with that Government, peace having been made between them after Ruffo's war. At length, in 1805, his Majesty venturing to act for himself, instead of trusting to the blind-fold goddess his protectress, made, as usual, a blunder, and smarted for it. He imagined that the Coalition, which in that memorable year was in arms against France, would certainly prevail even over the genius of Napoleon. Accordingly, he put his army on a war footing, gave unmistakable indications of the tendency of his measures, and finally opened his ports to the allied forces, who landed, and met an enthusiastic reception. But alas! instead of the Coalition triumphing as the king expected, this turned out to be the year of Napoleon's most brilliant victories. Mack—Nasone's as well as Austria's evil genius—surrendered at Ulm; and later on, Austerlitz set the Continental enemies of Napoleon trembling, slew Mr

Pitt, and changed the face of Europe. Among its many results was a decree of the victor that the dynasty of Naples had ceased to reign. Such an act carries one back in thought to the days of the Cæsars or of the Caliphs. Nasone's troops had not even crossed swords with the troops of Napoleon; he had been a little loose about an observance of his agreement of neutrality, and he had given plain indications of what he meant to do if the campaign of Austerlitz had ended as he expected. The old Nimrod was not blameless; but he had done only what Napoleon himself was in the habit of doing, and what many another sovereign did in those troublous times. However, it seems that the imperial long-suffering was worn out, and it was necessary to punish severely a faithless king, who had already (so Napoleon said) been repeatedly forgiven: the meaning of all which was, I presume, that the Emperor thought it a good opportunity of helping himself to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The threat was by no means an empty one. Immediately after it was uttered—that is to say, at the end of 1805—a French army began to move into southern Italy; and in February 1806 Joseph Buonaparte made his entry into Naples as king, and lieutenant of his brother.

Meanwhile King Nasone, with his queen and royal family, had once more retreated to Palermo, where, luckily for him, it suited the policy of Great Britain to protect him until the downfall of the Buonapartes. A small British army, and as many British ships as could be spared, took care that the excellent potentate should hunt in peace; while Europe generally was being torn by such wars as it had never known. From Jena till a month before Waterloo, there lay Nasone snug and jolly, while a more tre-

mendous Titan than he who lies under Etna—

“Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones”—

was convulsing Europe from Cadiz to Moscow, from Reggio to Hamburg.

The reign of Joseph Buonaparte in Naples, which lasted till July 1808, does not appear to have been eventful. The heir of the crown of the Two Sicilies turned out at the head of some sort of Neapolitan army in Calabria, and kept up a resistance against the French, which was finally put down. An English force captured the island of Capri, in view of Joseph's palace; and but for the forbearance of Sir Sidney Smith, who threw the troops ashore, and assisted at the capture, the beautiful city, his capital, might have been bombarded and burnt. Ere long Sir John Stuart landed in Calabria, at the head of some 5000 English, but without cavalry. The French general, Regnier, who had been roughly handled by the English in Egypt, was in the neighbourhood, and flattered himself that he would now get his revenge. Having been reinforced so as to be a little stronger than Stuart, he somewhat suddenly attacked the latter on the plain of Maida, but did by no means succeed in winning honour at our expense. He was repulsed with fearful slaughter, and had reason to bless his stars that Stuart was destitute of horse. This small action, in which British troops were opposed to Napoleon's veterans, convinced England that her soldiers could hold their own against Frenchmen on other soils besides that of Egypt. It was remarkable specially for two things: the French charged the English with the bayonet; and our troops,

on foot, successfully resisted an attack of French cavalry. It is supposed that Regnier expected to make easy prey of his adversary; and he was so eager to astonish the islanders, that, after having pressed forward his men through a galling fire of our skirmishers, he could not wait to try the effect of musketry, but rushed on with the steel, so as to make a speedy end of the business. This was, as far as I can learn, the first and last occasion on which bayonets were actually crossed between French and English. Our fellows gave the charge often enough; but in this exceptional case they received it, and in gallant style too. They also showed their steel, met the assailant half-way, and gave him back his thrusts with interest. The *mêlée* lasted but for a minute. Too late the French found out that they had mistaken their men. They, the aggressors, appalled by the reception which they found, quailed, turned, and fled, the English following, and stabbing them with tremendous slaughter. Regnier, seeing this unhappy result of his impetuous onset, tried to retrieve the day with his cavalry, who were beautifully kept at distance by the fire of our musketry; until at last the 28th Regiment (which had just landed), coming up fresh to Stuart's support, poured such a fire into the flank of the horsemen as made them speedily retreat in confusion. The victory was complete. But it was on a small scale, and, except for its moral effect, did not much alter the course of things. The fortress of Gaëta, which had been for some time besieged by Massena, soon after surrendered, and set free a large army and an able general, who ere long stopped resistance to Napoleon's power in the Italian peninsula.

Joseph passed his short reign

chiefly in attempts to improve the laws of Naples, the administration of justice, and the finances. He effected something in this line; but one easily perceives that to put things in order after such a ruler as Nasone, was a task in which much progress could not be made in two years.

When, in 1808, it pleased Napoleon to promote his brother Joseph to the throne of Spain, he appointed his brother-in-law, Murat, Prince of Berg, to be King of Naples and Sicily: and, in September 1808, Murat entered his capital, and took possession of his kingdom—at least, of the continental part of it. The following letter, in which he accepts Napoleon's gift of a crown, shows that at the time he was highly satisfied and grateful:—

“SIRE,—I receive your Majesty's letter of 2d April, and torrents of tears run from my eyes in replying to it. You have well judged my heart when your Majesty has believed that I would have asked to remain near you. Yes, that I ask—yes, that I implore, as the greatest favour that I ever received from you. Accustomed to your bounty, desirous of seeing you every day, of admiring, of adoring you, of receiving everything from you, how can I ever, left to myself alone, fulfil duties so extended, so sacred? I believe myself incapable of it. In mercy, let me be near you.

“Power is not always happiness. Happiness is only found in affection. I found it near your Majesty. Sire, having expressed my sorrow and my wishes to your Majesty, I must resign myself, and place myself at your orders. Nevertheless, availing myself of the permission that you give me to choose between Portugal and Naples, I cannot hesitate; I give the preference to the country where I have already commanded, where I could serve your Majesty more usefully. I prefer Naples; and I must inform your Majesty, that on no account would I accept the crown of Portugal.

“If I am permitted to form still another desire, it is to remain as long

as possible near your Majesty.—I am, sire, your Majesty's most humble servant, and affectionate brother,

“JOACHIM.”

This epistle was dated 5th May 1808, from Madrid, where Murat had been employed in getting the throne of Spain clear for a nominee of Napoleon. If the French Republic had produced any of that rugged, manly independence of which republics are apt to boast as their peculiar possession, the feeling had vanished at the first glimpse of the Empire. Nothing addressed to Louis XIV., no petition to the “Commander of the True Believers,” could well be more artificial, cringing, and adulatory than Murat's letter. And he who offered, and he who received, this fulsome incense, had lately risen from the humbler orders of the people! Well, putting aside the style, we may at any rate say that the letter breathes gratitude and devotion. It may do so; but, as I write on, you will see how much Joachim Murat had of one or other.

Soon after this reply reached the imperial hand, was issued Murat's commission as king by the grace of Napoleon. The same document pompously declared the Emperor's will regarding the succession to the crown of the Two Sicilies in all possible contingencies—vanity of vanities! The future, however, did not at that time trouble the imperial and royal brothers-in-law, and Murat entered his capital with immense pomp, exhibiting his graceful figure on horseback, bowing, smiling, in the best possible humour, and anxious that everybody should be as well pleased with his new dignity as he was. For the present the people were inclined to think they might have had a worse ruler allotted to them. This king had, at any rate, a most brilliant military reputation, which

dazzled them, and made them less exacting as to other kingly qualities. Indeed, glory and success sway us all too much, my dear friend; even to this day we judge Murat too exclusively by his valour, call him unfortunate, and pass over his shortcomings. If the truth must be spoken concerning him, I think we may readily find three animals, by comparison with which we express his character. He was as brave as a lion, as vain as a peacock, and as dull as an ass. He makes one often think of the Ajax or Lepidus of Shakespeare; but neither of those characters fits him exactly, because of his intense love of admiration and display, which gave him animation. His fortunes after he became a king would have tried, and possibly been too much for, the subtlest of brains; but if he had only had sense enough to decline royalty on the terms offered—

“Better hadst thou still been leading
France o’er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name.”

Well, he hadn't the sense.

Murat had got his gay capital, which no doubt delighted him much; but he had not in reality got much more. Calabria and the Abruzzi did not at all fancy French rule. They swarmed with conspirators and brigands who were sure to give him trouble whenever his attention should be engaged elsewhere. Sicily, as I have said, was wholly in the enemy's hands. Even the islands in the Bay of Naples repudiated his sway.

Thus his realms, for the most part, remained for him to conquer; and the task which he found to have been set for him must have greatly dashed his gratification before he had been many days on his throne. Joseph Buonaparte had done a good deal towards estab-

lishing a framework of government; but there remained an immense task to be accomplished before a machine in working order could be produced. Above all things, a national army was necessary. It was true that as long as the French ægis could be held over the kingdom, it would be sure of defence; but Murat seems to have known enough of Napoleon not to wish to rely wholly on him,—and he knew enough of the chances of war to be aware that even the French Empire might experience a great and sudden reverse.

But before I say anything of what Murat did as a king, a very brief sketch of the career which took him to the throne may be acceptable. The son of an inn-keeper, and born in 1767, he was destined by his father for the Church, and educated accordingly. In 1787 he was an *abbé* at Toulouse. But a love affair which he had there led to a duel. The *abbé* absconded, and enlisted in the 12th regiment of chasseurs. Here he got some promotion, and seemed to be in the way of doing well, when he was unfortunate enough to be implicated in some insubordination, punished with reduction of rank, and obliged to leave his corps. It does not appear that he was required to continue his service in another regiment; for he abandoned, for that occasion, the military life, went home, and took to the stables, being first his father's ostler, and then a groom or horse-keeper on his own account. But by-and-by, having made a friend who had some influence, his thoughts turned again to the profession of arms, in which he was destined to be so distinguished; and after a little time he was enrolled in the king's constitutional guard. He left his home, and went to Paris to join his new corps in

company with Bessières. Here he distinguished himself principally by fighting duels. He is known to have been out six times. As revolutionary principles made head, he (the future king and nominee of an emperor) adopted them to their fullest extent. Indeed, so advanced were his ideas, that he was obliged to leave his regiment; and he now exchanged to the 13th chasseurs, which he entered as sous-lieutenant. Then he was a violent Jacobin—how violent may be judged of by the fact that he wanted to change a letter of his name, and to become *Marat*, after Charlotte Corday rid the world of that monster. Before the end of the Reign of Terror, he was a captain. On the memorable 13th Vendémiaire, when Napoleon put an end to anarchy, and conquered the sections of Paris, Murat gave most effectual assistance, carrying out the duty allotted to him with the utmost determination. Napoleon marked him at once, promoted him shortly after, and took him to Italy as one of his staff. The Italian campaign brought Murat fresh honour. He was sent home to Paris with despatches and trophies. Returning to the army, he was present at Arcola and Rivoli, the siege of Mantua, and nearly all of the celebrated battles won there by Buonaparte. In the campaigns of Egypt and Syria he had his full share, and won fresh laurels, coming back a general of division. He was governor of Paris at the time when the Duc d'Enghien was murdered; and when the Empire was proclaimed he was one of the favoured twelve who were made field-marshal. To recount the places where, up to his advancement to royalty, he served with glory, would be to give a list of Napoleon's great battles. In 1806 he was made Grand Duke of Berg and of Cleves. Then he was gov-

ernor of Madrid, which appointment he relinquished on being made a king.

After the peace of Luneville, Murat and Bessières went home to see their friends, both of them general officers. It is recorded of Murat that, during this visit, he gave an entertainment to all his relations, from which he did not exclude any person, however humble or poor, that could claim a connection, even the most distant, with him. He noted the names of all the guests that were present on this occasion, and there was not one on the list who did not afterwards in some way benefit by his bounty.

He had married with great pomp in 1800 Caroline Buonaparte, the sister of Napoleon. She arrived shortly after him in Naples, as did also their two sons. There was a renewal of feasts and galas to welcome the queen; and, while these were yet in progress, Murat, humiliated every time he looked across the bay by the thought that the islands were garrisoned by an enemy, was moved to make an effort for establishing his own authority there. Capri, held by an English force, was more than once attempted by the Neapolitans in King Joseph's time, but without effect. Murat, however, knew more of such attacks than Joseph, or than any one else in his dominions. He determined to try his fortune in the adventure, and he achieved the recapture with the brilliant success which had hitherto attended all his military essays. Capri is by nature strong for defence. One portion of it, known as Anacapri, is very high and difficult of access—the other part is less steep and rugged; but the whole had been made by art a fortress so secure, that it was wont to be called a little Gibraltar. The commandant, at the time of Murat's attack, was Colonel Lowe,

an officer widely known in after-years as Sir Hudson Lowe. Murat embarked his troops in separate flotillas, and attacked three points of the island at once, designing that one only of the three attacks should be seriously persisted in. This real attack was on Anacapri, and it was managed so well, that the assaulting force were landed, and scrambled up to a position where for long they lay concealed, and whence, when discovered, they were able to gall the defenders severely. At night they carried by assault the higher position, which seems to have made but a feeble resistance, and not to have been succoured from the lower position. The next day, measures having been taken as if to lay siege to this lower position, Colonel Lowe, after a short resistance, gave up the place, and yielded himself and his forces prisoners of war.*

This achievement, well conceived and well executed, much encouraged the Neapolitan army, and advertised the people that they had now got a monarch who knew how to take care of their interests. But the active work which they expected did not at that time occur. Murat found occupation in ordering the internal affairs of his kingdom, and so remained comparatively at peace while great events were taking place in other parts of Europe. He was troubled at times by English cruisers, and at one time a formid-

able force under Sir John Stuart made a descent on the coast of Calabria, and caused much alarm. But it did not result in any important change, and, up to the autumn of 1809, Murat held his ground pretty quietly, and did what he could to strengthen himself in his kingdom. In October of that year, however, he and his queen went to Paris to congratulate Napoleon on his wonderful successes against the Austrians, and to take part in a family council which deliberated on the momentous question of the putting away of the Empress Josephine. Murat was the only member of this council who dared to take the side of honour and justice, and to speak for the unfortunate wife. But if he was moved to do so from a love of justice, I am afraid that he had other motives personal to himself, which, though very natural, cannot be said to do him honour. It must have occurred to many a reflecting mind that the great constructor and ruler of the now gigantic French empire, being constantly on the field of battle, as well as being subject to the ordinary accidents of humanity, it was an anxious question what might become of the said gigantic empire, in case it should be suddenly deprived of its head. It was felt that the successor of Napoleon must be an able soldier, and that consideration seemed to exclude the brothers of the Emperor, and to point very

* As I have not by me a detailed English account of this affair—indeed, English historians seem to think it scarce worth notice among the great events of those days—I do not like to pass any comment on the character of the defence. The Italian historian Colletta, who was an actor in the business—indeed, was Murat's chief engineer—describes the conduct of the garrison as scandalous. By his showing, the troops of Murat ought never to have been permitted to set foot on the island, far less to hold their ground there and ascend to the attack of Anacapri. The demonstration against the forts on the lower level, in consequence of which Colonel Lowe thought himself justified in surrendering, was, as Colletta describes it, simply a farce. What they ostentatiously constructed as breaching batteries were three hundred metres distant from the walls, and could not possibly have breached them. As Colonel Lowe retained his commission, and attained to the rank of general and to considerable notoriety, there surely *must* be another side to the story.

plainly to the splendid soldier, Murat, who had had endless opportunities of displaying his brilliant qualities, but whose defects were but little known. Talleyrand and Fouché are said to have made themselves busy about this succession, and to have corresponded with Murat in reference thereto. Murat denied this, but the denial did not alter things much. If they had not communicated with him, they had with his wife; and, without the suggestion of the wily ministers, Murat's own ambition must have prompted him to think of the succession. It was therefore clearly his interest to oppose the project of sacrificing poor Josephine in order that Napoleon might have a natural heir. It does not appear that he incurred the Emperor's displeasure for his plain speaking on this occasion; nevertheless, this divorce transaction, the bearings of which were as plain to Napoleon as to any one concerned, was the beginning of trouble between him and the King of Naples, as it was the beginning of the downward course of the French Empire and the French Emperor.

It is worthy of remark, that in this same year (1809) which saw Josephine's fate determined, the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, King of the French, made earnest and repeated efforts to take service in the Anglo-Sicilian army, commanded by Sir John Stuart, and to fight against the French army. Stuart objected to have him, and his offers came to nothing; but he made another offer, which found more favour—he proposed for King Nasone's granddaughter, Maria Amalia, and married her. This princess was sister of Christina of Spain, and half-sister of the Duchess de Berri.

As you well know, Napoleon was in a tremendous hurry to find his

second wife, and afterwards to marry her. His choosing an Austrian princess made the marriage doubly bitter to Murat. Maria Luisa was the niece of Caroline of Bourbon, Nasone's queen; and Murat's instinct told him that henceforth there would be no heart in any endeavour which Napoleon might make to drive the Bourbons out of Sicily. The Emperor repaid this suspicion by inwardly accusing Murat of aiming at the imperial crown. Already were sown the seeds of a mutual distrust, which subsequent events unhappily fostered. Napoleon wished the King of Naples to be surrounded by Frenchmen; but the latter now began to look upon these as spies on his conduct (as perhaps some of them were); and they were exceedingly distasteful to the Neapolitans, who naturally wished themselves to fill the principal offices under Government. Matters were looking very unpleasant.

In 1810, which was the year of the imperial marriage, Murat appears to have thought that if he was ever to have sway in the island of Sicily, he must establish himself there before Austrian influence had time to operate. He accordingly assembled a force with which he threatened to cross the Straits of Messina, in spite of the English and Sicilians combined. He exercised his troops in embarking and disembarking, as Napoleon had done when he meditated the invasion of England—and he probably would have attempted the expedition, had not General Grenier, who commanded the French auxiliary force, and who had done his utmost to discourage the action by argument, at last produced an order from Napoleon positively forbidding the conquest of the island. The king submitted with the best grace he could command; issued an order explaining

that he was now satisfied of the ability of his troops to win Sicily whenever they might be required to do so, but the time was not yet ripe ; and then withdrew. Foiled in this design, he went back again to his project of strengthening himself in his kingdom ; he looked a good deal to the remodelling of ancient institutions, tried to arrange his finances satisfactorily, and made war upon the Carbonari and the brigands.

In 1811, when he heard of the birth of the King of Rome, he set off to Paris to offer his congratulations ; but his reception there was so cold that he returned in haste to Naples without waiting for the baptism. It may have been choler at the Emperor's behaviour which moved him, after his return home, to declare that no Frenchman should in future hold office in his kingdom except he first naturalised himself as a Neapolitan. The edict caused consternation, and was replied to by Napoleon, who said he could not see why the compatriots of Murat, and the followers of his fortune—he being a Frenchman, and owing his elevation to French achievements—should be compelled to become Neapolitans ; indeed he issued a decree contradicting that of Murat, who ranged more than ever thereat. His council were divided about the matter ; the very Neapolitans thought he had been too violent and rash ; and even his queen quarrelled with him, refusing to be a Neapolitan or to let her sons become so, and maintaining that her brother had been most improperly used by her husband. There is no knowing to what pass things might have come but for a great event which now agitated Europe, and threw Sicilian politics into the

shade. Napoleon set out on his unlucky expedition to Russia. While the Emperor and King sate, each in his cabinet, wrangling over politics, it was easy enough for Murat to sulk and nurse his wrath ; but when Napoleon and his host were in the field again, “all furnished, all in arms,” the warrior-heart of the King of Naples bounded within him as he smelled the battle afar off, and thought of “the thunder of the captains and the shouting.” Once more he saw in his renowned brother-in-law only the invincible chief who was to carry his eagles to fresh fields. He cast aside his troubles of state, and looking only to the glorious destiny which seemed to await the French army, yearned to take his part in the victories which were to astonish the north-east of Europe. He wrote a humble letter to Napoleon, entreating permission to accompany him on his expedition.* This was accorded. Murat made his queen regent in Naples, and set off and joined Napoleon before the invasion of Russia commenced.

Before he left his kingdom Murat had discovered a plot to assassinate him, and had pardoned the conspirators.

While he is absent on this memorable campaign it seems a fitting time to remark that Murat had greatly embellished Naples, and added to its resources. He had built an astronomical observatory, had founded colleges and schools, had made the road to Posilipo, built a new lunatic asylum at Aversa, and formed the Campo di Marte.†

I do not propose, my dear friend, to say anything here of the unfortunate expedition to Moscow. That story has been stamped on the

* I say this on the authority of Dumas, who gives Murat's letter in full. It was believed by many that Napoleon ordered Murat to accompany him to Russia.

† On this fine exercising-ground Agesilao Milano attempted to kill Ferdinand II. with his bayonet, during a review in 1856.

memories of us all; and as for the deeds, the fortitude, the intrepidity of Murat and other gallant leaders, are they not written in chronicles which will last as long as there shall be eyes to read them? Pass we to the time when the frozen remnant of that brilliant host, which had marched eastward in the full confidence of success, dragged themselves back to Wilna. There Napoleon, being about to rush back to Paris as fast as horses could draw him, in order that he might himself tell the story of his discomfiture, thought fit to select the King of Naples, from among all his marshals, to take the command of the retreating force. As was usual with him, he thought out everything that was likely to happen, and left Murat instructions accordingly. No man, perhaps, ever more patiently provided for the prosecution of a design, or took more careful account of the probable accidents which might supervene; but when he had once taken this trouble, he expected not only that his officers would minutely conform to directions, but also that nature, accident, every circumstance, should keep strictly within the range of his provision; and he was fearfully angry if things took an unexpected turn, and he invariably vented his wrath on some officer, although it may have been the elements or the outfall of events that disappointed him. It was Murat's supreme ill-fortune that immediately after the Emperor's departure (5th December) the thermometer descended to a point unprecedented at that season, and rendered the execution of his orders impossible. There were 27 degrees (I presume of the Centigrade thermometer) of frost. So far were the wretched forces from having at length surmounted the extreme horrors of the retreat, that at Wilna all the horrors recommenced in an

aggravated degree. A division of ten thousand men was in eight days reduced to three thousand, without having seen an enemy or received a stroke save from the elements. In one night all the artillery horses were frozen to death, as they stood, with their harness on, and just as they had stood in life. Half the drivers died of cold the same night; the other half came to put their horses in motion, could not stir them, and at last found they were all dead. Before the retreat could be continued, the Russian cannon was heard in the rear. Murat himself seemed to care as little for cold as for cannon-shot. He turned out at the first hint of danger from the enemy, and he would have led on in the same gallant style as ever; but nine-tenths of his miserable force were paralysed by the cold. Their arms literally dropped from their hands. The few exceptionally hardy men who could still move fled as they best could, leaving their comrades to the mercy of the winter and the enemy. These frost-bitten wretches were stripped and in various ways afflicted by Cossacks and others. The enemy was never twelve hours' march behind the rear-guard (Ney), and there was neither rest nor refreshment for days. Artillery, baggage, and the imperial treasure were abandoned. Except that they still took with them a few horses, nothing remained to the survivors but the tatters and arms which they carried. The line of the flight was covered with corpses, and with cold-stricken beings who had lain down never to rise again. These details are in the highest degree horrible, and it is a pain to dwell upon them; but it is right that we should sometimes meditate on scenes like these, and not exclusively on the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

By the time Murat reached Posen—that is, towards the end of December—things began to be not quite so bad. But the fearful mischief was already done; there was very little left to save. Ney had passed the Niemen in the summer, with his face to the east, at the head of 40,000 of the finest soldiers in the world. He repassed it, followed by not more than 500. Altogether, there remained not more than 40,000 men of 460,000 who had invaded Russia in June. One would think this was trouble enough for a leader; but Murat had his private griefs as well. He was met at Posen by a bearer of despatches from Italy, which exhorted him to look to his throne, for there was a design on foot to depose him and to establish a regency, with the queen at its head. There seems to have been very little, if any, truth in these news; but they disturbed the King of Naples far more than his military difficulties. He was consumed with desire to rush home and acquaint himself with the state of things. His impatience increased. He mentioned the wish which filled his mind; the generals all remonstrated with him against the idea of deserting the army; but his anxiety had arrived at that pass when no consideration could restrain him. He handed over the command in chief to Beauharnais, and set off on the 16th January 1813.

As soon as Napoleon learned what had happened with the army after his departure, he emptied the vials of his wrath upon Murat. He put a notice in the *'Moniteur,'* setting forth how scandalously the King of Italy had behaved—how he had deserted the army. On the other hand, he expressed his strong approbation of Eugene Beauharnais, whom he represented as a devoted

son and a superior man (superior by comparison with Murat, I imagine). Besides this, he wrote to his sister Caroline, telling her that her husband, though undoubtedly a brave soldier, had no more brains than a woman, and was weaker than a monk—that he was destitute of moral courage. Finally, he wrote to Murat himself in these terms:—

“I say nothing to you of my dissatisfaction at your conduct since my departure from the army. That conduct has its origin in the infirmity of your character. You are a good soldier on the field of battle, but, beyond that, you have neither energy nor decision. I fear that you are one of those who think that the lion is dead; if ever you formed such an idea, be assured that it is a false one.”

Joachim, cut to his very soul by these reproaches, “spoke up” in reply, and gave the great Emperor “a bit of his mind.” It must be allowed that the style of what follows is more worthy of a man, and less after the manner of a flunkey, than that which I quoted a few pages back:—

“You have given a blow to my honour, which has inflicted on it a cruel wound, and, though your Majesty might wish it, it is not in your power to heal the injury which you have done me. You have outraged an old companion in arms who has ever been faithful to you in your dangers; who has in no small degree contributed to your victories; who has been one of the props of your power; and who once restored your courage, which was drooping, on the 18th Brumaire.

“When one has the honour, you say, to be allied with your illustrious family, one ought to do nothing to compromise its interests or to obscure its splendour. And I will say to you, sire, that your illustrious family has received from me as much honour as you have done me by my marriage with your sister.

“Although a king, I lament a thousand times those happy days in which,

a simple officer, I had no master. Arrived at a throne, but in this exalted position tyrannised over by your Majesty, overruled in my home, I have longed more than ever for independence and liberty. Thus you afflict, you sacrifice to your meanest suspicions, those who have been the most faithful to you, and who have served you best in your brilliant career. You have sacrificed Fouché to Savary, Talleyrand to Champagny, Champagny to Bassano, and Murat to Beauharnais—Beauharnais, who has in your eyes the great merit of passive obedience, and that, greater still, because more servile, of having quietly announced to the Senate the repudiation of his mother.

"As for me, I cannot do less than give some relief to my people as regards commerce, and I must repair the injury done them by the maritime war.

"From all that I have said relative to your Majesty and to myself, it results that the old confidence between us is altered. You will do what you think right, sire. Whatever may be your justice, I am still your faithful brother-in-law,
JOACHIM."

Although, as Napoleon said, the lion was not dead, everybody knew that the lion had received a blow which made him reel; and it must have been plain, even to a mean capacity, that unless the lion should take heed to his ways, he might ere long be a dead, or, what was worse, a caged lion. Murat, seeing this, giving way to his wounded feelings, labouring to gratify his own selfish ambition, led on by specious counsellors, conceived a design of carving out a fortunate destiny for himself, and fancied that he might wield a stable sceptre when the crash should come in Europe. He brooded over this in secret, admitting to his confidence only a chosen few: he heard that Napoleon, at the head of a new army, was advancing to the Elbe; and he thought the time had come when he might put his not very creditable plan into execution. He em-

ployed an Englishman to make a proposal to Lord William Bentinck, who by that time (1813) had succeeded to the command of the Anglo-Sicilian forces, and who was, moreover, the British minister in Sicily. The proposal was that Murat would join his forces to those of the allies, and fight against those of the French Emperor, if he could be made king of all Italy, and recognised by the allies as such. Bentinck, whatever he may have thought of Murat's behaviour, saw the immense advantage which might accrue to the allies if Italy could be detached from the French Empire, and Italy's forces, under an able soldier, be made available on the side of the allies. He did not, however, fall into the design with the fondness which had impelled Murat, but took a statesman's view of the situation, and, after looking at the scheme on all sides, replied that he would place the proposal before the English Government, advising, at the same time, that an English force of 25,000 men should be sent to Murat's aid, if Murat would consent to except the island of Sicily from his kingdom, and if he would place the fortress of Gaëta in our hands as a pledge of his good faith—the last a very necessary stipulation, one sees.

Here I cannot refrain from turning aside for a moment to call your attention, my dear Editor, to the extreme solicitude evinced by all hands concerning the independence and the unimpeded hunting of King Nasone. Napoleon would not himself overturn that easy-going monarch, neither would he allow Murat to attack him. Now the English (as they were bound by treaty to do), in seeking the advantage of the allies in general, especially insisted that Nasone and his island should be respected. If the priests ever suggested (as they probably did) to

this interesting monarch that he was the peculiar favourite of heaven, he had some reason for believing them (!)

To return to Murat : He tried hard to make Bentinck withdraw his stipulations concerning Sicily and Gaëta, but failing in these attempts, at last assented to the bargain as amended by our envoy. A fast-sailing vessel was sent to England to ask the sanction of the Government to a treaty based on these terms, and both sides awaited the answer,—Bentinck in perfect confidence that the sanction would be given ; Murat, with some anxiety on account of the situation in which he had placed himself : and while things were in this state, there came tidings calculated to still further distract his mind. The Emperor, once more in the field, was every day impressed by the blank in his force caused by the absence of Murat. When things went at all ill, he said, " Ah ! if I had only had Murat here with his cavalry, the thing would have ended differently." When he had won a victory, he said, " What we wanted was Murat and his cavalry to charge through them at the last, and make our success complete." Murat's value came out clearer and clearer with every action. At last Napoleon determined to write to his sister Caroline ; and did so, telling her of his successes. He added a kind message to her husband, thus making an opening for reconciliation. About the same time wrote Ney to Murat, pitying him for not being a partaker of their victories, saying that the army was sick for him, that the cavalry were openly demanding to know why he was not at their head, and that the weal of France was to a great extent in his hands. Fouché also wrote to him, pointing out that a congress might probably assemble soon to rearrange the map of Europe, and that the King of Naples, if absent from the field,

might find himself altogether overlooked. Honour, self-interest, duty, his own desires, called him to arms ; but he had committed himself to this engagement with the British envoy, and what could he do ? His was not a mind to select and adhere to a straightforward course in such a perplexing state of things. He vacillated, fretted, lost his head altogether, but he still kept his treachery a secret. His queen and some of his courtiers, regarding only the changed countenance of Napoleon and the wishes of the army, urged him to join the eagles, and by their importunities drove him wild, oppressed as he was by conscious disloyalty. Unable to shape a course for himself, he at length made to Caroline a full confession of what he had been about, and asked her advice. She had sufficient control of herself not to manifest great surprise at his revelations, and to pretend to approve in some degree of the steps he had taken. She smoothed the way for his departure by assuring him that she would herself see to the arrangement with Bentinck ; and then reminded him that the very best cloak for his treachery would be for him to show himself with the standards, and that, once he was winning honour as of old, the world would cease to suspect him. Her arguments decided him. He ceased to dream of Italian unity for the present, and was off, as fast as he could travel, for Saxony. Once more in what one may call his native element, the theatre of war, he threw himself, with all the ardour of his character, into the battles of that ill-omened campaign, taking his share in the dreadful days of Leipzig. When, in 1813, all was again lost as it had been in 1812, Murat accompanied Napoleon's retreat as far as Erfurth ; but on arrival there he sought permission to return to his kingdom, being

anxious about its affairs. Napoleon, though suspecting him, gave the required permission, and the brothers-in-law parted, never, as it proved, to meet again. Each felt in his heart that this might be a final parting, and that beyond it lay a dark future. It was impossible that, at such a moment, and with such feelings possessing them, two men like these could part ceremoniously or restrainedly. The most able general and administrator, the most brilliant cavalry leader, perhaps the most dashing soldier, in the whole world—these two who had been brothers in arms since they emerged from the masses of the people, who had done deeds than which the annals of war contain nothing more glorious, and to which they scarcely furnish parallels,—these two, I say, could not look on each other for the last time without a rush of unspeakable memories, without the most profound emotion. It was no longer the emperor and king, it was no longer rival politicians that acted their part. When the time of separation arrived, Napoleon and Joachim rushed into each other's arms; again and again they embraced. At length Joachim turned and strode away. No sooner did he feel himself alone than he turned again, hurried back, his countenance bathed in tears, and threw himself yet once more upon Napoleon's breast. Then they went their several ways to spend what little of life was left them "in shallows and in miseries," and to stumble forward, the one to captivity, the other to a traitor's death!

"A pair of precious robbers!" some may say. Yes; but *what* a pair of robbers, my dear Editor! No common raiders these. The one worthy to be the third with Alexander and Julius; the other finding his equal only in the pages of romance where gods have acted, and godlike men have a hundred

times defied death and the foe, and a hundred times returned victorious and renowned!

Murat returned to Naples with all speed. One regrets to think that he was hardly in his capital once more before he commenced a series of intrigues which not only ended in his ruin, but fixed an ineradicable stain upon his name. He tried to induce Beauharnais, who was viceroy of Northern Italy, to join him in turning upon Napoleon, and in dividing the Italian continent between them. But, finding no encouragement from Eugene in this design, he listened to overtures from Austria—indeed, signed a treaty, offensive and defensive, with her in 1814. He unfortunately thought himself second to only Napoleon in the arts of diplomacy, while the truth was that he penetrated the mind of no one, and was himself seen through by the dullest observer.

Just about the time of concluding the treaty with Austria, he received a visit from Fouché, Duke of Otranto. The latter, without doubt, was sent by Napoleon to observe how Murat was conducting himself. Fouché himself was in that part of the world because Napoleon, mistrusting him, had sent him out of France into honourable banishment as Governor of Illyria. It was suspected at the time that Murat's defection, which soon after came to light, was suggested to him by the Duke of Otranto; but in fact the latter came to observe him, not to guide him. After Fouché's departure, Murat made an agreement with Great Britain, and so removed her from the list of his enemies. When these treaties came to be known, he protested to the French generals in the north of Italy that they were mere matters of policy, that he was still French at heart, and that they would find

he would make all his acts square with that principal fact. They did not believe him. In a short while there was open war, carried on with varied success, between the allies and the French, Murat endeavouring to keep his troops in the background, so that he might appear to the French to be only nominally their enemy. He is accused of, at this time, lying, intriguing, and in various ways disgracing himself. This war, and this behaviour of his, were proceeding when one day he received news of the taking of Paris and of the abdication of Napoleon. Thereupon, as it is said, instead of congratulating himself that he had made an alliance with the winning side, and that his tortuous policy might succeed in securing him a kingdom, he fell into great grief for Napoleon, whom he now regarded only as his benefactor and relation. The war of course ended; and he made a compact with Beauharnais for the cessation of hostilities in Italy.

In the general break-up caused by the fall of the empire, the Pope, who had been detained a prisoner at Fontainebleau, finding his prison-doors open, walked forth, and straightway set off for Italy. Although he may have taken his keys with him to France, that had not prevented the heathen from coming into his inheritance. Indeed they had, to use a vulgar saying, rather "made ducks and drakes" of the patrimony of St Peter. I am concerned at present with only one liberty which had been taken with it—that is, that a good slice had been, with the consent of Austria, appropriated by Joachim Murat, as an equivalent for leaving King Ferdinand Nasone unmolested in Sicily. (Excellent old man! it was now Austria's turn to nurse him a little.) Murat was at Bologna when he heard a rumour (he had

no official notification of it) that the Pope was at hand and making straight for Rome. Now this did not suit his Majesty at all. The Pope had repudiated all abdications, resignations, and concessions which had been extorted from him; and he was scarcely going to allow this last disposition of his realms, which was indeed a secret bargain between Austria and Naples, to stand good. As his Holiness should proceed southward he would be sure to discover that he had been shorn of his dominions, and, being now made strong by the reaction, would immediately annul the bargain. But what was to be done? Murat's first thought was to forcibly arrest the Pope's progress—a Napoleonic idea, but not very applicable at this juncture. His Holiness was making quite a triumphal return, escorted by a cavalcade of young nobles and an immense populace, which increased like a rolling snowball. Murat was soon dissuaded from this folly, and then he sent one of his generals to see what could be done by diplomacy, of which he thought himself such a master. The Pope was informed that his Majesty of Naples had not expected him—had been taken, in fact, quite by surprise—and requested that his Holiness would halt a few days in order that due honour might be done him. But no; his Holiness cared nothing about his reception, but cared very much about pressing forward, and meant to go. Very good: but did his Holiness know that all the posts had been exhausted by the active services of recent months? it would be impossible at once even to send him forward becomingly. Well, that information did not distress his Holiness a bit: he was surrounded by good Christians, who would from their private resources furnish him with the means of travelling. Assuredly, it was re-

plied on the part of Murat, they would if they could, but unfortunately private horses and carriages had been impressed for the public service. No matter; his Holiness would proceed on foot, and God would give him strength to make the journey. The Pope was too cunning for the great diplomatist. Murat then came to Reggio, where the Pope was: they exchanged visits and had long consultations; but his Holiness was not to be coaxed into giving up anything, and the king was completely baffled. Neither was it likely that Austria could longer stand by the bargain, as all the Powers which had struck down Napoleon would now have a voice in the reconstruction of the map of Europe. Religion was once more in fashion, and it was highly probable that some of them would signalise their piety by standing up for the rights of the Holy Father. Independently of this, Austria understood the double game that Murat had been playing, and probably did not care to help him in any way. As soon as the Pope got home he refused to recognise Murat at all—treated him, in fact, as a usurper. But, for half-a-year or thereabout, he remained undisturbed, simply because the Powers of Europe were so much occupied with affairs which they considered more important, that they had not time to attend to him. However, the Congress of Vienna came, and, by-and-by, Murat's kingdom occupied their attention. It was of course the rôle of those who wished to make themselves agreeable to the restored King of France, to express horror at the treatment which another Bourbon (Nasone) had received, and the most bitter hostility against the wicked man who had usurped his throne. Accordingly, the tender conscience of Prince Talleyrand was greatly exercised by this injustice,

and he did his utmost in the Congress to get it rectified. He was said to have taken a heavy bribe from King Nasone for assuming his new "convictions"—which rumour may not have been true, but at any rate it does not damage the reputation of either Talleyrand or the King of the Two Sicilies. Murat, who had an agent at Vienna, found out what was going on, and sent to demand from the Congress that they would let him know whether he was to consider himself at peace or war. The answer came from Austria, and showed him plainly that it would be war if he attempted to retain his kingdom. Before this time, he had become aware that Napoleon meditated an escape from Elba. Pauline, his sister-in-law, came from Elba to pay him a visit, told him what was in contemplation, and received his assurances of goodwill and aid, which she took back to the ex-Emperor. Just after Murat had sent his note to the Congress, the world was astonished by hearing of Napoleon's disembarkation in France. Thereupon Murat despatched couriers to Vienna and London with assurances that he meant to keep faithful to his treaties, although he confessed that he had not been very scrupulous before about observing them. Shortly after, he declared war against Austria, believing that Napoleon would now recover his empire, and re-establish him in Italy. He attacked the Austrians in Italy, and was driving them before him when he heard news which showed him that he had been precipitate. He found that England, on hearing that Napoleon was once more in France, at the head of an army, would have been content to leave him (Murat) in peace at Naples, notwithstanding what had passed at the Congress of Vienna, had it not been for his breaking faith with the allies—she

would even have given him some additional territory; but, seeing how he had behaved, she put an end to her agreement with him, and signified that she would join Austria against him with all her strength by sea and land. Austria, at the same time, made an effort to win over the Neapolitan generals; but they, with one consent, refused to be guilty of this treachery, and informed Murat that they were ready to shed their last blood for him. They all fought well, but their valour did not avail. A Bourbon force was on foot in Calabria, and Ferdinand was preparing to return to Naples. The Austrians, beaten at first, persevered and finally prevailed. Murat was in a great strait. He held a council at Caserta, in which it was determined to open negotiations with the Austrians; but he soon learned that he and his family were to be sent to Vienna, where the allied Powers would decide on his fate. After this, peace was made between Austria and the Neapolitans. Queen Caroline and her children were offered a passage in Austrian vessels, to go whither they might choose; but of Murat himself not a word was said.

After waiting a short time he made his escape from Naples in disguise, taking with him a little money and a few jewels sewed in his dress. Finding it more difficult than he expected to get away, he lay hid for a time in Ischia, but finally made his way to France, and reached Cannes.

Meanwhile, the queen had gone on board an English vessel; but as the wind was foul and she could not sail, she was passed in the bay by the ship which bore back King Ferdinand, and she heard the salutes and rejoicings with which the old man was received, and could see the illuminations made in honour of him. After this, she for

some reason left the English ship for an Austrian man-of-war.

I have now reached the end of the reign of Murat in Naples. What remains to be said of him concerns a fugitive, not a king.

“Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars

That make ambition virtue!”

He wrote to Fouché, and the latter replied that if he would go to Lyons and wait, he might probably go afterwards to Paris and be well received, as Napoleon's anger was dying away. But the answer bore the ominous date *18th June*, and Murat did not receive it until the 21st of that month. Upon hearing of Waterloo he fled to Corsica, where the honourable reception they gave him raised the idea that he might yet recover his kingdom. Building upon this miserable foundation, uninstructed by Waterloo or by his own previous miscarriages, he conceived a plan, which was very much a copy of Napoleon's landing from Elba. He got together 250 Corsicans and secured six vessels. With these he would disembark at Salerno, throw himself upon the army, which would not hesitate a moment between him and the wretched Bourbons, astonish the country by his successes, scare once more old Ferdinand from his throne, and then—but it needs not to finish the picture. While this mad project was filling his mind, one more chance was afforded him of safety for the present, and possibly of an honourable career in the future. The Emperor of Austria, with whom Caroline Murat had already taken shelter, offered an asylum to Murat also, on condition of his taking a private name, of his residing in one of certain parts named of the Austrian empire, and of his pledging himself not to leave

the Emperor's dominions without his consent. Considering that Murat was at this time an outcast without country or friend, and with an exceedingly bad reputation, these were quite as handsome terms as he could expect, and the offer of them was, I think, honourable to the Emperor. The senseless Murat was, however, now quite elated with thoughts of the impression which he would make in Naples: he rejected the Emperor's offer with disdain, and set sail with his followers and his little flotilla. This last imprudence wore out the patience of the gods. He never reached Salerno; he encountered a tempest (it was in September); his flotilla was scattered. After ten days his own bark ran into Pizzo, a small fortress near the Gulf of Gioja, and not far north of the Straits of Messina. Here he made his ridiculous attempt, was received with indifference, and made a prisoner. It does not, however, seem that he was recognised, although in the attempt to excite the troops and populace his name had been freely used. The general of the district, soon informed that there had been an attempt to raise insurrection, sent instantly a reinforcement of troops, and an officer who had orders to examine the prisoners and report. This officer paraded the culprits, and began by asking and recording their names and the accounts they had to give of themselves. The third person interrogated answered "Joachim Murat, King of Naples," and a recognition of his person was soon made. The general hastened to Pizzo. The Court was informed of the capture, and old Nasone and his council sent orders to try Murat by court-martial. The unhappy prisoner did not at all realise the danger of his situation, but went to sleep in the assurance that he would have no difficulty in arranging with the

Bourbon king to partition the dominion. He slept long; his keeper had not the heart to awaken him and tell the decision of the Government. At length he rose and received the intelligence of his approaching trial, which, he immediately and calmly said, was the news of his approaching death. He then, brave as ever, wrote collectedly and affectionately to his wife and children, speaking of his own career in terms which, I am afraid, nobody else will use in reference to it, and exhorting his sons to live worthily after his example. He put some of his hair into the packet, sealed it, handed it to the general for delivery, and said he was ready for what was going to happen.

An advocate had been sent to defend him, but he declined the services of this officer, saying that the trial was a farce, and it did not become his dignity to do aught but suffer with fortitude. On being arraigned, he took the high ground of saying to the Court that he was their king; that they had no power to try him. Considering how he came by his kingship, how he used it, and that there had always been a hereditary king, who had never for a moment relinquished his right to the throne, we must think this very high-flown and rather irrational language. To use it was, in fact, to play into the hands of those who wished his death, and to silence any friend who might still desire to show him mercy. There being no defence, and the prisoner, even before the Court, persisting in what had now become treason, there was hardly any result to be looked for but condemnation to death. The sentence *was* death, and the execution was immediate.

Being led into a small court of the castle of Pizzo, the doomed man found a party of soldiers drawn up in two ranks. These

were his executioners. He took his stand as boldly as ever he had done in the day of battle. He refused to have his eyes bandaged; he looked straight at the muzzles of the pieces. "Spare my face; aim straight at the heart," he cried to the soldiers; and as the words were uttered he fell dead, torn by the bullets, but holding still in his hand the miniatures of his wife and children.*

The bluest blood in Europe never coursed through a braver heart than that which lay there stilled for ever. If courage alone could make nobility, here was stretched the nonpareil of the noble. From first to last his daring never failed—

"While the broken line, enlarging,
Fell, or fled along the plain,
There be sure was Murat charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!"

But when we look beyond his deeds of arms, and his contempt of danger, we find, with regret, that the nobility was not in him to which so courageous a heart would have well corresponded. Disloyalty and perfidy were undoubtedly in his character; weakness and folly pervaded his conduct. He was such a man as revolutions and tumults only too frequently raise to eminence; conspicuous for one excellent quality, but without other qualities to keep the balance of his mind. In calmer days, he, under the cold shade of

a settled order, might have been known by a fame such as that of Shaw the Life Guardsman—he might have cloven a cuirassier to the saddle,—having been a good-natured, pleasant enough fellow in a barrack-room or a bivouac among those who do not pretend to knightly qualities. And can we say that it was a gain to Murat, or to the world, that he was allowed to rise so high? The chances which made him a king brought out also his notable defects—allowed us to know him only too well. His memory cannot be wholly respected. He has left a name which, though it has electrified the world, yet serves to illustrate the universality of a proverb—

Napoleon set on horseback a beggar
who rode to the devil!

I find now, my dear Editor, that I have only unwound one thread of a complicated romance. Murat's story is really mixed up with the fortunes of the Bourbons in Sicily, and the curious legends of the Carbonari and the brigands. These other histories I hope some day to tell you. Meanwhile, I trust that of Murat will not be without its interest. It has filled so much paper, that I will not add a word of comment, nor any other word, except to say that I am, as ever, yours most truly,

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

* Colletta, from whom I take this, says emphatically this is the true account of the tragedy of Pizzo. All manner of false stories were told concerning it.

OUR INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY : PAST AND PRESENT.

THE safeguard of her Majesty's empire in India is the contentment of the populations under British rule. To secure this, however, a humane internal administration, although the first condition, is not the only one. The Indian empire is ruled by an alien race, and lacks that internal support which is drawn from patriotism or national feeling. Its stability very largely depends on its external relations. The rumoured ascendancy of influences hostile to us in Kabul or in Beluchistan, would send a thrill through the bazaars of India, and excite the fanaticism of the dangerous classes in many parts of the country. A wise and far-sighted foreign policy is therefore a vital necessity in India. We propose to examine the varying phases through which that policy has passed during the last few years ; to compare their merits, by the light of the papers recently laid before Parliament ; and to indicate the conclusions to which past experience points, and which should influence our action in the future.

Lord Lytton, in a speech on the 28th of March, before the Legislative Council in Calcutta, presented a comprehensive and luminous view of his policy. He pointed out, that to rush into border warfare would be an inexcusable act on the part of a Government which, within the past few months, had secured beneficent results from peaceful vigilance. The history of our frontier policy during late years consists chiefly of a narrative of our dealings with the great territory of Beluchistan, or congeries of chiefdoms under the Khan of Khelat.

"Two years ago," he said, "our relations with the Khanate of Khelat were so extremely unsatisfactory that

military operations against that country were recommended for our immediate adoption by some of our most experienced frontier authorities. But, before having recourse to any act of aggression upon a weak and neighbouring State, the Government of India resolved to make further pacific efforts for the restoration of order around our western frontier. Those efforts, commenced by Lord Northbrook, it has been my privilege to conduct to a successful issue. The result is that, without having fired a single shot, or shed a single drop of blood, our present relations with Khelat are more satisfactory, more fraught with promise for the future and security for the present, than they have been for a long series of years. Not only is British influence now predominant throughout that country—not only is this influence cordially welcomed and appreciated by all its inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest ; but the practical results of the influence thus established are already apparent in the restored freedom and security of commerce, in the rebuilding of villages destroyed by civil war, in the revival and extension of agriculture, and in the general contentment and confidence of the population and its lawful ruler." "Unrestrained barbarism," his lordship added, "immediately beyond our frontier, means constant insecurity immediately within our frontier. I consider that the safest and strongest frontier which India can possibly possess would be a belt of independent border States, throughout which the British name is honoured and trusted ; within which British subjects are welcomed and respected, because they are subjects of a Government known to be unselfish as it is powerful, and resolute as it is humane. I do not believe that this influence is attainable by military expeditions ; nor, indeed, by anything except constant friendly contact with our less civilised neighbours."

This speech marks the final abandonment of the policy of so-called Masterly Inactivity. During the

wars of succession which followed the death of Dost Muhammad in Afghanistan, the wisest course open to the Indian Government was one of vigilant non-intervention. From 1864 to 1868 Lord Lawrence pursued that course. But on the re-establishment of a stable government in Afghanistan under Sher Ali, the veteran Viceroy found it expedient to exchange his attitude of watchful abstention from interference for one of friendly interest in the affairs of Afghanistan. In 1868 he pledged the Indian Government to support the new Afghan ruler by a grant of money and arms, and arranged the basis of a treaty with him. It fell to the lot of his successor, the late Earl of Mayo, to carry out the new lines of action thus indicated. Under his skilful handling a firm and dignified policy was developed. By a full and friendly recognition of the Afghan ruler, he strengthened Sher Ali's authority, and at the same time exercised an influence for good over Sher Ali himself. The result was that, after long years of misery and civil war, Afghanistan obtained a stable and responsible government, and our adjoining frontier has enjoyed comparative rest. All this Lord Mayo effected without sending a single British battalion beyond our border. The policy, cleverly characterised as Masterly Inactivity, had been abandoned by Lord Lawrence in 1868; and in place of it a new policy, based on friendly relations with our frontier States, had been created by Lord Mayo between 1869 and his lamented death in 1872.

The change had been forced upon the Indian Government by the altered political condition of Afghanistan. Its wisdom has been justified by the events of the eight years which have elapsed since Lord Mayo met Sher Ali at the Amballa

darbâr. During the successive wars in Afghanistan from 1864 to 1868, there were several claimants for the throne, and to make an alliance with one was to offend all the rest. Under such circumstances, a Masterly Inactivity, or temporising, was the only safe policy open to the Indian Government. But on the re-establishment of a *de facto* ruler, it became expedient for the Indian Government to acknowledge him, and to bind him to itself by all legitimate means.

This has been clearly perceived by the Indian press. The expediency of the change and its good results, are recognised by all who have studied the question close at hand. But there still exists a class of writers in England who do not realise the nature of the change, or the necessity for it. Some of them deserve to be spoken of with the utmost respect. They are men who once rendered excellent service to India, but who now represent a school of thought and a state of things which have passed away. Others simply repeat, without thought or inquiry, a formula which once expressed a fact, but which has ceased to do so. There will always be one class of thinkers who hold that we should interfere more than we do in the affairs of Central Asia, and another class who hold that we should interfere less. This difference of opinion is perfectly reasonable, and it will be permanent. But the gentlemen who, from time to time, emit the shibboleth of Masterly Inactivity in an excited voice, have no such claims to our respect. They are correctly repeating a phrase which expressed our policy under exceptional circumstances, and for a strictly limited period. But they are also drawing a false analogy from it, and applying it as an argument to the altogether different state of things with

which Indian statesmen of the present day have to deal. They remind one of the deaf drummer of the German street band. This excellent but elderly musician was placed by his *confrères* in retirement behind a doorway, to count his hundreds of bars in solitude, and come in with the boom of his big drum at the proper intervals from his ambush. Hours after the minstrel band had been swept from the street by the police, the boom of that big drum sounded at intervals from behind the door. Outside, men had come and gone, and the world had wagged on. But still the deaf one counts his bars, and belabours his drum, unconscious that he is counting and drumming in a meaningless *da capo*. So with the Masterly Inactivity school of critics in the English press. The inexorable logic of events has swept away all their companions in the outer world of action—but faithful to an idea, in their retirement they go the old round, and thump their big drum at intervals.

Such persons might be treated as harmless survivals, were it not for a mischievous line of argument which they have of late years taken up. They meet every attempt to adapt Indian frontier politics to the actual facts, with cries of "Russophobia!" It may be affirmed that this absurd and unsustained charge of Russophobia has done more to embarrass the efforts of Indian political reformers, than all the serious arguments by which their reforms have been opposed. For the charge, though absolutely false, is promptly re-echoed by the Russian press,—and not unnaturally exaggerated into one of aggression against Russian interests in Asia. Take, as one instance, an article in the 'Ruski Mir' of March 6, which describes the insidious efforts of the English "to obtain possession of the

routes to the Russian frontiers." "But we on our side," rejoins a recent number of the 'Golos,' "must also keep a watchful eye on England, and prepare to paralyse her action, should circumstances require it. In Europe there are few points where we can touch her, except in Constantinople. It is in Asia, from the Persian Gulf to India, that she is most vulnerable."

And so the game goes on. The advocates of a Masterly Inactivity interpret every sign of political life on our Indian frontier as a movement calculated to injure Russia. We cannot complain, however much we may deplore, that the Russian press believes what they say.

What are the real facts of the case? Is the modern school of Indian politicians, as represented by Lord Lytton, really open to the charge of acting in an aggressive spirit towards Russian interests in Asia? To this question the papers just presented to Parliament supply the best answer.

There is one point on which politicians of all shades of opinion in India are agreed. This is, that at no very remote period the frontiers of Asiatic Russia and of the Indian empire are destined to be virtually continuous. In other words, it is regarded as certain that, within a period of time not so prolonged as to permit us to be unconcerned in its events, the semi-civilised States between the English and Russian dominions will have been absorbed by, or brought under the protection of, one or other of the great neighbouring empires. The fact is being accomplished before our eyes; and history shows that the process is an inevitable one, whether the stronger and more civilised Powers wish it or not. Moreover, the rapid advance of Russia southwards—an advance the

rapidity of which has been conspicuously accelerated of late years—is an element of certainty in the discussion. A hundred years ago the Russian and English outposts were 2000 miles apart; fifty years ago they were 1000 miles apart; now they are barely 500 miles apart—and may probably be nearer to each other before these lines are read by the public. Whether it be voluntary or involuntary, the rapid advance of Russia, notwithstanding her protestations, is obvious to all. But it is viewed by the Russophil and the Russophobe with very different sentiments. The former hails it as the approach of a strong civilised military empire, whose interests are identical with those of England; who will aid England in her mission of civilising Asia; and whose proximity is to be preferred to that of weak, barbarous, and unruly Khans. The latter deprecates it as a menace subversive of the stability of the Indian empire; and regards it as the approach of an ambitious, unscrupulous Power, which has not only violated its solemn engagements, but thrown its whole strength into the work of aggression. This school believes that the first and least harmful result of such an approach must be an enormous increase of our military strength in India, and a corresponding addition to our financial difficulties.

Can it be said with truth, that the present policy of the Indian Government ranges itself with either the one or the other of these schools? We answer, emphatically, No. And our disclaimer is supported, not only by the papers published on the subject, but by every measure undertaken by Lord Lytton and the party of which he is the representative. Our present policy has not been dictated either by the fear or by the love of Russia—

nor, indeed, by any reference to Russia, except as a future neighbour who may sometimes be friendly to us and sometimes hostile, as the manner of neighbours is and always will be. The motto of Lord Lytton's frontier policy is "defence, not defiance." The measures of the Indian Government speak for themselves. "Sooner or later," they practically say, "we shall have a strong military Power as our neighbour in Asia, whose frontier will march either with our own border, or with the frontiers of States protected by us. Common prudence and the rules of policy practised by civilised nations teach us to make for ourselves, whilst there is yet time, a frontier line perfectly capable of defence in case of future need."

Against this view it has been urged—*First*, that our present frontier line is a strong one; that we should meet the foe there, and take no thought of anything lying beyond it. *Second*, that, even if ultimately we have to look after the outworks of that frontier line, we had better defer attempts to establish our influence outside it until the actual necessity for doing so arrives; the friendship of semi-civilised States and tribes such as those beyond our border being best secured by absolute non-intervention, and entire abstention from intercourse with them.

First, then, with regard to the defensive strength of our present frontier. Let us consider it as it was before Lord Lytton obtained, at the end of last year, a friendly and peaceable footing for us at Quetta beyond the Bolan Pass. In the opinion of nearly all the highest military authorities—of Sheil, of Jacob, of Rawlinson, of Green, and many others—we were in the position of an army without an outpost; our line of defence was that of a fort without a glacis. The Indian

military authorities do not fear, as hinted by a Masterly Inactivity critic not long since in a leading English journal, that the Russians will be so unwise as to invade India from their present base, and so give the Indian armies the chance of making short work "of any starved and weakened forces that might attempt to crown a long expedition by entering British India by the Khaibar." What they *do* foresee as an absolute certainty is, that if India does not soon obtain a preponderating influence in Afghanistan and Beluchistan, Russia unquestionably will. There is still, however, the "impenetrable mountain barrier." But its chief features, from a military point of view, are—*first*, that it affords a perfect mask for the operations of an invading force; and *second*, that it gives the Power which has command of the passes, the choice of making his attack at any one of their mouths along a line of 800 miles. What ought to be said of a policy that would quietly and timidly surrender to a neighbouring military Power, however friendly, such advantages as these; advantages professedly not sought by that Power—advantages which may be secured for ourselves by friendly intercourse such as that which we have instituted in Khelat?

This is the question which for years has pressed upon the conscience of Indian statesmen, and to which Lord Lytton has now given a definite answer. Sooner or later the frontier States will have to choose between Russia and England. At present they plainly declare that, if we will consent to do the part of a good neighbour by them, their choice lies with us. If we decline to do that part, a day must come when only the other alternative will be open to them. Let us consider what a collision between Russia and England in Asia would,

under such circumstances, mean. On the eastern side there would be a British force awaiting invasion, scattered along the Indus behind the "impenetrable mountain barrier," liable to attack at points 800 miles distant, and without an idea whether the feint would be made through the Khaibar Pass and the attack through the Bolan, or *vice versa*. On the western side there would be the invading Russian army, provided with all the safeguards, surrounded by all the advantages, which Masterly Inactivity had denied to us. The hordes of Turkomans, Afghans, and Beluchis, might then act under European guidance, organised with a discipline as good as our own, and thirsting for the fabled spoils of India, or for the recovery of the provinces which belonged to their ancestors. What issue would the military critic predict for such an invading force in possession of the mountain passes, operating behind the "impenetrable barrier" with impenetrable secrecy, able to pour down on us at such points as it might select on a long line? How would he characterise the position of the defenders of this line, a scattered force, menaced with attack along its front of 800 miles, harassed by feints on right and left, and possibly weakened by disaffection in its rear.

The student of strategy recognises, as an elementary principle of his art, the fact that a mountain line is a good military line to him who holds the passes, and a dangerous and utterly indefensible one to him who does not. We have seen this proved in military history again and again—in the Balkan, in the Alps, in the mountains of the Peninsula, and in those of Southern India. Wherein lies the special military value of Nice and Savoy to France, except in the fact

that their possession gives her the command of the passes? But, indeed, the principle is one so fully accepted and so universally acted upon, as to require no further exemplification.

The object of strategy has been correctly defined as "the placing of an army in such a position that at the time of collision with an enemy it shall possess a relative advantage." This rule is applicable to nations as well as to armies. A great portion of our Indian border—that is, the south—is encircled by the sea; and, so long as we possess a maritime supremacy, that portion is comparatively secure. Our eastern frontier is protected by tracts of mountain and forest, inhabited by tribes amenable to our influence. There remains the "impenetrable" line of the north and north-western frontier, which extends along the bases of the Sulaiman and Himalayan mountains. This line in its north-western angle is peopled by fierce, warlike, fanatical races, without organisation and without union. Hitherto the only evil results of the neighbourhood of these indomitable freebooters have been sudden forays or local disturbances, calling for swift retribution from our forces in the plains, who enter the hills on a moment's notice, and punish the aggressors. In this condition of things the relative position of the British Government is enormously superior to that of the tribes or States beyond it. Not so, however, if this relative position be altered by the advent of a strong foreign Power. The chance is then in favour of those who hold the hills and passes. For the disunited action of wild highland tribes is substituted a vigorous central authority; military energies are concentrated and utilised; and the initiative—that great engine of power on critical occasions—rests with the invader. If

we elect to confine our influence within our own territory, he becomes the absolute master of the great intervening ramparts behind which he lies. He can concentrate his forces on any given point, whether for feint or real attack, with perfect security and secrecy—the defenders remaining ignorant of all that is going on behind the mountain screen. Their communications along a length of 800 miles are constantly threatened, and sometimes cut off, until the entire line of defence is hopelessly compromised.

This is a simple lesson, taught us by modern strategy; and this is the lesson which the advocates of Masterly Inactivity would have us learn after, rather than before, school hours. The tendencies of Russia in Asia are naturally, and perhaps inevitably, aggressive. In event of the circumstances above contemplated, she would be in possession of a strong chain of mountains, having for her base countries full of valuable material, and populations reconciled to her by hopes of Indian plunder. The Indian Government, on the other hand, would be on the defensive, stripped of its former prestige, and holding a weak line of defence on conditions which no military or political leader could accept. If we admit even a distant possibility of a conflict of English and Russian interests in Asia, we must admit the necessity of providing for its occurrence. Such a provision we have in Lord Lytton's policy. In place of a defence pregnant with disaster, behind a line with regard to which the invader is in possession of everything that commands success, he substitutes a peaceful extension of British influence and power which renders impossible any advance of a foreign Power within a radius of 400 miles from our frontier.

Whatever the advocates of inac-

tivity may pretend about the strength of the north-western frontier of India, we do not remember that any one of them has suggested that we should follow his counsels to their logical conclusion, and sit down quietly while Afghanistan becomes the close ally and vassal of Russia. Every one is agreed that we cannot permit Afghanistan to fall under the domination of any foreign Power, be that Power friendly or hostile. And what is this but a confession that our own frontier is in itself weak, depending for its strength on the attitude of Afghanistan? What is it but a confession that when, at some future time, we see Afghanistan brought under the influence of another Power—as in the nature of things it inevitably must be, if we stand aloof—then at length, against every possible disadvantage, we shall be obliged to attack Afghanistan, merely to force from the exasperated Afghans those concessions which we might have acquired beforehand with their hearty goodwill?

This brings us to the second objection to Lord Lytton's policy. "Even if it be granted," say the advocates of non-interference, "that it may be a good thing for us to obtain a friendly footing in Afghanistan, and amongst the tribes holding the passes of our mountain barrier, we hold that such influence is best secured by absolute inactivity on our part, and by showing as little concern as possible in the affairs of our neighbours." Against such a position, arguments might be drawn from *à priori* considerations, from the analogies supplied by history, from the ordinary workings of self-interest, from common-sense. But the most decisive answer is obtained from experience. Let us consider the question in the light of recent events. The two great Powers on our frontier are Afghanistan and Beluchistan. The

former stretches from inner Asia down our north-western Punjab border; the latter runs from Afghanistan along our western Sind frontier to the sea. Our relations with Afghanistan were settled by the *Amballa darbâr* in 1869; our relations with Beluchistan received adjustment at the conference of Lord Lytton with the Khan and his feudatories at the close of 1876. It is well known that, in 1869, the Amir of Kabul was not only willing but anxious to link his fortunes with ours. Much indeed was done, but the work of Lord Mayo remained unfinished. Masterly Inactivity stepped in with its doubts and fears, and recovered its ascendancy for the time. For years we turned the cold shoulder to Afghanistan in the "masterly" manner; and every newspaper reader knows the affection and esteem for us with which that policy inspired the Amir and his subjects.

Let us now see what a frank and kindly policy has done for us and our neighbours in the more southerly regions of Beluchistan. We would premise that the conditions of action in Khelat differ essentially from those in Kabul. The position of Beluchistan, and every other circumstance connected with it, tend to draw it much more closely to us than is ever likely to be the case with Afghanistan. Careless writers lose sight of this. They infer that the intimacy of our new relations with Beluchistan involves a tightening of the somewhat loose bonds which connect us with the Afghan ruler. Some have even alleged that the Government of India has recently irritated the Afghans by attempting to place a British Resident at Kabul, and to locate British troops in Afghanistan. The papers now published show decisively that the Indian viceroy neither proposed, nor ever

wished to propose, either of these measures.

The scene of the events to which we wish to draw the reader's attention is sometimes called Beluchistan, the Land of the Beluchi tribes; but it is perhaps better known as Khelat, the Khan of Khelat being the overlord of the greater part of the country. Through the middle of this territory runs the highroad to India from Persia and the west, *viâ* Quetta and the famous Bolan Pass. Khelat* includes a large tract of country, about 400 miles long, and 350 wide, which has Afghanistan for its northern, Sind for its eastern, and Persia for its western, boundary. The Arabian Sea washes its southern shores for a distance of nearly 600 miles. The general configuration of this tract, which has an area about equal to that of Great Britain, is mountainous, varied by sandy plains and fertile valleys. A lofty range, known as the Brahuik, runs down its centre for many hundred miles, with cool highlands above, hot lowlands below, and two great gaps of communication, known as the Bolan and Mulla Passes. One consequence of this configuration is that, though Beluchistan is a very mountainous country, even its less accessible parts are comparatively easy of approach. Art has done nothing to improve the paths; but camels manage to traverse them in every direction.

Beluchistan presents many varieties of climate. The nearest province to British territory, that of Kachh Gandava or Kachhi, is the hottest and most disagreeable; sur-

rounded on the north by Afghan territory and the hilly country of the Marri and Bughti tribes, and on the east by Sind and the Punjab. This province is geographically a continuation of Sind, with which its early history shows it to have been incorporated.

There are no less than eleven passes leading from Kachhi to the highlands of the Khelat Khanate; but the Mulla and Bolan are the only ones of note, the others being rugged highland paths, traversed only by cattle, sheep, goats, and hillmen. The entrance to the Bolan Pass is near to Dadur, 113 miles from Jacobabad, and 160 miles from Sakkar on the Indus.† The Mulla Pass debouches on the western side of Kachhi near to the town of Kotri, which is about six miles from Gandava, the political capital of the province.

Both from a political and commercial point of view, the Bolan is more important than the Mulla Pass. Artillery can be conveyed through it without serious difficulty, and it is the shortest route from Herat and Candahar to British India. It forms, in fact, the natural outlet to the large and increasing commerce of Central Asia. Although, for many years past, border discords and the predatory proclivities of the neighbouring tribes have rendered this route scarcely safe for the passage of merchandise, a considerable trade has found its way through it into India. Peace and security for life and property, together with the improvements now effected in the roads, will doubtless tend to greatly increase the number of *kafilas* which yearly pass

* A graphic account of the topography and history of Beluchistan has recently been published by Mr A. W. Hughes of the Bombay Uncovenanted Civil Service, to which we are indebted for much of the following information.

† Dadur is reported to be a singularly hot place. It is in reference to a village near it that the inhabitants have a saying—"O Creator of the Universe, when you had Sibi, why need you have made hell?"

to and from India through this Pass.

The Bolan Pass is about 60 miles in length, the general direction being N.N.W. The hills on both sides of the ravine are rocky, rugged, and barren, and in many places precipitous. They are separated by valleys varying in width, the broadest being that of Kirta. But the Pass, alike at its eastern entrance and its western termination, becomes very narrow, and can be defended by a handful of determined men against a powerful force. The ascent from Kachhi for the first 30 miles is inconsiderable; the last portion up to the highlands is severe. Water is abundant and good, and crops are raised in places, notably at Kirta. Quetta, or, as it is called in Beluchistan, Shallkot, is situated about 25 miles distant from the top of the Bolan—the road to it lying across a plain of an equable elevation. Its height is about 5800 feet above mean sea-level, and its climate consequently temperate. The town is surrounded by a fertile and well-watered valley, which produces excellent fruit and crops. "The climate here," writes a British officer now stationed at Quetta, "is delicious: a good deal cooler than Abbottabad, and, I should say, much more wholesome, as there are no swamps, and but few trees. The tribes around us seem most friendly, and our men are very healthy. One of the chiefs of the Kakur tribe, described by the — Gazette as in rebellion against us, was calmly looking on at our cricket match yesterday."

In 1839, a Bengal column of 21,000 men, under Sir John Keane, advanced safely through the Bolan Pass, notwithstanding some opposition, carrying with it 24-pounder guns. It is said that a railway is now about to be made to the foot of the Pass. This line would afford

communication at all times of the year with Quetta, which, owing to the excessive heat in Kachhi, has hitherto been inaccessible during summer. It would therefore be of the greatest value to the chief and people of the Khanate. Its route presents no physical difficulties of importance, until the mouth of the Bolan is reached; and a good road up the Pass would suffice for all the present needs of the country, and of the Central Asian trade with India. A line of telegraph has meanwhile been completed to Quetta.

The Mulla Pass has a less severe ascent to the highlands than the Bolan; but the length of actual ascent is 102 instead of 60 miles. It leads to a point far distant from the great trade route, and is therefore of much less commercial importance. It is considered, however, in some respects preferable to the Bolan for military purposes. The ascent being easier, supplies can more readily be carried, and grass is more abundant. But many rough and difficult defiles have nevertheless to be passed. Colonel Willshire's force, consisting of 1200 men and 6 horse artillery guns, after storming and capturing Khelat in 1839, returned to India by this route.

The political institutions of Khelat appear to be of a feudal character. The personal possessions of the Khan are comparatively small, but he is acknowledged by his barons as their overlord, with power to enter into treaties, to make war and peace, to receive tribute in men and money from his feudatories, to hear appeals on questions of life and death, and to determine territorial disputes. The chiefs of Sarawan and Jhalawan, together with an hereditary Prime Minister (regarded as a representative of the older national element of the country), have, for

some centuries, been recognised throughout Beluchistan as the Khan's constitutional advisers, and without reference to them, no measure of importance has ever been undertaken. From the incessant struggles of these two chiefs and the Khan, rather than from anything that can properly be called national discontent, have sprung most of the troubles which have hitherto distracted the Khanate. The history of Khelat, like that of other feudal States, is a chronicle of turbulent and barbaric intrigues, out of which no settled order has yet been evolved. The sanguinary narrative of defections and revolts, submissions and reconquests, would not interest the reader. On the one side are the barons fighting for their cherished liberty to be lawless; on the other is the titular ruler unable to consolidate or develop his authority, except by adroitly playing off one chief or tribe against another. One source of stability has alone kept the country from ruin among all these elements of political weakness, and that is the strong sentiment of clanship and of loyalty to the hereditary principle which conspicuously characterises both ruler and people.

The first intercourse between the British Government and that of Beluchistan took place in 1838, when Lieutenant Leech was sent to Khelat to make arrangements regarding supplies for the army about to proceed to Afghanistan. The ruler, Mehrab Khan, subsequently incited the predatory tribes to plunder and annoy the British. Sir Thomas Willshire's division, on its return from Kabul in 1839, was therefore ordered to turn off from Quetta and attack Khelat. Mehrab Khan was killed, and the town and citadel were captured. Anarchy and confusion prevailed in Khelat, until the annexation of Sind to the

British dominions in 1843 brought us once more into contact with the Khanate. The whole of the newly-formed British frontier was at that time infested by the predatory tribes inhabiting the eastern portion of Kachhi. The arrival of Jacob fortunately put an end to this state of affairs. He found a country, to use his own words, "not habitable by man." In Jacobabad were "five miserable families, amounting in all to about 25 souls." Every village was in a state of siege, and the troops were anxious to get away as speedily as possible from so unpleasant an abode. "It appeared to me," said Jacob, "that the thing of the first importance was to make it apparent to every one that it was intended to make this our permanent residence. I therefore proceeded to build a large house, to plant a garden in the desert, and to make all other arrangements for myself, officers, and men, as if they were to remain on this frontier for the remainder of their lives. The forts I pulled down as impertinent to cavalry, and peculiarly improper for oriental border war, in which moral force is of such mighty power." "Jacobabad is at present," he added, writing in 1854, "a large and flourishing town, completely open, with bazaars containing some four hundred well-stocked shops. On the border of Upper Sind there are now supplies for an army; where there was formerly only sufficient brackish water for a squadron of horse, there are now tanks and wells. Peace, plenty, and perfect security everywhere prevail in a district where formerly all was terror and disorder on the one hand, or a pathless silent desert on the other."

Certain critics of Lord Lytton's frontier policy have condemned, with much scorn, the Viceroy's idea of the influence exerted over the

wild tribes on our Indian borders, by "the presence and everyday acts in their midst of earnest, upright, English gentlemen." But the lives of men like Jacob, the Lawrences, Edwardes, Green, Abbott, Nicholson, and other familiar names, seem to support Lord Lytton's view.

It was left to Jacob not only to effect the changes indicated above, but also to conclude a treaty with Khelat, which laid the foundation of all our subsequent relations with that Khanate. In this treaty, contracted in 1854, the ruler bound himself to act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government, to enter into no negotiations with other States without its consent, and to receive British garrisons in any part of his territory whenever deemed necessary.

Khodadad Khan, the present ruler of Khelat, was placed on the throne at a very early age. Notwithstanding frequent assassinations, periodical revolts, and chronic anarchy, the Khanate had descended to him in almost uninterrupted legitimate succession through a period of one hundred and fifty years. His own reign has been unfortunate, and marked by more than the customary prevalence of anarchy and civil war. But although not a strong ruler, Major Sandeman tells us that he possesses considerable ability, and is credited with a sincere desire to maintain friendly relations with the British Government.

The papers before us prove that however strongly the Indian Government may have wished to remain an inert spectator of events beyond the western border of India, it has never really been able to do so. As in Afghanistan so in Khelat; the connection existing between the tribes and populations inside and outside the border is so direct,

so closely intimate, that any disturbance on one side of the line reverberates instantaneously on the other. Civil war or disturbance in Beluchistan or Afghanistan involves, so long as it lasts, not only the closing of our main trade-routes in the westward, but the maltreatment of our merchants, the incessant spoliation of their property, and, above all, an unsettled and unsafe condition of affairs extending along the whole length of our most important frontier.

In 1871, after many vicissitudes of policy, a general rebellion in Beluchistan compelled the British Government to step in and exercise a more active interference than heretofore in Khelat affairs. The arbitration following this rebellion, although conducted with skill by Sir W. Merewether, failed to produce any permanent improvement in our relations with the Khanate. Matters went from bad to worse; the counsels of the British Agent were disregarded, and in 1873 he was withdrawn; the payment of the subsidy to the Khan was withheld; and the British Government abstained from further interference. On this as on all similar occasions, however, a consistent policy of non-intervention was no sooner tried than it was proved by experience to be impracticable. Outrage followed outrage along our border; no redress could be obtained; and armed intervention seemed the only possible escape out of a position which was discreditably to all concerned.

The adoption of this course was recommended by the authorities of the Sind frontier, and anxiously considered by the Government of India. Before finally resorting to it, Lord Northbrook resolved to make another effort to bring about a reconciliation between the

Khan and the Sirdars, whose mutual hostility lay at the root of the frontier disorders. The mission undertaken by Major Sandeman with that object, in the autumn of 1875, was not, however, successful.

Lord Lytton had turned his attention to the question before leaving England, and had made our frontier relations a subject of special conference with the Ministry. With the concurrence of her Majesty's Government, he resolved to deal with these relations as integral parts of a policy, rather than as isolated local questions. He found that as regards Beluchistan his views had, to some extent, been anticipated by the action of his predecessor. A few days before the new Viceroy's arrival, Lord Northbrook had deputed Major Sandeman a second time to Khelat, attended by an escort of a thousand men. His mission proved successful. Major Sandeman was welcomed by all classes in Khelat. By a series of judicious measures, he effected a settlement between the Khan and the Sirdars—a settlement which was welcomed by the disputants on both sides as satisfactory. This agreement, however, was followed by difficulties which required careful treatment. Lord Lytton had to decide whether British intervention was to be regarded as terminated by the conclusion of the truce between the ruler and the chiefs of Khelat; or whether his Government should accept, with all its responsibilities, the task of prolonged intervention. He felt that he could not decline the position "bequeathed to him by a long course of antecedent circumstances, without incurring the grave responsibility of deliberately plunging into renewed bloodshed and anarchy a neighbouring and friendly State which had urgently appealed to the British Government for rescue from those evils." Whilst

fully alive to the responsibilities thus incurred, Lord Lytton came to the conclusion that the highest interests of the empire—interests no longer local but imperial—rendered necessary a more durable alliance with Khelat than heretofore, and a policy with a higher aim than the merely temporary prevention of plunder on the border.

The result of this decision was a carefully-drawn treaty, accepted with eagerness by both Khan and Sirdars, and executed by the Viceroy and his new ally at Jacobabad in December last. This instrument reaffirmed the provisions of the engagement of 1854, and slightly enlarged their scope. It stipulates, as formerly, for the political subordination of Khelat to the British Government, and agrees to submit any serious internal dispute to the arbitration of the Viceroy, whose award is to be faithfully accepted and executed. At the same time it provides for the maintenance of the Khan's independence, his just authority, and his protection from external attack. To withdraw Major Sandeman and his escort, whose presence in Khelat had resulted in the restoration of political harmony, the rebuilding of villages, and the revival of agriculture and trade, would have been hurtful to the good work already done. Lord Lytton therefore decided to accede to the wish of the Khan, that the escort should be kept in the country in healthy and well-selected positions, during the pleasure of the British Government. The Khan's annual allowance, withdrawn in 1873, was restored to him on an increased scale; while on his side arrangements were made for the construction of telegraphs and railways, and for the protection of the trade-routes.

Shortly after the signature of this treaty, the Khan and his Sirdars—now a reconciled family—attended

the imperial assemblage at Delhi. The signs of peaceful civilisation which they encountered at every stage of their journey, brought home to their minds the benefits of that salutary order which British rule imposes equally on all classes. They returned to their country with contented minds, and ready to lend their aid to the peaceful settlement of the country. The British escort now occupies safe and healthy positions in the Khanate; whilst the protection of the Bolan trade is confided, with the Khan's consent, to one of the most influential of the Brahui chiefs. This local magnate had for years been a restless leader of rebellion. He is now foremost in assisting the Khan and the British Agent to bring the country into a state of peace and good order. Calcutta and Quetta have been joined by a line of telegraph, by which news from Candahar is received in as many days as it formerly took weeks in transmission.

Such is the story which the Khelat Blue-book has to tell. To those who have persuaded themselves that the right policy of the Indian Government is absolute inaction within, and indifference without the border; who have prophesied that any advance into Khelat would entail an enormous expenditure of money, and a force of ten thousand men,—the facts placed before us in these papers may be a surprise. They expose the fallacies of that policy, and show that it is precisely the opposite course which brings peace and security in its train. Without increasing the Indian army by a single man, we see our troops cordially welcomed by friendly populations, and placed in safe and healthy positions within easy reach of their base; whilst trade passes safely over a route which, in course of time, will be one of the most valuable feeders to our Indus Valley

Railway. Viewed commercially or politically, the present arrangements with Khelat seem pregnant with future advantage to Indian interests. At little or no cost to ourselves, we are now in a position from which we can view with indifference, or resist with vigour, the approaches of an invader. From Quetta we command all the southern approaches to India, whether from Persia or Turkistan. In it we possess a secure position whence British troops can operate, if need be, on a commanding line of communication; having for their base a country inhabited by a warlike, friendly, and obedient population—a people bound to us by ties of respect and self-interest.

So long as the power and influence of Russia were remote—so long as her movements in Central Asia did not affect Indian interests—so long was the policy of inactivity justifiable, in some measure, by fact and by convenience. The immediate question before the British Government was the consideration of its own rule in India. Its border policy was one of local interest. To turn its back on churlish khans, treacherous chiefs, and half-savage tribes; to shut its eyes to events beyond the border; and to avoid troublesome dealings with semi-independent savages,—made up a policy not unsuitable to the requirements of those times, and eminently acceptable to a peace-loving commercial Company.

But now, if we need not admit the immediate probability, we must at any rate allow the eventual possibility, of the Russian advances southward into those regions which touch our own borders. Twenty years ago Lord Palmerston told us that a Russian force in occupation of Afghanistan might not indeed be able to march upon Calcutta, but it might convert Afghanistan into the advanced post

of Russia. He warned us that whatever might be said of the security of our frontier, we should in this eventuality find a very restless spirit displayed by the unincorporated States around India. "These things," he said, "would lead to great expense, would require great efforts, and might create considerable damage: the best mode of preventing these embarrassments seems to be to assume such a position, not *in posse*, but *in esse*, as would make it plain to everybody that we could not be taken by surprise." "The policy and practice of the Russian Government," he said in another place, "has always been to push forward its encroachments as fast and as far as the apathy or want of firmness of other Governments would allow it to go, but always to stop and retire when it was met with decided resistance, and then to wait for the next favourable opportunity to make another spring. In furtherance of this policy, the Russian Government has always had two strings to its bow: moderate language and disinterested professions at Petersburg and at London; active aggressions by its agents on the scene of operations. If the aggressions succeed locally, the Petersburg Government accepts them as a *fait accompli*, which it did not intend, but from which it cannot in honour recede. If the local agents fail, they are disavowed and recalled, and the language previously held is appealed to as a proof that the agents have overstepped their instructions." "This," continued Lord Palmerston, "was exemplified in the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi and in the exploits of Simonivitch and Vikovitch in Persia. Orloff succeeded in extorting the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi from the Turks, and it was represented as a sudden thought, suggested by the circum-

stances of the time and place, and not the result of any previous instructions. But having been done, it could not be undone. On the other hand, Simonivitch and Vikovitch failed in getting possession of Herat, in consequence of our vigorous measures of resistance; and as they failed, they were disavowed and recalled, and the language previously held at Petersburg was appealed to as a proof of the sincerity of the disavowal, although no one could doubt that they had acted under specific instructions." How truly these words of Lord Palmerston's have been justified by recent events, requires no exemplification at our hands. Whether Russia's approach towards India be friendly or hostile, whether it be impelled by the natural course of events or be due to a policy of aggression, it has now become an accomplished fact. We should prepare for it in no hostile or defiant spirit, but with a calm regard to our own interests, and to our duties as a civilised Power responsible for the peace and stability of the Indian empire. The fears and ambitions of Asiatic khans, hemmed in between two strong European Powers,—the one bold, ambitious, and menacing—the other reticent, self-sufficing, and preoccupied with the interests of its Indian subjects,—are apt to run in a direction full of danger to ourselves. They weigh the value of the alternative alliances offered to them; they balance the chances of the allies. On the one hand is the aggressor, who, without threatening their independence, secures their adhesion by promises of Indian plunder and conquest. On the other is the defender, who offers nought but good wishes, cold advice, and spasmodic gifts of money or arms.

These papers will leave a conviction on every impartial mind

that the best external safeguard of our Indian empire is the timely establishment of a moral and material influence, which would give us the command of the glacis of our fortress. That such an influence is not unattainable, even if it has to be sought through disappointments and difficulties, is proved by the success of the recent measures in Khelat. The documents now placed before Parliament show that Lord Lytton has intervened just so far as was necessary to secure peace to that long-distracted country, and a paramount influence to ourselves in the councils of its ruler and chiefs. They also show that he promptly checked, and finally disallowed, the efforts of his envoy to interfere beyond this point. The reader feels that the new Viceroy of India is a master of that art of mingling firmness with courtesy, which forms the secret of success in dealing with Asiatic peoples; and that the prestige of England in the East, not less than her character for

humanity and justice, is safe in Lord Lytton's hands. "Of one thing we feel certain," he says, in the despatch which concludes these papers. "If it be conducive to British interests to influence the tribes and peoples who live beyond our border, we must be in contact with them. It is by the everyday acts of earnest, upright, English gentlemen that lasting influence must be obtained; not by spasmodic demonstrations, nor by any sudden and temporary influence purchased by money and presents. If at length we succeed in binding more closely to us the people of Khelat, by making them feel the benefits of peace and the power for good exercised by the British Government, we shall have added an additional bulwark to our empire. An important part of our frontier will no longer be harassed by mistrustful, wild, and dangerous neighbours; and our officers will have chiefs and populations to deal with who welcome their counsels and receive them as their best friends."

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. III.

IN concluding our paper of last month, we remarked that the solstice was fraught with the gravest issues to Russia. We were persuaded that she would immediately have to choose between great moral depreciation and energetic action. She preferred to act, and just at midsummer it was announced that she was attempting the passage of the Danube. The mere fact that she was again in motion proved nothing as to her readiness or otherwise to proceed with her undertaking; for such was the necessity that, prepared or not, she was constrained to make the plunge. Therefore it is by no means to be accepted as a truth that she had made all necessary provision before precipitating her troops upon Bulgaria. The problem, how to feed and supply a huge force at a long distance from the base, is perhaps, to a military observer, the most interesting connected with the war; and according to the degree of her ability to solve this problem will Russia's pretensions be judged of.

Her resolution to essay the passage has clearly been the means of keeping expectation still alive. The condition of the war in Asia, the discomfiture of the Montenegrins, would have told heavily against her had she not arrested attention in another direction. The eyes of the world are still observant of her fortunes, but now it is in Europe that they follow her, and the Asiatic campaign is relegated to the second place. We gave reasons in our last paper for the opinion that the war would not be decided in Asia; and now it has become a matter not of opinion but of fact, that Russia proposes to accomplish her aim by war-

ring in Europe, and by advancing over the perilous ground which her armies have so often traversed. The speculations regarding conquest and peace which rested on the hypothesis that the anxieties of Continental nations would be respected, and the interests of Great Britain alone set at nought, fall suddenly to the ground, and we are once more face to face with all the perplexing prospects which have ever lain before this much-deprecated contest. Russia has seen, no doubt, since the time when she first determined to fight, that the war must be made in Europe if it were to bring her the gain which she is said to covet, or to effect the deliverance which is her proclaimed object. She has no choice but to go on with her whole design, calming as well as she can, by the way, the jealousies and indignations which her conduct provokes, and conscious that, when all may be done according to programme, no material advantage may reward her exertions. Since she was betrayed into the unhappy resolution to go to war, the hand of fate has been urging her forward to a destiny which even victory over the Turks may fail to make enviable.

On the 23d of June we learned that a force of 6000 Russians had crossed the Danube from Galatz, and had obtained a footing in the Dobrudscha. The passage of this force is reported to have been made on rafts and in boats, and to have been but slightly, if even slightly, opposed. The whole of the above-mentioned body does not appear to have crossed at the same time or in the same place. The first section landed near Matchin, where it encountered a small guard

of Turks, which contested the ground for some hours, but finally withdrew, leaving open the way of the invaders to Matchin, of which place they afterwards possessed themselves. Another section landed at Hirsova. It was soon apparent that the Turkish general had not intended to defend this part of the river's bank, if the enemy should make a determined descent upon it. The towns and villages were found to have been deserted, and the stores to have been removed. More troops were afterwards said to be crossing into the same region; but, up to the time when a more important descent was made upon another point, and attention was diverted from this first occupation, the number of Russians in the Dobrudscha was not stated to be great. It was too early to judge of the Russian plan, of which this was the first move; but it was quite easy to perceive that the position of the troops thus thrown across was one of great danger. The Dobrudscha is a peninsula enclosed by the river and the sea, save at a narrow neck where it joins Bulgaria. The region had been laid waste by the Turks; its climate is notoriously unhealthy. A land advance thence would be exceedingly difficult in the face of an enemy. Supplies must be sent thither from the other bank of the Danube. There can be little doubt that the Turks might have crushed this body in the Dobrudscha if they had thought proper.

For what precise reason the Turkish general did not molest the enemy in the Dobrudscha we are not informed. But we may infer that he foresaw a call that would shortly be made in another direction on the whole of his army, and refused to be diverted from his scheme of defence by the temptation to destroy a corps which, perhaps, might find

it hard enough to make head against natural difficulties even while left undisturbed. Gunboats on the river might have intercepted the transport of supplies to these isolated invaders, but the boats were used elsewhere, and there was no reported attempt at starving or straitening. Speedily attention was directed to another quarter.

On the 27th June a more formidable crossing was made from Simnitsa to a point near the town of Sistova. Again there was not a Turkish garrison of any strength to oppose the passage or the landing, though there is not reason to think that, in this case, the Ottoman leader thought the attempts of his foe not worth disputing; for Sistova is just in the middle of the position which the Turks occupied on the right bank, and the driving forward there, like a wedge, of the hostile force, could not but be a grave incident. The defenders did what they could, and fought well, sinking some pontoons and guns, and giving the enemy a warm reception. They were, however, at length forced to yield ground, and the invader established himself at this important point. The Russians crossed in steam-launches and small boats; and it is disgraceful to the Turks to read that the flotilla made one passage and landed its freight without being discovered. Before the second transit an alarm was given and resistance offered; but already 4000 men had passed in the two trips, more kept arriving, and the defenders had to retreat to Biela, where they were reported for some days to be holding their ground notwithstanding repeated attempts of the Russians to force their position.

We know too little as yet of the plans or necessities according to which the Turks were acting, to be

able to fairly criticise their conduct. But it certainly had seemed to us that there were at their disposal the means of making a far better opposition to the crossing than they did. Even if they afterwards beat or starve the invader on land, or if he should perish by disease, no proof will be given that it was well to let him cross so easily. There was no way of disposing of him so cheap or so effectual as to sink him in the Danube.

As to the Russians, they seemed anxious, after crossing the river, to repeat the blunder which had been committed in Asia, and to push forward their columns without first seeing that their communications were safe—always a grievous error, and often grievously expiated. The number that had crossed was not at first known, for the Bulgarians were accused of having cut the telegraph wires. A telegraphic instrument found in a house in Sistova was accepted as proof that the Russians had been kept informed by the Bulgarians of the state of things on the right bank.

As might have been expected, the Czar, after his troops had established themselves at Sistova, issued a proclamation containing rather more than the usual amount of fine professions, and blemished with a quantity of bombast which seems now to be an indispensable ingredient in his manifestoes. Of course he has come solely as a liberator, never forgetful of what his ancestors had done for Bulgarians of old days, but bearing the same love and the same solicitude towards all the members of the great Christian family of the Balkan peninsula. He will secure the rights of nationality—rights which are the reward of centuries of suffering and of martyrs' blood. He comes to build up, not to destroy. His arrival inaugurates a

bright period for the Christians; but he is there as a terror to Mussulmans, who had better take heed to their ways, or they may find him a disagreeable visitor. Nevertheless, even Mussulmans, provided they be not already stained with guilt, may, during good behaviour, enjoy the benefits of the Czar's rule. The most remarkable paragraph is the last; we think it worth quoting entire:—

"Bulgaria, you are passing through a memorable period. The hour of deliverance from Mussulman tyranny has at last struck. Give the world an example of Christian love; cast into oblivion old intestine dissensions, scrupulously respecting the rights of each nationality. Unite with your brothers in religion, in sentiments of concord and brotherly love, which alone afford solid bases for a durable edifice. Gather closely under the shadow of the Russian flag, whose victories have so often resounded on the Danube and the Balkans. As fast as the Russian troops advance into the interior of the country, the power of the Turks will be replaced by regular organisations; the native inhabitants will be summoned to take an active part therein under the supreme direction of special authorities, and new Bulgarian legions will be formed to serve as the nucleus of a local armed force, destined to maintain order and security. The zeal you will have displayed in honestly serving your country, and the impartiality you will have brought to the accomplishment of this great duty, will prove to the world that you are worthy of the destiny that Russia has prepared for you during so many years at the cost of such great sacrifices. Obey the Russian authorities, follow faithfully the indications they will give you; therein lie your strength and your safety.

"With humility I pray our Lord to grant us the victory over the enemies of Christianity, and to send down His blessing upon our just cause."

We should rather like to hear what a patriotic Pole or an intelli-

gent Turkoman would say to this ! We were informed by a Polish gentleman some six months ago, that it is penal for his people to speak to each other in their native tongue ; that if they are heard to do so in the streets, they are at once taken by the police. And we have read that in the lately-annexed Turkoman provinces, a native, if seen beyond a certain boundary, is at once shot down—potted like a woodcock.* These things ought to be known by those who are invited to accept “the destiny which Russia has prepared for” them, so that they may accept it with their eyes open to all its benefits. That, however, is the Bulgarians’ affair. What seems most to concern us in the document is, that the hold which Russia proposes to take of Bulgaria is likely to be permanent, unless the Turks may be able to prevent it. The tone of the proclamation ought to engage our attention in time, that we may be prepared with our opinion in case this matter should come under the cognisance of Europe. With regard to the presumptuous announcements of what is to be the rule in Bulgaria, we can only repeat what we said in our June number in reference to the swollen edict of the Grand-Duke Michael, who asserted that *henceforth* Russian rule was established in Armenia. We thought it likely that the writer of this passage might some day feel ridiculous and ashamed.

One of the first responses to the Czar’s benevolent appeal was the sacking of Sistova and the murder of many Mussulmans and Jews,

barbarity to women and infants, and, in fact, a series of most frightful atrocities, which correspondents agree in imputing to the Bulgarians, though some hint that Cossacks may have assisted in them. “Lessons in Massacre” are being furnished by practical hands ; and “Bulgarian Horrors” in a new sense are claiming the attention of civilised Europe !

The proclamations which have been issued by imperators and commanders during the last century might be worth collecting as a curious study. All the sarcasm which has been vented upon epitaphs might certainly be repeated with regard to these military compositions. They are in a majority of instances the most deceptive representations that are offered to the world ; and there is reason to expect that if they were carefully collated, some rule might be ascertained by which to judge of the intentions and disposition with which an aggressor may begin a campaign, for the assurances of benevolence and regeneration will perchance be found to be in direct proportion to the barbarity and injustice which are meditated. If this prove to be a correct rule, the Turkish provinces have rather an unpleasant prospect before them just now, of which the horrors reported at Sistova may serve as a foretaste.

We were again left to wonder at the small use made of the Turkish fleet throughout June. Is it possible that the Porte is insensible to the enormous advantages of naval

* “There is a sort of desultory warfare which is carried on at intervals between the Russians and some of the Turkoman tribes, the former shooting down the Bedouins of the steppes without any mercy whenever they catch them. Where might is right, a great deal may be done by this terrorising system. However, it is as well to call things by their proper names. It would be more correct to say that the progress of Russia in the East is based upon the sword and the gibbet rather than upon Christianity and the Bible.”—Burnaby’s Ride to Khiva, ch. xxv. p. 232.

superiority ; or must we believe that the lack of resources is such that the fleet cannot be adequately manned and supplied? Want of coal, a commodity which may be procurable only in exchange for cash, might account for some of this inactivity. If so, another example is afforded of an armament which its owner cannot move after having paid heavily for it.

The great events which were occurring nearer home during the solstice threw into the background events, perhaps not less important, which took place in Asia. Our readers will perhaps remember how we said last month that the Russian columns in Armenia which had been advancing upon Erzeroum, and which all, very nearly together, made retrograde movements, were falling back for some cogent reasons at that time unknown to us, and that the probable reasons were, the strengthening of the garrison of Batoum to such an extent as to enable it to make excursions in spite of the observing Russian force, the disturbances in the Caucasus, and the operations of the Turkish irregulars, who might have got into the rear of the columns, and threatened the communications. After our observations were in type, intelligence was received of a strong band of Kurdish auxiliaries having captured the town of Bayazid, and having encompassed the citadel and its Russian garrison. Now Bayazid, seated on the great road from Persia and from the Araxes valley to Erzeroum, is a point of importance, the possession of which enables the Turks largely to intercept communication, and gives them another hold on the frontier line. The Kurds, active in the Russian rear, and able to overpower a Russian garrison, compelled the attention of the advancing force. The

garrison of Batoum turns out to have been strengthened, and likewise to have received a new commandant, Dervish Pasha, who no sooner arrived at his post than he began to make his arm felt. Moreover, the insurgents at and near Sukhum Kale, assisted by the Turks, contrived to give a great deal of trouble. So, in effect, every one of the causes which we suggested was in operation, and the retreat of the Russian columns was accounted for. The advance had been made without due consideration, at great risk, and with no advantage.

It may be remembered also that we pointed out how, the retreating Russian columns being unable to support each other owing to the obstacles which separated their lines of march, the Turkish leader might accumulate the bulk of his force on any one of these columns, and so overwhelm it. Now, although Mukhtar Pasha does not appear to have at once singled out one of these columns for attack by an overpowering force, he was at length led to do this, and to profit by the arrangements. A Russian force of about 20,000 men, which had reached the neighbourhood of Zeïdikhán, there faced about and fell on his right wing, which they broke and routed, killing its commander. Hereupon he drew in troops from his left, and led them in person to reinforce his right. Then he attacked the Russians, and in a bloody battle, which is said to have lasted fourteen hours, defeated them with heavy losses on both sides. The following day the Turks, elated with their victory, attacked again, drove the enemy from his position, and forced him back to Zeïdikhán. There was, of course, a certain amount of danger incurred by reinforcing one wing at the expense of another, because it is supposable

that the enemy's column which was retiring before the weakened wing, might, at the unlucky moment, face about and attack. But then it must be remembered that, in the case which we put, the Russians were, by the hypothesis, retreating for some cogent reason independent of the force which was immediately following them. They could not, therefore, afford time to follow up a victory if they won it; but would have to continue their retreat. And it would be possible for the pursuing force to make arrangements to conceal its weakened condition, and to make the enemy believe that it was in its usual strength. The chances were that the temporary weakening of one wing in favour of the other might be executed with impunity; and a preponderance of favourable chances justifies an operation in war where something must always be risked.

It is worthy of remark that, from the middle of May to past the middle of June, Mukhtar Pasha's generalship excited every day more and more the contempt of correspondents and critics, who asserted that he held his post through some backstairs influence; that he would be immediately superseded; and that, but for his incapacity, the Turkish cause in Asia might have had some chance. But it is evident that those who thus confidently passed judgment did so on insufficient knowledge. Though *they* once or twice gave up the Turkish defence of Armenia as hopeless, Mukhtar did not; and, on the longest day of the year, he showed himself not only to be brave and resolute, but to possess some strategic capacity which subsequent events have more clearly demonstrated. Our reporters and commentators naturally enough judge Turkish leaders and their troops by the standards known to

Europeans, and find them disappointing when so tried. But the Turks have their own (to us strange) ways of doing things—which are not of necessity bad ways—and they have taken the field under formidable difficulties. Instead of despising them for apparent shortcomings at first, we should admire them for the many real soldier-like qualities which they exhibit, and for the splendid *bottom*, so thoroughly appreciated by Englishmen, which forbids them to fall before misfortune, and prompts them to bristle up full of fight, when such an appearance is least expected of them, and to come off victors at the end of the act. With fellows like this to deal with, the “bag and baggage” idea does not seem much happier than the generality of Mr Gladstone's suggestions. We shall do well, in every case of Turkish perversity or imbecility that may be reported, to “season our admiration for a while,” and wait to see whether they may not be turning such inferior means as they possess to better account than was possible for more accomplished leaders. He who can best work with the tools which come most readily to his hand, must be “the right man in the right place.” He will be judged of by results rather than by his methods or his implements. If some morning you visit a black cook's kitchen in the West Indies, you may chance to see a little dead charcoal in an old shower-bath strainer, an iron pot with a piece out of the side, portions of one or two stew-pans, and a cracked pie-dish, these being the sole implements of a fellow whose *cuisine* enjoys considerable celebrity. You know that if you had set the first *chef* in Europe to work with such a *batterie*, you would simply have had no dinner; whereas you are yet smacking your lips over the

splendid soup, calipash, land-crabs, and other dainties on which you feasted last evening. How on earth was it done? you say. Well, nobody knows; but the fellow did it somehow!! And we exclaim in much the same strain about Mukhtar's achievements. A European general would find it hard to work with such a set, so ill provided, so uninstructed, as he commands; but he knows how to use an instrument of the kind, and has done some remarkable things with it.

Not least noteworthy among the events which were recorded at the beginning of July was the taking of Cettinge in Montenegro, which was in fact the indication of the whole principality being in the power of the Turks. Suleiman Pasha did his work thoroughly, and he was now reported to be about to send away the bulk of his army to other theatres of war, reserving only the garrisons necessary for securing the continued obedience of the at length prostrate little state. It was possible, of course, to have remained there and wreaked utter vengeance; but from this the Turks have magnanimously and wisely refrained. The real fighting power of Montenegro being subdued, spite of its fastnesses, it was not worth while to waste powder and shot upon the fugitives among the mountains. The forces which would have been required to hunt these scattered bands could do far more valuable service elsewhere; and the Porte appeared to see plainly that Montenegro will be more heavily punished by baffling Russia (if that can be done) than by pursuing the fragments of the broken Montenegrin army. Montenegro has had her punishment hot and full: richly, most of us will think, she deserved it. We can hardly expect that to be her own view of the case; but

we may imagine that for some weeks past she has been bitterly cursing Russian intrigue of which she has been the victim. Before we go to press we may have information as to the mode in which Suleiman has been instructed to deal with her. We contended, last month, that the Turks were perfectly right in attending to this ulcer and cutting it out while the Russians in Roumania yet delayed to advance. It must be clear now that they have really lost nothing by dealing with the evil, and that they have morally gained much, besides having disposed of a trouble, the ultimate proportions of which, if it had been suffered to spread, might have become very great. The Mohammedan population in the west would probably have all been massacred, or despoiled and outraged, if the Government had shown itself unable or unwilling to deal with the insurrection. The opportunity was taken to crush it while it was yet small, before any other province, save Roumania, had risen, and while the troops employed in its subjugation were disposable without detriment to any other service. The little war so successfully concluded affords some insight into the character of the Turks, so cool does it make them appear, so determined, so capable of appreciating minor difficulties while threatened with the heaviest dangers—dangers which might well have been their apology for neglecting the challenge of the irreconcilable mountaineers.

And this may be a convenient opportunity for remarking that what the Turks have done so seasonably and so promptly the Russians seem to postpone, as of inferior importance, notwithstanding that, from local circumstances, the disturbance which frets them is a more alarming business than that to which the

Turks thought it advisable to attend at once; for the land communication of Northern Russia lies through the Caucasus, while Montenegro is remote from the Ottoman line of operations. We thought, at the commencement of the war, that Russia was making too light of the rising in and around Abkasia; and now that her arms are not prospering in Asia, it is possible that she may have reason to rue her inattention. The materials all about that region are, we imagine, more or less inflammable, and there is scarce any tribe that would object to rise if only the occasion should look very promising. It would therefore be only prudent in Russia to stamp out revolt, and to utterly discourage the disaffected. This she can do only by employing a substantial part of her army in that region. On the other hand, it may be thought a cruel derangement of her plans to send strong bodies of troops to Asia when she wants every man that she can command to make a brilliant campaign in Europe. She did not perhaps, when planning the war, take account of her liability to suffer from insurrection. Nevertheless, now that the liability is undoubted, she ought at once to choose whether at all risks she will adhere to her design of gaining territory in Europe, or whether she will secure what she has already acquired before grasping at more. It may hardly be worth while to lose the substance while snapping at the shadow; for the possession of Constantinople by Russia is just now but a shadowy idea, since others besides the Turks may object to it. And to allow the insurrection to continue, even though it be for the sake of victory in Bulgaria or Roumelia, may, after all, be but playing the game of the Turk, who should, and probably would, by all means, foment these outbreaks

for the chance that they may some day befriend him. As we have said, disaster to Russia might make the revolt of the Caucasus very widespread indeed; volcano is often intimately connected with volcano, although the connecting train may be underground; and Russia has too many of these subterranean fires to warrant her indifference to any one of them. Khokand, Poland, are possible craters in case of misfortune; and Russia is not exempt from misfortune, notwithstanding that she has gone to work much as if fortune were her slave.

If another proof were wanted that the progress of the war has grievously disappointed Russian expectation, it is to be found in the indifference with which she treated the chances of risings in those parts of her dominions which she keeps silent with the sword. The indifference can be explained very well on the supposition that she expected to win rapid and brilliant victories: these would but have struck terror into the minds of the subject races, and demonstrated to them the hopelessness of resistance to so awful a Power. But it is wholly inexplicable on the supposition that she at all took into account the possibility of her sustaining a check of any kind. The mere slowness of her operations damages her prestige incalculably. She has never yet struck hard, and she evidently is unable to strike quickly. Now, for reasons which we have explained before, time to her is everything, financially and morally; and when we see her delayed, we may be sure that she is disappointed, and that the skeletons in her cupboard will be looking terrible, especially this one in the Caucasus. Although the fortunes of the war on the Danube are what will continue to excite the greatest interest, it must not be for-

gotten that this Caucasian thorn may result in a festering sore of the gravest aspect, for which there is no remedy except startling success elsewhere, or else a systematic effort to eradicate it, as the revolt in Montenegro was extinguished. At present it remains there ready to aggravate other troubles if they should come, or to take courage even from the tardiness of Russian operations. The imprudence which tempted the force of General Loris Melikoff to advance prematurely into Turkish Armenia, is seen on a larger scale when we look at the omission to provide against probable risings in the Caucasus. The Turks do well to keep continually fanning this flame. The trouble which it may cost to do this will be amply repaid them if their enemy should experience a serious check.

A third of July passed, and the news from the Danube and from Bulgaria continued not only to disappoint expectation, but to be quite inexplicable. After being permitted to cross the river without opposition worthy the name, the Russians were pushing on towards the Balkans; had taken Tirnova, from which the Turks retired at their approach; and were established there, at Plevna, and at Selvi. Undoubtedly such an advance could not be made without many opportunities favourable to attacks by the Turks being offered; yet no attack of any magnitude had been made. The very completeness of the Turkish inaction seemed to prove that it was premeditated. Had the insufficient defence been a consequence of incapacity in leaders, or of want of concert, or of indiscipline, blunders would have shown themselves, cross purposes, bad plans, impotent execution; but here there was certainly concert in the inactivity which seemed to be

a rule prescribed by one controlling mind. It should be remembered, too, that the Turks, while thus yielding territory, were reported to be carefully removing or destroying all provisions, and laying the country waste. There was every reason, therefore, to suppose that the conduct of the defenders was the result of design—whether of a design well or ill conceived we had not the means of judging; and, for ourselves, we decline, until better informed, to pass any judgment upon it at all. We know perfectly well that the Turks are no cowards, and that it was not to save their blood that they were acting thus. The abstention from resistance was too general to have proceeded from any small treacheries: treason, if it existed, must have been in the very head of the defence. The course which the Turks were pursuing was not an altogether unheard-of one. We remember, years ago, when invasion panics were easily aroused in England, and it was matter of general discussion what we should do if a powerful army were to be thrown ashore on our coasts, the expedient most in favour was, to retire before the invader, laying waste the country as we went; to compel him thus to make his advance in order of battle; to harass his flanks and rear with irregulars, who were to close in from collateral districts; to cut his communications when possible; and finally, when he was sufficiently weakened, straitened for necessities, and discouraged, to offer him battle. This scheme did not certainly include an unmolested landing; it supposed that our fleet had been eluded, or that the landing had been effected in spite of it. But then, the Danube is very different from “the silver streak,” and the same reasoning does not apply to both. Some of us used

in bygone years to question, and we still question, the practicability of carrying out such a plan to any extent with an English army. Its *morale* would probably suffer so much if it were not allowed to engage the enemy, that what might be gained strategically would be but a loss on the whole; but if ever there was a people fit to give a fair trial to such a policy, it is the phlegmatic Turks. They will smoke the pipe of patience throughout any amount of delay, and at the end fight no whit less bravely than when they first took the field.

If this be a Fabian conception, it is the grandest and most complete of its kind that was ever carried into act; and the campaign, conducted according to it on one side, must be of greater interest than the more common alternations of manœuvres and battles. On the other hand, the design may not have been really great, or there may not be sufficient means of carrying it out. It was altogether too soon to pronounce on these points; but, at any rate, the campaign in Asia had proved that Turks are capable of conducting, with some success, a policy of waiting; so there was no absurdity in believing it possible that a similar policy might succeed in Bulgaria.

Now let us look for a moment at what the Russians were said to be doing in Europe. They had passed across the Danube, as was reported, three army corps, which would be 105,000 men, supposing the corps to be all complete, and could hardly be fewer than 90,000 men. *Some of this large force they were retaining in the north to mask or attack fortresses; but the main passion seemed to be, as it was in Armenia, to press forward into Turkish territory. If this be done with prudence, the end and object of the war

are approached thereby; but if it be done rashly and without sufficient provision and precaution, it must put the object contended for farther off instead of bringing it nearer. It is a case in which the communications of the invading army are peculiarly liable to interruption, and interruption of the communications (we repeat at the risk of being tedious) would mean destruction. The hazard, therefore, of pushing south and leaving any body of hostile troops free to act in the rear, is very great, and indeed unjustifiable. The Turks hold at least eight strong places on the flanks of the advance, and they still seem to be in superior force on the water of the Danube. Under these circumstances safe communication cannot be said to be assured, and until it is reasonably assured no Russian column ought to advance. We feel bound to say, therefore, of this proceeding, as we said of the advance into Armenia in May, that it is precipitate, and may be followed by the gravest consequences to the invading army. The Russian, we are told, feels supreme contempt for the Ottoman soldier. This is folly. Perhaps it may be part of the Turkish game to inspire their enemy with contempt for the Moslems, and to make him over-confident. Whether it be so or not, it is unwise to make light of any enemy, and especially of an enemy like the Turks, who may, at a moment when it is least expected, show themselves in a new light, and win the respect of their antagonists, at the heavy cost of the latter.

The record (or all we had for record) of the condition of the campaign in Asia up to the 10th July, seemed quite to warrant the remarks made above relative to the European war. Mukhtar Pasha's victories of the 21st and 22d June were the beginning of a series of

successes, not very distinctly related as yet, nor very clearly understood, which had taken the Ottoman army back again to the neighbourhood of Kars, with the garrison of which town it was in communication; which had caused the Russians to withdraw at many points over the frontier; which had brought the Russian garrison of Bayazid to the point of capitulating; which had set the Turks in Batoum free to make excursions against the foe. Battles were said to be pending which might change the aspect of things; the beleaguering force had not withdrawn from Kars, and Ardahan was still held by the Russians. But everything pointed to a Russian exodus from Turkish territory, to be made under circumstances of great discomfiture. These misfortunes we could have no hesitation in attributing to the ill-advised eagerness with which the Russians rushed on their way to Erzeroum, despising their enemy, not half securing their communications, and not duly estimating the irritation in the Caucasus. The Turks, be it remembered, fell back before them, drawing them still farther and farther from their base, through cruel defiles, over the roughest roads, till, from difficulty of communication and alarms in their rear, they were compelled to make a retrograde movement. Then first did the Turkish force show any sign of life, but after that it was never supine; and although it did not make the most of its opportunities, or seize always advantages which appeared to be within its reach, yet it has had the satisfaction of seeing the invader, after two months of severe toil and privation, forced to return to the line from which he started, weakened, disappointed, and with great loss of reputation—the last the greatest loss of any, in that region.

Batoum and Kars and Erzeroum have yet to be won. In three months at farthest the snows will again cover the Armenian hills, and campaigning there will be impossible. Can a beaten and demoralised army refit itself and advance to Erzeroum before October? If it cannot, Erzeroum is safe till next May.

Perhaps the highest proof that an army is thoroughly efficient is its ability to follow up a victory or to strike quickly a second blow after delivering a first. Up to the point of fighting bravely and repelling the enemy, troops may be brought, without extraordinary merit in those who train, equip, or provision them. But there is a condition beyond this—a capacity for using an advantage, a moral and material energy which success does not disturb, an organisation which outlasts severe exertion or privation, and keeps the machine workable under all circumstances,—this fit condition it is hard to attain. It is a condition which argues efficiency in all particulars, and which, perhaps, cannot be acquired, even when there is everything to promote it, without some experience. Many of our readers will remember the civil war in the United States of America, and the impatience with which our countrymen, after reading of the brave Southerners having beaten off a strong attack, would exclaim, “Why does Lee not follow them up?” The answer no doubt was, that the Southern army was unable to move quickly after the retreating foe; that every sinew in its system had been set in motion and strained to beat him off; and that reinforcement and reorganisation were necessary before the exhaustion of battle could be recovered from. It had been impossible to keep any reserve in hand with which to improve the

first success. The victor and the vanquished were alike paralysed for a while. Compare this war with one waged by a French army under Napoleon, and mark the difference. In this latter, a first victory was looked upon merely as a beginning of success. More energy, more elasticity, more power of combination and separation, were required after it had been gained. The means were generally found somewhere of not letting the beaten adversary recover, but of pressing and afflicting him until misfortune had been followed by ruin.

We look in vain for much activity in pressing the foe in Mukhtar Pasha's army. When he wins a battle he cannot improve his good fortune; and it was probably owing more to the initial blunders on the Russian side than to any great ability on the side of the Turks, that the Armenian campaign was ending as it was. The Turks are inferior in numbers to their opponents, and the train of their army is reported as most deficient. They probably find it hard enough to march at all; and to pursue with ruinous effect seems altogether past their power.

At this point in our chronicle came the intelligence that the siege of Kars had certainly been raised, and that the force which had been besieging had passed over the frontier. We learned, moreover, that an attempt had been made by the corps which had formed the left wing of the Russian advance to relieve the garrison in the citadel of Bayazid; that the garrison had sallied in support of the attempt, and that the Turks had gloriously resisted this attack, winning a complete victory; also, that the baffled Russian wing, which was commanded by General Tergukasoff, had fled into Russian territory much demoralised. Thus, except Ardahan, which they were

not known to have lost, the Muscovites had had to surrender every point which they had seized in the Turkish Asiatic territory. In position they were much where they were when hostilities began; in many other respects they had deteriorated incalculably. They had lost men, means, time, and honour!

To show how entirely events have vindicated the military principles which the Russian commanders set at nought in their early conduct of the campaign, we quote from our June number a passage in which were set forth the not improbable consequences of pushing forward while leaving the Caucasian insurrection unextinguished in the rear:

"The diversion cannot but be good for the Turks, whether the insurrection be small or great; and if it should be allowed to live any time, its dimensions may become most formidable. It is just a question whether the invaders may not deem it expedient to turn about, and, at any cost, secure their communications with Northern Russia, and quell the insurrection. Should such a retrograde movement be decided on, the next question is whether the Turkish force now in Armenia would be smart in following them, harassing their retreat, and finally maintaining the insurrection. If the Turks should act in a manner worthy of the occasion, they might, on such a chance being given them, change the whole aspect of things."

The main interest of this campaign lies in the truth that the Russian reverse was caused, not by the sword of the enemy, although the enemy may have aggravated difficulties which he saw already in operation, but by their own presumption, and their disregard of military axioms. It may be, and probably is, a popular idea, that as long as an army is able to beat the enemy in its front it may go on and prosper. But this example shows

us that the enemy in front is but one of many matters to be considered; and that, before all things, it is necessary to see that the rear is safe. Any force which may commit itself to an advance into an enemy's country without fully attending to this latter duty, is from the first in danger of being brought to a standstill, of having to retreat, or of being deprived of all supplies, according to the degree of interruption which his communications may be subjected to, or even threatened with. So far Russian strategy had not shone bright in the war; it remained to be seen whether, in case of the Turks becoming in turn invaders, they would have learned caution from their enemy's disaster.

It was at this epoch a matter of some importance to Turkey that the hesitation of Persia as to the line of policy that she would follow would be likely to be determined by the failure of the Russian arms in the east. It is doubtful whether Persia has ever been at heart hostile to Turkey. Joining, perhaps, in the general opinion that Russian success was inevitable, Persia may have thought it prudent to observe a neutrality, which might become more or less benevolent according to circumstances. But the terror which Russia has been accustomed to inspire must have been strangely dissipated, now that she was fleeing discomfited over the frontier. Persia, it might be assumed, would make no attack on Turkey unless assured of effectual support from Russia. Russia was not likely to be again formidable for many months, and might become weaker in that time. The corps of observation, therefore, amounting to some 8000 men, which the Porte had hitherto maintained upon the Persian frontier, might, for the present, be withdrawn and em-

ployed against the Russians. This force of fresh troops would be a sensible aid to the Turks on the Russian border.

It was reasonable to suppose that the rising in the Caucasus was much more formidable than we had been allowed to understand. The Turkish occasional telegrams made it look extensive and strong; the Russian accounts described it as unable to make head. There was no impartial source from which the actual truth could be learned. But the result of the invasion of Armenia goes a long way in proof of the alarms felt by the Russians at the insurrection. The persistence with which the Turks kept sending in their ships and throwing troops ashore on the Caucasian coast, showed that they believed themselves to be profiting by these operations. And there have been notices about the impracticability of the Caucasian roads, and preparations to send supplies by the Caspian, which, so far as their authority goes, are in confirmation of the serious character of the revolt. We should not lose sight of the ferment that is going on in this region, because it may suddenly become a weighty element in the war.

Another thing of which we cannot hope to get true accounts, and which we must divine from circumstances of the war, is the state of feeling in Russia. However carefully the Government may have concealed the whole truth from the people, it is impossible but that an impression must have been received that the Asiatic campaign has been unfortunate; and the result of such an impression is not difficult to imagine. It must tend to make the war unpopular: in other words, the difficulties of the Government in prolonging the contest must be increased. Thus, behind the cloud

of mystery which a despotic Government is able to spread, we might hope that there was, even now, an influence that was strongly making for peace.

The middle of July had passed, and the Russian plan of campaign in Bulgaria was unknown. The very formidable difficulties presented by the many fortresses began at length to assume their proper proportions. Hitherto there had been divers wild remarks mixed up with the advices of correspondents, to the effect that the fortresses would be speedily reduced, that they would be masked, or even that they would be treated with contempt, and the invading army pass on regardless of them to Adrianople and Stamboul. These off-hand methods of disposing of very palpable obstacles began to be modified when the Russian army prepared to traverse the ground which the fortresses were intended to protect. The plan of laying siege to and reducing the principal of them would furnish occupation for the whole invading force for an indefinite time, and would preclude the design of advancing beyond the Balkans until the results of some of the sieges should be determined. The masking of the fortresses, if executed with such forces as would insure the neutralisation of the garrisons, would demand almost as many men as the siege attacks, and must be continued until the beleaguered forces should be reduced by famine, or until the war should be ended by operations elsewhere. If the masking were executed with insufficient forces, there would be always the danger of the enemy at an unlucky moment taking the field and defeating the masking army. The third suggestion—that of wholly or partly leaving the fortresses unnoticed,

and pushing forwards to the objective points of the war—would leave the communications of the Russian army almost entirely at the mercy of the garrisons; would expose the flanks of the advance to attack at the pleasure of the Turkish commander; and would allow of combinations in rear of the invasion, after a successful interruption of the communications should have been effected, such as might result in the destruction of the invading army. This, then, seems a wonderful spectre, which is suddenly conjured up in the shape of these fortresses, when all seemed going so smoothly! Yet there is nothing wonderful about it. Fortresses are always intended to play a most important part in the theatre of war. It may suit the impetuosity of the ignorant to treat them occasionally as clumsy, old-fashioned devices, which modern *élan* is to walk over or pass with contempt; but such is not the language of people who know anything of the art of war. Every person fit to discuss the subject must have been aware that these Danubian fortresses ought to be a cause of profound consideration to the general charged with the invasion of Turkey; because upon his method of dealing with them must depend the military propriety or otherwise of the campaign. No general could be justified in passing by such fortresses if they were adequately garrisoned; and any mischance which might befall him after so passing them would be declared to have been richly deserved. The rules of war demand that, before advancing, the invader should reduce at least the principal of these fortified places, and this more especially if he should be inferior to the enemy at sea. We are aware that this amounts to saying

that the fortresses must necessarily delay the invader many weeks, or perhaps months. That is exactly the case. In any plan of invasion there would be gross defect if a sufficient time for reducing or paralyzing these fortresses was not allowed. Detention of an invader was the express object with which the fortifications were erected—detention, that is to say, with the mad alternative of passing them on the road to ruin!

It seemed from the first that the Russians, *malgré* the teachings of service, and the threatening works on either hand, were bent on pushing forward. We heard of them at Tirnova, then at Drenova and Gabrova. The telegrams from St Petersburg recorded from day to day, evidently with exultation, the rapid advances which their army was making. These reports showed to a military mind that their columns were already seriously compromised, and that they were hastening forward to what might prove to be destruction. It was impossible to justify this advance.

On the other hand, nothing was revealed of the plans, intentions, or dispositions of the Turks. They kept all these—and wisely kept them—profoundly secret. The Russian reliance could only have been that the Turkish supineness would continue indefinitely; that the troops who had allowed the Danube to be crossed and bridged, and who were now permitting this march to be commenced with hardly so much as a shot by way of protest, would smoke their pipes while their cities and government were seized and overthrown; that only too much respect had been paid to Turkish strategy and energy in making so great preparation for passing the Danube. This was the one chance. The Turks might give the Russians

their country. If they were to do so, this fortunate turning up of the one lucky chance would not justify the enormous risks that had been run. If the Turks should rouse themselves at last as they did in Armenia, the full peril to the Russians of the situation would be apparent.

On the 10th July arrived the intelligence that one fortified post on the Danube, Nicopolis, had been taken; the first advices said, after the Turks had evacuated the place, so that the number of prisoners was small. But a later account, coming from St Petersburg, declared that 6000 men, with two Pashas, had surrendered at discretion. Nor was this the most startling news of that date. Eighteen battalions, we were told, had crossed the Balkan chain by a pass over which they were guided by Bulgarians, and had established themselves on the southern slopes of the Balkans. There had been hard fighting, the result of which was variously stated. According to one informant, the Turks had given ground, and had been obliged to retreat on Adrianople; according to another, they had made an effectual stand against the invaders.

It will be perceived, by reference to the map, that the distance from Sistova to the south of the Balkans covers a degree of latitude. We may set it down, therefore, at somewhere about seventy English miles. Now the Russian invading army was spread out over this line of march: its headquarters at Tirnova; its most advanced column confronting the enemy on, or south of, the Balkans; its rear on the bank of the Danube. The chain of posts passed through not only the enemy's country, but through the enemy's army, which, in its fortresses, or under the shadow of them, was in arms

on the left and right—that is, on the flanks. A line of such length must have been very weak at many points. The opportunity of defeating and severing a portion of the line was thus presented to the Turks—an opportunity, one would have thought, more tempting than is often vouchsafed to fresh troops in arms for hearths and homes. What was the Turkish commander waiting for? He could not be afraid that his soldiers would not fight, and he risked more by inaction than he could have risked by fighting. Better to have come out and been beaten, than to remain motionless while a ruthless enemy was marching from north to south unmolested! If there was to be no better resistance than this, the show of defence was superfluous. The Turkish army in Europe can have been little, if at all, under 200,000 men. It is scarcely ascertainable how many the Russians had at this time passed across the river; but the probability was that their number was less than 200,000, and they were necessarily extended. There were at the first a much smaller number than now. The Turks could assemble their force rapidly, and assail any selected point.

A Russian force, however small, over the Balkans, and viewed in connection with the supineness hitherto shown by the Turks, was a sufficiently startling subject of contemplation. If there was to be a limit prescribed to Russia's advance, if there was any point at which British interests would be imperilled by the said advance, the time of limitation and of danger seemed to have arrived. Accordingly there was much speculation on the 18th July as to the course which our Cabinet would adopt. Bulgaria was now fairly traversed, and it seemed as if it

were to be left behind. There was, as yet, no proclamation to the Roumelians pointing out the destiny which Russia had prepared for them; and so what was impending could be only matter of surmise. But, as reliance could no longer be put in the ability of the Porte to defend itself and the Sultan's dominions, the apprehension grew stronger that Constantinople must be seized by some Power. Moreover, any Power that might intend to forestall holy Russia had need to be quick in doing so. Thus it is not improbable that before long Great Britain will have acted, and Austria with her. The action of the former will, of course, be directed to interposing between Russia and the Straits which separate Europe from Asia—at the least, to securing the Dardanelles from her grasp; but the aim of the latter will be, we may expect, to deny Russia a footing in Bulgaria. If the two work together, therefore, the result may be that not a foot of ground will be allowed to be annexed in Europe. In Asia, we may say, speaking roundly, that not a foot of ground has been gained. So that when Russia comes to strike a balance, she may find it much against herself.

Whatever other restrictions may hereafter be imposed by Powers which at present are non-belligerent, we know that Great Britain will probably forbid to Russia the possession of the Straits. In this case it has been contended—with the view, perhaps, of reducing British interference to the very lowest degree consistent with our interests—that it will be sufficient if we secure the Chersonesus, or, in other words, the control of the Dardanelles. This control would certainly give us the power of closing the Black Sea, and so would be of immense value; but

it would leave the same power to any other State (Russia, for instance) which might be in possession of the Straits of Constantinople; so that, although we might be able to shut off a fleet in the Black Sea from the Mediterranean, we should at the same time not possess the power of entering or leaving the Black Sea, for ourselves or our allies, except "by kind permission." This arrangement, too, of placing the double doors in the hands of two separate countries, one for each, would be likely to lead to much disputing between the custodians themselves, and to imbroglios with any neutral nation whom one of them might favour and the other not. Although to command the Dardanelles alone would be incomparably better than to have no control over the Straits, yet, when we are making an appropriation, it would be better to take both doors. If we have power to seize one, we have power to seize the two.

There is another consideration which we desire to put before our readers, now that there is some prospect of a settlement of the Eastern Question. It seems to be generally accepted as a truth, that the readiness of a people to rise in revolt against their rulers at the instigation of a third party, is sufficient proof that that people has been ill governed. We do not, ourselves, agree to this maxim; and we think that every reflecting Englishman may soon satisfy himself that the rebellious feeling, veiled or otherwise according to circumstances, may be very vivid among a people who not only are not badly ruled, but to conciliate whom every effort has been made by their rulers. We believe that specious promises, and the hope of unlawful gain, may have as much to do with insurrec-

tion as the stress of bad government. But let that pass for the present, and let us reason as if readiness to rebel argued bad government beyond all contradiction. Starting from this proposition, and completing the syllogism, we are face to face with the proof that the tribes in the Caucasus have been very badly governed. Again, Europe has allowed it to be understood that the protection of subject races, which are kept perpetually up to rebellion heat by bad government, is a duty devolving upon her. Can she, then, when the general settlement, after this war, may claim her attention, refuse to take some order for securing autonomy, or at least some amelioration of their condition, for the Caucasian tribes? We don't want to institute comparisons, or to determine the degrees of guilt which ought to be imputed in different cases which are all lamentably bad; but we say that, if the Powers are to vindicate the rights of oppressed peoples, they cannot logically or consistently be indifferent to the wrongs of the Caucasians, whose history, for long past written in blood, recent events have compelled all thinking people to learn or recollect. We cannot, without stultifying ourselves and (worse than that) showing clearly that our professed humanity is a farce, authorise the continued affliction of the Caucasus, in compensation, as it were, to Russia for balking her of her expected annexations in Europe. The latter would be done out of regard for our own selfish interests, the former is a question of humanity. Can we think of placing the one in the balance against the other? Clearly the answer should be—"No; we will demand what our political necessity requires, and demand also what humanity dictates." As to Russia,

why should we care for her? She began this war calling herself a liberator. If its circumstances have brought to light that there is as loud a call for deliverance in Asia as in Europe, shall we shut our ears to that call?

And as the remembrance of the atrocities which have undoubtedly been ere now perpetrated in the Caucasus, cannot fail to direct our jealous regard to the manner in which Russia is at present making war in Bulgaria, we take occasion to condemn the uncalled-for barbarity which is being permitted to the Russian troops in that region. Without by any means regarding all the accusations as proved, we have enough to satisfy us that the invasion is attended by acts of the most inhuman character, altogether distinct from the sad requirements of war, and standing out as diabolical cruelties, whose only possible apology, to separate them from wanton brutalities, is that they are committed for the gratification of the so-called Christian population, and to perpetuate the animosities between Sclav and Turk, which Russia has hitherto found so convenient for her purposes. When it is proclaimed to the Roumelians that a destiny has been prepared for them as well as for the Bulgarians, they at least will have some idea of what sort of destiny it is. They will have seen the fugitive Bulgarians, and spoken with such of them as could speak, and learned how holy Russia has been illustrating the beauty of holiness! Surely no English man or woman can sympathise with a Power that can wage war after this manner: none can regret that such a

truculent savage should be balked of her spoil, and driven back to the boundaries from which she burst forth on her fiendish march.

Suleiman Pasha and his troops, the telegrams told us on the 19th, had been landed at Salonica. Why at Salonica, when he was so urgently required in front of Adrianople, it is hard to understand. Philippopolis, the nearest point where he can strike a railway connecting the eastern Balkans with Adrianople, is a hundred and twenty miles as the crow flies from Salonica, and he should have been landed as near to his work as possible. The first notifications had said that he would be disembarked at Enos, whence he could be speedily conveyed to the front. Now his men are to be worn with a long journey as a preparation for fighting.* If he can gain the mountains in time, he may, at any rate, make an effort which will save his countrymen from the reproach of having surrendered their native land in sheer apathy; but, unassisted, he can do little more than this, and we scarcely dare to expect now a sign of vigour from Abdul Kerim. The latter seems to be waiting for the river to run out—the stream of Russians which is rolling on hoping to crush his nation, which has given him chance after chance of interrupting and damming it, and which will glory in its rashness when it shall have fully exposed the imbecility of Turkish resistance. Whatever energy the defence may be about to exhibit, it is certain that, after the precious opportunities which it has allowed to go by, no one dares to entertain a hope that the Turks

* According to Bradshaw's 'Continental Guide' for July 1877, railway communication is not complete between Salonica and Philippopolis, so that a march is involved in this route. The journey Salonica-Philippopolis is on two sides of a triangle; while that from Enos, or rather Dedeagh (the terminus), is direct to Adrianople.

will yet behave like men. Bad as is the Russian strategy, the Turkish has been hitherto in Europe many times worse. "A man with one eye," Von Moltke is reported to have said, "is better than one stone-blind." By the man with one eye he meant the purblind Russian general; his stone-blind man is the Turk.

At this time, too, we heard of Abdul Kerim, the Turkish commander in Bulgaria, having been removed from his post, to be succeeded by Mehemet Ali, the general who was lately making war in Montenegro. It is plain, therefore, that to the ministers at Constantinople, who have the best means of judging, the conduct of the campaign in Bulgaria must appear as feeble as it appears to us, who know nothing of what the general might advance in his defence. The new appointment can scarcely prove a loss, and may be a gain if all opportunity for action be not past by the time that Mehemet joins his new command. There is some force in the remark made by correspondents that the change of the general will give over the army from a man who had studied his ground and formed his plan upon a knowledge of the country, to one whose mind has been occupied elsewhere, and who will require to master his subject before he can act. This is undoubtedly an evil, but it is a less evil than leaving the Bulgarian force under a man who will do nothing. It was expected that Mehemet Ali could not supersede Abdul Kerim in less than a week after the promulgation of the Sultan's decree. If, therefore, the latter had got a grain of energy left in him, he had time to come out and save his reputation before his successor could arrive. After the lapse of a week, it might be too late

for either officer to strike effectually; because the Russian army in Bulgaria was being augmented as fast as the slender communications permitted, and, whenever it should be sufficient to pass a strong force over the Balkans, and to retain in Bulgaria a corps fit to face the Turks in the field, its danger, though it would not have disappeared, would have been much diminished. In order so to reduce the danger, the Russian commander-in-chief would no doubt send over every man that he could spare from Roumania, and would trust to the superiority of his "one eye" over the "blindness" of the Turk to compensate for inferiority in numbers. His situation would not then be safe, as he would find if it should be necessary for the advanced corps to retreat over the Balkans; but it would be much improved, as, instead of being liable to be attacked on the line of march, he would be able to give his whole regard to preserving the communications of the army in front.

As to the prospect of the Turks in Roumelia, later accounts only showed it to be worse. The alarm at Constantinople evidently was on the increase, and there seemed to be no resource left by which the Russians, who were known to be pouring across the mountains, could be arrested. Adrianople was represented as hardly defensible; and after it should be passed, there would be nothing but the proper defences of the capital between it and the enemy. We hear of the ground about Constantinople being fortified, and we know that it offers positions for very strong works; but it is a desperate affair when it comes to a siege of such a city—the very heart of the empire.

We have never heard it explained how, in case of the British flag

being hoisted over Constantinople, the Russians will bring the Sultan's Government to terms. With English troops in the capital, and an English fleet in its harbours, the Porte may refuse to make peace. It would not be for Great Britain to assist Russia in making peace, except the terms were in strict accordance with the repeated promises of the latter Power—liberation and equal rights for the so-called Christians—autonomy, it may be, in some of the provinces—but not a foot of territory for the victor.* It might thus be a most awkward event for Russia if England should occupy Constantinople, as we trust she will before the Russian army can get there. The solving of this complication would not be the least interesting process in connection with the war.

It has been a matter of felicitation to the Sublime Porte, and of wonder to observers in Europe, that order has been preserved in the capital to this point in the struggle. Undoubtedly to remain patient, and to give their Government full opportunity of doing its best against the enemy, was the wisest course for all classes of the inhabitants in this most dangerous crisis. No government that could be improvised by an insurrection could be at all expected to improve the position of affairs; and it can hardly be hoped that, should the worst come, there is any party of Turks which, more than another, would have an advantage in making terms with the

conquerors. Russian vengeance and cruelty seem to be directed against all turbaned heads without distinction. So indiscriminate has been the barbarity, that it is impossible that there can be any Russian party among the Mohammedans. That being so, there is every reason why the difficulties of the Government should not be increased by turbulence among the citizens; and we trust that, whatever may betide, it may yet be possible to avert internal dissensions.

The attack on Nicopolis was, according to later information, most bravely made by the Russians, and most obstinately resisted by the Turks. The superior numbers of the assailants made up for the works of defence which were on the side of the defenders. It was a bloody contest which did honour to both sides. The valiant commandant, Hassan Pasha, had the gratification of giving up his scimitar to the Czar in person. He and the remains of his garrison were sent off to Russia. The Russians afterwards armed batteries at Nicopolis to command the river. It is presumed that for some time past troops have been rapidly crossing the river into the Dobrudscha and Bulgaria; because there is an activity on and near the Danube which implies that more forces have crossed than are required for the invasion of Roumelia at present. The corps on the Dobrudscha, said now to amount to 50,000, is reported to have possessed itself of

* It may comfort such of our readers as may fear that Great Britain means to let things shape themselves after this war, to be reminded of some remarks of Lord Derby in Parliament on 19th July. The noble lord said :—

“If you are prepared, if you are in a position in which you can interfere, I cannot conceive a situation in which you can interfere with more influence and effect than at the close of a war, when the combatants are necessarily more or less exhausted and worn out by the struggle, while we are unweakened and are quite fresh and unbroken—(hear). Under such circumstances we must needs exercise relatively greater power than if we had taken part in the conflict.”

the Tchernavoda to Kustendje railway and to be marching on Silistria, while Rustchuk and Widdin are reported to be respectively threatened by two other bodies. At length the Russians are paying some respect to the fortresses.

But the most important news of the day (20th July), as far as regarded the European campaign was of the arrival of Suleiman Pasha at Adrianople. It was high time that an able leader should be there; for General Gourko, who had taken the Russians across the passes, is undoubtedly an enterprising soldier; and, if not effectually checked, he will soon have more of the Sultan's dominions in possession. He seems most rapidly and cleverly to have ascertained the exact position and extent of the Turkish guard in the neighbourhood of the mountains; to have used three passes, one of them being the Hanka, in which he surprised and defeated a Turkish detachment in a redoubt; and to have made his way into the Tunja valley. He was, by last accounts, in possession of Kisanlik, Yeni Zaghra, and Eski Zaghra, towns or villages on the south side of the Balkans. If Suleiman can make head against him at all, he will do good service to his country merely by prolonging the war. It would be ridiculous, in view of the present state of things, to talk just now of seriously beating the invaders; but if Suleiman can only keep the war going, there is always a chance of favourable accidents in other quarters which may even affect the fate of Turkey in Europe. This is proved by intelligence which came to hand at the time when Suleiman's arrival at Adrianople was announced. By this it appeared that Mukhtar Pasha had enjoyed a further success in Asia.

After driving the Russian centre beyond Kars to the east, he was reported to be in position near the fortress. Some of the Russian troops had passed over the frontier into Transcaucasia, and the whole were said to be waiting while the Grand-Duke Michael was using every exertion to reinforce and supply them, that they might once more advance in superior numbers on the capital. But, for once, the Turks were not inclined to wait while their enemy was reinforced. Ismail and Faick Pashas, uniting their forces, fell upon General Tergukussaff without any ceremony, while he was yet *en déshabille*, refreshing himself after his former beating, and administered such a punishment as obliged him again to retreat in haste. Now this smart behaviour of the two Pashas may exercise a great effect on the war in Asia. It may settle the question of another Russian advance towards Erzeroum this year; it may rouse more tribes in Transcaucasia, and it may cause the insurrection in the Caucasus to extend. Thus, should Suleiman be able to prolong the war in Europe, these Asiatic successes may operate in Russia, and bring more advantage to the Turks than would at first appear to be derivable from them.

Obliged by the necessities of publication to lay down the pen at a most interesting place in the war,—that is to say, just as Suleiman Pasha comes upon the stage in Roumelia, and Abdul Kerim Pasha has been removed from his command in Bulgaria,—we dare not speculate on the results which may have been given to history by the time when we have opportunity of further comment. All the actors on the scene have been proceeding so much in defiance of rule, and on one side there has appeared in Bulgaria to

be such a want of the common instinct of self-preservation, that there is literally no basis for a forecast. No great battle has been lost and won, and yet the tide of invasion has been pouring steadily forward. Points of vantage that should have been invaluable to the defence have been seized by the aggressor, one after the other; town after town has been occupied. The notion that the Turks cannot fight is contradicted by the histories of the campaigns in Armenia and Montenegro, where they showed that they could fight, and could move, too, after a sort. The best Turkish troops, one would think, must be in Europe,

facing the Russians; yet these have, up to this time, allowed themselves to be outdone by the armies in the provinces. Though their positions have materially changed, the forces which lately confronted each other on the opposite banks of the Danube remain numerically much the same as they were a month ago. The power of fighting, therefore, continues, and we cannot calculate as if one side had experienced a crushing reverse. As was remarked on a very dissimilar occasion, "*Ce n'est pas la guerre*:" we must omit "*c'est magnifique*" from the quotation.

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MINE IS THINE.

PART III.—CHAPTER VII.

MR and Mrs Francis Ravenhall were a childless couple, and having no offspring to expend their affections upon, they supplied the blank by adopting the world, and loving it with all their hearts and with all their strength. They had begun life poor, for the Ravenhall estate had been dipped by extravagant predecessors; but minerals and other wealth-bringing developments had progressively enriched them, and, at last, the splendid accident that a town required to be built on the property had made them immensely wealthy. Mr Ravenhall had the narrow selfishness, the ignoble ambitions, and that earnestness in the *cultus* of wealth, rank, and success, which constitute a worldly man, without the redeeming *savoir faire* which distinguishes a man of the world. He was also stupid at all times, and arrogant on occasion. Altogether, he was of the earth earthy. His wife was also endowed with all the characteristics of worldliness; but this, which so deeply degrades the woman from the ideal standard

of true womanliness, was qualified in her case by the charming attributes of a woman of the world. She had tact, adaptiveness, and a wonderful power of (spurious) sympathy. Clever and witty, she never said an ill-natured thing, or allowed her love of a *mot* to drown prudential considerations, or to betray her into wit at the expense of friends and acquaintances, actual or possible. "Speak nothing but fair words, and you will hear nothing but kind echoes." She laid the proverb closely to her heart. One half of her life she devoted to the acquisition of new acquaintanceships—"friendships" she called them; and the other half to sifting her acquisitions. The wheat were the people who could be of some advantage to her; the chaff were the hopeless ineligibles. The former were assiduously garnered: the latter were not brusquely cast into the fire; they were simply let alone, till the wind, blowing where it listed, gradually removed them from her orbit. The chaff often believed

the act of separation to be due to their own carelessness or fickleness. Such is the power of tact. Morally speaking, the husband and wife were probably on the same level, and that a sufficiently low one; but he was detested—and she was universally *liked*, at least. Mrs Ravenhall, desiring to get on, had found herself heavily handicapped with such a husband; indeed she would probably have been altogether overweighted—probably she would have broken down—but that the change of fortune which made them so rich came in time to save them. Nevertheless, she toiled and spun, and wheedled, and coaxed, and courted the world, so that it endured her, and almost tolerated the sight of her husband for her sake. And then, when prosperity came—wealth, great wealth—the world arose, and came forth, and took them both in its arms, and bore them up, and brought them in, and made as though they had been its favourites and darlings all along, instead of miserable, neglected, gnashers of teeth, standing at the gates, in the cold and dark, hungry for faint passing smiles and strangled recognitions. The world, having taken Mr Ravenhall into favour, at once decided that he should be a legislator; and, since Radicalism was in vogue at the time, he became a Radical. Toryism was not a social necessity for him, since, though his family had been poor, it was very ancient, and had been eminent long ago; and he, or rather his wife, saw three things: first, that Radicalism was the winning side at the time; second, that a change from the creed of one's predecessors suggests individuality and a personal view; third, that the great programme of Radicalism was so cut and dried, and had been so reiterated and ventilated on plat-

form and by press, that any one could, without any exertion, make an appearance on the programme without risk of blundering, and with some certainty of applause. To swim, as a Tory, against the tide, was a very different thing; and so Mr Ravenhall, with no principle save his own self-interests, which English Radicalism did not seem gravely to imperil, became a Radical. His wife then noted two other things: first, that her husband's intellectual defects put any sort of political success beyond his reach; and second, that there being thus no call for thoroughgoing partisanship, another kind of success was to be procured by occasional fits of recalcitrancy against the *mots d'ordre* of the party. Occasional rather eccentric junctions with the Opposition—not carried too far, of course, and always labelled "conscience"—made the leaders of both parties civil and considerate. Social advantages flowed from this; and the constituency, watching the division lists, were able, every now and then, to say that "whatever else their member was, or was not, he had views of his own, patriotic views, and the courage of his opinions. Moreover, that he was no time-server, that he had a strong fund of masculine common-sense, and was a bluff, straightforward Englishman." Men who have become rich—no matter how—are generally credited in England with "masculine common-sense;" and if their bluntness and straightforwardness are only the stupid, brutal perverseness and *brusquerie* of the plebeian and the pauper, with some gilding on it, what does it matter to any one save the ruffian, who is erroneously believed to be "bluff" rather than brutal? Altogether, Mrs Ravenhall made her husband's legislative capacity minister greatly

to her social advancement; and with a talent for utilising everything to that end, she turned even his "bluffness" to account. Much expenditure of money was, however, necessary; and here she had a difficulty, for Mr Ravenhall was by nature close-fisted, and many of his wife's finest projects were often in danger from a threatened stoppage of the supplies. Yet, in the end, she usually prevailed; for she had gained an ascendancy over him, founded, not on domestic love, but on the (unacknowledged) conviction that without her co-operation he would, in every department of life, be "lost to use, and name, and fame."

"Then I have done with the matter, Frank. Take your own way, and see what you can make of it."

These words, pronounced firmly, and a firm refusal to urge or listen to further argument, were generally effective, and, as time went on, had less and less to be put in requisition.

Grand were the entertainments of the member for the county of——. His country place became the centre of county life and fashion. Notable were his banquets in Belgrave Square. Great people were notoriously to be met there—ministers and diplomatists, strong men in finance, subtle men of law, mighty men of letters and of valour, poets, gastronomers, projectors, thinkers, and talkers; Haroun al Raschid, occasionally—and Ali Baba, from the Stock Exchange, pleasantly often. Nor was the more difficult sex deficient. There were ladies of the right sort, plentiful and cordial, stamping Mr and Mrs Ravenhall with the *cachet* of fashion. Social success is often stated to be of the nature of a fluke. One constantly hears it said that, to people of equal advantages, Fortune arbitrarily

awards success or failure. This looks like the truth very often indeed; but examine more closely, and you will find at the bottom of success a subtle, unobtrusive, social talent, and the capability of a sleepless attention to the minutiae of the code of *bienséances*, so that the candidate for success may not only not be guilty of offence against the same, but not even be brought, or bring others, into any sort of association with profane ideas.

This subtle talent and this capability Mrs Ravenhall fully possessed. If she had had daughters of even moderate attractions, it is scarcely doubtful that so admirable a priestess of Mammon, in placing them upon the altar of her god, would have managed to see that the temple supplied combustibles of the costliest and most distinguished description. Having none, however, her great faculties involved a certain waste of power. If she loved any one in the world, she really loved her brother Tom; and for him indeed she would have schemed matrimonially, and doubtless triumphed, if only he would have co-operated. But, even in these days, a courtship can hardly be carried on by one principal, however skilfully the missing party may be represented by his second; and Tom, regarding matrimony merely as a specific for the preservation of large balances in bank, his ideas and intentions thereon changed with the spasmodic rapidity of his financial condition.

As an instance, he was once on the very edge of the holy estate, but forty-eight hours' continuous rain immediately preceding the Derby Day, threw out the favourite, against whom Tom had gone heavily; and a golden shower absolving him for the time from matrimonial necessities, he disappeared abruptly, and wrote, shortly after,

to his sister, under date "Hom-bourg," to the effect that she must "square it somehow with Miss ——, seeing that, for the present, Providence had rescued him from the 'abyss.'" Under many such discouragements, Mrs Ravenhall, if she had relaxed her efforts, had not abandoned hope; and occasionally, when Tom was known to be in an unusual state of dilapidation, she advanced some new project, and never at least lost an opportunity of preaching her gospel to him. Mainly from personal motives, but partly, too, at the instance of his wife, Mr Ravenhall had inflexibly refused to assist Tom in his recurring crises; but as it was generally through his sister as mediator that he did, or rather attempted to do, what he called his "family financing," she was, as a rule, cognisant of the state of his affairs.

Now it happened that she was at this time, though indirectly, very well informed on the subject, and knew Tom to be in the deepest possible water. It also happened that she knew a great deal more of his whereabouts and surroundings than she pretended or he imagined. In fact, the sudden diversion from Milan was by no means the sudden, improvised raid she gave it out to be; nor was it by any means unconnected with the fact that, in addition to her brother, Miss Douglas, the heiress of Lord Germistoune, was domiciled by the romantic waters of Como. Here were golden opportunities! Here was a concurrence of circumstances that seemed to lend themselves to the consolidation of her scapegrace brother and his affairs. Propinquity, a monotonous life, with beautiful surroundings; the season of the year "when a young man's (or maiden's) fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;" the opportunities of free country intercourse,—

these, and many other points as favourable to the birth and growth of the tender passion, were noted by this practical observer of human nature. Then Tom's necessities being added to these, it appeared to her that his fascinations might safely be trusted to do the rest. She was not likely, therefore, to forget her resolution to open the campaign at once. But here Mr Ravenhall was a difficulty. She knew all about Lord Germistoune—his autocratic disposition, his fierce prejudices, his narrow Toryism; and she felt that, without both luck and management, things would not go smoothly between the noble lord and the bluff member for ——shire. But, to suit her plans, things *must* go smoothly; otherwise the necessary intercourse would be impossible. To laugh off his lordship's attacks, which would certainly be forthcoming, and disarm him by good-humour, and even by playfully carrying the war into the enemy's camp—she saw that these were the only tactics; but how to have them carried out?—there was the difficulty: for her husband, though subservient enough to rank and wealth, was beginning to swell somewhat in his own esteem; and as for anything in the way of light and genial banter, that was not to be expected of him. He was bluff; and to ask him to be bluff and playful at once, was like inviting an elephant to get on its hind legs and conduct itself like a kangaroo.

Waking early on the morning after her meeting with Tom, she revolved all these considerations in her politic mind, and decided that Ravenhall must be drilled to play an entirely secondary rôle, in the first place at least—she herself proposing to receive the earliest shock of the noble Tory's attack. All she proposed for her husband, for the present, was that he should be

silent; wear, if possible, a gay smile; shake his head in comic deprecation when Lord Germistoune was unusually violent; and honour anything approaching a *bon mot*, even at his own expense, with peals of frank laughter, which should imply that, in the presence of so much wit, even Principle was obliged to cover its face with its pocket-handkerchief and shake its sides in its own despoite.

The "Pomery and Greno" of the night before had, however, settled the matter otherwise. It had disagreed with Mr Ravenhall; and he, awaking with a headache, proved to be entirely intractable. He used a good deal of rough language about Lord Germistoune, Toryism, Tom, love, debt, the champagne, even about his own head, and was clearly minded to be as bluff and bouncing and abominable as need be, against all comers, without respect to weight or age.

"Well, then, Frank," said his wife, at last, "we'll say no more about it at present. You have got a headache, and your headaches are always tragedies. You'll see things differently to-morrow. You'd better lie still in bed, and I'll take Tom with me instead. On second thoughts, I believe it will be every way the better plan. I'll take Tom."

Whereupon her lord freely assented that she should take Tom, and proceed with him into outer darkness, and even remain there permanently if so disposed.

Tom looked rather rueful when summoned by his sister to accompany her. He had pledged himself with a light heart the night before to follow his sister's guidance, with only the condition that she was to pilot him out of his difficulties—with a light heart, lightened by dry champagne, and with that recklessness, common to men of his

character, which, to stave off a disagreeable subject for the immediate present, will discount even the immediate future, and purchase, with any sort of pledge, a hazy, temporary conviction "that all will come right somehow." His maxim was to keep the present "jolly," and let the future look after itself. "It is better," he would say, "to have lots of sun, with occasional violent thunderstorms, than to live always under a drizzle and a drab-coloured sky. I would rather have a good strong agony once in six months or so, and take it neat, than go on sipping agony-and-water all the days of my life." He hated the idea of the future. For him it was simply a dun with a bill, or a peremptory banker with an overdue acceptance—an undiluted "agony" in some shape or other. So that it was rather with a feeling of ill-usage and of being prematurely hustled that he found himself brought to book on his undertaking, not a day old, and compelled to open the distasteful campaign of love-making.

"Of course I'll go, Lucy," he said, "because I promised; but it's awfully sudden. I thought you were to feel your way a bit."

"There is no time to lose, Tom." "Marriage is the very devil, Lucy."

Perhaps Mrs Ravenhall's experiences pointed to the same conclusion; but she, too, retorted that there were many other devils familiar to Tom, and feared by him, that were more formidable; and, silenced by this argument, he went meekly to the villa.

All Mrs Ravenhall's charms of manner and conversation—and they were many—were brought into requisition at the visit. She dug up her uncle—the "jolly Tom Wyedale" of Lord Germistoune's early friendship—a man who had been the privileged parliamentary humorist of

his time, the Yorick in a circle of brilliant wits, the delight of clubs, of salons, of all "*quantum est hominum venustiorum*,"—she dug him up, and ventilated him and his epoch very thoroughly, adroitly reflecting his glory upon his ancient friend. She then proceeded to display the brilliancy which she had inherited from Uncle Yorick, and to captivate, as he had captivated, the old gentleman whom she was anxious to get into her toils. Her success was complete. Lord Germistoun's conquest was absolute; so that, when he did get upon politics, he was graciously pleased to say that Radicalism could not be all bad if it found an adherent in Mrs Ravenhall. Whereupon she earnestly but playfully disclaimed the awful epithet "Radical," for self and even for partner.

"We are only progressive," she said—"gently progressive. We are not partisans; we have a conscience. Sometimes our conscience tells us to progress, gently; sometimes it bids us obstruct, firmly. But, *entre nous*, if things go much further, we *shall* have to shift our side—*entre nous*, very strictly, please, dear Lord Germistoun."

"The Irish Church——" began Lord Germistoun.

"Oh, please, pray don't talk of that most distressing subject. If you knew what we suffered, and suffer, about that hazardous measure, you would spare me."

"I am sure I have no wish to give you pain."

"It is the worst of following conscience, that it often misleads one, and then turns round and rebukes one, as if one had misled it."

"The only remedy is to be thoroughly partisan. The collective conscience of a party is more reliable than any individual one."

"One almost begins to despair of

seeing any other remedy; but then to follow the conscience of the Liberal party *à outrance*, that would be simply imposs—— But you must not make me talk treason, my lord—while it *is* treason," she added, with a meaning smile; "and, *apropos*, may I beg you to be gentle with my husband on political matters when you meet him? He is much perturbed in mind just now; and I could wish none but calm influences to bear upon him while *the struggle* is going on."

Whereupon the lady was assured that her wish was his lordship's law in all matters, and that the wind of his noble logic and satire should be tempered to the Radical lamb, albeit still unshorn of his evil Radical fleece.

And then she changed the subject, and asked Lord Germistoun frankly, as an old family friend, what he thought of Tom, and if he did not find in that worthy strong traits of resemblance to Uncle Yorick. And his lordship's answer being very hearty and satisfactory on these points, she proceeded to dilate upon Tom's excellences of head and heart—his brilliancy, his shrewdness, his common-sense,—all wasted, however, for want of a career. "Can we do nothing for him, Lord Germistoun? Can we find no means of turning so much talent to account? He is a red-hot Tory, you know; and they say your party is to be in soon. The party ought to keep an eye on its brilliant young men."

"True, true—*very* true. We must see—we must see. I think there need be no difficulty about finding him a seat before long."

"The worst of it is, that poor Tom was extravagant at Cambridge—fell into bad hands—and he really wants money. Now a seat would hardly meet that difficulty, would it?"

Lord Germistounne feared not, but suggested that a likely young fellow such as Tom might very well feather his nest by matrimony, as a preliminary step to adorning the House, and eventually the Cabinet. Saul also was among the prophets.

Here Mrs Ravenhall shook her head. She was, she said, perhaps a little romantic, and could *not* pretend to like the idea of mercenary marriages. Still, of course, love and money *might* come together—might come together, very likely, with a little skill and management. But as for Tom, he was altogether impracticable on this point—quite foolishly Quixotic about it, the dear fellow was. The idea of marrying a woman *for* money was in his eyes such an abomination, that it was doubtful if he could be brought to marry a woman *with* money, even where his affections were strongly engaged. At all events, the attraction of the heart would require to be something out of the common run if it were to subdue this *idée fixe*.

Lord Germistounne, from the superior eminence of the worldling, laughed at all this; but was confident enough to believe in Tom's sincerity, and to think it high-minded. "But mark my words, dear lady: let the chance come, and the love, and all the other things, and he'll reconcile himself to the hard fate of marrying a fortune—ha, ha!"

Mrs Ravenhall again shook her head, in denial of her devout aspiration; she shook it pretty firmly this time, for they were treading delicate ground, and changed the subject. She changed it, however,

neatly, and to her brother's advantage. "Tom," she said, "is more wedded to sport at present than anything else, and his earnestness about it is quite too comic. This morning he is in a state of despair about his autumn plans. It appears that he and his friend Mr Glencairn were to have taken a shooting together somewhere in the Highlands—near your beautiful place, I think; and after it was all arranged, as I understand, Mr Glencairn takes it into his head that he will travel instead, and poor Tom is left in the lurch, without his shooting. Is it not a shame? Poor Tom! he has so little amusement!"

"Ah! I don't fancy that friend of his. It is quite what was to be expected. Distinctly monstrous! But let him come to me instead—let him come to me. We have shooting enough at Dunerlacht to satisfy him, I'll be bound. Let him come, and stay as long as he likes. He's the best of company; he'll never wear out his welcome. I think he'll be better off with me than with that solemn fellow with the theatrical name. I say, Wyedale, I've just been saying to your sister that I hope you'll console yourself for the loss of your shooting partner by coming to Dunerlacht for the 'Twelfth;' and the longer you can stay the better I'll be pleased."

It is needless to say that Tom joyfully accepted. And his sister, feeling that she had acquitted herself brilliantly with the papa, crossed the room, like a coruscation of sunbeams, to fascinate the daughter.

CHAPTER VIII.

With that young lady Tom had, indeed, made but a lame appearance, from the point of view of a

suitor consciously commencing a siege. There is nothing like an *arrière-pensée*, at least in the case

of minds tolerably ingenuous, for blunting the conversational faculties, freezing the ideas, and letting loose in talk all that surface *débris* which hangs about all minds, and does duty for ideas with stupid people. There is nothing, therefore, that for the moment so completely levels the clever man with the idiot as an *arrière-pensée*. Tom was, of course, labouring under this disability, and with circumstances of aggravation, for he could hardly bring himself to look upon the *arrière-pensée* as his own property. It was part of a game of his sister's, which, rather sulkily and with a half heart, he was helping her to play. Such is gratitude; but hence he felt doubly numb and stupid. It is doubtful whether Tom, though an Englishman, had ever talked about the weather, as a necessity, before. Now, however, he atoned for past neglect of that pathetic subject, and handled it with the length and insistence which enthusiasts bestow upon a fresh topic.

Esmè, who had heard him converse before, and always with a sort of bright spontaneity that broke out upon all sorts of topics, fancied at first that this atmospheric attack was merely a bit of fun and irony, and expected for some time the development of the joke. In vain. Through many a dreary period the vicissitudes of the barometer were canvassed; and though he went conscientiously round the dial, he made, as sailors say, "bad weather of it" all round. Somehow, at last, Cosmo Glencairn's name was introduced; and Tom, finding a subject with which he was familiar, and a listener whose interest seemed to awaken, fastened upon it, and flashed into eloquence upon the theme. *Après* of what, he knew not, but away he went at score upon Cos-

mo's merits. He really liked him, and cherished—what might seem strange in such a nature—a carefully-concealed respect for a character so different from his own, and for ways of life and thought which he dimly felt to be higher and better than his own. Now this feeling had free voice. Tom was not conscious of giving a biography of his friend; nor was he conscious that an occasional suggestive remark, or trifling query, led him, in effect, to do so. His fun rather came back to him, and his biographical essay took a serio-comic turn; but, as there was nothing about Cosmo, except perhaps an occasional excess of earnestness, to which ridicule could really attach, the good-natured satire only imparted that flavour of dispraise necessary to make panegyric palatable to human nature, which abhors unqualified perfection. Esmè did not conceal her interest.

"These things to hear
Did Desdemona seriously incline;"

and, on being told of Cosmo's itinerations in the pursuit of self-culture, she declared that they displayed a kind of zeal and thoroughness that were to be envied, and a dash of romance and picturesqueness which transformed the dry and dusty paths to knowledge into ways of poetic beauty and delight.

"What an ideal life!" she cried; "how enviable he is to wish to lead it, and then to be able to do what he wishes!"

"Is *that* the sort of life *you* would like to lead?" asked Tom.

"If I were fit for it; but I am afraid I should not persevere. Mr Glencairn has actually persevered in it for several years."

"Yes, he has been on the prowl for about three years."

"Magnificent!"

Tom laughed loudly.

"It is not *your* ideal life, then?"

Tom laughed still more heartily. "No, Miss Douglas; I'm afraid it would bore me to extinction. I should be like the pilgrim walking to Mecca or Jerusalem with peas in his shoes."

"Yet you and Mr Glencairn are great friends."

"Yes, we are; and the funniest thing of all is, not that I like him, but that he likes me."

"Well, but is it not quite proverbial that men of talent——" here Esmè broke down, blushing to find herself on the brink of an involuntary rudeness, but recovering rapidly, said, "I believe I was about to say something very stupid. Where is Mr Glencairn going to next?"

"I really don't know. I was in hopes he was going to content himself with Scotland for the autumn; but he was in one of his moods yesterday afternoon, and spoke of setting out for fifty different points of the compass instead."

"I think Mr Glencairn said he was very fond of Scotland?"

"Oh yes—immensely fond of it; but then, when a fellow once fancies he has a 'mission,' he takes to thwarting himself and friends in the most deplorable way."

"What is Mr Glencairn's mission?"

"Heaven only knows. I believe he is still hunting for it."

"He will find it if he is so much in earnest; and when he finds it he will likely fulfil it. Don't you think so?"

"I daresay he will. In the meantime he threatens to run through my mission."

"Your mission, Mr Wyedale? Pray, what is that?"

"Oh, my views are lowly; for the autumn my mission was to shoot with him at Finmore."

"And that is not to be?"

"I fear not; but Lord Germistoun's kindness in asking me to shoot at Dunerlacht quite makes up for the disappointment, if my friend does break down—more than makes up for it."

"I fear we shall not be able to compensate you for the loss of your friend's society; we are very dull and stupid people at Dunerlacht."

"But *you* will be there?" said Tom, suddenly mindful of the rôle he ought to be playing.

"Oh yes; we shall be at home, naturally."

"Then—then I don't think I shall miss Cosmo much."

Miss Douglas opened her eyes a little at this rather straight plunge of Tom's, and said, "I am afraid you are too sanguine, Mr Wyedale. But I hope you won't have to depend for your society exclusively on papa and me. I believe we are to have, for us, quite a large party this year."

Tom was off at once on the wings of fancy to the moors. "What splendid shooting it must be!" he said; "and, by the by, Miss Douglas, have you any idea how they work the duck on the lake? There is a tremendous margin of sedge. I looked down at it once from the highroad. Punts would be the only plan. Are there punts?"

"I really can't tell you, Mr Wyedale. I'm not at all a sports-woman."

"Ah! I'm afraid if there were punts you would be certain to know; don't you think so? I suspect there can't be punts. I wonder if Lord Germistoun has ever thought of them?"

"I'm afraid I'm quite ignorant of all shooting matters."

"That lake has immense capabilities, Miss Douglas. I wouldn't go in for big swivel-guns, you know—that's not my idea of sport; but without some sort of punt the

lake must be wasted—absolutely squandered. With a punt I would undertake to make the ducks reflect to any extent.”

“Then for your sake, if not for the ducks, I hope there *is* a punt.”

“One might rig up something of the sort simply enough, to be sure. Glencairn and I once managed the business that way on one of the big Canadian lakes. We made a sort of raft, you know, and fenced it round with sedge and scrub, so that it looked like a floating island.”

“Did you make the Canadian ducks reflect?”

“Yes; I suspect they won’t forget us and our raft in a hurry. We slated them.”

“Is Mr Glencairn a good shot?”

“Excellent. He does everything he *does* do well.”

“I suppose he is always in earnest about everything he does?”

“That’s the secret, perhaps. It would bore me, now, to be in earnest about anything, except, of course, sport, and” (observing his sister’s suggestive eye upon him)—“and, of course, one or two other serious matters.”

Esmè laughed. “I wonder,” she said, “what you would rank with sport as serious matters?”

“Hang it!” thought Tom, “she’s laughing at me; I’m on the wrong tack somehow,”—but he jerked out a sentence to the effect that “for every man there is something sacred and serious,” and then remembering immortal Mr Guppy and his refrain, “There *are* chords,” had wellnigh broken down.

“So that you *have* profited by Mr Glencairn’s society; you are not altogether an unworthy disciple,” laughed Esmè.

“Disciple? God forbid! I’m not a disciple at all. I wouldn’t go in for Glencairn’s line of business for the world. Life is too short.”

“Still for every man there is

something sacred and serious—you are convinced of that?” said Esmè, with profound gravity.

“Oh, of course I am, and—and—all that kind of thing, you know.” Then their eyes met, and they both went off into hearty fits of laughter.

“I have always understood,” thought Tom, “that if a woman once laughs at you, you may as well cry ‘off’ at once, and throw up the sponge. Now this girl *is* laughing at me—and small blame to her; and I feel that, if I were ever so much in love with her, I couldn’t get on the proper tack—not to-day, at least. I suspect after dinner would be my only chance. I believe moonlight has a wonderful effect upon the female nature; and dry champagne (in sufficient quantities) has almost made *me* sentimental once or twice. Yes, I *must* try it some other time, under more favourable circumstances. At present I can’t score, that’s clear.” Then, seeing his sister cross the room, he rose and said, “I must go and sound Lord Germistoun about the punts.” And thus ended the first scene of Tom’s little drama, “*L’Amoureux malgré lui*.”

And then came Mrs Ravenhall, and, with full confidence in her social versatility, approached the task of fascinating Esmè, of whom she knew nothing, except that she was a very young undergraduate in London life. And very charming she made herself, in a bright, genial, cheery way, that could not but be acceptable to any well-conditioned nature. But as a skilful tactician behind his skirmishers watches to detect the points at which the enemy may most readily be open to impression, so, from behind her sunny smiles and gay *espièglerie*, peered forth the intent worldling, striving to decipher the character of the young lady before her. The Highlanders at Prestonpans, and the Maories rushing from their “paha,” discon-

certed regular troops by their unsophisticated method of dealing with conventional modes of attack and defence; and, to a person entirely conventional, there is probably nothing more indecipherable than a character which, supposing it not to be commonplace, displays only the colour of its own individuality, and reflects none of the stereotyped features of manner, thought, and so forth, which belong to some one or other of the various social coteries lying within the ken of the conventional observer. In this way Esmè somewhat puzzled Mrs Ravenhall. Her simplicity and candour would have been easily comprehended; but, blended with a straightforward shrewdness and keenness of insight, and a certain independence of thought, they were, on the whole, paradoxical. And then, although nothing could be more remote from her nature than affected *nonchalance* and strong-minded idiosyncrasies, there was in her a strange ignorance of, indifference to, even a want of reverence for, persons, things, and ways of life that are sacred and canonical to people, the final cause of whose existence it is to be in the best society.

And thus, when Mrs Ravenhall settled down for a cosy talk, and unfolded the usual staples of cosy conversation among people of her stamp and class, she experienced a series of shocks. It seemed so startling to be called upon to explain who was who at every sentence. Extremes meet; and a kinship is established between Belgravia and the Backwoods by this one touch of nature, that the denizens of either paradise, in conversing with outsiders—that is to say, with the world at large—assume, with primeval simplicity, that, to all the world, the inhabitants of their little *monde*, and all that is done, said, or thought therein, are matters of

familiar knowledge. Among the redskins, “Hooker Jim’s” squaw will dilate to you, by the hour, upon “Horny-eyed Houlaoua’s” infamous conduct to *his* squaw and papooses, and all the outs and ins of the difficulties between “Hairy Samky” and “Wingery Bong,” as if these nature’s nobles and their deeds were known as the sun, moon, and stars.

And, exactly in the same way, you will be muddled, puzzled, driven half crazy among the fine ladies and gentlemen of the *crème de la crème* and (*nota bene*) their *umbras*—if you happen to be an outsider. For you will have imputed to you, and expected of you, a complete familiarity with the attributes, connections, daily lives, and excruciating nicknames of those who live, and move, and have their being in the fashionable microcosm, though the renown of them has never reached your darkling orbit. There is something fresh, child-like, and almost touching in this, when it is an attribute of aboriginal simplicity; but when you regard it as a trait of British high-breeding, “*risum teneatis amici?*” The word “British” is used advisedly and with emphasis: for, against this result of a profound yet parochial egotism, the well-bred Russian is protected by his cosmopolitanism; the Frenchman by his accuracy; the German by his matter-of-factness; and the Italian by that delightful outcome of a national character filtered through countless generations of breeding,—that captivating and gracious gift of sympathy which adorns him and helps to make him what he is—the best bred and most lovable of men.

Pardon the digression, and let us return to Mrs Ravenhall, who, stamped in all respects with the pattern of her *monde*, awoke, with a series of shocks, to the fact that

Esmè was something very like a pagan. She was positively ignorant of the habits of Mrs Chesterfield Beauregard. She knew nothing to the discredit of Lady Diana Potiphar. She hadn't even heard that the Hon. and Rev. Joseph Jellyfish had been quite exculpated by the Bishop. Then, as for the exploits of Donjie St Bees, they were a sealed letter for her; and the witticisms of Jami Haverel (actually of JAM Haverel!) a closed book. Was it possible that she was in ignorance of what went on that night at Drawem Castle?—that night, you know, when the Duchess of Groats lost £2000 at *écarté*? and Lady Mabilia Fantod danced *such* a funny dance at the top of the staircase with the Marquis de Saut-du-Loup? What! not know about *that* night when Algie Montfort behaved so shockingly to Prince von Pickelhauben?—put a tame fox in the Prince's bed, you know, so that the Prince's lower limbs were terribly lacerated, and he couldn't go to Doncaster for the Leger—and that, of course, was the very Leger which entirely ruined poor Pix Puffinson. How foolish, by the by, of Pix to go off with Lady Wallsend, when he *knew* he had nothing, and she had nothing! No wonder Lady Anne was furious; and really, what the dear Duke said about poor Pix was only what he deserved—don't you think so? But ah! by the by, you don't know anything about any of them. Then genealogies—Abraham begat Isaac, &c., &c., &c. Such and suchlike subjects could not, as Mrs Ravenhall found, be employed as a means of amusing and fascinating Esmè, or of testing the points of view from which she looked out upon life and the world. If you never talk about anything but yourself, your neighbours and their affairs, it is difficult, upon occasion, to have re-

course to abstract subjects; and Mrs Ravenhall was in that predicament. However, with a rapid change of front, she abandoned the Donjies, and the Algies, and the Pixes, and the Dukes and Duchesses, as meat too strong for this weakling babe, and did her best to be charming on "certain things in general;" and, with a good deal of froth and gush and sunbeam, she contrived to make herself felt to be what a young man would have called a "very jolly woman," and what a well-ordered damsel would describe as "so good-natured, and bright, and merry."

"You must let me see a great deal of you, dear Miss Douglas," she said, at last; "we have no friends here, and you must really patronise us as much as you can. We want rest, repose, sunshine, quiet amusement. Do help us. We must do things together. Now promise to be our *cicerone*."

Then Esmè promised to do her best, though disclaiming local knowledge.

"Oh, but," cried Mrs Ravenhall, taking her cue from one or two chance remarks of Esmè's—"oh, but my brother Tom tells me you are a wonderful artist, and so accomplished and clever!"

"I wonder how Mr Wyedale discovered all these perfections!" said Esmè.

"Oh, Tom doesn't say much, but he sees a great deal—very clearly Tom sees. Such a shrewd judge of character, too, he is; and *such* an admirer of everything beautiful,—a fanatic about scenery and art—quite a fanatic, I protest."

Remembering Tom's recent conversation and tolerably frank account of himself, Esmè felt there was something about this fanaticism which required explanation—in fact, that there must be a mistake somewhere. She said nothing,

however; and Mrs Ravenhall, having uttered a few more valedictory sweetnesses, clasping Esmè's hand with one of hers, and softly patting it with the other, finally took her leave.

"Come away, Tom," she said—"we must not waste more of Lord Germistoune's valuable time; and I know you will never think of moving if I don't actually carry you off. Come,"—and they went, with many mutual resolves, heartily expressed, to "do things together," and see much of each other.

"Well, Tom?" said his sister as they walked down the avenue.

"Well, *Lucy*?" replied Tom, with an emphasis that implied that any revelations that had to be made ought to come from her side.

"Well, she is nice and pretty."

"Nothing fresher to communicate?"

"She rather puzzles me."

"Does she? She rather frightens *me*—in my new capacity, that is—— But what perplexes you, *Lucy*?"

"I can't quite tell you. She knows nothing of the world—of our world, which ought to be hers—and yet she is not like a raw, country girl. She doesn't seem to know that she knows nothing of the world; or, at all events, she sees nothing to regret in her ignorance. And then she is quite self-possessed. I'm afraid she has character and originality. I'm almost afraid she's a sort of girl who thinks for herself."

"How shocking! But, after all, why shouldn't she, if it amuses her?"

"Well, you know, all that sort of thing is not in your favour. I had hoped to find a page with no writing on it, ready to be written over by the first moderately skilful hand that made the attempt; but she is not *that*. I had expected a little

blushing rose of the wilderness; but she is not *that*."

"How oratorical! Well, you think that the rose is not for my button-hole, nor the page destined to receive my autograph?"

"I don't say that; but the situation is quite different from what I expected. The difficulties are with you, however. What I fear is, not that you can't succeed—for you can, if you try—but that you won't take trouble, won't persevere. You have a part to play, and you must play it. You must study it—adapt your style, tone, and sentiment; and, above all things, be in earnest. I am sure she is truly lovable."

"So am I. She will have twenty or thirty thousand a-year."

"And do give up that hard way of talking. It grows upon people till it becomes mechanical. It is exactly the sort of tone that won't suit Miss Douglas. How did you get on with her just now? What did you talk about?"

"I didn't get on well, that's certain. I think she was inclined to laugh at me."

"Surely you didn't say anything premature?"

"No, no; but I was self-conscious, and a self-conscious man always makes an ass of himself."

"What did you talk about?"

"I'll be hanged if I know! Yes, by the by, I think it was principally about Cosmo Glencairn."

"What! the man who's here?"

"Yes; he has been in your house two or threetimes—dined with you, I fancy—certainly been at your balls."

"Oh, I remember him very well; pleasant, isn't he?"

"Tremendously."

"But what does she know about him?"

"Knows *all* about him *now*. I've told her all about him; quite exhausted the subject. Besides, she's met him two or three times here."

"But what possessed you to talk about *him*?"

"Well, I was short of subjects, and Cosmo was the only one that seemed to fetch her. I tried her with various topics, but somehow we always drifted back to Cosmo. We had a little round about duck-shooting, but even that turned into Cosmo. To tell you the truth, he was rather a godsend to me."

"What a goose you are, Tom!"

"Thanks; if you had said so half an hour ago, when I was among the ducks, I would have agreed with you heartily."

"Is Mr Glencairn a marrying man? He is very handsome, and clever, and rich."

"No; I've told you already he is *not* a marrying man: and if you are jealous of him on my account, calm yourself. Old Germistounne has taken a dislike to him, and has been rude and bearish; and Cosmo's soul is in arms. He won't go near the place again."

"Oh! that matters nothing if *she* is interested in him."

"Tut, Lucy, how earnest you are! What can it matter if he doesn't think of her or see her?"

"You can't be too careful. Remember how much depends on your making the most of such an opportunity. His lordship is a terrible old bore."

"Isn't he? But he has redeeming points."

"Oh, of course; he is a thorough old aristocrat."

"And he has the best mixed shooting in Scotland."

"There you go! You must ingratiate yourself with him."

"It is done. His lordship has the clear-seeing eye towards me."

"Don't neglect him, then."

"I won't—I won't."

"You must woo him almost as much as his daughter."

"I will—I will. Concealment shall not prey on my damask cheek."

"By the by, you'd better dine with us to-day, and bring Mr Glencairn. I must investigate him."

"Certainly, provided the legislative head is sound again. Frank with a headache is fit company neither for man nor beast."

"Oh, his head will be quite well by dinner-time."

"*Va bene!*"

CHAPTER IX.

The dinner-party did not come off, however; or rather, it did not include Cosmo. When his friend went to look for him, he found that he had started early in the morning and crossed the lake; and from this solitary excursion he did not return till the evening was far advanced. The truth is, that sleep had brought no refreshment either to his body or his mind. He awoke with the perplexities of the previous day weighing heavily on his spirit; aggravated, indeed, by daylight. If the mystic moon had for a moment charmed to sleep some of his

troubles, the realistic sun roused them again into vigorous action. "Hide me from day's garish eye," is a prayer which finds an echo in all heavy hearts. Thus, to Cosmo in his present mood, while movement was an alleviation, solitude was a necessity; and so, long before the world of luxury was astir, he had risen and passed away across the lake, and up among the hills beyond, seeking, as by an instinct, some place of silence and shade, somewhat apart from men, a little sheltered from the intolerable joyousness of the summer morning. There,

wandering to and fro, among the woods and rocks, he took up the thread of his last night's meditations. The gloomy train of his thoughts moved round and round in a monotonous circle. He arraigned, and after leading evidence, he condemned himself. From whatever point of view he looked at his past history and present position, he saw that he was "an unprofitable servant." If Hope and Common-sense suggested that twenty-eight years, though a great age, are still not exactly man's allotted span, and that there might yet be time to atone for past shortcomings, he straightway found himself wandering in a labyrinth of projects, each in its nature wide asunder as the poles from all the rest, and each to be rejected in turn as not the path to take. Now it was his own incompetency that seemed to bar the way; now it was the inadequacy of the end to be attained that warned him back. Underlying all his mental conflicts there was a feverish restlessness, new to his experience, which led him to turn to many unreasonable projects, and finally, to reject all projects, reasonable or the reverse. He said to himself that it was a sphere of active and at least useful exertion which he had to find. He said it languidly, but his thoughts travelled over a sufficiently large area in the quest.

In this age there are many outlets for restlessness—sanctioned, almost sanctified, by science. The sources of the Nile are still to discover, the North Pole has not yet been reached; and, besides these great standing challenges of Nature, there is always something inviting scientific Bohemianism to distant and uncomfortable regions for purposes of discovery or observation. One or two of these, in vogue at the time, suggested themselves to Cosmo. But mission-

ary zeal in the cause of science would not be roused. He felt, indeed, that his scientific attainments were too weak to justify or support such high-pressure action, and so he was off at a tangent in an opposite direction—a direction which showed how abnormal was his state of mind. For it was to the Carlist war he turned. Fiercely in progress then, it seemed to promise a career of romance and adventure—an opening for one who could play the part of a guerilla leader. There was much to touch the imagination in such a life. Ah! but a career of romance and adventure! Was this his quest? No. His quest was a sphere of active and useful exertion. The service of Don Carlos was an active enough sphere, but was it useful? Was it not even dishonourable, as far as he could be concerned in it? Don Carlos was not his king, nor the Catholic faith his faith. To join the Carlists, therefore, would practically be to turn filibuster and renegade. A score of similarly wild projects were similarly canvassed and dismissed, and, with them, many others more practicable. Among the rest, two, which, as alternatives, had all along been, more or less vaguely, the horizon of promise to which he looked, and these were the careers of literature and politics. But, to-day, by the morbid play of Cosmo's thoughts, they were associated, on terms of equality, with the most chimerical projects, and dismissed with almost equal *brusquerie*.

By what right could he address himself in earnest to the career of letters? What had he to say to the world? Could he teach it anything? He had read, indeed, and travelled much, and even thought a little. So had others. He had no *spécialité*. Were not his thoughts but commonplace deductions from

the commonplace experiences of a mediocre man? Could he amuse the world, then? There was an incongruousness about the idea to-day that almost made him smile.

Well, then, politics. Here, indeed, he had earnest opinions and convictions, a fine ideal of what English political life ought to be, and of the *rationale* of English statesmanship. He had often dreamt of a political career for himself—often, indeed, awaking from his dream to see that his aspirations, when compared with the actual spirit of the age, would involve what the spirit of the age would jeer at as a political Utopia. But to-day he had eyes for nothing but the imperfections of our system. He could see nothing but a selfish, unpatriotic democratism on one side—on the other, a tentative spirit of stop-gap and compromise; and between the two, the chaotic mass of the general body politic, steeped in morbid lethargy, and only roused into occasional spasms of passion by a detestable system of agitation. Before these conditions he recoiled to-day. Real heroism ought not to be deterred by the dangers and difficulties confronting it. But to-day Cosmo's heroism slept; he felt paralysed before the dead and stony aspect of English political life, and turned from the subject, as he had often done before, muttering—

“Dreamer of dreams born out of my due time!
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?”

In all his musings of to-day, with the ostensible purpose above recorded, Cosmo was now and then conscious of a half-heartedness in his investigations, and conscious, at last, that the real reason why he rejected every outlet was a conviction that there *was* nothing at all in the way of personal achievement

that was worth undertaking, whether for the mere sake of effort, or for the end that might be attained.

Others might do better than he what had to be done. If they did not, it did not signify; if he remained unproductive, it would not signify; if he blossomed into achievement, it could not signify. Nothing did, would, or could signify. After hours of mental struggle and perturbation, this lugubrious conclusion seemed to be the one point definitely reached.

At last, exhausted and oppressed with the heat of the drowsy afternoon, he fell asleep upon the ground, and, pursuing through slumber the tenor of his waking thoughts, he dreamt that he lay in the first circle of Dante's “Inferno;” and with this addition to the sufferings of those who dwelt therein, that whereas they had Desire without Hope, in him Hope and Desire were alike dead. It was twilight when he awoke—twilight in the sky, but night in the coppice where he lay; and, as he started to his feet, the illusion of his dream was still upon him. Every tree about his resting-place was one of that weird Dantean forest of a lower circle; and the sound of the evening breeze stirring the foliage, the eternal burthen of lamenting souls.

“A dismal dream!” he exclaimed, as the world of reality forced itself upon him; “and from evil dreams how often one awakes to cry, ‘Thank God! a dream and nothing more!’ but now, now, to what do I awake? ‘I might as well be in the ‘Inferno’ as here, in the upper air, with no purpose in my life; with hope and energy, and even the wish to do, eclipsed and paralysed. Great heavens! what has happened to me? Can I be going mad?”

With such thoughts he slowly descended the hill in the direction

of the lake, and finding his boat where he had left it in the morning, embarked and made for home.

By the time he reached the middle of the lake the moon had risen, and was bathing the further shore in light; and here, by some sudden impulse, he changed the direction of his boat, and steered straight for the Villa Bianca, which gleamed forth conspicuously from its dark background of wooded hill.

With eyes fixed on the villa, he crossed the lake in deep abstraction,—so deep that he would have run his boat on the rocky promontory at the end of the villa garden, had not the overhanging rocks suddenly shut the house from his view, and thus aroused him. Then he ordered the boatman to stop. From this point nothing was visible to him in front but the miniature precipice which rounded off the peninsular domain lakewards. Over all the face of this, wild flowers grew in luxuriance, and on one white cluster, which broke the sky-line on the topmost ledge, and caught the moonlight, Cosmo fixed his eyes. Presently he was seized with a caprice—like the caprice of one in a dream—to possess himself of the flowers; and in a few seconds the rock was scaled, the prize was made, and he was turning to descend, when the sound of a guitar from the adjacent shrubbery arrested him. After a few tinkling notes of prelude, a voice began to sing. He had never heard Esmè's singing voice before, but, at the first notes, he knew that she was the singer. Every tone seemed to strike straight into his inmost heart, stirring it with intense vibrations, which sent through all his being a message of revelation. Her voice was full of pathos, and the song she sang—a pensive air to words of tender melancholy—broke the stillness of the hour with an effect that would

have charmed any listener. As for Cosmo, he was spell-bound. Dimly conscious, at first, of the strangeness, even the impropriety, of his position, he could not move. As Ferdinand might not choose but follow Ariel's pilot-strain which called him to "these yellow sands," and led him to Miranda, even so was Cosmo bound to the spot where Esmè's voice enthralled him. The song was succeeded by another and another, and still he remained motionless, not reasoning at all, scarcely thinking as it seemed—only receiving, as the thirsty ground drinks in the dew, an overwhelming sense of new and mysterious beatitude. At last the music ceased altogether; then there was a sound of footsteps, and in a moment the involuntary eavesdropper stood face to face with the fair singer. Esmè was somewhat startled at first by the apparition of a man standing on the ledge, as if he had suddenly risen from the lake; but, recognising Cosmo, she recovered her self-possession at once, and said gaily—

"Oh, Mr Glencairn! I am relieved to find you are only an earthly eavesdropper after all. I feared it might be some outraged spirit of music risen from the lake to rebuke my discord, for I *was* singing very flat, I know."

Cosmo could say nothing.

"Pray," said Esmè, as he continued silent, "how did you come here?"

Cosmo roused himself with an effort and said—"I must apologise for the intrusion, Miss Douglas; I assure you it was quite involuntary."

"Please don't suppose I am going to scold you as a trespasser. I only wished to know how you came here, for you certainly did not pass me."

"No, I came from the lake."

"From the lake?"

"Yes;" and then, with a desperate effort to appear unconscious and gay, he added—"You know the legend of the Lurleiberg, and how the music of the L  relei drew all passers-by towards the rock where she sang? Well, the Rhine drama has been reproduced on Lake Como; only that I am more fortunate than my predecessors. I have escaped the 'Gewirre,' I have reached the top of the rock, and I am talking to the nymph!"

"I don't think you pay a compliment either to Lurline's music or your own taste, though you can hardly expect me to feel flattered; but, seriously, you could not hear my voice from the lake?"

"Well, to speak truly, I must abandon the L  relei myth. No, I did not hear your voice from the lake. I was rowing past here, and was seized with a strong desire to steal these wild flowers. I did steal them, as you see, and then I was going, but you began to sing. I hope you will forgive me for staying; I would have gone if I could, but it was impossible. You *must* forgive me, for it was your own fault."

"Forgive, Mr Glencairn? it was very flattering of you to care to stay to hear my very humble performance. If I had known," she added, laughing,—"if I had known that I had an audience, I would have tried to do better—that is, if I had not run away, which is more probable; but if I *had* stayed, I would certainly have chosen other songs—more cheerful ones."

"I am glad you didn't; I could have wished for nothing different. I shall never forget my stolen happiness. I could have wished for no other songs."

"But do you like sad songs, then?"

"To-night no others would have pleased me."

"I hope that does not mean that you are unhappy to-night?"

There was a strange agitation in Cosmo's manner, and Esm   let the words slip involuntarily, and had no sooner spoken than she repented of having done so.

"I cannot pretend to say that I am happy to-night, Miss Douglas," was the reply, uttered in a voice of the deepest gloom.

"I am very sorry. Has anything serious happened? Is some one ill? or—but forgive me, I am very rude; I have no right to question you."

"It is I who should ask forgiveness, and also correct myself. I cannot think that it would be possible to be unhappy in Miss Douglas's society; and if I have been unhappy all day, I have been more than happy since I landed on this enchanted territory,—enchanted truly, has it seemed to me," he added, as if thinking aloud.

"Ah, Mr Glencairn! I shall really think you are mocking my poor music, if you pay it so many compliments."

"The music—the music! but was it only the music? was it——"

"I daresay the moonlight, and all the summer night's delights, have had much more to do with the enchantment."

"All the summer night's delights! all! so many, so many! I——"

"Where have you been to-day, Mr Glencairn?" said Esm  , changing the subject abruptly, embarrassed by his strange manner, *distract* air, and way of speech. "We saw Mr Wyedale on the lake this evening, and he was full of serio-comic alarm at what he called your 'mysterious disappearance.'"

"I? oh! I have been away beyond Lake Lecco."

"All day?"

"All day."

"And alone?"

"Yes, alone; I found my own society more than enough."

"Ah! you have quarrelled with yourself and not made it up, and that saddens you naturally."

"Perhaps that is what it is—it is very nearly true; but if I were to tell you exactly what has saddened me, you would certainly laugh at me."

"No, no; indeed, I am sure I should not."

"I will tell you then," he said, breaking out with sudden energy. "I awoke yesterday and realised the fact that I was dreaming in a fool's paradise. I awoke yesterday to find that all my life has been little better than a sleep and a dream. I awoke yesterday and saw that I who began life anxious for effort, full of aspirations, I, under pretext of preparation for life's work, am spending what ought to be my harvest-time in still sowing the seed and fancifully dressing the soil. Life is so short that, if we do not observe the proportions of its seasons and allot to each its work, life will be barren. It is not in winter that we make our harvests. I saw this clearly yesterday; to-day I see it still more clearly. I have had such awakenings before, and felt energy, impulse, eager desire, to begin a new course; but, to-day, energy and impulse are paralysed. I fell asleep to-day in a wood, and dreamt I was in the first circle of the 'Inferno'; I awoke and felt that my waking life was worse than my dream. I seemed not only not to descry the new way of life I had desired, but no longer to have any desire to find it. Is not this to be unhappy? to be truly miserable? To-night—now—I begin to know, to see things which, —but, Miss Douglas, what egotism is all this! Pardon me. I have no right to inflict these con-

fidences upon you,—morbid fancies they must seem—remorseful groans of a moonstruck idler."

"No, no; believe me I am interested—though it is very sad. But now you have some new expedient, some new plan. Mr Wyedale told me a great deal about your—about your—travels; and I thought,—but, well, I hope your new plan will be successful. I am quite certain that it will."

"Thanks, Miss Douglas; but I have no new plan. I only see—no matter! Indeed the only plan I have is to leave this to-morrow."

"To-morrow? that is a new intention, is it not?"

"Yes, it was formed to-night, not many minutes since. And now farewell. May I take these flowers? I had stolen them already, you will say; but I should like to take them with your permission."

"Surely they are not worth asking for?"

"I assure you I think they are."

"Then, as lady of the manor, I give them to you freely."

"I shall preserve them as a souvenir of to-night—and—and you. Good-bye."

"Is this a final 'good-bye'?"

"I am afraid it is."

"Perhaps you will be merciful to poor Mr Wyedale and come to the Highlands after all; if so, I hope you will be able to tell me that the new way is found, and the journey on it smooth and prosperous."

"If I have your good wishes, it is much."

"You have my best wishes. Good-bye."

"Farewell."

In that exquisite poem "*Atalanta's Race*," the hero, Milanion, after passing a night of prayer and vigil in the temple of Aphrodité, is roused from the sleep which has at last overtaken him by an actual

manifestation of the divinity before whose statue he has been pouring his supplications. In her glorious presence he sees nought "for dazzling light that round him shone."

"He staggered with his arms outspread,
Delicious unnamed odours breathed
around,
For languid happiness he bowed his
head."

And some such condition was Cosmo's, when, after a prelude of sweetest music, Esmè stood before him. She stood before him in a new light now. The revelation to his spirit was as complete and instantaneous as that to Milanion's eyes. He, too, had been prepared for an apocalypse by a vigil and an agony.

The time had come for him—as come it probably must for all, even the most intellectual—to discover that the aims, delights, and prizes of intellect are insufficient, and that, from another side of our nature, claims to have its share in our attention recognised are advanced with such a violence of impetuosity as to bear down, and cast into at least a temporary eclipse, the rival which till now had monopolised all our interest. And this? What is it? It is the demand which one nature makes for the interchange with another nature of something which the word "sympathy" but faintly expresses. It is the need to *give*, and to *receive*, an absolute devotion—so absolute that the two natures may become like the complementary parts of a single being, the disunion of which brings mortal anguish to both. As the soul of music slumbered in the shell till quickened by the breath of ethereal inspiration, so, deep in the recesses of our nature, lies this capacity of need to receive and to bestow, till, late or soon, the energising influence reaches it with the sudden impulse of electricity, and

it is roused, and we awake in the dawn of a new life. It is a dawn of fiery clouds and puzzling lights, and at first the spirit is only oppressed by a sense of bewilderment, or tortured by a vague numb pain, the source of which is shrouded in mystery. This is the dawn, the birth of love. The electric spark may spring from the witchery of a single glance, which has no witchery save only for one; from the music of a tone, which is mere dull sound for all the world besides; from a hundred things that may have fallen like passing sunbeams, leaving no impression on the many, but which are winged arrows of revelation and destiny to the devoted one.

There was no longer any mystery. Cosmo now saw the cause of his unrest. A long-cherished ideal, built on the slight foundation of a painter's graceful fancy, had passed from the world of phantasms, had come as a living woman, and captivated all his being. The revelation had been sudden, almost as if the work of magic; and all the strange mental phases of the last two days had been due to the overwhelming force of an emotion hitherto unfelt, and to the bewilderment of a mind seeking the cause of its trouble in every quarter save that whence it really came. Error on such a point may seem incredible; but the morbid watchfulness which Cosmo exercised over the growth of his intellectual life had developed a tendency to accessions of self-distrust and self-accusation, and to occasional recurrences of an almost despairing conviction that his life was destined to pass in laborious preparations only. This conviction—logical enough in view of Cosmo's system, which comprehended something like universal preparedness—always led to a feverish search for a way of escape into action. But, hitherto, the fever of search had exhausted itself or been quieted by

the fastidious verdict, that for that to which the search had conducted him he was not, as yet, "prepared." All his mental troubles being thus connected with this subject, and all accidental depressions taking this colour, it was, after all, not wonderful that the first tumults of a great and unknown passion should fail to be recognised in their true character—a great and unknown passion the force of which is often measured by the self-depreciation of its victims. But now they were recognised. Full on his mind and heart blazed the conviction of Esmè's infinite graces. In a few moments he seemed to see and to connect, one with another, every trait and feature of mind and body which, in three or four brief interviews, had passed under his observation. All seemed to him beautiful, harmonious, unusual, and complete. Sublimated by his imagination, her perfections matched—nay, they overpassed—those which, in his day-dreams, he had attributed to such a woman as the painter had delineated. Thus she fulfilled his dream and more; for she had a thousand other charms, all summed up in the one irrational, but *only* true, reason for loving—she was *herself*.

Are such things possible? it may be asked—such volcanic action in the minds of reasonable beings?—possible, above all, in the case of such a man as Cosmo seems to pretend to be? Yes, we reply; above all, in the case of such men as Cosmo. His heart had not been deadened by a series of transitory impressions, nor had the fineness of his sensibility and his perceptions been blunted by a sensual way of life. Fastidiousness had protected him from the former evil—purity, refinement, and perhaps it must be owned, intellectualism, had held him from the latter; and so now this, the first real impression which woman had ever made upon his

heart and mind, addressed itself to capabilities which awoke, for the first time, with the freshness of youth and the vigour of manhood combined.

Cosmo had in truth, though unconsciously, been in the attitude attributed by a sweet singer to one waiting for his ideal, when he exclaims—

"Whenever she comes she will find me
ready
To do her homage, my queen! my
queen!"

And now she had come; and the "longer" he had waited, the fuller and readier his homage.

The vigil was over, the preparation was complete, when Cosmo reached the summit of the rock, and at the first notes of Esmè's voice the revelation was made. She had come. At first the *pain* of love, which springs from the disproportion between longing and hope—the one infinite, the other so cramped by the exaggeration of obstacles—at first this pain was unfelt. He was in a trance of delight, in which pain was impossible. His untutored heart, smitten with a force which it could not control, answered promptly to the shock. Words of love and homage half rose to his lips, and longed for utterance. His secret would have betrayed itself to an expert before it had been many minutes consciously in his own possession; even to Esmè, perhaps, had not her perception of his strange manner led her instinctively to an abrupt change of subject, which recalled him sharply for the moment from the world of delicious dreams. Then, as by a lightning-flash, he beheld his position—its danger, its hopelessness, and, as an immediate consequence, the necessity for flight, as instantly announced.

But yet, again, as he went home over the bright waters, the glamour of dreamland fell upon him. For

him, again, it was as though from amidst the confusions of a raving tempest one clear strain of ineffable music had arisen—a harmony of power that subdued to its own theme, and absorbed into itself, every other sound, steeping the soul of the listener in a sense of beauty and repose. The forms of external things were scarcely noted by him; but he saw that everything was good. His thought was of her alone; and the “light of the thought,” playing upon all the world, clothed it in hues that belong to some better world than this.

Reveries such as these, consciously indulged in, hurry the dreamer, at lightning pace, along a path of spells and enchantments, at the end of which he is seized by a real power, and riveted in real fetters. Cosmo, again in the narrow solitude of his own chamber, fancied that he awoke before that point had been reached. Be that as it may, he completely recognised the situation into which he was drifting. He accused himself frankly, and admitted the impeachment, with a sort of desperate calmness.

“I am falling in love,” he said. “That which has befooled wiser and stronger men is beginning to throw its glamour over me;” and then the tenor of his thoughts was somewhat as follows: Was it fitting to surrender all one’s faculties to the sway of one passion, however pure?—to let the destinies of life revolve round the will, perhaps the caprice, of one woman, however perfect? This sudden distaste for all other aims came as a timely warning. He must quell the infatuation. If he suffered it to grow, it would over-master him; and what then? Supposing he succumbed, following the dictates of inclination merely, what would be the result? The result was clear. He would be involved in a hopeless quest; his life would be ruined in

pursuing a dream. Hopeless? Yes, indeed, strange things happen, but scarcely things so strange as this, that such a one should be attracted by a man like him. Even were it otherwise, there were a hundred other obstacles, all insuperable. Who was she, and what was her father’s house? And who was he? Wealth on both sides was the one point in common. Then there were, on hers, illustrious lineage and ancient traditions—the sacred-est of heirlooms. Were such likely to be lightly transmitted to another race, whose lineage and traditions were represented by a blank—worse than an ignoble history?

No, it was hopeless; she was as far beyond his reach as the stars in heaven. But now that he saw the madness, now that he knew the source of this fever that had been distracting his purposes, he must calmly set himself to root it out. He would not allow it to blind him, to distort the aspect of everything. He would turn it to his own purposes by escaping from it into action. Fortunately flight was in his power—instant flight. He would go away, no matter whither; he would go away from an influence which he felt might become irresistible. He would fight this madness upon even terms, and, conquering it, would find, as the reward of victory, the true way of life. In this brave manner did Reason declare war against Passion, speaking high and earnest words to assert a confidence perhaps not truly felt, and to drown the voice of the enemy. With a surplus of confidence truly, and a strong reserve of patience, must Reason enter on such a conflict.

Cosmo, awakened from his dream, and suddenly conscious of his danger, turned, at first, to the side which called him with this loud note of warning, and which offered him deliverance from evils to come.

Exhausted and bewildered he sub-

mitted himself, and swore to follow Reason's dictates; but pain and heaviness were in his heart.

Poor victim! on this long day he had had many thoughts and many revelations. He had risen from the "Inferno" to Paradise, and, falling thence, was now suffering the strong pangs of Purgatory.

We must now say a word or two about Esmè, who went from the moonlight interview both interested and puzzled. Even in her first interview with Cosmo she had found him to be different from any person she had met before—of graver thoughts and more refined interests than the people she ordinarily came in contact with; and, at the same time, with a certain self-restraint and calm, in his way of looking at things and discussing them, which relieved his conversation from the oppressiveness of dogmatism. Indeed, the modesty of his tone in advancing any view—even to her—was as marked as the refined gentleness and courtesy of his manner towards her.

All this could not fail to prepossess one capable, as she was, of appreciating it; and Tom Wyedale's revelations as to his friend's somewhat fantastic earnestness in the pursuit of culture had struck her imagination as—well, as something original and exalted. It cannot be denied that she had been thinking a good deal about him all this evening, nor that she had, in fact, begun to

place him upon a pedestal of calm and lofty intellectual purpose, at which serene altitude she was preparing to gaze with growing interest and admiration. Not a little puzzling, therefore, was it to find this statuesque hero immediately jumping from his pedestal, in the most human way, and pouring forth, in a burst of unconventional frankness, the passion of his self-contempt, and the despairing conviction that his life, so far from being heroic, was vacillating, little, and void. The incident was altogether astonishing. Had he come there to make *her* his *confidante*? If so, why? Or was their meeting altogether accidental? but still, if so, why was *she* the recipient of his confidence? It was almost incredible! But was it displeasing? No; such touches of nature make us more akin than statuesque heroism on the one hand, and reverent contemplation thereof on the other. This frank abandonment of reserve touched Esmè's sympathy, and roused that interest in the man himself, which she had before given to the rather cold abstraction—his intellectual earnestness.

But fear not, reader; she is not going to outrage your sense of the probable by blazing into a coincidence of impromptu love. We shall leave her, if you please, to her bewilderment and her interest for the present.

CHAPTER X.

Cosmo Glencairn, writhing in his mental purgatory, and physically exhausted—for a fast of fifteen hours, broken only by a crust of bread, is trying even to the powers of a novelist's hero—Cosmo Glencairn, thus suffering and prostrate, was not in the mood to receive with equanimity any further buffets from Fate. One, however, was in store

for him; and it was delivered in the shape of a visit from his friend Tom Wyedale. That worthy, whose immense animal spirits obeyed with alacrity every animal influence, such as light, heat, food, drink, as well as the nervous exaltation of late hours and the friction of lively talk, was usually "about his best" when other people were thinking that the

time for bed had well arrived. On this night, under a combination of pleasing stimulants, the Ravenhall bed-hour found him just in the humour to begin the evening. "Bed!" he exclaimed. "Bed at eleven o'clock? No, no; I'd sooner make another night of it with that devil of a Mr Cass and his excruciating 'Bourbon.' But Cosmo must be home by this time. I'll go and draw him." Accordingly, in about a minute after, a tremendous rap at Cosmo's door roused that sad muser from his troubled thoughts, and Tom broke upon his solitude with the sudden garish effect of a hundred gas-jets simultaneously "turned on" in a dark room.

"Ha, ha!" he cried—"found at last! Ah, wanderer, what anxieties have been mine! Unravel the mystery; where have you been? and how? and why? Speak! son of the pale faces; stare not with these unspeculative orbs! Unravel!"

"Oh, I've been trying an alternative—a day's solitude——"

"It don't seem to have been beneficial. Why, now I look at you, you *are* pale, with a vengeance, and—excuse my freedom—rather wild-looking. What's the matter, old man?"

"Matter? Well, I suppose I'm tired; in fact I *am* tired—done up."

"Now here *is* a mystery. Nothing more to tell?"

"Nothing more."

"Delightful! the plot thickens! a veritable mystery! who is she?"

"Who?"

"Why, the female person who must inevitably be connected with the fifteen hours' mysterious absence from his headquarters of any man under, say forty—*senioribus debetur reverentia*, I suppose."

To Tom's surprise his friend's countenance changed, as he said, hurriedly—

"There are exceptions, I suppose, even to such incontestable rules.

I was away on the other side of Lake Lecco. I fell asleep, and slept for hours, in a wood. There was no Egeria there, however. I did not awake till it was dark, and—and here I am."

"Ah! yes, *that* I can see; but—well, you've had rather a meagre day it seems. *Apropos*, have you dined?"

"No, I couldn't eat. I must turn in now, I think. What have you been about?"

"Oh, *my* day has been pregnant with events."

"Tell me about them in the morning, like a good fellow."

"Why not now?"

"Now, I must sleep."

"I don't think the narrative will over-excite you; you will sleep immediately after it, I guarantee that as a minimum. My sister and Ravenhall arrived yesterday."

"Did they? Going to stay?"

"That depends. My sister is a woman of many wiles. I dined with them last night and to-night. I find she has come down here in pursuit of game."

"Yes? what sort of game?"

"The old game—an heiress for me!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, nothing discourages her. She was passing through Milan, of course 'by the merest accident in the world,' and, scenting a prey down here, hither she has come to drive it. She has already pledged me to co-operate; she has already spread her toils, and we have had a preliminary 'beat' this afternoon. Can you guess who the victim is?"

"I know no one here, except, of course, Miss Douglas, and——"

"Well, your knowledge is sufficient for the occasion. My sister proposes to annex Miss Douglas."

Cosmo started and winced; but Tom was engaged in rolling a cigarette, and did not notice his friend's emotion.

"To annex Miss Douglas," he continued; "with all her unquestioned advantages, actual and in reversion. What do you say to it?" he went on, as Cosmo continued silent, with compressed lips and clenched hands.

"Say to it?" was the reply. "Why, what *should* I say to it?"

"Approve?"

"You know I don't approve of fortune-hunting."

"Wish me well through it, at all events."

"No, I won't. I abominate this sort of thing. I can't stand hearing a lady spoken of in this way. Even as a joke, it disgusts me."

"Ah, my dear Cosmo, this is no joke; solemn earnest, I assure you—awful earnest! I don't like the business any more than you do, though my objections are otherwise founded. But, *que diable!* a man must live."

"Must he? Not necessarily by entrapping heiresses, however."

"'Entrapping!' What a word! You change the colour of a transaction by choosing the wrong term. It is the '*suggestio falsi*.'"

"What of 'toils' and 'victims,' then, and the 'pursuit of game'?"

"Pshaw! figures of speech! If an heiress chooses to be captivated with me, that is her affair; and, indeed, since to be captivated is to be blessed, it is only kind to give her the chance of being captivated, and only fair to myself to let her see that captivation may take place on my side too."

"You don't *dare* to say that you think *Miss Douglas* is captivated with you?"

"No," said Tom, standing up to light his cigarette, and speaking between the puffs. "Alas! I wish I could; the (bother this cigarette!)—the struggle would be over, because, personally, I mean to capitulate at once. But give us both

time—all three, I should say, for my sister is in the thick of it."

"I really beg that you will leave me now. You must know that this kind of language is offensive to me."

"Must I? Why? Not unless you're jealous; then I could understand: but that can't be, after what you said yesterday. You can't possibly be jealous, old boy?"

"Jealous? nonsense! but there's a right and a wrong way of talking about ladies, and yours is the wrong way. I have another motive, too, for asking you to leave me. I haven't told you, I believe, that I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away? to-morrow?" said Tom, in a voice of consternation.

"To-morrow. To England."

"The devil!" cried Tom, the gloom of whose face now rivalled that of his friend's.

"Yes, and I must get to bed now."

"But why this sudden change of plans?"

"That does not matter; they *are* changed. I *am* going; so, good night: I'll see you in the morning."

Tom was for the moment so utterly confounded that he said "Good night" absently, and left the room; but scarcely had he reached the end of the corridor, when he halted with a look of desperation, and came back rapidly to his friend's apartment.

"I beg your pardon, old man," he said, putting his head in at his friend's door, "but do you *really* mean this?"

"Yes, yes, yes. '*I am going*' is plain English, is it not?"

"Well, yes; but I thought——"

"Now, what is it?"

"Don't be so fierce, old man. Well, it is this—that heathenish banker of mine——"

"Oh, hang it! How much do you want? Out with it at once."

Here's my cheque-book. Now, how much? I'm dead tired."

"Would two—yes, two-fifty, or say eighty, for three months, be——"

Before he had finished speaking, Cosmo was writing the cheque, and Tom had only had time to regret that he had not said "*Three-eighty*" when the cheque was handed to him.

"Ever so many thanks, old fellow," he said. "I'll be punctual. Three months. Let me see: we are now—hum—in May. Well, then—ah!—hum—June, July, August. August? ah! to be sure; exactly, all right," as if a sudden gleam of recollection revealed the probability of a pecuniary plethora in that month. "I hate," he added, "taking a loan without seeing my way; but August will suit admirably. Thanks, thanks. Good night. Awfully sorry you're going," and he was off.

"I would have given him double the money to be quit of him to-night," muttered Cosmo.

"What an ass I was not to say five hundred at once!" sighed Tom, as he went on his way.

He was able, however (with the tangible consolation of Cosmo's cheque in his pocket), to bear with fortitude the prospect of his friend's departure. He even admitted that it was now desirable. "For," said he, "if the fellow is going to get on such a very tall moral horse, and ride rough-shod over our newborn projects, Lucy will find it hard work to get me to stand up to the business like a man." He was inclined to think, however, that in the morning there would be another change, and that Cosmo would remain after all. But in this he was mistaken.

The day proved bright and cloudless, but cool; and when Cosmo looked forth, all that paradise of land and water lay before his eyes in

its most seductive aspects. It was very trying to leave such a scene, and in such circumstances. It cost a hard struggle to resist the appeal of external Nature, who urged him with all her fascinations to linger. Even on the snow-peaks far away, the early light spread a soft and goodly bloom. The spirit of *dolce far niente* hovered over the lake and its shores. Everywhere there was "a rapture of repose;" but it was the repose of life, lulled and happy; for, now and then, some drowsy echoes of languid song came over the water, and now and then the mountain breeze passed, dreamily murmurous, through the groves, and gleaned the fragrance from their boughs, and bore it to the lake, which flashed into sunny ripples as it took the gift. A scene for happiness and love—requited love, dreaming its dream of perpetuity, with no jarring sound from the outer world to break the dear illusion.

"Beautiful! but not for me," said Cosmo aloud, as, after gazing for a few moments at the matchless prospect, he turned from the window, and set about his preparations for the journey. So that Tom was mistaken. His friend stuck to his resolution, and went; vouchsafing no further explanation of his movement, declining Tom's escort in the steamer as far as the town of Como, and leaving that worthy, though after a kindly farewell, in a state of deep mystification. "You can address to me at the —— Club in London," said Cosmo; "and I suppose a letter to this place will find you, for some time." That was all. As the steamer carried him away, he never looked behind him. He turned his back upon the Villa Bianca, and looked straight ahead, thus symbolising that he abandoned love and dreams, and faced the future, cheerless and full of perplexity as it was.

A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

THE names of the two good men whose fragments of biography we are about to glance over, will bear very different weight in the estimation of the reader, according to his ways of thinking and knowledge of one or other of the different spheres into which this familiar world is broken up. To many they will convey simply no meaning at all, but represent at best two Scotchmen, of whom a Scotch historian may tell almost anything he pleases: who may be two philosophers, or two explorers, or only a Scotch minister and a Scotch laird, racy of the soil which produced them. Actually this is what they were: A Forfarshire country gentleman, born of that stoutest race of local aristocracy, the gentry of Scotland, "connected" with and related to half the landed families of his own rank in the northern kingdom, and modifying this exclusively rural strain by those links of close connection with one at least of the learned professions, the law, which are common to his class; and a minister, the son of a minister, born in the manse, as his companion in the manor, and expressing the very essence of Scotch clericalism, as the other did of Scotch squirehood and territorial eminence. This is the description of one and the other which simple fact demands to start with. But to those who have learned to know their names in their immediate circle, or who have become acquainted with them by their connection with religious events and teachings, and in the light of veneration, this record is quite imperfect. To these readers the names we have inscribed at

the foot of this page will read like names of saints; and the survey we are about to attempt of their character and influence, like a record of all that has been most sacred in recent history, and all that is most solemn in many individual lives. Nor is this reverential conception a local sentiment. Throughout the larger circle of the kingdom these names awaken echoes, here and there, more vivid, perhaps, than any which could now be elicited from the immediate neighbourhood in which their lives were spent. The lovely shores of the half-Highland loch, where Mr Campbell's name was once as potent as any war-cry of contending clans, have fallen into such quiet familiarity with him, as becomes the kindly, tranquil atmosphere in which a good man has grown old and died; and the keen air of Edinburgh, so congenial to the robust intelligence which loves force and size more than delicacy and sentiment, gives but little echo now to the gentle steps of the old apostle who carried with him wherever he went his special light of exposition, something more entirely his own than any preaching or teaching—a kind of silver key as to a private postern of heaven. They are both dead and departed, leaving behind them only such memorials as "small sweet and blossom in the dust." But as the very fashion of their living has for the moment very much died with them, it may not be amiss to make some record of two remarkable men, which shall be less solemn than those *Acta sanctorum* in which now as ever the

historians of religious life preserve the memory of their canonised leaders. We do not profess to regard either with more than the sympathetic respect of an ordinary observer. The small personal contact into which the present writer was brought by circumstances with both, did not produce that solemn impression which, to judge by the more special chronicles of their spiritual influence, was habitual to those who knew them. Therefore it is not from the point of view of a disciple or worshipper that we approach the memorials of these two lives, but with a desire to afford the reader a simple sketch, more from without than within, of two remarkable and interesting men.

The first twenty-five years of the present century would seem to have been a special time of preparation for spiritual movements and convulsions. No particular outbreak of either vice or infidelity seems to have prepared the way for that impulse of new zeal which agitated the country, and which has had so many results; but Great Britain was shimmering and heaving in many quarters when young Thomas Erskine, a lawyer in Edinburgh, and laird of Linlathen at home, began to be filled with the consciousness that he had something special to say to his fellow-creatures on the subject of that Gospel with which they were all so superficially familiar, but which was to so few the inspiring principle of life. There was then in Scotland the germ growing of all that led to the religio-political revolution of 1843—the Disruption of the Church of Scotland; and there was also budding and developing, on the other side of the Border, that new seed-time of religious thought and feeling which have almost remodelled the Church of England. Tractarian and Non-Intrusion agitators were both going back in search

of some principle which should revive and restore the Church to the traditions that suited their views and embodied their characteristics best. It was evidently one of those moments of general dissatisfaction which show the heavings of a new life; and though nothing could be further apart, in self-consciousness at least, than these two very different movements, nothing could have more nearly resembled each other in abstract principle, or have more clearly sprung from the same general instinct of discontent. Such 'dissatisfaction with the commonplaces of formal religious routine, and desire to do something more worth doing in the name of God, is a noble and worthy sentiment, if always attended by certain inevitable dangers. "A higher style of Christianity—something more magnanimous, more heroical, than the age affects," said Edward Irving, while still unknown and safe in his obscurity; and this was what Newman in his rooms at Oriel, and Chalmers in his professorship at St Andrews, and all their different disciples, through every varying degree—from monastic-minded and fastidious Anglican scholars, jealous of everything popular, to homely country ministers, born in the theocratic democracy of Presbyterianism—alike aspired to. Erskine belonged to neither, nor to any party. He had not the kind of mind which could concern itself with ecclesiastical organisations, and any idea of sacerdotalism was repugnant to him. But the same wave of religious impulse which sent the learned Englishman back to the traditions of a Catholic Church and the safe authority of the infallible, and which moved the pious Scotchman with dreams of that theocratic rule which was the only freedom, drove his deep-thinking mind to a different effort. Was it not perhaps some failure of

full comprehension on the part of the sinner of God's own message, and not any breach of unity or usurpation of government, that made the Gospel less effectual than it ought to be? This was how the anxious inquiry shaped itself in his mind; and thinking not of the history or antecedents of the Church, but of God and man, the two unchanged and only actors in the great drama, he went back upon Scripture and nature alike, to find an answer. And he thought that he found an answer. He thought that he himself had discovered the new light upon God's meaning which made everything plain; and went about all his life afterwards with an affecting simplicity and devotion, applying to everybody whom he met this medicine for all wounds, this panacea of his invention, this new lantern to show the way.

To say that Thomas Erskine's new light did not convert the world any more than Newman's Catholicism or Chalmers's Headship of Christ, is nothing against him. His view was still a true one, and his mode of healing far more likely to be effectual than any political or traditionary expedient. And there is something pathetic and tender in the constancy with which, from youth to old age, this good man went on, with gentle conviction and sense of possessing a special key to the heart, offering to all whom he encountered this particular discovery of his. There was no presumption, no authority in his mild apostleship, but perhaps, indeed, a serious consciousness that nobody had discovered this beautiful way of access to the heart of the unseen, till in the fulness of time Thomas Erskine had been raised up to do it: and sense of property in the path which he was so willing to open to all men. If

these words seem to imply anything less than the respect he deserves, the effect is unintentional. Writers more eminent than himself attributed to his work the influence which first guided or inspired them; and to many he was a prophet indeed, a sacred oracle whose every word was received with veneration. But we speak not as a disciple, nor do we contemplate Mr Erskine as a spiritual authority, but as an individual man; and in this point of view we should lose much if we omitted those characteristic traits which were so remarkable in him—the strong conviction he always held that his doctrine was a discovery and new light upon revelation, and the constancy with which, never moving from that point, he kept offering this light which had illumined his early path to all who wanted help in the spiritual way.

Towards the end of his career—long years after this special discovery of divine truth had consciously given to Mr Erskine a particular solution of his own for the great problems of religious life—it was the good fortune of the present writer to come, for a short time, within his sphere, and to receive, so to speak, the offer of his special remedy for all evil. The introduction to him was in itself a solemn matter, managed by friends who had unbounded faith in the aged evangelist, and not so much in the younger and less profound understanding which it was thought advisable to bring within his influence. We were not so well aware what the object of the introduction was, as he to whom it was addressed, but expected his visit with interest and respect, as that of a very good and venerable man, held in reverence by many worthy people, and whose acquaintance was, in its way, an honour. He came, however, a certain gentle solemnity mingling in

his manner with the courteous kindness of a gentleman of the old school—friendly but grave, conscious that his visit was not altogether like that of any other man. Something visionary and meditative was in his mild eyes, the veiled regard, retrospective and introspective, just touched by the abstraction of old age, which became a man dealing habitually with matters so solemn. This reverend aspect, and the evident consciousness in him that he was no ordinary visitor, but had something to say which might make this half-hour's intercourse an era in our life, was very impressive to the imagination, and did much to create the expectation which he took for granted. Such a sudden encounter between the apostolic mind, entirely preoccupied by the most solemn subjects, and one living on the more commonplace levels of ordinary life, moved by a hundred lighter influences, and stirred by those common cares and everyday labours which the struggle for existence makes necessary—is curious in many ways. Conventionally speaking, it was bound either to have produced conviction, or resentment and opposition; and either of these results would have been more or less within the ordinary range of a teacher's experiences. But whether it was that this new light upon old Christianity—this special teaching which the good man had taken for his own—had already got into the atmosphere and become part of our personal property unawares; or whether the discovery was, as seemed to us, only the simple Christian faith which we had already learned at our mother's knee,—certain it is, that our sensations rather resembled the confusion and bewilderment with which the mind is moved when an old and well-known truth is presented to us as something new, than the prick of keen

feeling, whether receptive or contradictory, which touches the mind when a new light flashes upon it. Such a result is disappointing alike to the teacher and the taught; for those faltering responses which respect or compunction bring to the lips do not ring true enough to satisfy any man with a mission; and the effort on our own part to believe that we had heard something new, and to discover a real novelty of enlightenment in the help offered, did but more and more increase the confusion of our minds, producing an impression of guilt or stupidity which depressed as well as confounded the listener thus found incapable of receiving the truth. Something whimsical too, an embarrassing amusement, is always in such an anti-climax; and this inappropriate sentiment confused and annoyed us still further by the sense that it was profane and disrespectful to the instructor, whose saintly character and beautiful purpose were not less fine, nor less worthy of reverence, because they had failed in this particular case to influence and impress. Was it our fault, in our levity? We did not think so, but felt as much ashamed of ourselves as if this had been the case.

No doubt Mr Erskine did not get through the world without lighting upon other minds as unimpressible. Indeed he complains somewhere, as of the worst and most discouraging thing that could be met with, of the "easiness which accepts everything,"—a description which reawoke the slumbering compunction in our mind. But nevertheless he went on steadfastly from youth to age with his divine panacea for all the troubles of the soul, with a most touching simplicity and directness. His teaching was received and followed, and believed in devoutly, by many. It was worked up in fragments by

other writers into their differing yet kindred systems, and seems to have suggested many an elevating and pious thought; but we are not aware that any one entirely took up and adopted or repeated the burden of this gentle prophet. Its leading and characteristic idea was that which Irving has finely called the fatherhood of God,—an idea which is indeed the very inspiration of the Gospel, but which perhaps the Church in general is reluctant to accept in its simplest meaning, as Erskine did. And perhaps it was his straightforward, almost matter-of-fact adoption of this relationship, as if it were a human relationship: and the argument he drew from it of God's unceasing care and personal interest in every individual of his creatures—which left all theological dogmas behind, and seemed to himself, and to so many others accustomed to consider the truth more as theological doctrine than as living verity, like an absolute new revelation and penetration into God's closest meaning. The formal doctrinal view that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ was a vicarious punishment to satisfy God's justice, by right of which the believer was exonerated from justly deserved punishment, and *saved*, in what may be called the technical sense of the word, from God's wrath—seemed a harsh statement to him, and wounded his tender conception of the heavenly Father, whom he could not believe to be thus, as it were, passive in the salvation of His children. What he held was, that Christ, out of tender pity for mankind, had accepted for them the just reward of punishment, not so much vicariously as representatively, as their example rather than their substitute, setting before them the only way of salvation by honest acceptance of all just penalties, and personal choice of good instead of

evil. We quote the following passages from his own books or letters to show, as well as can be done without oppressing the mind of the reader who is not prepared in this place for statements of theology, what were the special distinctions of his view of the Gospel:—

“A restoration to spiritual health, or conformity to the Divine character, is the ultimate object of God in His dealings with the children of men. Whatever else God has done with regard to man has been subsidiary to this. . . . The sole object of Christian belief is to produce Christian character; and until this is done nothing is done. . . . The design of the atonement was to make mercy towards this offcast race consistent with the honour and holiness of the Divine government. To accomplish this gracious purpose the Eternal Word, who was God, took on Himself the nature of man, and, as the elder brother, and representative, and champion of the guilty family, He solemnly acknowledged the justice of the sentence pronounced against sin, and submitted Himself to its full weight of woe, in the stead of His adopted kindred. . . . Even the unspeakable work of Christ and pardon freely offered through His woes, have been but means to a further end; and that end is, that the adopted children of the family of God might be conformed to the likeness of their elder brother.”

This key-note being sounded, he proceeds to follow it up with a fashion of philosophy quite his own:—

“I do not believe,” he says, “that a mortal being *could be created good*; taking goodness in its highest sense. Moral goodness really means *choosing to be good*, and no man can be *made to choose*, or made as having chosen; he must himself choose. And in order to be in a position to choose, he must have at least two things before him. And what must these two things necessarily be? *Making self the great centre, and making God the great centre.* . . . This seems to me the

necessary law of created moral beings. They would not be moral beings without it. The idea of God having created man such as He intended and desired him to continue, appears to me not merely untrue but irrational. Moral beings are created to be educated, and they must be fellow-workers in their own education. . . . I cannot tell you," he adds in another place, "how much importance seems to me to attach to the distinction between life being a *probation*, and being an education. The whole idea of punishment is essentially determined by which of these theories is accepted."

And here is the very essence of his favourite teaching, written in 1861, in the full maturity of his meditations, in a letter to Bishop Ewing:—

"I am much surer of my own consciousness than of anything in the outward world; and I am quite sure that when I condemn sin, and grieve over it and its consequent misery, I am doing so in agreement with Him who gave me my spiritual nature; and thus the existence of sin and misery does not lead me to suppose that God is indifferent to them, nor does it in the smallest degree affect my confidence in His love and righteousness. I feel that He condemns my own sin in order to deliver me from it, and that it is no hardness in Him which appoints my misery as a discipline; and this feeling of His attitude towards my own sin and misery extends itself necessarily to all cases in the spiritual universe. I feel myself to be under a teaching of God, in which I am called to be a fellow-worker. And this feeling of my own condition extends itself in like manner through the spiritual universe. I believe that God's purpose in my being is to teach me to receive Himself, His own spirit, nature, character, into me; and I believe that He has the same purpose for all spiritual beings. How long it may be before the end is attained I don't attempt to conjecture; but of this I am sure, that His search for the lost sheep will not cease until He has found it.

"I believe that God's purpose in creating spiritual beings is to educate them, that they cannot be *made good* in the full sense of the word; and, therefore, that it is a great mistake to call our present state a state of probation—as if we were here on trial. This idea gives a wrong interpretation to conscience; it makes us feel as if we were continually standing before a judgment-seat, instead of being in our Father's school. Nothing gives me such a conviction of the infinite love of God as the minute vigilance which He exercises over the various shades of thought and feeling, and the deep expression of judgment on them which He communicates. It is His own personal presence within us that is thus acting on us, as if He had nothing else to occupy Him. This is the true light which lighteneth every man."

And this was the distinctive feature of Mr Erskine's teaching, a theory apparently new to many who took our Father in heaven to be somehow not comparable to a good father on earth, and to whom the simile, if at first almost profane, became, when realised, vivid beyond conception, throwing a flood of light upon the original doctrine, which to other simple minds had always appeared exactly as Mr Erskine saw it. The difference, as in so many cases, was not in the truth, but in the eye which perceived it. How many difficulties, indeed, does such a simple conviction clear away! and how often are we called upon to listen in the pulpit to speculations as to God's meanings and ways, which become the most presumptuous folly and cruel misconception when we think of applying them to the conduct of such a good and wise and kind father, as is the best type, and the only type procurable of God's position in respect to ourselves! This discovery—which was no discovery, but only the plain meaning of the words, instead of the involved and elaborate theo-

logical statement of the same—Mr Erskine held with reverential tenacity and solemnity, as he might have held a private key by which to admit the strayed soul, through some secret door, into a by-way of holiness in that Garden where God Himself, in the cool of the day, still walks and talks with Adam. The statement of it, so often repeated, expanded, developing into many other branches of doctrine, yet in its heart and central point always the same, is as individual to him as his handwriting, or the features that distinguished him from other men. This, too, distinguished him from all that had gone before him. It was his talent, his special note in the concerted music of praise, his religious individuality and recognisable attitude. Pure and pious and fatherly as an old angel (if such an emblem of chastened benignity might be admitted as possible; and, indeed, would it not be often a dearer image of consolation than all the white-robed youths of the angelical calendar?), he went about the world with the light he had found, holding it up to every newcomer, never for a moment laying aside this divine lantern with the name of the Father, the Head of the house, inscribed upon it. This childlike, saintlike constancy, almost obstinacy, in its direct and simple plainness, was one of the most touching of spectacles.

The recent volume published by Dr Hanna of Mr Erskine's letters, adds not much, however, to our knowledge of him as a man. It is an unfortunate thing that letters on religious subjects should be in general so devoid of those indications of character and scraps of personal history and recognisable human feeling which give all their charm to letters of every other kind. It will always remain a mystery to the greater part of the world, how the

other part can write, privately between one individual and another, such pages upon pages of abstract remark, definition, and description. Perhaps, when religious matters are the subject, it is less wonderful and terrible than when the talk is of literature and philosophy, as has been seen in some modern examples; but we fear, in any case, that our mind shrinks with a sense of utter inadequacy, not only from any effort to comprehend the matter of them, but to understand the greater mystery how they can be produced at all. We do not venture to question that Mr Erskine's correspondents were instructed and edified by his dissertations; but they are much more serious than letters, and it is only here and there that they are even characteristic sermons, entering into his special teaching, such as would have thrown some light upon the genuine workings of an individual mind. This is not, we are aware, the object contemplated in religious writings of the kind, but rather "to empty of self" the communications which are intended to help others to the knowledge of God. They have their audience, and are perhaps more valuable to them than anything that would enable us to form a clear idea of the writer; nevertheless, in a literary point of view, we may be permitted to grumble. The Epistles of St Paul (of whom, by the way, Mr Erskine speaks with quaint familiarity as "Dear St Paul! what a noble spirit he was!") to the Churches are, indeed, expositions of doctrine; but these formed the foundation upon which the whole organisation of the new Church was founded; and when by rare chance the apostle does write a private letter, how beautifully individual it is! the production of how true and perfect a gentleman! courteous, tender, with a dignified earnestness yet playfulness, if such a

word may be permitted. "Albeit I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides." This sudden presentation to the reader, in full and wonderful personality, of "such an one as Paul the aged," is surely an example which ought not to be lost upon his successors in religion.

Above all, we are moved to protest against the number of letters to bereaved persons published in this as in almost every other record of the same kind. They are popular, we suppose, as so many of them are always being printed; but we can think of nothing less satisfactory either to intellect or feeling. What is there which can new be said in the way of consolation to those who have lost dear friends? At least, nothing ever *is* said which has not been repeated a hundred times before. The subject is an old one, and might well have been exhausted by the countless generations which have said the same mournful words to each other over and over again, from age to age, and tried the same kind of forlorn attempt at persuading themselves that all is well, "all for the best," in one way or another. Which of us does not shrink and falter when the moment comes which demands from us such a letter? and with how much more heart-sinking despair do we turn from them, when it is we who are the sufferers, and these painful compositions come to us in shoals, stabbing over and over with careless thrust into the wound? There are some people who make a kind of profession of these tombstone epistles, from which nothing would be easier than to form a handbook of funeral letters adapted to all emergencies. But if they must, as is evident, be written and received,

at least they might be allowed to end there, a painful tribute to mortality, instead of being collected and preserved in a book, to show how poor and petty every human attempt is to face the majesty of death.

We have no intention, however, in these remarks to censure Dr Hanna for using what was probably the only material within his reach; for the life of Erskine was entirely one of pious communing, with himself when not with others; and the spiritual progress of the mind from one minute enlightenment upon a certain passage of Scripture to another, or new gleam of light, providential or otherwise, upon the subject of his life-long study—light which, perhaps, was more likely to come by death or misfortune than in any other way,—was, indeed, all the man. But those who would care to make acquaintance with the school of prophets which arose in Scotland in the first thirty years of the century, and to discriminate the place of Erskine among them, will perhaps find more enlightenment as to the individuality of his views in the letters published by Bishop Ewing in his 'Present-day Papers,'* in which his special doctrine as to the education of life, and the essential necessity for a moral choice, in Christ and by Christ, yet proper to every individual soul, which alone could be salvation, are very clearly evident. Dr Hanna's book will be probably more edifying to the devout mind, and more satisfactory to Erskine's friends and disciples—Bishop Ewing's fragmentary publications more demonstrative of the man.

It is scarcely necessary in a sketch like this to follow out the other particulars of belief which Erskine held in common with other congenial minds. His theory of

* Present-day Papers. Edited by the Bishop of Argyre. Third Series. Daldy & Isbister.

God's character as, above all things, a Father, naturally made him reject the doctrine of eternal punishment; and in respect to the inspiration of the Scriptures, he seems, as was natural to his mind, to have rested his faith entirely on their "self-evidencing" character, the internal proof which he considered more weighty and important than any other kind of testimony.

Thus, with his head in the clouds—or rather, in the serious but sun-bright heaven of independent religious conviction and assured faith—this singular man lived, in an atmosphere so imbued and penetrated by religious thought and feeling, that he cannot be said to have had any attention to spare, or mind to bestow, upon anything else. His "conversation was in heaven," in the most literal sense of the words; his talk, his letters, his imagination, all being alike, and at all times occupied with sacred things. His pleasure was in this; and though it may be hard for a lighter mind to understand this uninterrupted strain of being, there can be no doubt of its perfect reality, and the genuine absorption in the divine, and subordination of everything in heaven and earth to the cultivation of holiness and diffusion of what he considered the only true view of God's being and character, which was the condition of his existence. We look on and marvel at the elevation, and yet more at the perpetual occupation with sacred things which such a religious life implies. Such a spectacle brings a wondering pang of inquiry to the mind, Is this indeed the kind of existence all Christians ought to lead? A little natural dismay mingles with the question. The wonderful life portrayed in the Gospel, with its many human episodes, its variety and poetic grace, its wanderings hither and thither, its stories by the way, its brevity

and silences, makes a totally different impression upon us. But nature is, we cannot but feel, more or less appalled by the idea that we, too, ought, were we following the highest ideal of Christian life, to rule our days, our interviews with our friends, our correspondences, all that goes on so lightly and thoughtlessly now, so naturally as we say, by the example of these saints on earth. Does religion mean nothing less than this? Perhaps the inquiry is uncalled for; for character has no doubt more to do with the matter than any absolute rule of Divine requirement. When the giant Christopher, the big simpleton saint of medieval legend, was seeking the final Master whom all men feared, he was recommended by the hermit whose counsel he asked to retire to a cell, and fast and pray till the saving truth was revealed to him. But the giant demurred; his big body and his simple mind were not adapted for this kind of probation. Was there nothing else for him to do? The hermit, with unusual wisdom, sent him instead to a dangerous ford across the river to carry pilgrims over, in which humble, rough work, joyfully performed, the Christ-child came to him, as all the world knows. So it may be that, not forgetting the Father, though too busy, or too simple, or even too changeable to think of nothing but the Father, we, too, will find Him, as fatherly to us as to those more exclusively occupied with heaven, who perhaps had not so much of our poor work to do. This reflection may be out of place; but it is one which will most likely thrust itself into the reader's mind, as it has done into our own.

Mr Erskine, however, though so profoundly and continually occupied with religious subjects—talking, writing, breathing nothing else

—was not, in consequence, a recluse, shutting himself out from society; for there is, indeed, no circle more extended or more closely bound together than that which lives in this constant spiritual communion, the members of which sign themselves “Yours in spiritual bonds,” and discourse of sin and holiness at all times and seasons. He was an excellent landlord, we are informed; and he was a fast friend. He held his court hospitably at Linlathen, where, after a while, he exercised the office of priest as well, conducting divine worship in his own hall for the benefit of the family and of all who might join them. And at times of excitement he extended this practice to the point of preaching in churches—“three times a-day” during one period of profound agitation, when the proceedings against Mr Campbell were being carried on, and the shores of the Gareloch were all ablaze with excitement. But his more effective ministrations were those which were pursued in private, where he carried, as we have said, his new light of truth about him, offering it to every soul that had need. He went frequently to the Continent. He was an intimate friend of that Madame de Broglie who was the daughter of Madame de Staël—a pious Protestant, devout after the manner of Geneva in that Catholic family; and of many of the best known of the Swiss and French *pasteurs*; and seems to have entered with understanding and sympathy into at least that phase of foreign society. And he loved art, though he could not understand Michael Angelo; and wrote to his sister about the wonders and glories of Florence, though without a recollection of Savonarola; and told her of some one whom he had met, who “is an imaginative man, and can repeat a great deal of Shakespeare

and Burns, *but* who is, I believe, a child of God,”—as if there was some inconsistency between one of these characteristics and the other. Wherever he goes in his early wanderings, he diversifies picture-galleries and sketches of scenery with “excellent discourses” and prayer-meetings, going, even in Paris, to “the anniversaries of the Tract Society and the Bible Society,” and revelling in meetings and conferences and devout company in Geneva. But here and there occurs a burst of nature which lights up the record. Here, for instance, is the whimsical though strictly serious expression of a contradiction in himself which he could with difficulty understand:—

“My dear sister, what a strange world it is! It seems most extraordinary to myself that I can, in the midst of such a world of death and sin and sorrow, find enjoyment in marble cut into certain forms, and colours laid on canvas; and yet I really find immense enjoyment in it. I feel almost as if I had gotten a new sense.”

Equally interesting and very true is his thorough appreciation of Rome, to which he returns, in various letters, with the same evident sense of its greatness and wonderful claim upon human interest, “just a mighty monument of the uncertainty of human things:”—

“It is a home for the afflicted, and ruined, and disappointed; for here they will see the traces of a heavier affliction, and a deeper and more widely-extended ruin, and a more unlooked-for blight than their own. Here they do not see the tombs of individuals, but of empires; they walk over the ashes of all that this world has produced of mighty, and glorious, and enduring, of cheerful and prosperous. . . . Rome is not a place to see in the company of others. It is too solemn and overwhelming in its principle to admit of being felt by a number of people together. Ten

people can admire a column or a statue together; but ten people cannot look together into the abyss of past time and glory and genius. It is like looking into a grave or conversing with a departed spirit. . . . Assuredly there is not a place on earth which is better fitted to be considered as the representative of human nature in all its efforts, and especially in its rebellion against Heaven; and as such it stands forth in Scripture. There we see it set up as the mark of the denunciations of God. It is the great theatre on which man has exhibited his powers, and his weakness, and his corruption; he has endeavoured to do everything without God, and the ruins of the Forum and the Palatine tell the success; *he has endeavoured even to be religious without God*, and the experiment, I should think, is drawing to its close."

The last words are almost brilliant in their definition of one side of the Papal system; and Erskine's mind perhaps was not adapted for seeing the other, the high poetical and heroic side, the absence of all perception of which makes it possible for men, these many hundred years, to believe that "the experiment is drawing to its close"—a thing as little sure, we believe, as ever it was.

There are also a few indications of character, rarely occurring, which furnish us here and there with just enough mortal soil to plant a foot upon, in the flowing stream of exhortation and spiritual experience. "Dr Chalmers has come to Paris," Mr Erskine writes from that place, "and is over head and ears with delight. He has an honest, natural, unsuppressed pleasure in seeing everything and every person. My entire want of curiosity makes me an unfit companion for him; but I see a good deal of him, and cannot but love his honest bigness." He adds shortly after—"Dr Chalmers is to leave Paris this day, after having had a month of great enjoy-

ment, seeing everything with a freshness of interest and curiosity which astonishes me. . . . I found him most amiable, most true and infantine, and quite disposed, I think, to give me back the place which I used to hold with him. . . . The activity of his intelligence is very great, and gives him a continual interest; but it works not about persons, but about things, which is to me a diminution of the interest." These few words are one of the most subtle bits of human revelation in the book, and disclose to us with quaint distinctness, in contrast with the big open-air ingenuous son of nature, with all his constant interest in everything about him, and the simple breadth of genius in his own being, this finer and more narrow spectator, with his drooping eyelids, for whom the world without has but a partial interest, and whose dreamy and half-veiled gaze is busy in the distance, tracing out those invisible workings which he believes will bring harmony into chaos and light to darkness. Mr Erskine has no lack of curiosity when the subject is of the kind that suits his peculiar organisation. When there occurred that mysterious outburst of unknown forces which happened on the shores of the Gareloch in 1830, no long time elapsed before he was in the midst of the excitement, "staying no less than six weeks in the house of the Macdonalds," who were the first to speak with tongues, and to exercise what were considered miraculous gifts—where he was present at all the daily prayer-meetings, and watched every "manifestation" with the most eager interest. These were the subjects that attracted his mind. He believed in this new dispensation of miracles for a time with all the fervour of a spirit which longed to

penetrate the veil of the unseen, and to make more and more close acquaintance with all the ways of God. Almost all warmly religious people were interested in this strange and unexplainable movement, but none more anxiously curious than he.

The story of all that happened on the Gareloch in the eventful year 1830, and for some time after, brings before us the name which we have conjoined with that of Mr Erskine. John Campbell was the son of a minister, born in a Highland parish about a dozen years later than his friend. He had gone through the usual routine of a young Scotchman in training for the Church, without, it would seem, anything particular to distinguish him from the other "probationers" his companions; and in the year 1825, being himself just as old as the century, he became minister of the parish of Row, on the banks of the Gareloch, a beautiful and quiet corner of one of the most beautiful districts in Scotland. There is no appearance then, or at any other time, that Campbell was distinguished by great talents or any gift of eloquence; but he was from the very outset of his clerical career the most exemplary of parish ministers, working early and late among his people, and sparing no pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all their wants and temptations. His own description of the state of mind in which he began his work is a very simple one. He had no special theories of ministerial duty, and still less any ideal of priestly power. He was not even, it would appear, struck by the fiery fervour of a missionary, or appalled by the evils around him. The one source of harm which he had realised and identified, was the strong party feeling in his Church, the hostility between the Moderate and Evangelical parties, which was soon

to rend it asunder, and against which he resolved at once to set his face strenuously. "As to Church politics," he says, "I was distinguished in my own mind, among the young ministers my contemporaries, by a deep conviction of the practical evils that had arisen from party feelings, and by a determined purpose to hold personally a perfect neutrality. As to pastoral policy, I was then conscious of a single and strong desire to be the instrument of good to the flock over which I had been appointed overseer; but beyond the purpose of active devotedness, this desire took no distinct form: nor had I any theory or view peculiar to myself as to the reason of the want of living religion, to the prevalence of which my eyes now in a measure opened." It is clear that it was only when the religion of his people became his special charge, that he was impressed by this lack of spiritual fervour among them; and the earnest and vigorous young man set to work, with all that laborious intentness with which men in other professions apply themselves to the making of a fortune. He was not a man of exceptional power, like Irving, for instance, whose work had been begun a little time before, with the same earnest and honest enthusiasm for God's service, and desire to be of use to the special handful committed to his care; but whose splendid gifts of nature added tenfold to the dangers in his path, and made of his life a tragedy, in no way within the milder range of Campbell's possibilities. He had no genius—but he had the most honest and noble purpose and determination to do his work as well and thoroughly, being spiritual work, as if he had been an artist of the old religious ages. He adopted no theory of what was best, looked for no happy chance, but set him-

self to work in the most practical way; and he gives us himself a straightforward description of the means he used. The "two circumstances" attending his work which helped him most, are thus simply and plainly detailed:—

"The one was my having been led to form the resolution and act upon it, of using no assistance in my preparations for the pulpit but the Bible. I never read any sermons on the texts which I selected before beginning to write myself; nor did I consult any commentary unless in seeking to ascertain the precise translation of the original. I think I took for granted (because of my ignorance of God, and inexperience in the faithfulness of that word, 'He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not') that I would at no distant time run out of matter, and exhaust my resources; in which case—but in which case alone—I proposed availing myself in some shape of the labours of others, though not of course in the way of plagiarism. . . . The other circumstance was, my proceeding immediately on my induction to visit my parish, with the resolution of giving the character of ministerial visits to all my intercourse with my people, and avoiding the error of making religious discourse the topic only at seasons set apart for the purpose."

This intensely simple and practical way of setting to work, a method as unlike the conventional training of the preacher as his system of religious visitation was unlike the leisurely good-fellowship which is so often the chief characteristic of a country clergyman—just as Mr Erskine's way of approaching the Christian faith was unlike the formal advances of theology—had soon a result similar to that which attended the preachings of the laird of Linlathen. In both there was the same determination to take what was taught them in the Bible as they found it, with a matter-of-fact certainty and directness more elevated than any poetry. The elder

man, holding fast to "Our Father," those words which changed heaven and earth to him, turning all bitter things to sweet, had already perceived, in that one unchangeable belief of his, a widening and expansion of God's mercy which embraced all men: but he was too faithful to his favourite burden, his chosen strain of love and happiness, to attack any established dogma; besides that, he had no legitimate place in the Church, nor licence nor call to preach at all, except as special emergencies might induce him to do so. Campbell, however, whose occupation it was, and whose determination was equally strong to take words for what they meant, not what they were interpreted to mean, soon found himself, without knowing it, in full tide of opposition to everything that was then considered orthodox. His straightforward deductions from the very words of the message which he was commanded to proclaim were made without any reference to arbitrary dogmas, or any thought of contradicting them. There is no reason to suppose that he had the remotest idea of departing from the standards of his Church. Other matters nearer and more attractive to his mind pressed in and absorbed him: the want that he saw before him in the other simple minds with which he was brought into hourly contact, and the answer to that want, which he saw before him also in the plain words of the book which was his study night and day. At first, he tells us, with naïve seriousness, his attention was given to the matter of literary composition, and "I was fastidious enough to have a sermon on the stocks for ten or twelve days." But soon this habit changed for one which (as the reader will perceive) was not favourable at all to composition as an art:—

"When afterwards, often writing

two long sermons on the Saturday (and far on into the Sunday morning), I thought so little of anything but to *get out* what the week's thought, stimulated by parish work and intercourse with my people, had accumulated in me, that my writing flowed on with the freedom of extempore speaking when the heart is full. Then you know I soon gave up writing, getting on easily with my earnest and solemn pleadings with men to be reconciled to God—pleadings which, alas! so soon took a too controversial character from all that was throwing me on the defensive. . . . No forming by much reading an acquaintance with what had been thought and taught in the past, neither any amount of free exercise of my own mind in weighing theological questions, could in the least have been a preparation for my subsequent work such as my pastoral experience at Row has been—that pure pastoral experience which was simply a ‘ministry of reconciliation.’ As compared with what is engaged in as the study of Divinity, it was in some sense the Baconian *direct contact* with nature in the substitution of *induction* for *speculation*.”

The special question to which the young preacher's thoughts were thus directed, and in which his studies of both kinds pushed him beyond the orthodox view, was the central doctrine of Christianity—the Atonement. Without any intention of leaving the beaten way, Campbell found himself suddenly breaking through on all sides those limitations of God's grace which are generally supposed to be the distinctive features of Calvinism. When the worst has been said that can be said of Calvinistic doctrine, we do not suppose it has ever been asserted (except in the height of controversy, when any exaggeration is possible, or by critics entirely ignorant of the matter) that they placed the doctrine of election, and especially of reprobation, in the foreground of their teaching, as the gospel or good news offered to man.

Only in the grotesques of hostile representation, or in the fury of polemical debates, could this idea be put forth. The call upon all men to repent, and to believe and be saved, has always been made, whatever might be the declared opinion of the Confessions of Faith touching the inability of all men to respond to the invitation; and hundreds of good Christians have thus exhorted all around them with an earnestness most happily illogical, in honest human forgetfulness that they (formally) believed a large proportion of their hearers to be incapable of any response. But with the curious perverseness of theology, no sooner had the hard-working minister of Row put this working necessity, which all adopted and acknowledged, practically into words, than such a storm rose against him as may well warrant any assertion that theological restrictions, and not the evangelical offer of salvation, was the chief point in the creed of Calvin as held by the Scotch Church. A more strange commotion than that which was raised throughout Scotland, by the fact that a young minister in the west had begun to preach boldly in so many words that Christ died for all men, could not be imagined. All Scotland was distracted by the controversy which instantly blazed forth on all sides, not only among the scientifically theological classes, but among all classes, and especially the “common people,” the mass of the church-going populace, who were scientifically theological; and there can be no doubt that a great majority of the Church, lay as well as clerical, was convinced of the impossibility of permitting such an innovator to remain within its pale, and teach his new doctrines from an authorised pulpit. Notwithstanding the universal respect felt for him as a faithful and zealous minister, this general warmth

of feeling against the supposed dangers of his teaching could alone account for the unanimity with which he was condemned.

The trial which ensued has taken its place in recent Scotch Church history as one of its most striking events; it has perhaps attracted more attention even than the similar event which happened in the case of Edward Irving, though his personality and genius were so much more striking than those of the other victim. In Irving's case, however, there were wilder elements involved; and he died, leaving no time for the passions of theological controversy to cool. But Campbell lived a long life after, and saw many changes; and becoming in his turn an example of piety and faith, and the acknowledged teacher of many notable men, impressed upon his Church a sense of its rashness, and of compunction and penitence for its mistake, such as seldom touches a corporation of any kind. Men may repent, but states or institutions rarely do so. In this case, however, it is highly probable that, could another trial have taken place thirty years after, the Church of Scotland would have as unanimously taken back the deposed minister as she unanimously cast him forth. This has been the case which has been invariably referred to, in the regretful and half-envious contrast so often made of late years in Scotland between the impetuous and arbitrary action of ecclesiastical tribunals, and the calm and impartial legality with which such questions were treated in English courts of law, saving the Church (as Scotch critics admiringly asserted) from its own impulses of impatience, allowing for a wise and wide liberty of individual thought, and preventing at least external schisms and divisions. Recent events, however, have disturbed the composure with which the Scotch spectator gave

forth these laudations of a system not his own. The lay tribunal has perhaps scarcely proved, when tested, so admirable a mode of settling ecclesiastical disputes as was supposed; and the unseemly free-fight between a wrong-headed "priest" and a fully-equipped court of justice, of which we have all recently been witnesses, does not promote our faith in the civil magistrate. Deposition may be a bad way of punishing innovation, but it is better and more dignified than Horseman-gear jail; and however bitter may be the sense of wrong with which an individual clergyman and his followers receive the punishment inflicted by his legitimate superiors, it can scarcely give that triumphant consciousness of martyrdom with which all heretics feel entitled to scout and resist the decisions of a merely lay tribunal. We do not pretend to set up any judgment of our own as to which is best, or which the least objectionable. *Cela donne à penser.* But it is not quite so clear and certain as Scotch experience was disposed to conclude. The human mind, however, is so manifold, and so ready to find its own injury always the keenest, that it is quite possible the Ritualists, like the Rowites, might sigh for the calm of the civil magistrate's formal and impassioned decisions, were Convocation, according to their desires, endowed with all the powers of a General Assembly—unless, indeed, Convocation proved wholly on their side.

The Presbytery of Dumbarton, however, and after them the Synod and the General Assembly, were almost wholly against Mr Campbell. How far his position was complicated, and a certain prejudice roused against him by the religious agitation which prevailed in the district, and with which his teaching was connected—not indeed logically, as

of cause and effect, but by sympathy—it would be difficult to say. The wonderful phenomena of the “tongues,” which led to so many convulsions—and which afterwards developed into an elaborate system, though in other regions from that which gave them birth—had arisen on the borders of Mr Campbell’s parish, and among people who had been greatly influenced by his preaching and that of his friends, and the quickened and elevated piety which owed a new impulse to them. These supposed supernatural utterances, for which, to this day, no one has been able to account (except on the vulgar and simple hypothesis of pure imposture, an explanation which only a certain class of minds can accept), and which were accompanied by one or two startling occurrences, apparent cures of long-standing sickness, equally mysterious and unaccountable—had roused, as was natural, the utmost excitement throughout the district. Even the calmest lookers-on were moved out of their composure; and instead of ordinary gossip, the common talk of the district ran upon miracles and outpourings of the Spirit, spiritual experiences, visions, and wonders. For the time, sober Scotland, in that nook among the hills, seemed to have changed into some home of Eastern warmth and primitive rapture. Mr Erskine, as we have already said, was attracted at once by the strange condition of affairs, and hastened to throw himself into the midst of the religious commotion. “I believe that it is of God,” he said solemnly, after close examination. But while he and so many more examined with eager faith and awe, others regarded this extraordinary disturbance of all the usual rules of life with indignation, often with furious scorn, contempt, and derision. “The world dislikes

the occurrence of miracles,” Erskine adds, with a half-surprised perception of the enmity aroused. No doubt this strange outburst of enthusiasm and spiritual excitement must have helped to prejudice the minds and alienate the sympathies of that portion of the community which dreads novelty, and repels by instinct every innovation, from the preacher who, at the least devoutly sympathised with, if he did not accept as inspired, the passionate piety and zeal of the humble prophets who threatened to revolutionise religion. The steady-going respectable portion of the community, content to do the duties demanded of it, hating fuss and enthusiasm and excitement, could not but range itself instinctively on the other side.

Pictorially regarded, however, the whole scene is a very striking one. In the midst of an excited country, which rang from all its hillsides with echoes of wildly ecstatic “tongues,” and reports of miraculous healings, the spiritual tribunal set itself up: no secret inquisition, but a public court, in all the formality of law, so roughly copied that it might have seemed a caricature of legal dignity, but for the unquestionable power in its hands, which made the rude Presbyterial court as potent as any Pope or gorgeous conclave. The fact of this power changes everything. Without it, even my lords of the Upper House of Convocation look but like children of a large growth playing at judge and jury: with it, the humblest assembly takes a certain dignity. The Presbytery of Dumbarton had no power of life and death: but it had in its hands the means of living and position of the accused, and even to some degree his honour and credit; and no mild bishop, careful of public opinion, no code of traditional caution

and tolerance, stood between them and the promptest action. The "defender," who solemnly described himself as "abiding in the peace of God and the secret of the Lord's presence, at Dumbarton at the Presbytery bar" — the counsel, who pleaded before the fathers and brethren as before any other legally-constituted court—the witnesses, many of them tradesfolk or peasants, the humblest of whom was ready to bandy logic with the most keen-witted lawyer, or set up his own spiritual discernment against that of any doctor of the Church,—all complete the curious picture. The artist's point of view, we allow, is very different from that of the good patriot or zealous Churchman; but the glimpse we have of such a scene, enacted under the rainy Highland skies, with the whole eager population for audience, falls in with the surrounding circumstances with wonderful force and picturesqueness. In such an atmosphere it appears only natural that a man should be tried for his opinions, and that the point should be entirely visionary and unconnected with any practical issue. Common life seems suspended for the moment; and in all the world there is nothing real but doctrine, faith, the standards of the Church, and the experience of the individual soul.

Mr Campbell was proved guilty of the heresy charged against him, and sentenced to be deposed—a sentence confirmed by both the superior courts to which it was carried. When the final condemnation was pronounced in Edinburgh in the General Assembly, the father of the accused—himself a minister of long standing, one of the fathers of the Church, who did not apparently share his son's views, yet venerated his son's piety with that tender and touching respect which, as felt by a parent for a

child, is one of the most exquisite sensations known to human nature—rose up to read a memorial from the people of Row, expressing unbounded confidence in and affection for their pastor, and in a few affecting words left his son in the hands of the Church: "Moderator, I am not afraid for my son," said the old man: "though his brethren cast him out, the Master whom he serves will not forsake him; and while I live I will never be ashamed to be the father of so holy and blameless a son." It would be difficult to find a more touching instance of protest yet submission.

This sentence was of infinite importance in Mr Campbell's life. It did not perhaps in the long-run affect his influence, which he found other means of reasserting and re-establishing, but it stopped him in the midst of his career. It reduced him to silence, at least comparatively. He was no agitator, nor had the idea of founding a new sect any place in his mind. He preached quietly for many years thereafter to a congregation in Glasgow, who, without separating themselves into a new organisation, attended his ministrations for love of them. And by-and-by, in his leisure, he began to write, and produced the book on the Atonement, which spread his name much more widely than any local preaching, and won him many friends, and spiritual aids and helpers in carrying out his doctrine. Perhaps best of all, however, was the consciousness that, after all his disappointments and silences, his long conscientious life and work had helped so much to remould opinion in his own Church, that where he was once cast forth, he was now venerated and followed. No public reversal of his sentence ever came about; but few men have been more universally esteemed and more reveren-

tially acknowledged as a leader of religious thought.

We have not thought it necessary to do more than mention Edward Irving, whose life has been already so largely and so much discussed, and to whom many years ago this Magazine was the means of redirecting the attention of the public. There were elements in him which raised him out of the level to which the two men whom we have been discussing belonged. Far more human and warm in those realities of flesh and blood which furnish all the higher poetry and interest to life—though it sounds like a paradox to say so—the misfortunes that fell upon him were deeper and more deeply felt than was compatible with the more abstract nature of his friends and brethren. Of them, except their beliefs, their piety, their absorbed and earnest following out of the ways of godliness, there is little to say; but of him there would be always much to say, so little of the abstract was there in the conditions of his most natural and human being. They lived long to correct such mistakes as they might have made, outliving the “tongues” and miracles; but he perished by them, and had no time to learn (for which his friends may be grateful to Providence) that he had given his life for something all-unworthy the sacrifice. Nor can we do more than refer to Alexander Scott, whose name is so often mentioned in those histories, and who took so important a part in the events of the time, without leaving us any means of verifying the impression which he seems to have produced upon his contemporaries. He was to them one of the first of men; but he is to us, nothing—a shadow, a much-exalted name, and no more. He dropped aside from their special path in life, as Irving did in death; and neither

of them can be more than named in conjunction with the two holy and worthy men who so much later have been thus dimly, yet in a friendly, saintly haze, disclosed in their fainter personalities to the world. More pious, reverend, and holy images could scarcely be placed in our halls of ancestors. They have done much for us, to which we can put no definite name, widening the spiritual horizon, and mellowing the atmosphere for many who never heard of them; while to others they have been the chief influences of life. Theology was harder, sterner, less genial, and the Church of Scotland less merciful and tolerant, before Erskine seized and held fast the simple truth that the Father in heaven was no more abstract, no less considerate and understanding, but, on the other hand, infinitely more patient, tender, and kind, than a good father on earth; and that life was His way of educating his children for life—His divine school, at which, backward or diligent as might be, we were all under His training;—and before Campbell opened out his views of divine grace, and once more protested God’s words and invitations to be real, in the same sense that men’s words are real, meaning not an allegory, but what they say. We will not pretend to add to this any explanation on our own part of the manner in which Mr Erskine’s burden of prophecy expanded and made more real the so much older doctrine of our childhood; or enter into the theological intricacies of the doctrine of the Atonement, as expounded by both these pious thinkers. The metaphysical difficulties of the question—how it was that Jesus Christ died for all men, whether as a substitute or an example, whether in testimony of His Father’s love and His own, or in purchase of our deliverance from His Father’s wrath—

are too serious and solemn for discussion here. To the common mind such definitions are perhaps more perplexing than enlightening; but the question is not one into which we can enter here. The following is a very distinct explanation of Mr Campbell's views on the authority of the Scriptures, and is written in a letter to his son not very long before his death:—

"The Scriptures speak to me as the offspring of God and as the brother of men. I know that I am both. I can accept from the apostle the axiom to which he appeals, 'We are all His offspring.' Listening as the child of God and the brother of men, I weigh all that is addressed to me in both these capacities. It is spoken to me as that which the consciousness of what I am in these two aspects of my being should prepare me to understand; and I feel that my consciousness as a man is such a preparation. I do understand; and with a measure of understanding which justifies faith in that which is addressed to me. In proportion as that which is spoken becomes more and more clear to me, my conscious self becomes more and more clear to me also; and in proportion to the strength of this light of what is spoken, and what I am to whom it is spoken, the faith quickening in me strengthens. Further, yielding myself to the power of this faith—suffering it to work in me according to its own proper nature—the result to which I am conscious proves to be such as still further and in a peculiar way justifies the faith to the power of which I am yielded. *Antecedent* to faith there was enough present to my spirit to justify faith, making it a reasonable response on my part. *Now* there is added in the conscious eternal life quickened in me—which agrees with the words, 'He that believeth hath the witness in himself'—a witness in addition to that witness of God that He 'has given to us eternal life in His Son' which faith had accepted. It needs no long-continued hearing—it needs no prolonged experience of the life which in the hearing of faith is

quickened—to give a most intelligent well-grounded assurance."

This is a very characteristic passage, in its close reasoning and involved style. The assertion of personal consciousness as the foundation of all certainty was common to both Erskine and Campbell. How easily it may be reduced to the conclusion that nothing is true which does not commend itself to the mind of the person addressed, does not seem to shake their confidence in this principle of authority. Indeed they were at no time careful of the dangers that might attend, on the other side, their conceptions of divine truth.

But, as we have said, this is no place in which to attempt a full exposition of the theological views of these two Christian worthies. Both died in such full assurance and calm of faith as their previous lives might well have warranted their friends in expecting—though, curiously enough, in the most devout circles, the mystery of dying is even more anxiously dwelt upon than among the less thoughtful; and Mr Campbell's account of his friend Erskine's death is full of solemn congratulation as to the entire peacefulness and happiness of that conclusion, almost as if it were something wonderful and scarcely to be hoped for—which seems to the plain understanding quite unnecessary. For a man who had lived in God's presence so long, referring almost every thought to Him, how could he do otherwise than pass happily to that Father's presence? And now both have entered into that better world, leaving behind them many grateful recollections. Their works remain for the instruction of posterity; but that vaguer, wider influence which one at least exercised more fully in presence than by book, has ended, leaving only an

impression which, vivid as it may be on individuals, is vague on the public. And we cannot hope that the books just published will convey a much clearer idea of the men. "Dr Campbell," says his friend and relation the late Dr Norman Macleod, "was the best man without exception I have ever known. His character was the most perfect embodiment I have ever seen of the character of Jesus Christ." Higher praise could not be; and with this we must be content as all that is to be known of him—his goodness and no more. He himself playfully admits this abstractness in one of his letters. "I remember fifty years ago," he writes, "my brother used to complain that my letters, however welcome as from me, had one defect, that they might have been written from any spot on earth as well as from Kilninver—or Row, it more probably was. And this defect has been more or less discernible in my letters ever since; at least in my letters to my nearest and dearest. Somehow, in writing to them, I feel more in eternity than in time; their eternal life rising before my mind between me and their temporal life, and causing me to speak to them rather of the meat which endureth unto eternal life, than of that which feeds only temporal life." This defect, which is no defect from such a point of view, must prevent the apostolic minister of Row from being known to those who had no personal acquaintance with him.

His biography is more like one of those blurred and misty "arrangements" with which a painter of the day tantalises his admirers, than a recognisable portrait. Titian himself could not extract any outline or firm solid humanity out of these abstract and hazy lines.

And now that metaphysics of all kinds are going out of fashion, we fear that this school of the prophets must yield in its turn to the sledge-hammer assaults and obstinate tenacity of old-fashioned orthodoxy. The stout if rude endurance of faith, less intelligent but more determined, answers materialism better than those fine and thoughtful distinctions which the common mind is not capable of comprehending, but is capable of taking a coarse advantage of. The reverse of the medal on which is imprinted a good man verifying the Scriptures by his own consciousness, presents, it is impossible to doubt, a different kind of man rejecting the Scriptures altogether as not in accord with this same spiritual consciousness as existing in himself. And after this latitude the rebound is more likely to be to the rigid force of fanaticism than to any finer system. These gentle and abstract expositors of the love of God are past and passing away. Is it the ro-buster faith of the man-at-arms, the ruder religionist clinging with renewed zeal to all the old formulas, which, as we round the circle of Time, we are about to arrive at now?

PAULINE.—PART VIII.

LONDON.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

"His voice was soft, his temper mild and sweet,
His mind was easy, and his person neat.

When no maternal wish her heart beguiled,
The lady called her son 'the darling child ;'
When with some nearer view her speech began,
She changed her phrase, and said 'the good young man !'
And lost, when hinting of some future bride,
The woman's prudence, in the mother's pride."—CRABBE.

At five years old, Sir Hugh Calverley was a gentle, amiable, and interesting child ; at fifteen he was much the same ; and at five-and-twenty he was little more.

Many excellent qualities he was, without doubt, endowed with ; but, as years went on, it became apparent that these were rather of the heart than of the head ; and although a public school had been gone through with average credit, and his degree duly taken at Oxford afterwards, his friends confessed, aside, that it was more than they had ever expected from him.

His mother, doting on her only son, and divided betwixt her anxiety for his health, which had never been robust, and her ambition for his honour, which she was fully as desirous of maintaining, scarce knew on which side to base her maternal counsels. Her pride would have urged him to the arduous pursuit of knowledge, had not her secret fears constrained her to forbear.

She dared not run the risk !

At length she was fain to leave the issue to Providence, Luck, or Chance, whichever of the three would undertake the job, and direct her own and her son's fortunes as agreeably as had been done hitherto !

She did not say so, of course ; but

no less was this the interpretation of her undeveloped thoughts.

She had still her moments of grateful astonishment, when she bethought her of the time—now twenty years gone by—when "poor, dear Sir Edward," then a hale, handsome young soldier, but eighteen months married, had, after a brief illness, been taken from his wife and infant daughter ; thus raising to the headship of the family his youthful nephew,—a transition which, until it actually took place, rashness itself would not have presumed to consider as more than within the limits of possibility.

The troop of lusty boys, whom the prophetic vision of his sister-in-law had ever kept in sight, were now scattered to the winds, and the title devolved upon a sickly little fellow, whose infancy had been one prolonged martyrdom, and who, it was confidently predicted, would never be reared to maturity.

Nevertheless Sir Hugh lived, and even, after a fashion, thrived.

His nurses grew to be indignant if he were looked upon as delicate, and his mother only mentioned his health to assure her friends how stout and strong he had grown.

It would perhaps have been a wiser course to have given such observations the chance of emanating from the lips of others ; but the

ridicule which Mrs Calverley might have drawn down upon herself was moderated by the allowances universally made for the mother of an only and feebly-constituted child.

It was a pardonable self-deception, and heads were still shaken on the subject.

Accordingly, when, in the teeth of all presages, and in spite of continual drawbacks, manhood was actually attained, and twenty-one years of the youthful baronet's life were concluded, amidst banquetting, bonfires, and general rejoicing, the sympathy and congratulations bestowed upon the exulting parent were more sincere and heartfelt than they usually are upon these occasions.

She was not a woman to be popular, but neither was she one to give offence.

So long as her own projects were not interfered with, so long as all went smoothly for her and the single object of her tenderness—we might almost say of her regard—she could be an agreeable neighbour and acquaintance; and, accordingly, passed excellently well in a hasty and superficial world.

We have no time nowadays for definitions of character!

It is enough that such a one has been friendly, good-natured, or amusing, to draw forth a gush of our worthless approbation!

Here and there, indeed, a commentator may just go so far in discretion as to add, "So far as I see," or, "I have not had much opportunity of discerning;" but it would be exacting an unwarrantable degree of sacrifice to suggest that the opportunity is within reach, and that the discernment may be exercised at any time!

So long as Mrs Calverley annoyed nobody, intruded on nobody, kept her foot from her neighbour's house, and was understood punctu-

ally to fulfil the ordinary obligations of life, her trumpet of praise was steadily sounded, and she was scarcely recognised, even by her nearest relations, for the cold-hearted, scheming, selfish woman that she really was.

Her son, of a nature too distinctly different for him not to perceive occasionally more than was permitted to public view, was purblindly alike by affection and by the clever adroitness of a mind superior in ability to his own.

The petty motives which lay beneath the front of plain, straightforward actions, and the furtherance of selfish ends by specious and plausible reasoning, were accordingly only half suspected by him, and much was passed over entirely that would have been bared beyond concealment to a keener observation.

A passing vexation he experienced, a gentle impatience, and even that was stifled.

He was, as his mother loved to describe him, the "best of sons!"

The public estimation of Mrs Calverley being thus high, it will not be wondered at if her gentle and charming sister-in-law gave in her adhesion, as in duty bound.

Indeed, so little did she dream of disputing its justice, that she had from time immemorial been in the habit of looking up to "your aunt Marion" as the embodiment of judgment, discretion, and good sense; nay, she went so far—although this was accompanied by the faintest touch of misgiving—as to make use occasionally of that lady's conscience instead of her own!

Lady Calverley was not, as we know, a woman of strict penetration. A great deal she took for granted; and what "everybody said," she was too diffident not to believe, in all honesty, to be a truer estimate than any which she, single-handed, was likely to form.

Diffidence being the good lady's secret tyrant, she was thereby so held in check as to be little able to withstand, although she did occasionally smart under, the abruptness of Marion's decisions, her authoritative finger, and her unhesitating Yea and Nay.

When in her daily presence, she would, in spite of herself, at times heave an involuntary sigh for the more chastened rule of Pauline La Sarte, who alone possessed a counter-amount of influence, and who had even on one or two occasions gone so far as to reason away certain arbitrary and distasteful dictates which had been issued from Calverley.

Marion had suspected to whom this interference was due: she had never cared for her niece; and she seized the opportunity, when a home and position were needed for Pauline, to declare against her becoming an inmate of Gourloch.

She did so with admirable moderation and judgment.

"My dear," she said—and the finger which longed to rise and assert its rights was kept down and folded out of sight among the others—"let us talk it over quietly. You wish to do the very best you can for Pauline, and so do I. You *think* the kindest thing is to invite her to live with you; but if you will put aside your writing-desk for a moment"—(she had already begun, "My poor dear, *dearest* Pauline")—"and consider the question," pursued the mentor, "in all its bearings, you will, I am sure, come to see that what you mean to do in simple kindness might prove to both niece and nephew a real injury."

"An injury! My dear Marion!"

"Yes, an injury. You cannot provide for them eventually,—Tom has to be thought of too,—and you would cut them off from Mrs

Wyndham's goodwill, without rendering them any material benefit."

"Mrs Wyndham? I never thought of her."

"You are so hasty, dear Ella. I thought of her immediately. She arrived in England from Italy just a week before Hugh and I came up here. We called, and found her an agreeable woman, living in excellent style. She will doubtless adopt both the young La Sartes; she has no one to whom her husband's large fortune could, with greater propriety, be left, and it will be a good arrangement on all sides. Permit Mrs Wyndham the opportunity: do not be *too* ready with your offer. If hers is not forthcoming, there is time for it yet."

"But Pauline knows nothing of this aunt—has scarcely ever seen her!"

"Exactly. And if you take her away, she is not likely ever to see her! Let her now begin the acquaintance, let her have the chance of making herself agreeable. She is endowed with sense and prudence, I believe, and will understand, no doubt, how much depends upon it."

The sneer was lost, but the wisdom was not.

Even Lady Calverley was struck by it, and forbore to urge anything further in defence of her own suggestion.

Apparently disinterested, and with no reason for being interested, as Mrs Calverley seemed, she had a stronger motive for the use of her dissuasive powers than is even suspected by the reader. She had, in fact, "no idea of that boy Tom finding his way down to Gourloch as he used to do in past times!"

She had other plans for Elsie.

Her son's admiration for his cousin could not escape the mother's eye; and although, when it first became manifest to her, the revelation

was not altogether palatable, she was, upon mature consideration, not only reconciled to, but eager for the match. Elsie, beautiful, blooming, wealthy, well-born, and, above all, her own indubitable subject, was weighted against the solitary drawback of her being Hugh's cousin.

She herself had paid tribute—grudgingly enough, it is true, until the new idea had found its way—to the radiant young creature, who, when she and her mother joined them in their travels, had brought such life and vigour and brightness into their daily routine of dull perfunctory formulas. How could she wonder at her boy?

She had no right to be astonished; she was not unwilling; gradually it crept into her ardent, unflinching, determined desires, and became of these the chief.

On what might be her niece's feelings, she was, with all motherly partiality for Hugh, unable at first to reflect without anxiety; and confessing, in her inmost heart, that it was not amidst crowded halls and among gayer rivals that he was likely to shine, she blessed anew in her heathenish soul that fresh dispensation of Luck which was to throw them, for the space of several months to come, into close and continual contact.

Thus, during the winter passed by Pauline in B——shire, and by Tom in London, the two Calverley families were abroad in company, —meeting each other during the Christmas week at Rome, and afterwards passing on to Florence.

It was at this latter city, during a long illness of the young baronet's that the happy assurance came to his fond parent of his affection being returned.

Elsie was so assiduous in her ministrations, so content in the necessary abandonment of pleasures, so eager for the invalid's recovery,

that only one interpretation could be rendered. He had but to speak to be listened to.

She was, however, willing to delay, since it appeared that all would eventually fall in with her wishes.

Excitement in Hugh's present weak state of health was peremptorily to be avoided; and as it was certain that the marriage could not take place before the autumn, she was in no hurry about the engagement.

Elsie was already looked upon in the light of a daughter; and in being alive only to her virtues as such, Mrs Calverley went the surest way towards winning some return for herself.

Grave approbation from the severe aunt was flattery too delicate not to please.

Elsie was attentive, docile, and obedient; Hugh more than ever affectionate; Lady Calverley cheerfully content.

What could overcast this pleasant picture? Nothing, so far as mortal eye could see—nothing; and the exulting mother was radiant. She had not, you see, taken to heart a certain wholesome little proverb about not counting one's chickens.

She counted hers over constantly, including her niece as one of the brood.

A nicer pair of chicks, she thought, she had never seen! When she cried "Cluck, cluck, cluck," they came running; when she waved them away, they tripped merrily forth! Visions of a prolonged reign at Calverley, with these two dear little head subjects always at command, floated before her eyes. They should be so happy, so comfortable together; no business cares should worry her darling son, no domestic troubles oppress her sweet daughter!

Everything tiresome and disagree-

able would of course be referred to *her*; she would undertake to smoothe the path, ordain the laws, adjust the household.

A town house must be had, certainly.

They must go into society, in whose ways Elsie, fitted to adorn but not to lead, would infallibly need advice. Her mother, too simple, would have none to give. Both would look to *her*. To leave them, then, in the lurch, would be still more cruel than at Calverley.

She would, in fact, be indispensable wherever they went.

Accordingly no pains were spared to insure this satisfactory result.

She was ready for every proposal, and charmed with all she saw; she lauded the dear niece behind her back, patronised the mamma, fondled her boy, and brought the whole party to London soon after Easter in the best of humours with each other and all the world!

Masters were now engaged for Elsie—the future Lady Calverley must be duly accomplished; and as it would be well to brush off at the same time the rusticity of girlhood, a little decorous going into the world was also entered upon.

The party was divided, to avoid remark, but the hotel where Hugh and his mother were lodged was within a few doors of that in which Lady Calverley had rooms.

Cards were left, and invitations duly appeared.

It cannot be said that they poured in—the London world is too busy and preoccupied to trouble itself much about outsiders of fashion, unless they be very great people indeed; but a note or two came on most days, and there were “afternoons” to be remembered, the Park to be driven in, and shopping to be accomplished,—so that Lady Calverley, who had scarcely been anywhere since her early widowhood,

felt almost bewildered by the whirl she lived in!

“The days seem so short,” she said, “and the distances are so great! Whatever is arranged to be done, we never are able to complete it! It is really more than I *like*; and if it were not for your aunt Marion—but she thinks we ought, for your sake, Elsie; and I suppose,” with a sigh, “she knows best.”

Mrs Calverley pressed it the more, as she witnessed, with secret delight, the indifference of her niece.

A few balls, a dozen receptions, and as many state dinners, constituted the round of Elsie’s so-called pleasures. She was guarded to and from these by her watchful *chaperones*, and Hugh was in close attendance. The crowds were usually great; Hugh’s dancing was indifferent, and on his account they had always to come away early.

It cannot be said she was enamoured of gaiety thus taken.

She took to her music and drawing with renewed zest.

With these pursuits her cousin could sympathise, and in them he appeared to advantage.

He drew correctly, and played with taste. They studied art together, and hunted up picture-galleries in every part of London, to which the long-suffering mothers by turn accompanied them.

(Neither matron, after a time, could endure the name of a picture-gallery.)

Sir Hugh Calverley was in his way, however, a person of sufficient importance to receive more attention than fell to the lot of the ladies, whose day was past, and from whom no return could be expected.

He was called upon by several men of note, and invitations from their wives followed.

These, as a rule, he managed to evade, unless it was decided by his mother to be expedient for his dig-

nity that he should be seen at the entertainment. When this was the case, it would, in all probability, be at the house of some leader of the party to which the Calverley family belonged.

Mrs Calverley would then dictate a solemn acceptance; Hugh would go—and be miserable.

His only consolation was in Elsie's "I wish I had been there!" afterwards.

Once the heedless girl added, "Instead of you," and could not understand what ailed her cousin during the rest of the morning.

She *would* have enjoyed that lovely summer *fête*, with its beautiful flowers, gay dresses, lamp-lit trees, and merry music. Why not? Why should she not say so? It must have been delightful!

"And the dancing?" said Hugh. "You are fond of dancing."

"I should not have danced." (His heart leaped.) "On the turf," added the saucy maid, "it is too hard!"

"Hugh is quite a different creature, is he not?" would cry his fond parent; "quite a gay young man, I declare! His invitations—there were two fresh ones this morning—are really becoming so numerous, that he will have to set up a book! I, for one, am unwilling that he should go out so much" (he had been out four times in a fortnight); "but it is difficult to draw the line, and my son must do as other young men do. A young man does not like to be dictated to. Hugh will judge for himself; he will not brook any interference in these matters. That Reception at the Foreign Office to-night, he talks of giving up. It is really of no consequence, as his name will appear whether he is there or not! I say nothing, I leave it entirely to himself. On points like this, Hugh must always have his own way."

Even Lady Calverley smiled at the palpable attempt to give the poor lad consequence.

"Hugh is unwell to-day, and Marion is afraid for him," she said to herself.

"Why don't you go, you silly Hugh?" inquired his cousin. "Go, and tell us all about it afterwards. Will it be different from other receptions? Will all the very great people be there? I shall want a long, true, and very particular account. Nobody asks me to Foreign Offices!"

Hugh cared not a straw for the very great people; and for him, the evening would certainly be as blank as all other evenings were—when she was not by his side.

"If you were coming," he said, piteously, "I should go in a moment! It would make all the difference! And I am not to be with you this afternoon, either!"

"Can't you go anywhere by yourself?" cried the beauty, with sudden sharpness. "You don't suppose that we want to have you tacked to our apron-strings all day long, sir?"

But after this she had been so penitent, and so careful, and so kind, that the sting was drawn from the wound ere it had had time to fester.

She would not deliberately give Hugh pain—she was only frisky and volatile, like a young kid; and it gave her just a shade of annoyance that he should not be more independent, more manly.

Had she been the man, she laughed to think if she would have been content with the demure round prescribed by her aunt,—the calls, the drives, the tea-parties, and the concerts.

As it was, they wearied her—she panted for a freer air: but for him!

Well, he was a dear, good Hugh.

And had he not been as a young prince among them during those past months?

Had they not praised, and petted, and made much of him, contesting with each other in the extent of their homage—surrounding him, as it were, with a halo that was almost sacred?

He had been their first consi-

deration, his wellbeing their first thought.

Even here in London he was still *the* one, the person of importance, the man of the party. Everything was arranged with reference to his convenience, and the project that he could not join in was dismissed.

In plain terms, he was “cock of the walk” for the time being.

CHAPTER XXX.—DOVER STREET.

“Ah!—world unknown! How charming is thy view,
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new!
Ah!—world experienced! What of thee is told?
How few thy pleasures, and each pleasure old!”—CRABBE.

It is rather a curious fact that all these near relations of Tom La Sarte's had been in town for almost three weeks ere he received any intimation of their arrival.

They could scarcely, it will be opined, plead the ardent pursuit of pleasure and the multiplicity of their engagements in extenuation of a neglect which, when it is remembered on what terms he had been formerly with at least two of the party, will be seen to have been rather particular.

They were, it is true, carried easily on from one week to another, —each day brought its own occupations: but still, time was indubitably found for the rounds of state calls imposed by Mrs Calverley; for shopping, driving, and pastimes; for looking up any and every acquaintance who held out the slightest chance of being an acquisition, — and five minutes is not a very large proportion even of a London day to bestow on a nephew!

“Dear Tom, — We are here. When can you come and see us?” would not have taken Lady Calverley above two minutes to indite, and it would have brought him to her feet, rejoicing.

But she was too busy, — she could not name an hour,—it was so difficult to fix for people beforehand.

He must come on a Saturday,—on a Sunday,—on some day, at least, for which they had nothing else in view; and as that day was long in coming, the contingent was put off also.

At length the idea became invested with the disagreeableness of a duty neglected.

She protested she knew not what to say, was ashamed to write; Hugh must go down and call upon his cousin.

Hugh stammered an excuse.

He had already proposed this, and—and—and his mother did not wish it.

Elsie volunteered her services.

“Mamma, we really must. I will send Tom a note. He can't be angry with me, for he knows I never do remember anything or anybody. What shall I invite him to?”

“*Luncheon!*” cried her aunt Marion, with a happy stroke. “My dear Ella, excuse my answering Elsie's question. We are still so entirely one party, that I really forgot I was not in my own room! You will agree with me, however, I

know. Luncheon is such a *nice* time for a young man to drop in! He can *walk*, for one thing—and that, to Tom, must be a consideration; and then he would not, you know, be inclined to hang on afterwards,—you understand what I mean? The carriage will come round as usual, and Tom will take the hint. Poor fellow! This first meeting will be awkward enough for him, under his changed circumstances, and the kindest thing we can do will be to shorten it as much as possible. Shall we say to-morrow, to luncheon, dear?"

Certainly, since the fiat had gone forth; and with Elsie's excellently bald and simple statement that mamma hoped he would come at two o'clock, if he had no better engagement, fault could not be found.

She and Hugh had a German lesson on the next morning, and it was scarcely over before the appointed time.

"Tom cannot intend to come," said Elsie; "he has sent no answer."

"Ah! has he not?" replied Hugh, dreamily. "Look here, Elsie! this word is given with two distinct meanings in one page! That is rather hard upon us, eh? No wonder that we could not make head or tail of Elma's speech; the whole drift of it lies in that word. If you come here for a moment I can show you——"

He was lying on the sofa, and she came behind to look over his shoulder.

"See there," said Hugh, pointing with his pencil-case—"there, it means—it means—let me see—I had it just now. Oh! stop! I believe I have got hold of the wrong word after all!"

"Don't go on, Hugh; you look tired. I wish mamma would come in, and let us have something to eat."

The wish was to be gratified on

the instant: ere Elsie's sentence was concluded, the door opened, there was a rustle of silks, a woman's voice thrown backwards to some one behind, and in fluttered Lady Calverley, followed by her nephew.

She had picked him up at the door.

Elsie stepped forward, and Hugh rose from the sofa, whence immediately issued a cascade of books, papers, and pencils. He regarded them wearily, and Elsie stooped to pick them up; stooping was bad for Hugh.

He was not looking his best that morning; his hair was spread unbecomingly, and his necktie was too bright in tint to harmonise with his colourless cheek.

His languid air was in no less curious contrast to Tom's quick movements, than were his soft white fingers to the brawny hand which closed over them.

"Hugh, I'm awfully glad to see you!" cried his cousin; "I"—seizing the books from Elsie, and bestowing them again on the slipper sofa (whence they immediately slid down again)—"I had no idea you were here," he continued, with a hearty ring of welcome. "When did you come? And how is aunt Marion?"

"Very well, thanks; she is next door."

"She will be with us directly," added Lady Calverley. "She only ran up-stairs to give some directions, and was to follow me in a few minutes. I asked her to meet you, Tom. We do not always lunch together, although we usually dine. It is so convenient being so near."

"Yes, I suppose so. I had no idea *you* had come," continued Tom, still kindly regarding his cousin, and thinking in his heart, ("Well, I never saw such a poor, abject-looking scarecrow in my life!") "Are you all right again? You

had rather a bad time of it this winter, hadn't you?"

"Oh yes, I'm all right again, thanks."

"He had need be 'all right again,' to go through all he does!" interposed his aunt, gaily. "We cannot keep pace with him."

"Good gracious!" muttered Tom.

Seeing, however, that his inquiries were not reciprocated with any particular warmth, he turned from Hugh. He did not turn to Elsie. He scarcely appeared to notice her.

"Well, aunt Ella, so here you are, safe home again. When did you come?"

There was no possibility of evading the question further.

A woman of the world would have been ready with her, "My dear boy, how can I say? You don't expect me to remember, when I have been bored, and worried, and pulled to pieces in every direction since I came! The wonder is, that I have survived it all!" Then she would have slid off to other topics, and he would have learnt nothing, and might have concluded anything.

But this was high art to our simple country mouse.

She knew exactly to a day how long it was since their arrival; and accordingly, albeit with reluctance, and some feeling that he had no right to have driven her to such straits, she stated the time, "Three weeks."

On that day three weeks they had come.

Tom did not feel the blow as much as might have been expected.

He had been away, as it happened, at that time; he had been away for Easter, and, not calculating closely, imagined that he had stayed longer in the country than he really had.

He had been given three days,

and it seemed to him now quite an age.

Still, making all allowances, he felt the slight; and the longer he sat in the room, the more keenly it hurt him.

His aunt was running on, about trifles, and when he caught her up, was at the point of inquiring as to how he liked their present situation. Was it not convenient, accessible, central?

"Is it?" said Tom, rather bewildered. "I—yes, I suppose it is."

Had he been called upon at the moment to state what street he was in, he would have had to look out of the window! On his way thither he had scarce known where his feet carried him.

"Are you going to be long here, aunt Ella? I am so glad you are come! I was afraid you had given it up, as Pauline did not tell me anything. What an immense time it is since I have seen you!"

"Yes," replied the lady, relieved by his manner; "it really is. Three years nearly—or quite—which? I must not insult you by saying you are *grown*, Tom, but you certainly are changed. Elsie is altered too," she continued, imprudently. "Don't you think so?"

"No," said Tom.

Yet she could have vowed he had never looked at her. Hugh and Elsie were still engaged in putting away their things, and did not attempt to help in the entertainment of the guest.

"Really not?" replied Elsie's mother. "Well, we have seen and done a great deal since you were with us last. We have scarcely been at Gourloch since then, do you know? It has been under repair all this past year, while Elsie and I have been wandering about. You have been a traveller too. We shall expect some traveller's tales, remember. Ours are all written down:

Hugh keeps the journal ; we run to him whenever we have anything to say. Have you kept a journal, Tom ? ”

“ Journal ? No,” said Tom, staring a little. “ You know what a duffer at writing I am, aunt Ella. I never write a word except to Pauline, and she makes a list of all the bad spelling, and sends it back to me.”

“ My dear Tom,” his aunt laughed, “ that is the old joke, is it not ? That was in days gone by. I have no doubt you spell as other people do now.”

“ Perhaps,” he allowed, with some grimness. “ Other people don’t often give me a chance of seeing how they spell.”

Then he did turn his head, and look straight into Elsie’s face. Her three lines stood out distinctly before them both, and she knew that he was learning now the interpretation thereof.

“ Well, we are none of us literary folks,” smiled Lady Calverley, wheeling smoothly away from the subject. “ We can’t throw stones at each other, can we ? However, you will like to see our photograph-book, I am sure ? We have quite a collection from the different places, exactly in order as we visited them ; Hugh has arranged them, and put them in so nicely. Hugh, my dear, where is the book ? Tom would like to see it.”

The entrance of Tom’s other aunt, however, saved him the infliction.

Her reception was more frank, more cordial, than any he had yet met with.

She engrossed him completely, but nevertheless did not set him more at his ease. He did not feel, when luncheon was over, that he had made any way ; worse, he was staggering backwards. The precious moments were slipping past, and there was no word of future meet-

ings, no taking him into partnership, no “ You must go with us to-day, and then we shall see about our plans for to-morrow.”

He did not guess how fully he had expected this, until the prospect had vanished out of sight.

He could not help hoping to the end. He could scarcely believe but that *something* must be said. Gradually he became chilled, stupefied, dumb.

He could not make it out.

At first he had inwardly forged excuses. He had come on an unfortunate day ; they were preoccupied with other matters ; their heads were slightly turned by the first dizzy draught of London life, so intoxicating to novices. Then it slowly streamed in upon his reluctant perceptions that it was he himself, not the interruption of his presence, that was unwelcome !

He had come trembling with expectancy ; he went away trembling with wrath.

Why had he been asked at all ? Why did they not leave him alone altogether ?

Almost immediately luncheon was over, Mrs Calverley rose, saying, “ What time exactly must I be ready, dear ? You gave the order, I think, to-day ? Don’t let me disturb anybody, don’t let me break up this pleasant meeting of cousins—but I really must run, if I am to be ready at half-past three. That was the hour, was it not ? I will be punctual.”

She had made it clear ; Tom had another benevolent smile, and pressure of the hand, and she took herself off.

“ Do have some more strawberries,” cried Lady Calverley. “ Hugh—Tom—somebody. Tom, you were always the last to leave the strawberry-beds—come ! ”

She held them up invitingly, but he turned sick at the sight.

He had with difficulty swallowed those on his plate, and the allusion to the strawberry-beds at Gourloch was too much. He thought he could never go near them again.

How hot the room felt! How dully sounded the wheels on the pavement below!

None of them talked much, and yet the minutes flew. Lady Calverley looked at her watch, and Tom understood. He went, and did not soon come back again.

"What is the matter? Are you not ready? Are you not coming with us?"

Elsie was discovered by her mother bonnetless and unprepared when the carriage came round. She did not rouse herself; she answered with perfect readiness, "I don't care to go. I shall stay at home to-day and—practise."

"Are you behindhand? That is a pity. I suppose Tom's visit put you out? Well, don't tire yourself, dear child; we shall not be long away."

"Good-bye, mamma," dutifully.

She saw the carriage drive off, then she stamped up and down the room like a little fury!

"What a shame—what a shame it was! To treat him so! Tom, who used to be one of ourselves! He looked so glad to see us, and so nice, and so—and so—and—so. And to put him down in a big chair, and give him his luncheon, and send him away! He might have been a stranger whom none of us had ever seen before! Suppose he had been, Captain Maurice was far more intimate. I might speak to him, ugly wretch! but I could not say one word to Tom, with mamma and aunt Marion sitting by! I suppose they had some *stupid* idea—*stupid*—" with a clench of her little fist. "As if *that* was not over long ago; and as if—as if—it mattered a bit whether it were or not! Oh,

how ashamed they ought to be! Not a single kind look, and he looking so kindly at us! Mamma might have had *some* feeling, she who used to make so much of Tom! Poor Tom! Hugh is everything now! If Hugh had taken the trouble he might have changed everything to-day, but he was as bad as anybody; he sat without saying a word, and looked such a—goose! I never thought Hugh would have been so cruel to any one, especially to Tom; it seemed as if we were all against him—all." One by one, great angry tears rolled down, like drops in a thunderstorm. "I hate cruelty," burst forth the girl, "and I hate meanness—and I hate Hugh!"

But the carriage party came home radiant.

They had had a charming drive, and had found everybody out, excepting *the* one whom they desired to find at home! Lady Frederick Whitton had received them, and had done still more,—she had lent them her own ticket for the Horticultural Gardens—for the great rhododendron show, which was just being opened. Lady Frederick had found that at the last moment she would be unable to attend, and most fortunately they had been the first people who had made their appearance after her decision had been arrived at.

Charming, was it not? So opportune—the very thing that Elsie had most cared about; and although they had been actually in Queen's Gate at the time, they had driven back for her as fast as they could.

She must put on her bonnet immediately.

Ere she could say "Yes" or "No," ere she could fully understand what she was about, she was sitting in the carriage on her way to the Gardens.

Royal carriages were at the door, and a long line streamed behind.

Elsie was of that sympathetic temperament which loves to go where others go, see what others see, and enjoy what they enjoy. Her spirits unconsciously revived; she began to smile, to laugh, to look about her. The scene was gay and beautiful, disagreeable reminiscences were effaced, and Tom was forgotten.

Was it possible that Hugh had divined something amiss? He snatched a moment to whisper, "I am so stupid to-day, Elsie. My head aches. I'm sure Tom must have thought me sulky, or something—I was quite a bear to him."

Of course he was pitied and forgiven, and gradually, it may be hoped, the headache gave way.

At any rate he was no longer "stupid," he was more than ordinarily animated and attentive. He and Elsie flew from flower to flower, vying with each other in the discovery of the finest bloom. They strolled over the grass behind their guardians, they extolled the music and eulogised the company.

They were young—their nerve of admiration had not yet been extracted.

Presently, however, came a breath of discord.

They passed a beauty, an imperial-looking girl, of whom Hugh, simple fellow, cunning fellow—which?—was loud in his praises.

Elsie could "not see it," walked coldly past.

By-and-by, "There she is again!" cries Hugh.

"Who? What? Oh, *that* girl! Nonsense! There are hundreds here to-day who are far prettier!"

"I don't think there are."

"Don't you?"

She "does not understand what he means." Wonders what he is "dreaming of." He is "too absurd."

She is actually pouting.

In truth, this young woman could never bear to be second. She was a queen by natural intuition, and felt out of place on aught but a throne. She had subjugated Hugh, Tom, and such as those by the score; she had nearly stolen a march upon Ralph Blundell. He had escaped by flight, and she had put out of sight, as speedily as possible, the mortifying recollection.

Wherever she had since been seen, she had slain her thousands—in modern phraseology, she had met with considerable admiration; and possibly some portion of her indifference to London society may have lain in the secret, that there she was not—but it is unkind to attribute motives!

Whatever be at the root of it, it is one of the blessings of little Elsie's life that she has not been drawn into that great whirlpool—that she has not thrown her youth, and her beauty, and her innocence into its devouring jaws. She will grow up into a good, true, loving woman like her mother, and she will not be overburdened with—common-sense.

CHAPTER XXXI.—"LET US, IF YOU PLEASE, HAVE A CHANGE OF SUBJECT."

"What though you have beauty,
Must you therefore be proud and pitiless?"

—As You Like It.

A few days after this, our little tyrant boldly suggested to her slave that he should take some steps

towards undoing the past, for which he expressed contrition.

"Why don't you ask Tom to

walk with you," said she, "instead of Captain Maurice? You don't care for Captain Maurice; and as walking is good for you, you must have some one."

"Tom has no time," said he.

"Have you asked him?"

"No."

Tom, however, could not be altogether ignored; and little satisfaction as was to be obtained out of the brief and hasty visits which were all that were permitted him, he could not bring himself to decline them.

He longed to do so; he hated himself for accepting. Pride dictated the coldest and shortest of refusals, the plea of pre-engagements, absence, inability to leave his work, anything. That he did not, upon the slightest of foundations, fabricate one or other of these excuses, was in itself a token for good.

He actually hesitated on the score of truth; as he *could* go, he would.

Once he found Elsie alone in the room. They did not make much of the opportunity, supposing it to have been one. They confronted each other with lowering brows, and spoke in cautious and guarded phrases.

He hoped she was enjoying her season? Was she out every night? He had seen her name down at the Drawing-room.

She thanked him, and she was enjoying herself, immensely. Mamma had taken her to the Drawing-room, and Hugh had gone with them. Hugh looked *so* well in his deputy-lieutenant's uniform. Mamma had been in lavender, and she herself in white. Aunt Marion had not gone. She supposed Tom did not care for such dissipations.

Tom stood still and looked at her.

Then the others came in, Hugh with a bouquet for his cousin; and the two young men did not regard each other with the pleasure such

near relations are supposed to feel when they meet.

Elsie tossed her head, and turned her shoulder on them both.

"You hardly thanked poor Hugh at all for his pretty offering," remonstrated her mother, afterwards. "You are getting spoilt, child; every attention seems your right, and to be accepted without the slightest gratitude! That is not pretty behaviour, Elsie. Was it because Tom was there? Why should Tom mind? Tom has not money to throw away on costly flowers; and surely he would not be so ungenerous as to feel vexed because another has! Every one is not born to the same lot in life," observed Lady Calverley, profoundly.

"Indeed, no——"

"And you need not have made a fuss about them; a few kind acknowledgments were all that was required. Dear, thoughtful fellow! He is always trying to please some one or other—always. Yet you turned from him with such a cold look! I don't suppose you have the least idea of the pains he took——"

"Let him give them to you, if he likes. I don't want his flowers!" cried the ingrate. "What have I to do with Hugh, and what does it matter to him if I do look cold? It is no business of his how I look! Mamma, you and aunt Marion think of no one, and talk of no one, but Hugh from morning till night! I am tired of Hugh! Let us, if you please, have a change of subject."

When Elsie talked like this, her mother forbore reply. She would not vex the girl, and she made allowances for her; more, she was fain to attribute temper such as this to every cause but the right one.

Her daughter was unwell, was overdone, was unused to the rush and tumult of London life.

Fondly she would lay her hand on the pretty head, and ask if it ached? No, it didn't ache. (It only twitched under the caress.) Was she tired? Would she lie down on the little sofa? go to her room and take a rest? have some eau-de-Cologne?

The child almost stamped.

What did mamma mean? What should she rest for? Why should she lie down? What *should* she do with eau-de-Cologne? Nothing annoyed her more than these *petits soins*: she wished mamma would not begin with them; they were not like her; she—she—she had learnt them from Hugh!

And if she had, cried the poor lady, roused to her defence, what then? She had learnt many things from Hugh. Patience, for example, and that not before it was needed!

Then she tried another position.

She spoke in grave maternal tones: she called herself "Elsie's mother;" in that capacity it was her bounden duty to take the rebellious daughter to task. This daughter was growing every day more unreasonable and contradictory, unlike what she had ever been, and still less like what those who loved her would wish her to be. She was so unwilling to be pleased, to join in any little scheme. What was the meaning of it all?

As soon as the last words had passed her lips, Lady Calverley would have recalled them if she could.

She desired nothing less than to know the meaning. She shrank, of all things, from probing the depths of that troubled surface, being solicitous only to smooth it down by persuasion, or to lay it flat by authority.

But the question was beyond recall.

Elsie jumped up, bristling in battle array. The meaning of it?

The meaning of what? Of her not going to the cricket-match? Was that the "little scheme" she had not joined in? She hated cricket. Why should she go to what she hated?

To sit on a bench for four or five hours under a burning sun, seeing a few men run about and pick up balls, and hearing now and then a great clapping of hands, without in the least knowing what it was for, was a very poor entertainment, she thought! She could not imagine how it could be her duty to attend it!

"It might be your duty to think of others more than of yourself," replied the mother, severely. "To try to please some, who only try too much to please you."

"Hugh—Hugh—Hugh, I suppose! He is the 'some' who only tries too much to please me! And so he does, a vast deal too much! I wish he would let me alone! And to reward him, I am to sit and frizzle a whole afternoon, seeing what I don't care for, and hearing what I don't understand, besides having to smile, and say, whenever I am asked, It is delightful! Surely, mamma, you and aunt Marion can go and pretend to enjoy yourselves, for Hugh's sake, without my being dragged along behind his chariot-wheels too!"

Lady Calverley thought of the picture-galleries, and how often she had been dragged, half fainting with fatigue, round and round them, bound to those very wheels, whilst Elsie sat in the chariot.

She sighed, and that sigh brought the child to her arms.

"The best, the kindest mamma in all the world!" she sobbed. "Oh, don't you be angry with me, don't you be against me! I don't mind aunt Marion, or—any of them, if you will be on my side!"

But when pressed more closely, she had nothing to say; and the

astonished mother let the moment pass, neither understanding nor improving it.

She said not a word to Marion ; she only felt more and more tremulous as to what future lay before them all.

Mrs Calverley, however, was still complacent and serene. She was only a little more eager than she had been to bring matters to a close, now that Hugh's health was re-established, and that Elsie's music lessons were near their completion.

One day she threw out a feeler. Tom had been there, had stayed his wonted half-hour, and, as no one pressed his remaining, had taken his departure. Mrs Calverley turned to her sister-in-law as the door closed, Elsie alone being in the room with them—

"How odd it seems, dear," cried she, "to think what a complete difference it makes in the relationship whether it is on the father's or on the mother's side! That young man, when he talks of his aunt, Mrs Wyndham, seems quite to belong to her—to be, in fact, more like her son than her nephew! His father's sister is infinitely more to him than his mother's brother—than my poor dear husband and Sir Edward ever were."

The statement might have been true of her husband ; it had not been so of Sir Edward, to whom the orphan children had been much attached.

With a clear recollection of this, Lady Calverley, being unable to acquiesce, was wisely silent, and the judicious speaker pursued her advantage.

"Cousins," she said, addressing Elsie, "are never considered equally near when they are related through the maternal branch. Tom does not seem by any means so fully your cousin as Hugh—does he, my dear?"

"Oh dear, no!"

Her aunt smiled.

"Hugh," continued the elf, "seems so much more like a *brother*, you know."

It will seem that Elsie was very naughty. She liked these little encounters. She enjoyed the discomfiture of her elders. They revenged the injuries of some one absent, and were a salve to her own uneasy mood.

Hugh's unvarying gentleness afforded no outlet to her distempered spirits ; and to do her justice, with him she restrained, as far as she was able, all expression of them. She was not, he fancied, exactly what she had been, but he had no idea of what she could be behind his back! He never beheld her in her worst flights—never knew how petulant, how scornful, and how difficult to manage, this beautiful young creature had become. Nothing pleased her, everything seemed to chafe her. She would sit for hours without employment, then pettishly declare she had no time to waste! She would gibe at the very follies which had enchanted her a while ago!

Poor Hugh was often at his wits' end, and even his mother grew puzzled and suspicious.

A solemn council was held by the two parents, resulting in a change of plans.

They would not wait until Gourloch was ready—they would not remain in town—they would go to Calverley.

The timid proposition emanated from the lips of Lady Calverley : it had occurred to her that if once away in some quiet place, freed from intrusion, and out of reach of all disturbing influences, the old Florence days might be revived.

Where could this better be accomplished than at the old ancestral home, of which poor Hugh, whom Elsie had lately taken to hold in such slight estimation, was master

and lord? There she would behold him reinstated in his rightful position, there she would understand and learn to value the true worth of his fine—yes, certainly fine character.

She did not say, even to herself, “There, he will be without rivals;” or, “There, she will see to what a lot he can raise her.”

I suppose, guileless as this good creature was, such shafts of Apollon did lurk somewhere down in the hidden cells of her heart, but she knew not they were there.

“Hugh,” she reflected, “is so good, so conscientious a youth. It is difficult to meet with high principles in these days” (perhaps it always has been, but Lady Calverley was in the habit of ascribing misdemeanours to “these days”); “and although Hugh is not perhaps exactly the sort of person I should have imagined beforehand she would take to, still, as she evidently *has*” — she paused — “as she evidently *did* at one time—and we have no right to suppose there is a change—it would be a sad pity that any uncomfortable obstacles should stand in the way. She is admirably fitted for the position—country life suits her tastes; and she is not moving one way or other out of the sphere in which she was born, which I consider is the happiest lot that can fall to any girl.”

The idea, thus matured, was submitted to the master-mind; and, for a wonder, Marion was not only acquiescent, but grateful! To approve any project that had not originated with herself was a new thing with Mrs Calverley, but even at the first unfolding she did not frown or demur. She confined herself to simple astonishment that she should have overlooked—have left (inference) to a poor creature like Ella—so obviously excellent a scheme!

At a glance she took in the whole bearings of the case, and pronounced her autocratic decision.

In a week? Yes. She sat down then and there, and wrote off directions to her housekeeper, butler, and coachman, pressed dear Ella's hand in token of a fresh understanding, and announced the resolution to the young ones with an air of confidence in their approval.

She and Hugh would leave that day week, the aunt and cousin would follow before another week was over.

Hugh received the tidings with equanimity; Elsie likewise—unless the heightened colour in her cheek meant anything.

She did not make a remark aloud, but inwardly she exclaimed, “That is because Pauline is coming.” And herein, we have occasion to observe, she was mistaken.

Pauline's letter, which Lady Calverley had received that morning, had not, it is true, done anything to shake the resolution which had been formed ere its perusal, but that was all.

The letter had cost the young traveller some trouble. She had known it must be written, and had resolutely set herself down to the task; but it was hard work this forcing of her pen to dwell on what would probably be expected—on descriptions of mountain scenery, ruins, rivers, effects of sky and sun—when all her thoughts were centred in one leafy vale, and on one evening scene, of which no mention must ever cross her lips!

She, however, did her best, little imagining how entirely the effort might have been spared. The closely-written sheet, which was to indicate the disengaged and observing mind, was, we may safely aver, never thoroughly gone through. It found the reader as preoccupied as it left the writer.

How often is it thus! How strangely different is the scene into which the letter drops from that pictured by the reader!

We have been staying with friends; and after our departure, the broken threads are gathered up for us. Accounts are given of pleasures whereto we also had been bidden, and which we had been compelled to forego; odd bits of gossip about the people we had met are copiously related, in the delusive faith of an eager perusal; and already our thoughts are far away—other interests have pushed these into the background; the detail—ashamed as we may be to own it—is wearisome.

Or, comes the intelligence of a great event—a marriage—a triumph, everything promising and everybody perfect. We are to be amazed, charmed, jealous to distraction. And behold! our own love is so deep and hopeless, and our own secret is so madly absorbing, that the pean falls on our ears as the beating of a hollow drum; we gather no meaning in the sound, we only sigh for it to cease and trouble us no more!

Or, we have notice of an undreamed-of return from foreign climes. We are to be taken at unawares, we are to have the joyful shock of an overwhelming surprise. The letter has been delayed, comes late, it has scarcely been delivered ere the visitor is at the door. Ah! the door is shut, the blinds are drawn, and we sit within the darkened rooms weeping for our loss!

Lady Calverley knit her brows over her niece's intimation of their approach, the only portion of the epistle which really awakened notice; but even that did not discompose her materially. It was unfortunate, it was extremely provoking, that she could not, because of the brother's misdemeanours, greet the sister with that warmth which her arrival would, at any other time, have inspired.

If Tom—silly fellow—would but see the folly of continuing to attach

himself when there was no hope of a return; if he would only have sufficient generosity to withdraw from the field, and not annoy, when that was all he could do,—how joyfully would she have embraced Pauline!

Nay, she would have resumed that kiss on his own cheek, which had of late been somewhat intermittent, and had, indeed, threatened to fall into disuse altogether! Tom was, in fact, too much of a favourite with this aunt for her to be content with anything short of extremes in her manner towards him. She was unable to recede gracefully into the new position which she desired to take up; she must needs spring at it, and all at once—as if afraid of resolution failing—mark the “So far shalt thou come, and no farther,” which was henceforth to be his boundary-line.

Had she cared for him less, she could have drawn it with a more delicate touch.

She could not, indeed, dissemble; had never learned, would never learn, to do so.

But she might, under careful tuition, have practised in the graduation scale.

She might have been delighted to see him one day,—and have forgotten he had been asked, the next. She might have discussed his future visit,—and fixed its exact duration. She might have rejoiced to see the cousins chatting over old times,—and have presided over the conversation.

In short, she might have precluded the wolf from advancing one step into the fold without his being aware of the barrier placed in his way!

But none of this velvet-pawed management was possible to Lady Calverley. When she was annoyed, she showed it; when she was not taken agreeably by surprise, she did not pretend to be so.

It was not even, as we have seen, to her own experience that the profoundly sensible suggestion was due which made luncheon the supposed acme of our poor outcast's aspirations.

She took the hint, however; he was never bidden to anything but that cold-blooded meal. Dinners at a hotel were "so uncomfortable," and they were "so often out," that it was "of no use asking him."

Even that starveling of an apology emanated from Mrs Calverley. Her sister-in-law merely smiled, looked nervous, and scarcely concealed her impatience for his exit.

She overdid her part altogether. But for a timely reminder now and then, and but for one other cause—which we are about to name—she might have stumbled into the very explanation she most wished to avoid!

That cause lay in the slender thread of hope, to which poor Tom—with all his faults, faithful to his early and only love—still clung.

It might have been the very presumption of ignorance; but it is so, that, desperate and trembling, he still refused to believe in the certainty of Elsie's indifference. He could not feel, with her mother, that his power was only to annoy. Every word, every action, was weighed by him in after-communings with himself. Bitter hours, but salutary. He grew into manhood during those dreary summer days; and with manhood came the dawns of self-command, calmness, truth. It was not Elsie alone who whispered to herself, "How Tom is changed! How he is improved!" It was the observation of all who had known him in days of yore.

CHAPTER XXXII.—"I ONLY COME IN FOR HER FROWNS!"

"Adversity is like the period of the former and of the latter rains,—cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from thence come the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose, and the pomegranate."—*The Talisman*.

Mrs Wyndham invited her nephew to be her guest during the whole of her stay in town.

She was too truly polite and kind-hearted a woman not to insist that the advantages of such an arrangement were entirely on her side. She would have a host to sit at the foot of her table, an escort to call her carriage when she went out, and a cheerful companion for home evenings.

It was so good of dear Tom to give them his company! He should breakfast whenever he liked—she would not promise to be down; but whatever was necessary to his convenience should be strictly attended to. They must not expect him to be punctual to meals—busy men were often detained; but they

would do their best to make him comfortable.

Mr Wyndham having been a City man at the time of her marriage, she was quite *au fait* regarding many things that were problems to Pauline.

"He will not be with us in the daytime, my love," she said. "That, we cannot expect. He will return about six—a very good time; we can occasionally pick him up, and drive him home through the Park. He will have his Saturday afternoons; we must always make them pleasant. If there is a 'Mail-day' in his house, he will be kept till late. My dear Joseph was always late on 'Mail-day.' It was inconvenient, sometimes. I had to cal-

culate, you know, when arranging our engagements. People dine later now. We shall consult Tom when the invitations come; he will be a help and comfort to us in every way."

Pauline's kiss of gratitude brought the tears to the good lady's eyes.

Tom was waiting on the platform as the train drew up, and ere it stopped his hand was on their carriage window.

His anticipations were not damped this time; his aunt was delighted with the attention—which she had repeatedly warned Pauline not to expect, busy men being especially tied down at that hour, she believed; and Pauline herself was only too ready to reciprocate his affectionate embrace. He had never kissed her in a railway station before; now, it seemed, he had forgotten everything but the pleasure of meeting; and she was charmed that he should so forget.

Her bag was taken from her hand, and he followed her to her room as soon as the bustle of arrival had subsided.

"You look washed out, Polly; what have you been about? Is she not good to you? How do you get on? I thought you had been having rather a high time of it lately; I would have given anything to have been with you. It's—it's rather slow here."

She wished indeed that he had been with them, it had been so pleasant; the scenery was really beautiful, and her aunt had been all that was kind.

Nevertheless there did not appear to be much more to be said about it.

Had he got her letter? She was afraid it was a stupid one, but he deserved that; what had he to say for himself? He had never written a line! She did not think she had had one word for three weeks!

What had he been doing? Whom had he been seeing?

Nobody. At least Elsie and his aunt were in town; he had been seeing them—a little.

Not very much. They were going out a good deal, he thought. *He* hardly went anywhere. He knew very few people. He was awfully glad she had come.

Pauline began to comprehend. She would not put the questions she most longed to ask, confident that he would soon unconsciously answer them. Not yet, though.

"And I am to be with you the whole time?" by-and-by began he, more cheerfully. "That's jolly! It really is awfully good of aunt Camilla; I'll be as nice to her as possible. You don't know what it is to be all alone in a place, without a soul who knows anything about you—nobody caring a hang where you go or what you do——" He broke off suddenly.

"Is there *nobody*?" said his sister, struck by his tone. "I thought you spoke of some Mr Chadleigh; was not that his name? Don't you care for him?"

"Oh, well enough. We go about together, and all that. But he has got lots of other friends, and of course he goes off with them; and I have nobody. They are such a set in our house! Worse than in any of the others, I think. They talk about the 'West End,' and the 'swells of the West End,' as if," said Tom, with a sort of vexed laugh, "there were any other place! You know what I mean. We never used to think about *them* at all; it was like another world that we could not get at if we tried! But *they* are always on the look-out to bring in anything they can about the places here. And they go and hire horses—such brutes!—and ride in the Park on Saturdays. And they talk to me about my 'grand rela-

tions,' and that sort of thing. I know," said poor Tom, with a bitter face, "I am a fool to care; but I can't help it. One of them said to me to-day, 'You will hardly speak to us when you come down in the mornings now, you will be such a fine gentleman!'"

"Poor Tom! But you are going abroad soon. You will be happier then."

"Uncle Julius says I can't go for two years," said he, examining with curious eye some ornaments on the mantelpiece. She thought his hand went up to his face as he spoke.

("Two years! How will he bear it?") Pauline sighed sorrowfully.

"I say," continued Tom, "don't say anything to uncle Julius, mind. He has done all he can for me. And of course I must do as other fellows do. He asked me how I managed on my allowance last time I saw him, and I said, 'All right;' but it hardly keeps me in luncheons, and we have nothing but tea when we get home. That does not matter so much, for they never cook decently in lodgings. The worst of it is, that I generally run short a week before the quarter is out."

"And what do you do?" inquired his sister, anxiously.

"Oh, they give me luncheon at the place. They know I'll pay when it comes in. They are awfully nice people, and they know me quite well now. They always let me have anything I want, but of course I have to look out not to let it run up too much."

"Tom, why did you not tell me?"

"Oh, what is the use? You have enough to do to take care of yourself. I can get along well enough."

"I have not much money," said Pauline; "but I have had no need as yet to spend any. And aunt Cam-

illa told me to-day that she meant to make me a much larger allowance for dress. I knew how vexed she would be if I went about with her in London looking shabby—and it does take a great deal to be really well dressed—so I thought I had better accept it. Here, dear; I have really needed no winter clothes, and you must never run short again. Promise that you won't."

"Oh, rubbish!" said Tom. "I'm not going to take your money, so you need not think it! It's humbug your not needing clothes. You must do as other people do, and if you try anything else, it will be my duty to prevent it."

He was more like himself—like the old, jocular, merry-hearted Tom; but a better nature had been called forth, and was now being shown.

"You *must* take it," said Pauline. "I am to get all my new things to-morrow, and aunt Camilla will insist upon the bills going in to her. I am not even to see them. Could I wear them, knowing that you——here, take it!"

"There is such a lot," said Tom, looking into the purse. "The half of that will pay my landlady. Poor soul! She is not a bad sort. But she does dun so."

"You really owe it, then?"

"Well, yes. But you see, coming to live here, I knew I could save enough. Because uncle Julius said he wouldn't stop the supplies, and that it would set me up a little, when—when I go back again. So I took the money that I had, for the luncheon people, and told Miss Perrot I would send hers. She was quite satisfied."

"I say," continued Tom, after a pause, "you needn't say anything to the Calverleys about me. There is no need for them to know the sort of thing it is. They think I'm as jolly as possible."

"Do they never ask you?"

"Oh yes, sometimes. But aunt

Ella is not bright, you know. Elsie doesn't say much."

"And what is Elsie about? Very gay?"

"Oh, of course. I don't know that they are, though; only they always seem to be going off somewhere just when I come. Look here," eagerly—"don't say a word to any one, but I believe they are trying to make up a match between Elsie and Hugh! I am sure that is what they are after—aunt Ella and aunt Marion between them. They each think it would do. Aunt Marion would like to get the Gourloch estates back again, and aunt Ella would like Elsie to be another Lady Calverley. *That's* why, whenever I go, they are always going out! I don't believe in it, you know! It is generally to concerts, or things of that sort, where they could ask me to go with them if they liked; but they don't, and I never offer. It is just done to get rid of me! So, now, I have almost left off going."

"And does Elsie want to get rid of you too?"

"I thought she didn't, once or twice. She told me one day that it was a pity I never had a moment to stay when I came! Of course I hadn't, when they were going out! I had asked for an hour or two off, on purpose to be free for the rest of the day, and could have stayed the whole afternoon and evening, for that matter; but when aunt Ella said they should be late, and the carriage was at the door, was I likely to stay? They took me as far as the Marble Arch, and put me down there, and I had nothing on earth to do but go and walk in the Park! Aunt Ella did not seem to like me even to speak to Elsie!"

"Aunt Ella shall answer to me for this," said Pauline, cheerfully. "But, Tom, don't be too much cast down. These precautions are so

many danger-signals. Don't you see, you stupid Tom, that a double watch is set over a fortress when there is a traitor within? Be patient a little longer, dear. I know that you are brave."

"Do you think," said Tom, slowly, "that there is any hope?"

"I think there is some *fear*," replied his sister. "Great fear on the part of the two mothers. What has Hugh to say to the arrangement?"

"Oh, he is mad after her. He is awfully delicate, you know, and almost everything knocks him up. But he is always driving about with them; and if there is anything the least out of the way proposed, aunt Ella is sure to say, 'It would be too much for Hugh.' Just as if he was one of themselves!"

"And how does Elsie treat him?"

"She is as good to him as she can be. They are reading German together, translating some fool of a book. She writes at it, for dear life, whenever I am there! She hardly gives me a look. There was only one day——" said he, hesitating.

"Well?" said Pauline—"well?"

"She came outside the door—I had left my gloves, or something, and she came out with them. She looked in a perfect rage! Before I could say a word, she broke out that she wished I would leave off coming at all, for it was always the same thing over again. That nobody wished me to come if I didn't like it. They were quite happy without me. For her part, she would not care if she never saw my face again! Sounds encouraging, doesn't it? But, you see, I couldn't help thinking that she *did* care. What was it all about, unless she did? I think she was almost crying! If I had only had another minute I should have found out everything, but at first I could not say a word. I only stared at her. Then the door opened, and she

rushed away. Next time I saw her, she would hardly look at me."

"We can go there to-morrow, Tom."

"I thought you would, but I can't get away till six. What time does aunt Camilla dine? Eight? That's jolly. That will give me plenty of time, always. But I think I had better not go with you to-morrow. I don't want to force myself upon them, and I know the old ones hate my coming. It used to be all so different; I expected that when they came it was to be just like old times! I had been thinking about it——" his lip trembled.

"You are getting dangerous now, don't you see?" said Pauline, pleasantly. "When Tom was only a boy, and Elsie laughed at him, Tom might do anything he chose; but now Tom is a man, and Elsie perhaps does not laugh at him—don't you see?"

How firmly wise and shrewd could the sister be, when she spoke for another! What comfort there was in her simple word and smile!

"She does not *laugh* at him, certainly," said Tom, with a sigh, but a sensation of relief, "she keeps her laughter for other people; I only come in for her frowns!"

"Now, Tom, take my advice. You know that it is generally good, is it not?"

"I suppose so," said Tom.

"Will you take it?"

"I'll take it."

Pauline put on a serious face, and raised her finger. "Make Elsie tell you what she meant that day. Say to her how disappointed you have been, and how you have felt all this. And show her that it was not *you*, but *they* who cut your visits short, and——"

"And when am I to say all this? I am never given a chance."

"Listen. You shall have your chance, poor boy; I will give you

your chance! Aunt Ella shall go off with me—you will see that I can manage that—and then you must speak for yourself. And, Tom, I think I should tell her about Hugh, too."

"Should you? But what am I to say?"

"Say—say—say that you are jealous! Say anything you please; his name will be enough, I imagine. Show her that you see plainly what he wants, and find out if he is to have it? Of course—stop—I don't know whether that would be strictly fair; you must think over that part for yourself, Tom."

"But have I a right to say all this?" said Tom, faltering. "It's easy to talk. You know what I want, and I haven't a penny!"

"I think you have a right," rejoined his sister, firmly. "You have cared for her ever since you were a mere boy, and you had plenty then. At present, it is true, you have nothing of your own, but you have very good prospects. Uncle Julius told me so; he said you had an excellent opening, if you would only persevere and not be discouraged by trifles. If Elsie cares for you, Tom, you are doing her a wrong in holding back. She has enough for both—at present. And if we are mistaken,—at least, in speaking out, you do *her* no harm."

"You know how I have cared for her," said Tom.

"Yes, Tom. Dear Tom, dear boy, I do know! And I hope—oh, I do hope!—that you are going to be happy at last. I believe it too."

"And what about yourself, Pauline?" turning round upon her with a smile. "I had forgotten all that, I declare. I thought, by this time, I should have been introduced to a Mr Pauline."

"I!" She started, with something like a cry—"I, Tom!"

TRAMPS AND PEDESTRIANS.

VAGABONDAGE is a term of opprobrium and contempt, and yet there is a meaning in the word that has a charm for respectable people. Kinglake has expressed the thing admirably in 'Eothen'; there come times to most of us who are worth anything at all, when the restraints of society chafe us beyond endurance. Our nature has passionate longings to refresh itself by a relapse into the habits of our primitive progenitors. We cannot precisely cast away our clothes, and a loose covering of skins for summer wear would fret our over-sensitive epidermis; the acorns of the golden age would vex our artificial digestions, and we should pull exceedingly wry faces over draughts from the limpid stream. But a little playing at that free-and-easy existence, modified by some appliances of luxuries in the rough, is a very actual joy for the time, that leaves delightful though disturbing reminiscences behind it. Many a care-harassed spirit will keep longing for the wings of the dove; but failing these, a stout pair of legs, a sound stomach, and an easy-going temper, are found to be very tolerable substitutes. Rapid motion and swift change of scene are always exhilarating in any shape. Johnson, whose powerful but ungainly frame was scarcely cut out for steady toe-and-heel work, remarked complacently while being hurried along in a post-chaise, that life had few better things to offer. Scott, when condemned by breaking health to jog along Tweedside on "a canny-trotting pony," reverted with melancholy mingled with pleasure to "the grand gallops he had had among these braes" when thinking of his 'Marmion.' And many a man has subscribed since then to the dicta

of the Fleet Street philosopher and the Great Magician of the North. The revival of coaching days in the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs, is a tribute to the pleasures of the box-seat behind the fiery-footed team, that was being sprung by some workman over the level; and what can be more exhilarating for the moment than the brush after the hounds, when the scent is being carried breast-high, and the melodious pack may be covered with a blanket! But on the road and in the hunting field alike came the inevitable seasons of reaction and depression,—cramped legs and tingling fingers, checks and catastrophes where excitement comes to a sudden collapse, dismal rides homeward in the damp and the darkness, when the fires of the day have died down and are smouldering in the dulness of their ashes. Perhaps it is only on his own sturdy legs, with each muscle and fibre in springy motion, that man feels master of his animal spirits, and can assert his absolute independence of will. There is nothing like walking for getting rid of the blue-devils, or to brace you for a wrestle with more formidable fiends, to whom these blue-devils are mere *diaboli minores*. But it is no idea of such earnest grapple as that last which prompts our pen at this present writing. We speak of pedestrians in the prime of their powers, who, as yet, should have had no more than the share of worry that may be mercifully sent as a blessing in disguise, to put them in training against veritable calamities—of the exercise that comes as near unadulterated happiness as any you are likely to find on earth.

Most people who may chance to read this article have had their

fates shaped out for them more or less. Either they have been born to the happy independence which has its responsibilities as well as its pleasures, and have been educated more or less successfully to the decent discharge of their duties; or they have been brought up to the enjoyment of certain luxuries which can only be assured them by the practice of a profession. In either case they have been broken into some sort of harness, although occasionally they may kick over the traces. Had it happened to them to have been born in humble circumstances—had their wants been more simple, and their ambitions limited to the day—they might never have betaken themselves to regular employment, but have blossomed into full-blown tramps. We do not say that the professional tramp is a creditable member of society; but we must own to a certain sympathy with him, not altogether untempered by envy. His, of course, should be a peculiar constitution and temperament. Physically, he ought to be able to support with complacency occasional extremes of cold and hunger; mentally, he should have the faculty of throwing off worries as a Newfoundland dog shakes himself dry after a header into broken water; he should be gifted with a blessed variety of thought, and a lively appreciation of the passing moment; and given all that, since he does not trouble himself to forecast the horoscope which might probably throw gloomy shadows upon his path, we can understand how the indulgence of his vagabond propensities should turn him into a practical philosopher.

Then the genuine tramp is an essentially English type, as England is the country of pedestrianism *par excellence*. It is true that you have guilds of wanderers abroad like the German *handburschen* or the Savoyard organ-grinders, or the peddling

populations of certain Alpine valleys, who leave their women at home to look after the dairies and the hay crops. But those various races are hard-working fellows in their way, who get a living by the sweat of their brow, look very closely to the main chance, and have papers duly *en règle*, which will pass them with the constituted authorities. If they could not stand a satisfactory cross-examination at the mouth of each arbitrary member of the *gendarmérie*, they would find themselves very summarily dealt with. Besides, neither the climate nor the characteristics of society abroad are very generally favourable to vagabondage. Imagine, for example, tramping day after day along the towing-paths of the intricate network of Dutch canals, through a country of meadows or dreary sand-flats, where any bit of timber more pretentious than a willow is as rare as a date-palm in the deserts of Arabia. Or along the long, grey, powdery *chaussées* of *la belle France*, where the sunshine comes down with unmitigated glare between the interminable rows of formal poplars; where the gleam from each white-washed cottage gives you the eye-ache; and where perpetual refreshment at the white-shuttered wine-shops is an absolute necessity of travel. We need say nothing of the plains of tawny Spain, where the villages are dotted dozens of miles apart; plains which are divided by sierras and forests given over to the wolves or the bandits. Lawless liars-in-wait, and that glaring intensity of heat, make great part of Southern Europe untrampable. It might be supposed that, according to the classical proverb, the penniless traveller could sing before the robber. But those modern heroes of the road have their moods of capricious ill-humour, in which it is safe for nobody to ap-

proach them ; and they have a morbid apprehension of spies, which is but natural, considering the hazards attendant on their calling. It is the heat, however, that most effectually suppresses habitual vagabondage in those sunny climes. The Southern ne'er-do-weel places the *summum bonum* of life in absolute indolence, not in motion, like the *lazzaroni* of Naples, who will bask on the burning stones, munching their slices of water-melon in the intervals of their heavy slumbers. While in Switzerland, and to the north of the Alps, the severity of the interminable winter must exercise a deterring influence, even if mendicity were not so sternly put down.

In England, also, the winter comes hard upon the professional tramp. But it is not his habit to take thought for the morrow, and moreover, experience tells him that he can somehow tide through the cold. So far as he is concerned, our much-abused weather has a worse name than it deserves. Wet he has got well accustomed to ; and severe snowstorms and prolonged frosts are become the exceptions rather than the rule. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, he can fall back on quarters provided by the counties. Should he be a shrewd fellow, he learns that spells of enforced work send him back with renewed zest to his irregularities ; and he may agree with that sage member of the class whom we remember to have gathered with in the pages of Dickens, that hours and the diet "which is regular, mind you, freshens a cove up a bit and does him good." Then in the spring, summer, and autumn,—that is to say, for nearly nine months in the year—from March to November,—he is in his glory. To do him justice, he is no mollicoddle. If he shrivels

himself up and puts on a piteous face in a bitter wind in March or a drenching day in November, it is only to move your compassion, and invite you to the exercise of melting charity. Should you chance to catch a sight of him, while you are invisible to his quick restless eyes, you may see him stumping along with loose coat flying back *à la* Mark Tapley, occasionally stopping short in the middle of a stentorian whistle to blow on the blue hands he draws out of his ragged breeches pockets. It may be as good as a scene in a farce should he become aware of you in the midst of the hilarity you have intruded upon. Ten to one he loses his presence of mind, and forgetting that he is proclaiming himself a shameless impostor, makes up at a moment's notice for a figure of abject misery. It is but occasionally that, taken so unfairly by surprise, he may show the highest qualities of his calling, and, recognising instantaneously that disguise is absurd, may carry himself past you with surly defiance.

When the weather is really tolerably fine, that jovial bearing of his is anything but forced. The world is all before him where to choose, and he is in no hurry about making his way through it. He has only to avoid those inhospitable localities he has marked with a black spot on the map which he carries in his mind, where mendicity associations have introduced the ungenerous practice of scattering tickets to be bestowed in shape of alms. Nowhere, indeed, in our wealthy and charitable country, need he have any apprehension of being pinched by hunger. Bread may be had almost anywhere for the asking, and he turns up his nose at hunches from the loaf, and even looks askance at fragments of cold meat. He stows away about his person everything that

can be bartered for beer, and chucks contemptuously into the nearest hedgerow the superfluity of those broken victuals that he has crammed into his pockets on principle. The tramp, in fact, lives exceedingly well; and if you consider his upbringing, and the circumstances of his existence, many a rich gourmand might envy him. Slumbers *al fresco*, early hours, and gentle exercise not overdone, are perpetually putting an edge on his appetite. As a boy, and before he could fend for himself, he was in the receipt of many more kicks than halfpence, and was kept on something shorter than half-commons. Had he married and become the father of a growing family like honest Hodge, whom he eyes superciliously as Hodge digs in the ditch or hacks at the hedgerows with his bill-hook, he would have had a load of household cares on his shoulders by this time, and been thankful for a bit of bacon once in the week. As it is, all through the pleasant season his wandering-life is a perpetual picnic. It is probable that he is no great amateur of sylvan beauties, preferring the bench before the ale-house door, where he can listen to the echo of the laughter from the bar and the trolling of the skittle-balls in the alley, to the murmur of half-hidden brooks and the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons. Yet even in taking his ease at his inn he seems to be guided by some rude instinct of the picturesque; at all events, he has the good taste to look for shade, and that cool freshness of the green which weighs gently on the sinking eyelids. Sun-tanned and weather-beaten, ragged and dust-stained, with his open shirt-bosom and his hobnailed bluchers, he might sit out the central figure in some village group by a modern English imitator of the Dutch masters. There is the sign-

board swinging in rusty chains from the great gnarled bough of the old chestnut over the way; and underneath it the long water-trough, where the horses cast loose from the brewer's dray are "distending their leathern sides with water." Overpowered by heat and grateful weariness rather than by strong drink—though if he is temperate it is on constraint rather than on principle—his heavy head is nodding on his hirsute chest, and his clasp-knife, which has been making play among the bread and beef, has slipped from his relaxing grasp to fall rattling on the gravel at his feet. Though it pleases him to bolt his food like the cur to which he carelessly tosses some of the fragments, he has made a far more savoury and satisfactory repast than the worthy members of the bellows-menders' company, who are to banquet that evening in their hall in the city; or than the epicures of the fashionable clubs in St James's, who have been sated in a course of dinners during the season. The dinner disposed of betimes, he is sharp set again for supper—*yaup*, as the Scotch most expressively call it; and supper duly digested by sundry pipes, he is very ready to turn in. He has literally the key of the fields, yet he is decidedly fastidious about his accommodation. Should the night be wet, he burrows away snugly in the dry litter of some convenient barn; and should it be bright and balmy, he spreads his healthy couch on the shady side of a scented haystack. In either case he is called at the dawn by the crowing of the cocks in the neighbouring poultry-yard, and performs his ablutions at the spring hard by, should it be his habit to care for such refinement of the toilet.

It must be owned that unfortunately, in nineteen cases out of twenty, our friend's morals and

manners leave much to be desired. He may be rough of speech, and have his mouth full of oaths and ejaculations that are by no means strange. He may be in the way of looking for linen on every hedge, and the cheery note of the early village cock may only suggest to him a prowling round the hen-roost before the inmates of the farm are out and about. He may have made the official acquaintance of the magistrates of many counties, and may be as much at home in various provincial jails as in the casual wards of the district unions. But it by no means follows that the vagrant need be a scoundrel, although he almost necessarily has a dash of the scamp in him. He may be a cheery, hearty, harum-scarum, goodish fellow, willing to take a turn at an odd job, ready enough to play the good Samaritan in a small way; and the worst the world should fairly say of him is, that he is nobody's enemy so much as his own. Then he is likely enough to make friends, more especially among the fairer and feebler sex, and to glide into irregular circuits, which he goes with more or less regularity. He turns up in particular parishes in spring like the cuckoo, or comes in in the summer time with the honeysuckle and dog-roses; or drops down upon them in the autumn with the flights of woodcocks. He does a bit of hay-making or harvesting here—there he patches a kettle that has been carefully set aside for his arrival; nay, though he is not exempt from the suspicion of setting an occasional snare—although he grubs up ferns in the hedges, or has been pulled up for trespass with the twigs and the bird-lime—he has sometimes been enlisted by the keepers when they are beating up recruits for a *battue*. In fact, in his own humble sphere he is a fairly successful man of the

world; and if he have the resolution *se ranger* when he has sown his wild oats, he may look back in later life on a golden prime which has not been altogether misspent.

We would be inclined to define the tramp proper as a penniless bachelor with a light pair of breeches, who burdens himself at the outside with no more luggage than can be tied up in the corners of a ragged coloured pocket-handkerchief. But after all, the genus is wide enough to comprise the gipsy, or pseudo-gipsy, who is invested with some halo of romance. It is true that the gipsy who has a wife, or a plurality of wives, transports his family and belongings on wheels. But for himself, as it is his habit to go on foot, plodding along in advance of his caravan and flourishing his cudgel of knotted oak, he tramps it, to all intents and purposes. He is by no means particular as to how he lays in his supplies; he makes no hypocritical profession of keeping his hands from picking and stealing. On the contrary, he takes an honest pride in the dexterity with which he “conveys.” All the members of his miscellaneous household, from the failing grand-dame to the toddling brat, keep their eyes on the country they are travelling, with a view to foraging for the family kettle. It is only in the last resort that he extends his patronage to the village ale-house, where his room is regarded as more welcome than his company. He picks out his camping-place in the most picturesque situations, where there is wood and water, grass and shade. Or he pulls up in some sequestered dingle, in a dip of the common not far from the road, where he might lie *perdu* to the sight of the passengers, were he not betrayed by the swirl of the smoke from his fire. He is as familiar

with the face of the country as a sergeant of engineers on the Ordnance Survey; and you may see him heading for the well-known resting-place with deliberate purpose. As you are taking your stroll abroad towards eventide, you hear the sharp report of a whip, and the heavy rattle of wheels. Then you may distinguish the weather-stained tilt of the leading van emerging from among the foliage in the winding lane. In due course the leisurely procession passes you. Matrons, saving their legs, seated upon piles of dilapidated household stuff; babies fast asleep, curled up in bundles of weather-stained rags; spare, sun-dried men, and lithe hobbledehoy lads, lolloping along by the waggon-wheels in the wake of their sturdy leader; boys of the tinge of half-ripened blackberries, staring out with glittering black eyes through the thatch of their tangled elf-locks; buxom girls of Egyptian type, in scanty draperies of variegated colours.

Should you follow them in deed or in fancy to their halting-place, you can hardly help envying the freedom of their bivouac. Every one knows his work, and does it; and all is made ready with swift dexterity. The vans are drawn aside out of the wind; the ragged-shouldered, pot-bellied horses are loosed, and hobbled, and turned out to graze; the low tents are stretched over the poles and hoops; the fires are kindled where there is a natural draught, and the kettles are swung from their hooks over the heaps of crackling sticks. Even in wind and wet, the hardy nomades make out wonderfully well, and the venturesome traveller in savage parts might take many a lesson from their camp arrangements; but in a summer evening, when the sloping sunbeams fall dancing through the branches

on the grass, and each gentle breath of air comes scented with fragrant perfume, their felicity would appear to be perfect. No need to pry too closely into sanitary details, and possibly it is just as well that you do not understand their speech. To tell the truth, the boisterousness of their spirits is somewhat out of tone with the peaceful charm of their surroundings. But looking on from some little distance at the scene, where good digestion is waiting on hearty appetite, you may easily look longingly at their sylvan independence. They know nothing whatever of the refinements they dispense with. Cracked earthenware and clasp-knives and horn-spoons are made to do duty for plate and crystal. But then they have none of that dreary waiting in drawing-rooms while tardy arrivals come dropping in; no getting up in white-chokered stiffness of demeanour and tight-fitting suits of sombre black, to settle themselves in a sweltering summer atmosphere in a billowy surge of skirts whose appearance of coolness is delusive; no having to discharge the duties of small-talk by an unconscionable neighbour, or ringing the laborious changes on the jangling themes of fashion, "high life and high-lived company, pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical-glasses." They know nothing of the hardship that presses so painfully on well-to-do society, of sitting down in the daily course of heavy living, after late luncheon and afternoon tea, to the same irrepressible *entrées* and joints that haunt one in a train of familiar nightmares. In unreasonable and jaundiced revolt against social rites and ceremonial observances—for your liver is touched, and your nerves are unstrung—you contrast the Boccaccio-like licence of the tinker's banquet, within those

flowing tapestries of rustling leaves, on those verdant carpets of grass and wild thyme, and under the blue canopies of heaven, with even the bachelor freedom of the club dining-hall that looks out on the shadier pavement of Pall Mall,—to say nothing of the smothering City chop-house, with its unctuous vapours of cuts from the joint. Feather-beds and bed-curtains have their charms, no doubt, in a climate so chilly as our own; but when you have passed the vigorous freshness of maturity, you begin to find out that they are unfavourable to flirtations with sleep after the long crush of the crowded drawing-room—even after a bout of whist and sherry in soda in the more ample space of the club smoking-room. And you dream that sleep would come stealing to your arms unbidden, could you but throw yourself down under those strips of dirty canvas, to be lulled by the hooting of the owls and the subdued rattle of the night-jars.

Well, it has not been our fate to be born gipsies; and, like the poet, the gipsy or the tramp *nascitur, non fit*. But if vagabondage can never be our pursuit, we may still fall back upon it as a distraction. Even a single good pedestrian stretch, when nothing better is to be done, may act like enchantment on jaded spirits. What we suppose you to be seeking is temporary relief from the wearing strain of work or society; and then, if you are out of condition—and that, as we presume, may be taken for granted—the mere effort of keeping up conversation with a companion is likely to make the difference between refreshment and the reverse. We would not insult you by the suggestion that you cannot find entertainment in your own thoughts, although there are people who seem to shrink from their personal company, as if they

had a horror of having too much of a most undesirable acquaintance. In reality, the natural thoughts that come unforced; the dreamy languor of mind that listlessly disengages itself about trifles; those simple everyday sights and sounds that may strike you spell-bound in sudden admiration; the associations you cannot take the trouble to trace, that revive the brightness of boyish memories,—all these things in an interval of sorely-needed repose, are among the most subtle forms of intellectual indulgence.

And as it happens, of the mighty cities of the world there most assuredly is no better headquarters for the pedestrian than London. Among the European capitals it stands almost unrivalled in that respect. Near Paris, the charming *coteaux* on the Seine, with the ornamental villas in their blooming little gardens, strike you as distinctly suburban, when seen from some distance—and the impression is confirmed on closer acquaintance. At Copenhagen, as at Frankfort, there is a monotony of beauty, with a sense of confinement, in the magnificent beech-forests, whose shades you may seek at no great distance. So there are dreariness and dullness of a different kind in the ruin-strewn desolation of the Roman Campagna; or you must depend for variety on distant views of the hills, or on lights that are apt to be distressingly glaring. Most capitals, like Rome, are situated on plains, although without Rome's natural and archæological advantages. Near Vienna there are most charming valleys running up among the spurs of the neighbouring mountains; but, as a rule, you can only approach them painfully by tram-car, to find yourself in so many paradises of the Cockney, redolent of the fumes of beer and sausages, and resonant of the brass bands that are discoursing popular

music. While at Constantinople, the foreground of its matchless views is enveloped in clouds of penetrating dust, and enlivened by the gloomy groves of cypresses that shade the resting-places of the true believer; and the environs of Naples are all dust, clay, or chalk, according to the time of year; and Madrid is a purgatory either of ice or fire, breathed upon from the chilly blow-pipes of the Guadarrama.

London, on the other hand, because it is the biggest city in the world, is brought into most intimate connection with the surrounding country by the countless lines of rail that radiate from central stations. And what a country! Possibly you may say that it is not very picturesque beyond Shooter's Hill, or over Plumstead marshes; but elsewhere you can hardly go wrong. Even Essex deserves a higher reputation for beauty than it bears, although long unchecked encroachment has been making wild work with the oak-clumps and the bramble-brakes of Epping Forest. There is much that is pretty in Middlesex and Hertfordshire, between the Chase of Enfield and the spires of Harrow-on-the-Hill, without going so far afield as Hatfield. Of course the river above Teddington Lock unrolls a rarely bewitching panorama; while as to Kent and Surrey on the south, they boast the most enchanting scenery of the English lowlands. What is strange, too, is the rural, the almost desolate, aspect of districts whence you can distinguish the dome of St Paul's, and which are enveloped in the folds of the city fogs, when the wind sets in that direction. On the other hand, fashion has occupied some of the most seducing positions on the suburban heights, gradually spreading and annexing the environs. The gipsies that were wont to haunt Norwood and Chiselhurst

in the memories of comparatively youthful men, have seen their sequestered retreats cut up into building lots. Rows of brand-new villas, detached and semi-detached, have enveloped the oak-glades in the park at Knole; and a township of structures, more or less fantastic and substantial, has been run up among the fir-trees at Weybridge and Claremont. Yet there are other spots, scarcely less attractive, that somehow have been shunned alike by the railroad and the land-jobber, though it would seem, in the mania for sleeping in the country, that wealthy City people, from the banker to the shopkeeper, would have settled down upon them everywhere like gold-laden locusts.

No; the lucky Londoner can hardly go far wrong in his choice of a country walk. A more or less moderate expense lands him at some eligible starting-point; and thence he can wander away at his own sweet will, sure to find himself, when he has had nearly enough of it, within easy reach of a station, from which he may comfortably return. Nor would we carry our love of solitude or retirement to extremes. A modest hostelry, of good reputation, adds a singular charm to the loveliest landscapes; and we should be inclined to shape our course for the day by our knowledge of the bearings of the "Hart" or the "Lion." Desultory disquisition and purposeless dawdling are of the very essence of this our literary ramble; so we may be forgiven if we pause to say a word on the insinuating charms of the suburban hostelry. In point of architecture and situation, these establishments are various enough; but it is seldom that they have not a certain air of comfort, and bright, hearty hospitality. The cheerful stucco of the façade is by no means to be objected to in a climate where the glare of the sun

is rarely oppressive. Besides, there is sure to be abundance of shade: the spreading boughs from an adjacent copse throw their limbs over the roofs of the stable-yard; and opposite there stands the great elm-tree, which shelters the sign-post and the creaking sign. Or, in place of the elm, may be a glorious horse-chestnut—we have more than one of these at this moment in our eye—with its fragrant load of snowy blossom in the season; and beyond the dusty road, an enclosure of close-shaven lawn; and beyond the lawn and the bowling-green, a stream that is dear to angling customers, although their perseverance may be unfrequently rewarded. Or, in place of the large white house, with the big bow-windows of its dining-parlours looking out upon the great horse-trough, a little mansion, in modern Elizabethan, may have broken out all over in fantastic angles and gables. In either case, within doors is the cool bar, with the presiding naiad of the beer-barrels embowered in geraniums and fuchsias—a bar that in sultry summer weather might shake the self-denial of the most ascetic of teetotallers; and there is the roomy cupboard in the passage, with its doors of glass, through which you may admire a choice selection of cold joints, and salads, and cucumbers, and cheeses, and pasties, and fruit-tarts. You may make a very good English dinner in these places; and a good English dinner is no bad thing, since it is within the scope of the commonplace cook, who would come to shame and confusion among foreign *entrées*. Are these not the primest of rounds and sirloins reared in those rich meadows hard by, though the beasts that carried them may barely hold their own with the best bullocks of Aberdeenshire? And there are saddles of mutton from the neighbouring

downs, albeit a trifle big in the bone and coarse in the grain; and there is the clocking of fattened poultry to be heard from the yard round the corner, with the cooing of the flock of pigeons that is laid under contribution for the pies. The spring-cart of the fishmonger from the nearest town pulls up punctually at the door every morning, with the offer of anything from soles to salmon. The bitter beer, it may be hoped, is all that can be desired, if the house be not the property of some short-sighted brewer; for most of its patrons are either connoisseurs or profess to be. And the pleasures of a draught from a frothing tankard deserve some dozen of pages to themselves, had we the space to spare, and the inspiration to pen them. As for the cellar of wines, perhaps the less said the better, except that they are no worse, and considerably cheaper, than those to be met with in crack hotels, and that they may very easily be dispensed with at the substantial repast you sit down to. Many a time a chance visit to one of those houses has led to repeated sojourns later, especially if there be an old-fashioned garden with summer-houses, which you may turn into smoking divans at the hours of digestion.

But to come back to that walk of ours, which, by the by, is yet to be begun. We give up our ticket at a station, where all is still enough at present, since as yet it is early in the day, and the City men are away at their business. Late in the afternoon there will be a crowd of carriages, from the barouche and the brougham, through victorias and dog-carts, down to the humble pony-chaise. Now you walk past the pleasant residences of these gentlemen, slumbering languidly in the summer heat. The gravel is kept to perfection; the grass is

rolled to the smoothness of a well-starched shirt-front ; under the cool foliage there is a blush of roses or a glow of geraniums, according to the month. There is just breeze enough to set the tree-shadows flickering on the lawns, and to rustle the tendrils of the creepers that cling to the columns of the verandas. The broad bay-windows are yawning in the twilight under cover of the striped sun-blinds, giving glimpses of great vases of flowers upon tables loaded with books and newspapers ; while the discords of the daughters of the houses at piano-practice within, chime in agreeably rather than otherwise. Here and there may be the signs of deplorable taste : Chinese pagodas, Italian belvederes, and fantastic selections of modern statuary that falls somewhat short of the glories of the Vatican. But there is little that might not be easily remodelled or replaced ; and, on the whole, there are few of those "desirable residences" where a man might not be contented to "hang up his hat."

Another turn in the road and another change of the scene. You are in the street of the little village that is the nucleus of this settlement of the Newcomes. There are wide gravel footpaths on either side of the broad causeway, and smart brick residences, with knockers, and brass plates that bear the superscriptions of local attorneys and doctors ; and cottages behind low wooden railings in their narrow patches of garden. The whole is interspersed with lilacs and laburnums, and though the bloom may be over, the verdure remains : and outside the village is the Gothic church, newly raised by liberal contributions, with a spire of portentous height, emblematic of transcendent High Church aspirations. A mile or two further, and you are leaving villas and *cottages ornées*

behind. You are among country seats that have been built generations before, although many of them have changed hands of late years, as we may judge by the additions that have been recently made. The ground is rolling prettily ; there are clumps of trees in the swelling parkland, where colonies of rooks are cawing cheerily, or would be cawing if your walk were early in the spring. A profusion of money has been lavished on landscape-gardening, with more or less taste and discretion : there are masses of laurel and rhododendrons and azaleas enfolding labyrinths of winding paths ; and if there be a bit of a brook, its bed has been widened and its waters have been carried down over tiny waterfalls, among the ferneries and artificial rockeries. The properties hereabouts are not very big, yet you get among farms and tempting field-paths which cut great angles off the dusty highroad. Some of these farmhouses seem the very places for the well-to-do hermit who has a fancy for cutting his profession or trade, and spending his declining years in losing money in agriculture. It is true that if he were to take them on repairing lease, he must make up his mind to considerable outlay. It is their age that lends enchantment to their view ; and doubtless their internal arrangements are rather quaint than commodious. The venerable brick tints blend harmoniously with the dark foliage of the embosoming trees. The lozenge windows, half hidden in trailing roses, let in less light and air than may be altogether desirable. The ivy that has clambered over the roof and settled helplessly down upon it in ponderous masses must be one vast museum of entomology, and distil clouds of damp like a patent condenser. But one must pay in some shape or

other for the picturesque ; and it is certain that if the tenant had the spirit of an artist, it would be gladdened through the finest months of the year.

The ground rises more and more, and again the country changes its character. You are getting up towards the ridge of the downs, whose hog-back has been looming against your horizon. The soil is poorer and the farms more scattered, and the oaks and beeches and elms are giving place to heather and fir-woods. Wherever the sunbeams can thread their way, they are lighting up aisles of golden columns ; and the heat draws forth the fragrance of the resin that is oozing and trickling downwards in streams. So far as the scents go, you might be on the banks of the Adour, and for solitude you might be in the glades of Rothiemurchus or on the moor of Rannoch. Yet London stone is within a score of miles, and you paid but half-a-crown for your railway ticket. But those Surrey woods have this speciality, that their beauties are embraced in a reasonable compass, and you may count on coming out on the other side, if only you persevere long enough. For, blinking owl-like in the unaccustomed light, it dawns upon you that you are on the skirts of an open common. Brakes of holly, bound with bramble and wild clematis, are scattered about here and there, tufted with the wool of the sheep, who are amicably grazing among the rabbits. The rabbits have mined it with their burrows here and there : and a horseman must keep a bright look-out and a firm bridle-hand ; but what a magnificent place it is for a gallop ! Indeed, if you came here towards sunset, or in the cool of the early morning, you might come across a string of thorough-breds from the neighbouring training stable. A dip into a little valley, with a stream in the bot-

tom, and then up again and still upwards. Now you are breasting the steep slopes of the downs, and the breaths of air that stirred fitfully below have swelled into a gentle breeze. You look back on a burnished panorama of wheat crops and grass fields lying against the black masses of the woods, and flecked with the shadows of those fleecy clouds that are floating dreamily across the azure sky. And what a view there is in all directions from the summit ! On the one side, the fair fertility of the weald, that stretches in meadows and cornland, in orchards and hop-gardens, to that blue line of gentle eminences seen faintly through the heat-haze in the distance ; on the other, the broad valley of the Thames, with the battlements and keeps of Windsor on the sky-line. One way, were the smoke canopy to thin and lift, you might distinguish the square towers of Westminster and the dome and cross and ball of St Paul's ; while all around you slowly recognise the heights that are the glory and landmarks of their respective localities. Strictly speaking, we should press you into continuing the walk, for we have many miles to go, and much that is beautiful to admire, before we have brought our work to an end, or honourably earned our dinner. But we would rather part company before you are thoroughly bored, and prefer to change the scene to Scotland.

But whither shall we bend our wandering steps in the rare embarrassment of half-savage riches in the shaggy land of the mountain and the flood ? Shall we take our walk on the Border or in the Highlands ; or if in the Highlands, shall it be in the west or in the north, in the midlands, or among the highest of the Grampians ? In the Highlands, we say decidedly, for reasons we need hardly pause to condescend

upon ; and, to avoid inviting invidious comparisons, we shall leave identification to the reader's imagination. In the Highlands, and especially on the western coast, there is always an element of climatic uncertainty which you are inclined to regard as a blessing when the chances have turned up in your favour. The night before, the barometer was tending down, and the questionable clouds that shrouded the sunset had cast their perceptible shadows on the faces of your fellow-tourists. When, in the words of the Queen of the May, you bid the boots call you early in the morning, anxiety belied your ill-assumed confidence. And when his heavy knuckles interrupted your slumbers, he had nothing very satisfactory to say. The clouds of the evening sky were a joke to the morning grimness. You looked out from your window on curtains of vapour that shrouded the loch and the mountain from your sight. There was nothing reassuring in the feeling of the wind, that fanned your forehead like the forerunner of rain, and vexed your ear with a watery sough. But a man must trust something to fate, and inaction in the Highlands is immeasurably depressing. You take heart of grace and start. You hear the bell of the early steamer chiming somewhere out of blank space like a fog-signal. For anything you can see, setting temperature out of the question, you might as well be in the innermost recesses of a double-heated Turkish bath. But you have lost your road before, and as yet it is not easy to mistake it ; so you set the stout heart to the stey brae, and boldly burn your bridges behind you. And you receive your rich reward, even sooner than you had dared to hope. There are light rifts overhead, that quickly widen and brighten. When the sun has

once unlocked the wheels of his chariot, he swiftly follows up his advantage. The vapoury veils have not a chance with him ; they shrivel up into drifting shreds before his glories, and float away into cool corners and nooks. The whole resplendent prospect to the seaward lies extended all of a sudden at your feet, seen through a fresh and limpid transparency that throws everything into sharp-edged relief. The gleaming crescent of the breaking surf and the rippling waters of the loch beyond it : the braes of heather and the hills of grass, with the fleecy flocks that lie huddled together on them : the steamers whistling at the wharf behind, with the unlucky passengers embarking, who are to be doomed to supine inactivity : the brown sails of the fishing-boats scarcely swelling to the light cat's-paws : the flights of stooping sea-fowl : the low verdant islands in the middle distance : the clear outlines of the rocky peaks, whose base is battered by the breakers of the Atlantic.

But your road leads to the landward, and there is pleasure enough in the sights and sensations that beckon you along it. The oak-copses are glistering in showers of fog-drops. The birds are twittering merrily to the promise of the brilliant day ; now and then a hare hops out upon your path, or you have a flying glance at the white stern of a roe, as he bounds gracefully into the thicker cover. Beyond the copses you emerge on the moors, where you hear the shrill cry of the grouse-cock, and the plaintive whistle of the shy curlew. The moors reach away from you on either side in brown rolling stretches of heather, cut up here and there by black peat-hags. There is not a human being or a habitation, for the moment, within sight or hearing ; your bed and the boots and

your southern fellow-tourists seem to be left long leagues and days behind you. If ever you care for communing with yourself quietly, with the mellowing lights of heaven falling softly on your past and your future, now is one of those rare opportunities that come too seldom in the course of your pilgrimage. Ha! what is that? A sea-eagle, as we live, winging his flight towards the loch, and sharp-set for his breakfast; and the sight is far rarer than it should be, now that he is so ruthlessly shot down by the keepers, while fancy prices are given for his eggs. It may be true that the eagle's moral qualities have been absurdly idealised by the poets. He is a fierce and truculent savage, and, like all savages, a glutton to boot; and he assuredly shows to anything but advantage, when, after having gorged himself on a heavy meal, he crumples up into a shapeless ball of feathers, resigning himself to the slow labours of digestion. But when you come across him of a glorious morning like this, soaring in the strength of his magnificent pinions, he is as the warlike Osmanli amidst the joys of battle to the same individual in peace-time in the sensuous seclusion of his harem.

Leaving him behind, and his heathery hunting-grounds, you cross the ridge and clear the plateau to descend the watershed on the other side. You may safely leave the road if you care to, for the road, that has been most scientifically engineered, tediously descends by easy gradients, losing itself and alternately reappearing among the copsewood. Still, you may be the better of a guide; and here you have one, vociferous indeed, yet not importunate. In these dark peat-bogs, under coverings of emerald duckweed, are the troubled sources of the translucent stream

which waters the pastures of the strath below you. But before it runs so smooth and shallow, stringing a succession of silvery lochs on its course, it has to tumble a couple of thousand feet or so, with little elbow-room to do it in. Down it goes, through a series of gorges, leaping in foaming little cascades, roaring with all its tiny force in scores of tempestuous miniature cataraacts, catching its breath in swirling pools before it breaks forth again upon its headlong career. Unless you could leap and light on your feet like the chamois, or wear wings on your double-soled walking-boots, *à la* Mercury, it would be sheer matter of impossibility to keep close company with it throughout. But, by dint of scrambling and slipping, cutting off precipitous corners, and swinging yourself downwards by bending boughs, you make shift somehow to rejoin it in the rocky cleft at the bottom. The path you have found or forced is but seldom trodden, and the pair of ravens who have their nesting-place in the rocky recess greet your intrusion with discordant croaks, that are meant unmistakably for malignant execrations. The sun rarely touches these depths, except when he makes a flying shot through the hill-tops some time late in the afternoon; and it is an agreeable change from their sombre shadows into the light of the widening valley below. Thence your path, though it sometimes rises, on the whole leads downwards in an easy descent. Now it winds through groups of Scotch firs, more or less shattered and storm-beaten, throwing out their distorted limbs over jungles of luxuriant bracken. Now it runs by the shores of silent lakelets, their surface seldom broken by the oar, and reflecting in their glassy mirror their fringe of weeping birches. Here and there

the oppression of the solitude is relieved by a shooting-box or a shepherd's cottage, and in either case the sporting dogs or the collies are sure to awaken the echoes with a shrill chorus of clamorous baying; or mayhap you may come on a lonely kirk, with the lowly manse within a stone's throw; and a tiny school and a humble schoolmaster's house, and a hovel that may be tenanted by the minister's man. How on earth the most fervent piety, or the most impassioned eloquence, can evoke even the phantom of a decent congregation, is a mystery you cannot profess to fathom. The prolific Celts that once peopled the valley have long since been swept away, to give place to the sheep and the deer. You saw the grass-grown foundation of one of their deserted hamlets, scarring the turf of the little knoll that was lapped on three sides in a loop of the stream. But the present population of these parts has no notion of distance; and in many a winding hill-valley that runs up among the roots of the hills are the huts of shepherds and keepers and gillies, whose existence one never suspects till it is betrayed by the peat-reek from the chimneys.

By this time, however, you must have had nearly enough of it, though you did have an opportunity of breaking your fast at mid-day on oat-cakes and ewe-milk cheese, bottled ale and a caulker of whisky, following up the meal with a pipe and a siesta, basking on the balmy bank of the river. So that as you pass the last of the milestones with a perceptible limp, you welcome the chimneys of your place of destination, where you have prudently timed yourself to anticipate the advent of the cross-country mail and the tourist-laden steamers.

There are people who turn up their noses at Scotland as a touring

country, which of course is absurd. Perhaps the chief objection to it, as it appears to us, besides the preponderating type of tourist, who is not to be ignored, and the climate, which often is not to be defended, is the tantalising character of your most romantic walks. The grouse rise whirling from the heather around you, skimming the knolls in their swift flight, and dropping provokingly ahead; the black game may be seen towards dusk gathering in clusters on the boughs of the fir-trees; the antlered hart, sending his hinds before him, goes trotting leisurely over the forest-steeps, to show his antlered profile on the sky-line before vanishing from view. The salmon are leaping in their favourite pools, and the lively little trout on the feed in the lochs are rippling the surface in widening circles. Deer and game-birds seem to show by their indifferent familiarity that they know you are there upon sufferance, and impotent to harm them. A simple wayfarer, without gun, rifle, or rod among your belongings, you are apt half to forget the beauty of those mountain preserves while walking through them with hands that are innocent of bloodshed; and you are envying the inmates of the shooting-boxes and the lodges, whom you see abroad with their dogs and their gillies. In your walks on the Continent, on the other hand, you are not often tempted in that way. There may be game in abundance in some of those great forests—forests that are really set thick with trees, in place of being bare hillsides, *lucus a non lucendo*—but it is relatively rarely that you get a glimpse of it. And the sportsmen you come across, with their tasselled game-bags and fringed gaiters, with their short guns slung to their shoulders, and their long-backed badger-hounds following at their heels, seem to belong to distinct varieties of your species, and to have

got themselves up artistically for scenes in "Der Freyschütz." As for those ranges of the High Alps, &c., that are thrown open to the admiration and pedestrian achievements of the public, in these the sport is mythical. We believe in the presence of troops of chamois in the Royal Bavarian preserves, that cast the shadows of their precipitous terraces over the stillness of the Königsee, and of *mouflons* in the Piedmontese solitudes that are kept sacred to his Majesty of Italy. Nay, we have had our attention called to shifting specks in the Pyrenean snow-slopes that, as we were confidently informed, were izzards; and in Switzerland we have eaten overpoweringly savoury meat that was served as chamois-venison, and suggested goat. But in the absence of all sporting distractions, save the occasional whistle of the marmot from among the beds of Alpine roses and the boulder-strewn rocks, you can resign yourself absolutely to the enjoyment of the changing and dissolving views, and revel in the grandeur of the glaciers and snow-fields.

There can be no question that Alpine mountaineering is one of the most infallible tonics in the world. Prolonged mental exertion has reacted on the bodily frame; your nights have been broken, and your days have dragged; you loathe your food, and your limbs fail you when you make a point of attempting your regular exercise. You turn your eyes and thoughts longingly towards the Alps. From the day and hour when you have decided upon taking your ticket, you begin sensibly to pick up. We will say you enter Switzerland by way of Neuchâtel, the least crowded, and, to our mind, the pleasantest of all the routes, and you are landed late in the evening in that most admirable of hotels—the Bellevue. The

panoramic view that greets you next morning, from the splintered peaks that encircle Mont Blanc to the glittering summits of the nearer Oberland, with those pleasures of anticipation that come rushing upon your mind, might alone repay you for the lengthy journey. As to achieving the feats of endurance and daring that make the glory of the heroes of the Alpine Club, that is a matter of taste and temperament. It is not given to every man to scrape out a precarious footing on an imaginary ledge—a ledge, like Euclid's line, with length without breadth—with a precipice above and nothing beneath him; or to cut out the phantoms of steps in the face of an ice-wall, whence the flinders that fly from the axe go whirling away into vague immensity; or to bridge the hollow arch of the crevassed glacier, supported over the abyss by a rope by way of balustrade. There are people who object to making a toil of reposing after a hard climb on a bed of mouldy hay in a dilapidated *châlet*, with a slender chance of having anything comfortable to eat, but *en revanche*, with the moral certainty of being eaten, and with the prospect of having to shake yourself for a fresh start ere the sun has tinged the tops of the mountains. But whether you take the mountains so earnestly or no—whether you go scrambling along high-level routes or content yourself with sticking to the paths over the humbler passes—you have much the same sense of buoyant exhilaration in the presence of that grand ice-world that environs you, and in the exquisite freshness of the morning air. Moderately early rising comes easy to you, as you have been constrained to retire early, failing anything to do; and as the partitions, and passages, and staircases of plank in your inn, have

been creaking and vibrating since long before daybreak. And you are repaid already as you are mounting the zigzags on the slope, whence you look back on the shingle-roofs of the houses of the hamlet that cluster round the church by the brook. You pass through the freshness of the morning smells, for scent is a word too artificial to employ—from the little meadows redolent of the dewy hay, into the resinous spruce woods with their carpets of bilberries. Here you come across a herd of sweet-breathed cows, lazily lounging across the path, impatient for the morning milking. Higher up the tinkling of bells, followed by the noise of tumbling gravel, makes you lift your eyes to the herd of goats that are cropping the scanty pasturage by the margin of the little cascade. Thence past isolated groups of gnarled weather-beaten Wetter-Tannen, on to the Alpine meadows, enamelled by the blue beds of gentian, and still choral with the clang of the cattle chimes. It is scarcely an agreeable change to the belt of stony desert beyond, but the flush of the lights on the surrounding peaks makes you forget the blank sterility around you, and the snow-fields are glittering in a silvery glare, and there seems nothing but the negation of an immortal atmosphere between their summits and the azure of the cloudless heavens. You climb up towards the Col, leaving behind you the bloom of the Alpine roses; and the patches of snow get thicker, until you are slipping and plunging about in slush, for the sun is beating down on you with tropical intensity, and loosening the frozen fetters in which the glaciers lie bound. But when you can draw your sobbing breath upon the Col, after gaining the nearest point of vantage, what a grand recompense awaits you in the prospect that

opens at your feet! Waterfalls swollen by the melting snows, vanishing into invisible chasms with a roar that is mellowed into a murmur by the distance—a stream that will soon grow into a river, rushing and swirling among rocks, and gravel-beds, and grass patches; and possibly framed in an arch of rock, a distant vision of luxuriant lowlands, or the sweep of the commanding outlines of another amphitheatre of mountains.

Then what can be more enjoyable than the well-earned evening repose, brightened by the reflection of those æsthetic delights in which you have been voluptuously steeping your senses, and by the hopes of their renewal in the walk on the morrow—though these, alas! may prove fallacious as the mirage? Whether you have found shelter in some grim hospice, where everything, from the storm-battered shutters to the surrounding rocks, is suggestive of the desolation of interminable winter, broken by the fugitive apparition of the spectre of a summer. Or in the snug village inn in the sheltered valley, where you can stroll out in slippers after the evening meal, down the street that runs between hay-sheds and *châlets*, to the bridge that spans the glacier water. Or in the grand hotel, no bad place in its way, where your body is refreshed with French cookery, and your mind with piles of the leading journals; where you may take a passing plunge in the world you are fleeing, but the world in an undress of shooting-coats and linseys; and where you may sip your coffee in an arm-chair under the portico, luxuriating in the warmth of the evening air, and looking out upon the moonlight as it slumbers on the lake.

From Switzerland to Southern Europe is a sharp transition, and in the south pedestrian exercise is

very little in fashion anywhere. You must follow it, indeed, under exceptional difficulties, since the natives take you either for a pauper or a lunatic when they see you plodding along on foot. In semi-oriental Spain, as in most of the lands of the East, you are almost bound to have your horse led after you in state, if you hope to be treated with decent civility, and made welcome to such accommodation as the *posadas* offer. To be sure, the animal carries the saddle-bags, with reserves of what Major Dugald Dalgetty called the provant, and so far is useful as well as ornamental. And Spain, like Sicily, is a country where you need something more than your unaided legs to cover the wearisome stages that often lie between your projected baiting-places; to lay the treeless, sun-baked plains behind you, or those tame swamp-covered valleys that are often hotbeds of malaria. But then, again, you get into glorious hill-scenery, where the impulse to dismount becomes irresistible in the case of the confirmed pedestrian. It is not that you cannot confide in the sure-footedness of your trusty horse, still more of your mule; although the road may be like an unrailed staircase out of repair, and channelled and strewn with *débris* by the overflow of some unbridled torrent. It is not only that you have to pay involuntary attention to your bridle-hand, and to preserving the equilibrium that is being perpetually imperilled. But no amount of craning over from the saddle will show you the picturesque depths beneath, where the river is brawling and tumbling between its excavated banks, baring the gnarled roots of the venerable cork-trees. The overhanging cliff prevents your raising your eyes to the crests of the sierra that is lowering above you; and should you cast back

a lingering glance at some striking object you are leaving behind, and of which you would fain carry away a mental photograph, the chances are you are knocked out of your seat, to form the subject of a memorial cross. In such circumstances you would naturally dismount, and stride boldly on ahead, leaving animals and attendants to follow at their leisure; or you would loiter behind until you lost sight of them. Unhappily, were you to dispense with the services of your guide, you might well be left bedless and supperless, to say nothing of probable risks from the skulking *ratero*, or footpads. And so on those grand mountain-roads of Andalusia that lie to the south of the forbidding barrier of the Morena, and even among the green wooded hills of the Asturias and Basque provinces, with their rushing salmon-streams and their brawling waterfalls, the would-be pedestrian is shackled, as it were, or held in a lasso attached to his saddle-bow, very much to the vexation of his spirit.

In southern Italy, though walking is not much in fashion among our countrymen, and still less so among the natives, we have made agreeable promenades from certain headquarters. And there is no better way of examining the long backbone of the Apennines, than going quietly along the roads that connect the mountain towns and the villages. You make experience of the torments of an earthly purgatory by shutting yourself up in the public carriages of the country, with their stumbling, half-starved screws, impelled at an immense expenditure of whipcord and semi-pious execrations; with their knotty cushions and rickety windows and creaking axletrees; with their clouds of dust and swarms of vermin; with the bulky priests and bulkier *contadinas*, with their baskets and squal-

ling children, who used generally to be the companions of your travel. But on foot, you make your early start, taking your long noonday siesta; and even when the sun is flaming overhead, there is an abundance of air stirring. You come on shady moss-grown fountains where you may innocently slake your thirst, and you walk along the windings of cornice roads never trodden by the ordinary tourist, but commanding at every turn enchanting views over the plains. You pass under the rock-perched castles of medieval robber-tyrants, which have each their legend of blood and horror if you only have leisure to puzzle it out. In the public rooms of rambling old inns, situated in the steep and narrow streets of half-forgotten towns that may boast their cathedral, and churches, and abandoned convents, and crumbling battlemented walls, you may make the acquaintance of pleasant-mannered and voluble gentlemen who are willing enough to act *cicerone* to the stranger. To be sure, the sleeping-accommodation is often anti-soporific, while the fare is coarse and sometimes scanty. The wine rarely tempts you to excess, and you rather gulp it by way of necessary penance. But if you are young and strong, these are but minor inconveniences, preparing you for the comparative luxuries of the Capua, where you may happen next to lay yourself up in ordinary.

A winter spent in Rome undoubtedly disposes to indolence, save in the case of the thorough-paced antiquarian or enthusiastic classical archæologist. Dinners and dances and whist at the club lead to late hours and lazy mornings. The gates that open on the surrounding country are only to be reached by roughly-paved streets. A lounge on the Pincian Hill, a stroll in the Borghese gardens, are

the limits of the activity of many men of athletic frame and energetic temperaments. Should your stay be short, it is hard to hire decent riding-horses; and accordingly, even the meets of the fox-hounds are less numerous attended than they might otherwise be. But one may do much worse than repair to these gatherings on foot. In our days at least, the chances were that a plurality of foxes were moving at once. They ran cunning in rings among the labyrinth of ruins; they had their lairs and subterranean tracks among the heaps of dilapidated masonry overgrown by a tangled luxuriance of bramble. Moreover, when they did take heart and break away, there were formidable oaken fences that balked the field of their gallop, if the pioneers with saws and axes did not happen to be well to the front. Then if you were out with a staff that served on a pinch as a leaping-pole, you might see as much of the hunt as most of the best-mounted equestrians. After breathing the close air of the Corso and Babuino, it was delightful to expand your lungs in the free space of the Campagna. True, you had but exchanged one set of ruins for another: temples and baths, amphitheatres and decaying dwellings, dating from the middle ages, that had been quarried from the monuments of ancient Rome, for aqueducts and tombs, and the fragments of imperial villas. You knew that the deadly poison of the malaria lay lurking under the innocent-looking turf, among the roots of the beds of wild thyme and violets that would burst into flower and fragrance with the outbreak of the spring. During the day, at all events, the virulence of the poison lay dormant; and for once you opened the pores of the skin, and sent the blood in swift circulation through the veins: and while

you had to pull up and draw breath, being shockingly out of training, you could feast your eyes on the marvels in the middle distance that lay between the walls of the Eternal City and the purple crests of the Sabine hills.

There are good walks to be had to the north and west of Naples, and a pleasant variety they make from the Chiaia and the Villa Reale. In summer, of course, the heat puts exercise out of the question; while in winter the climate is ineffably treacherous. There are brilliant breaks in the weather, no doubt; but then you have to pick your steps through deep-grooved lanes of tenacious clay,—sloughs of despond, and of stagnant water, which are the lowest circles of the Inferno of the much-enduring Neapolitan horses. But you are richly repaid when you come out on such ravishing views as are to be enjoyed from the Camaldoli or the Capo di Monte; when you wander along the terraces over Misenum or by the submerged remains of the ancient Baïæ; or when you emerge on the shores of the Lago d'Agnano, or burn the soles of your substantial London-made boots over the smouldering fires of the Phlegrean fields. And the peninsula of Sorrento would be the pedestrian's paradise, could he only count for the best part of the year on the climate of the early spring. Misled by fond recollections of May, we were once induced for our sins to take a villa at Sorrento for the winter months. In the first place, we found that it rained relentlessly; in the next, we discovered that at the best one had but a precarious observation of the mid-day sun from the natural ferneries and mosseries in the depths of the dripping ravine. The paved paths by which you scale the steeps between the beetling walls of the orange and lemon gardens were turned into tor-

rents or rivulets as the case might be. It might be grand exercise for the muscles, but was singularly depressing for the mind. On only two or three occasions, during a sojourn we were compelled to cut short by the morbid impulses that provoked us to suicide, there came a really magnificent winter day. And then the walk to the summits of the mountain-peaks was a thing to remember. The damp of a pouring week had dried up as by magic. Not a trace of the reeking vapours remained to cast the faintest cloud across the transparent atmosphere. And the view ranged on the one side over the rocks of the Syrens lying at your feet round the sweeps of Salerno Bay, and the curving shore of the Tyrrhene Sea, past the pestilence-stricken flats behind the temples of Pæstum; on the other, over Naples Bay and its fair archipelago, to the Ponzo group and the promontory of Terracina. It may be true that in all these entrancing localities where nature is most beautiful man is most vile. There was always an *arrière-pensée* of the possibility of brigands, if you were to give heed to the *cancans* current in the hotels; and it is no joke nowadays being picked up by ruffians who press for a fabulous ransom to be negotiated in an impossible time. As matter of fact, however, in Spain, Sicily, and Italy, after brief experience of realities, we have always found these shadowy terrors fade away, and have never had reason to repent disregard of them: while the phantom of brigandage which scares its possible victims is destructive of the professional mendicancy which is the bane of localities more frequently visited; for what is the use of taking to a trade where there is a dearth of the customers by whom you get a living?

Germany is a delightful country for the pedestrian, though the stal-

wart sons of the Fatherland scarcely appreciate their privileges. Bonn and Heidelberg, for example, are university towns that are specially well known to English visitors; and these may judge for themselves how seldom the students are to be seen beyond the shady alleys of the Rhenish city, or that woodland walk on the slopes of the Neckar that leads to the beer-barrels and trout-pool of the Wolfsbrunnen. The *bürschen* may take steamer from the wharf of Bonn for Königswinter; or ride donkeys up to the *wirthshaus* on the Drachenfels, or to that other one among the ruins of cloistered Heisterbach. But you never meet them among the less cockneyfied of the Seven Hills, or by the banks of the trout-stream in the Aarthal, or on the shores of the Laacher See, and still less in the volcanic savagery of the Eifel. So it is at the most frequented of the baths. With the exception of Homburg "on the height," most of these lie buried in the bottoms of their valleys. It is a steep pull to ascend from the gently graduated promenades, among the shrubberies of the pink oleander and the avenues of the acacias and horse-chestnuts, to the wilder and wooded country that stretches away over the plains. The Teuton, as a rule, never attempts the strain, but prefers devoting himself to the placid joys of the pipe and the digestion of the heavy mid-day meal. Yet it is on these open uplands, that after duly drinking the waters, you may reap the real benefits of the *kur*. There you court the breezes that come blowing across Europe from the Russian steppes or the German Ocean, from the North Sea and the Baltic, or the glaciers of the Alps.

Nowhere is the contrast from the world to the back of it more striking than on the banks of the cosmopolitan Rhine. Below, the rattle

of the trains wakening the echoes of the rocks, from the Drachenfels to the Binger Loch, and the ceaseless splash of the paddles of the steamers. The mobs of excursionists are shouting in their native British and American for Rhine wines and coffee and pale ale. They are unrolling and studying those illustrated panoramas that grow in their proportions every year, till the scale is become something like a foot to the mile; jumbling up Stoltzenfels and Ehrenbreitstein, confounding *schlosses* with cold-water establishments, in their praiseworthy attempts at verification of the scenery. In the shattered fortalices of the robber-knights, modern *restaurateurs* are doing a roaring trade, and legally levying upon the multitude of travellers far heavier contributions than fell to their forerunners. Each lucre-loving native has his eye on the main chance and his romantic water-way, from the snug bankers and decent shopkeepers downwards. Gangs of guides and porters beset you on your way to the hotels; pickets of donkey-boys occupy each access to the hill paths; village maidens and children, with their handfuls of wild flowers, lie in ambush in each nook and corner, keeping up the pursuit in relays. You might as well be at Greenwich fair, or passing a happy day at Rosherville; and it is as difficult to feel either romantic or poetical as in these suburban haunts of flaunting dissipation. Yet you have only to slip round the nearest corner, or step aside from the roads laid down in the guide-books, to enjoy a thoroughly rural walk, and find yourself in the heart of primitive Germany. You clamber up the face of the hills that form the frontier wall of the great Rhine plateau; you strike into a path where a finger-post points the way to a village; you meet merry parties

of peasant women bringing down the produce of their gardens and poultry - houses in panniers on donkey-back, or in baskets balanced on their heads. You pass the shady springs where they stop to chat and refresh themselves, and the holy images in wayside shrines, before which they are bending in reverent devotion. You find the deserted villages left unguarded, the doors of the comfortable vine-covered houses secured only on the latch. The children are away in the fields with their parents and the cattle, although there is plenty of clamorous life about, in the shape of the troops of pigs that go foraging through the lanes and the open straw-yards. It is scarcely a model village, according to English notions. Yet all the untidiness is healthy, so to speak; and a rill of limpid water comes rushing down the middle of the roadway. The wine-house, with the withered bush over the door, is almost the solitary exception to the general abandonment. Should you chance to drop in there for refreshment, the gossip in charge will take a seat respectfully by your side, and exert herself to do the honours to the stranger wayfarer. When you get up to take your leave of her for ever and a day, there is no overcharging; and it might be curious to compare the price she gets for her chickens from the gentlemanly proprietor of the Bellevue or the Rheinischer Hof, with that for which your *poulet* figures in his *carte*. You leave the village by a road shaded over with walnuts, passing through orchards where the plum and cherry trees are bending under their burden of fruit. You strike across country in a direction inclining towards the river, taking care to pick your way among the

checkered patches of cultivation, so as to do no harm to the very promiscuous crops. Seeing which, the hard-working peasant, though proverbially jealous of trespass, merely straightens his back to raise his hand to his cap, and to send a kindly greeting in your direction. You plunge down into the most delightful little valleys, where the scattered walnut-trees throw out their boughs in the richest profusion of foliage, and you may sink over the boots in emerald strips of meadows as lavishly irrigated as if they were in the Delta of the Nile. Again you come out on something like an English down, with its covers of thick furze and broom, while the opposite slope is terraced in hanging vineyards; and anon, at the bottom of some winding gorge, you get a vision in the reverse of the wall of one of those old towns so familiar, from their water-front, to all tourists on the river. Nothing can be finer than the views of the Rhine from the lofty natural terraces that overhang it. You can trace its winding course for miles, while beyond the opposite bank, and far inland, you have an open prospect among the forests and the waving corn-fields. Nor can we bring those rambling walks on the Continent to an end in any more convenient neighbourhood. In the city of the three kings and the seven thousand virgins, you have a choice of routes through France and the Low Countries to all the English seaports, from Hull to Southampton. And we may add, in conclusion, that those who desire to combine economy and comfort might do worse than cross by Flushing and Queenborough, always supposing that they are not caught in the rush that sets to Holland from the metropolis in the height of the tourist season.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. IV.

WHEN, at the end of July, intelligence from the seat of war was scanty and uncertain, observers could glance back over the course of events which had led to the interesting situation. The past five weeks had seen Russia put away from her the reproach of inaction, and manifest an energy which might itself have been a reproach had not many things conspired to favour her wilful proceedings. The powerful excuplator, Success, had so far attended her. She appeared as a bold and uncurbed invader rather than as a victor; for her capture of Nicopolis and her seizure of the Schipka Pass over the Balkans were but moderate achievements for such an army as she had passed across the Danube, and they were thought to be more than counterbalanced by successes of Osman Pasha not yet clearly reported.

Yes, prudent or not, Russia was, so far, wonderfully successful. If Constantinople were her objective point, she had, since she first began to show signs of activity, made huge and rapid strides towards her goal. Her virtually unopposed advance must have astonished herself as much as it surprised the world that was watching her. While she stood irresolute on the left bank of the Danube, the difficulties of her undertaking must have presented themselves to her powerfully. Well they might do so. With the river commanded by hostile gunboats; with the enemy's batteries on the right bank, quite capable of replying to her guns on the left; with the flower of the Turkish army watching to pounce on her the moment she set foot on Bulgarian soil, how greatly were the chances against her effecting a successful

landing! how more greatly against her being able to maintain her armies in Bulgaria if she should, by grand efforts, succeed in passing them over!

And yet she crossed the Danube with trifling loss. She at once established herself on the Turkish bank; and she had since pushed her forces up to and across the Balkans. Already her hand was stretched to grasp Adrianople; and the shadow of it was creating confusion and despair in Stamboul and in the heart of Islam. She seemed the very minion of Fortune. Impelled, probably, by political motives to essay the passage of the river against her military judgment, she found the adventure comparatively easy. Suspicious of the feeble resistance which might cover some deeply-laid plot, half alarmed at her impunity, she planted her foot nervously on Turkish land, and went softly until she saw her columns numerous and strongly posted on the farther shore. Even then there was no sound of defiance from the Turk; and she was able to extend her powers far to the south, with but faint opposition, seizing towns at will and overturning the native governments. Save for an unavailing contest which a small body of Turks might have raised here and there, the Russian march seemed to be through one of those fabled territories where the defenders had been suddenly turned to stone by an angry deity—the defenders, but not the population; for the Russians appear to have found large numbers of the Ottoman race alive, however few they may have left so.

While of the two great natural barriers one was crossed in great

force and the passes of the other secured, the artificial obstacles, the fortresses, commanded little or no attention. But, seeing his way now prepared over the Balkans, it seems to have occurred to the Czar or his advisers that it might be well just to crack, *en passant*, these unobtrusive fortresses, because, however deathlike their condition might be, "stone-dead hath no fellow."* Accordingly, his troops advanced from the Dobrudscha against Silistria, and a force under the Czarewitch began to invest Rustchuk. Since quitting the shore of Roumania the progress of the Russians had been almost a triumphal march for its freedom, almost a race for its rapidity. To the Moslems it was as the path of the destroying angel, attended by torture and fiendish outrage to the living and the dead.

Up to this point the invaders seemed most accurately to have gauged the military capacity of their antagonists. They themselves certainly did not make war *secundum artem*; but they received no hint from the adversary that their irregularities would be turned to their hurt, or even that they were noted. Still, it would have been better to incur delay, and even the reproach of pedantry, than to dash so boldly at the quarry; because war is such a dangerous game, and so many of its points *must* be left to fortune, that it is simple foolhardiness to neglect ordinary and obvious precautions. There is this difference, too, between a *faineant* and a beaten enemy—the degree of the latter's prostration may be estimated, and he may be treated accordingly; but who can say when or why the former may shake himself out of his torpor, and rebuke rashness in a bloody lesson?

Her circumstances considered, the forcing of the passage of the Danube by Russia was a most hazardous operation—one which an enemy situated as the Porte was might have altogether frustrated, or, at the least, might have made so expensive to her as to cripple her farther action. Having advanced to the left bank of the river, she was constrained to make the attempt; but she owed it to herself to leave no expedient untried which could reduce the risks of the adventure. The manner in which her troops crossed, although it was attended with complete success, was anything but masterly. She had not a sufficient flotilla to keep continually pouring men on to the right bank, but the boats or arks which brought the first instalment had to return for a second, and so on. There was no provision, as far as we know, against the Turkish steam-vessels, except the batteries on shore. When bridges were constructed, they were at first quite insufficient for the necessary traffic, and would have infallibly been blocked if a reverse in the field had rendered a retreat into Roumania advisable—a contingency which no prudent general would have omitted from his calculations. Then the 10,000 who were left to shift for themselves in the Dobrudscha were put in great peril; and the force which was landed at Sistova might have been destroyed. For many days after the first seizure of Sistova the Russian troops south of the river were in the greatest jeopardy. And afterwards, when they began to push forward toward Tirnova, their columns were continually liable to be attacked in flank by superior forces. It was not until they had got 150,000

* The brutal remark of the Earl of Essex in reference to the punishment to be inflicted on Strafford in 1641.

men across—that is to say, till about the 12th July—that they could be considered as able to take care of themselves. It has been the fashion to explain the impunity with which the Russians ran so many unwarrantable hazards, by saying that the Turkish leader was short of men, and was continually demanding reinforcements which could not be furnished. The truth is, that at the time of the Russian passage of the Danube, Abdul Kerim had not less than 180,000 men of all arms under his command. Combinations might have been made with these to crush the invader when he was 30,000, 50,000, or 90,000 strong south of the river. Nothing of the kind was done; but that does not prove that the Russian strategy was justifiable. Even after the Russian force was sufficient to maintain itself, it was so rashly extended, in the overpowering desire to dash on to Constantinople, that the advantage derivable from its numbers was much lessened.

We know that while the Russian army was thus tempting fortune the Turks remained passive; why, it is impossible to say, until they choose to speak themselves. But towards the end of July it was evident that the Porte was not satisfied with the manner in which the war was being conducted on its side, for the commander-in-chief was superseded. About the same time Suleiman Pasha, who had been so successful against the Montenegrins, was ordered to proceed with a portion of his force to the southern slopes of the Balkans.

The Turkish navy continued to be a disappointment, and did no service such as might have been expected from its strength, and from its supremacy in the Black Sea.

The campaign in Asia became uneventful as July drew to a close.

Mukhtar Pasha kept what he had regained, but did not win further laurels.

It was while things were in the state above described that two political events, not of magnitude but of significance, gave food to speculation, and kept interest alive. England reinforced her Mediterranean garrisons, and Austria empowered her Minister to mobilise a portion of her army. Though these were but mild hints, their meaning was unmistakable. There is a point beyond which neither of these Powers will suffer Russia's appropriation of Turkish territory to extend. Thus two of the shadows which had, all through the war, been glooming over the invasion, had at length become substantial, though not yet offensive. Mild, however, as these measures undoubtedly were, they were nevertheless important. Between the neutrality which, with folded arms, watches and protests, and the neutrality which stands

“Like greyhounds in the slips
Straining upon the start,”

there is a wide gulf. What was before a fencing with “quips and sentences, and paper bullets of the brain,” had now become a tampering with edged tools and loaded fire-arms. The danger had become greatly aggravated to a Power which seemed driven along by a resistless fate, which could not control her own acts or the acts of her friends, whose necessities might, spite of all care, cause her to bruise the feet of those whose enmity she would fain have trodden clear of. If Russia did not before realise the profound un wisdom of engaging in a war which many of the Powers of Europe deprecated, she must now have been becoming unpleasantly aware of it. To fight with two heavy swords suspended above her head can have been by no means agree-

able. These mild demonstrations seemed to mark the turning-point in a career which had hitherto been almost without impediment.

Misfortunes are said never to come singly, and certainly these warlike attitudes of Austria and England were contemporaneous with other signs of a changing destiny. Suleiman Pasha, with some of his Montenegrin troops, reached the southern slopes of the Balkans; and the more able leading of Mehemet Ali began to make itself felt in Bulgaria. The Russians, who, to do them justice, seemed never to decline a fight when the enemy chose to come at all in their way, thought they would clear Plevna of the Turks who were holding it—a very reasonable idea, since Plevna is unpleasantly near to the line Nicopolis - Selvi, or even the line Nicopolis - Tirnova. The Turks in Bulgaria had been keeping their movements concealed, and, indeed, belief in their continued inaction had become confirmed, so that there was really no great curiosity felt as to whether they might be here or there: the thoughts of those who watched the invasion were fixed on the advancing Russians. But the mystery preserved by the Ottoman generals had done something more than baffle reporters: it had left the enemy in ignorance, and allowed him to deceive himself to his injury. Osman Pasha, the general commanding at Widdin, had, it appears, pushed forward with some of his force and occupied Plevna—an obviously proper move, for it brought him within striking distance of the Russian lines of march which we have named above. The Russians found out that he was there; but by their own showing they did not know in what strength he was. Thus, when they went to drive him out it was impossible to calculate the exact

force which might be proper for them to use; but this caused the Russian commander little uneasiness, his mind leaning with all confidence on the idea that his following would certainly smite the Turks hip and thigh. Only a skirmish seems to have occurred on the first day (19th July) of his attack, for he became speedily aware that he would be overmatched. So he sent for reinforcements, as did also the Turkish leader; and if we may accept the Russian bulletin as accurate, 7500 Russians were, on the 20th, confronted by 20,000 Turks. In the night between 20th and 21st July 3000 more Russians came up, leaving the Turks still two to one nearly; but nevertheless, the Russian general attacked on the latter date. With one brigade he assaulted Osman's position on the north, and with a regiment and one battery on the east. But the result was as unfortunate as unexpected. The Turks showed no sign of blenching at sight of an enemy, but received his attack with determination, and, after a severe fight, drove him off, much discomfited, with a loss of two colonels and fourteen officers killed, one general and thirty-six officers wounded, and 2000 men (including, as we suppose, killed and wounded).

This success was, after a few days, followed by the expulsion of the Russians from Lovatz, which was accomplished by a Turkish division. The exploit not only added to the *éclat* which had attended the defence of Plevna, but it entailed a capture from the enemy of arms and ammunition in some quantity. It was another menace to the Russian position at Tirnova. The Turks were evidently beginning to stir themselves, and there were so many of them about, and the Russian chain was so extended, that this waking up to action could not

but lead to uncomfortable reflections. The invasion seemed to have been planned, or at any rate executed, on the assumption that the Turks would move very little to prevent it, or, if they did move, would do so with but little result against such superior troops as they would contend with. But the fallacy of any such idea was becoming painfully apparent. The Turks were evidently liable to fits of activity, and while the fit was on them their fighting was what is called in the western hemisphere of this "planet" *a caution to sinners*.

The events which we have described being but partial actions, were certain to be succeeded by others more general. It was not probable that an army so numerous as the Russian would acquiesce in leaving to the enemy positions which they considered necessary to their safety or convenience, because 10,000 men here, or 1500 men there, had met with a reverse; neither, supposing the Muscovites content to put up with these *contretemps*, could it be expected that the Turks, after marked success, would refrain from further encroachment. Certainly, therefore, it was imperative that a grander effort should be made. It was made; and this time the Russian general, Krüdener, took care not to be undermined. His force is given variously at 50,000 and 60,000, either number representing what would have been considered a respectable army in the last century; and 50,000 is the strength at which the Turkish army, still under Osman, was set down.

The dispositions of the latter, as far as they are made known to us, were more careful, and evinced more foresight, than is usual in Turkish precautionary measures, and they appear to have been ably conceived. Every natural advan-

tage afforded by the ground about Plevna was turned to account. The natural deficiencies were compensated by trenchwork, which, from the security which it afforded, must have been admirably defiladed. And the trenches were strengthened by redoubts at convenient points. There were three lines of defence, all in the horse-shoe form, the heels of the shoes being connected by a river, which washed the position, and formed a natural barrier on one side. The area of the battle extended so far beyond the town as to include some of the outlying villages.

The attack is reported to have commenced on the 28th July, but we are not informed whether the numbers engaged were from the first as we have stated them, or whether they had by reinforcements been brought to that strength by the 30th, when Krüdener made his last and most strenuous effort. Indeed it is to this action of the 30th that the correspondents have devoted their powers of description.

As we read the accounts, it is evident that the Turks were, either from advantage of position or from the number of their guns, superior on the whole in artillery; but nevertheless, that the Russians were able to bring their ordnance to bear in such fashion that they silenced the artillery-fire of the outermost, and, to a great extent, of the second lines. This they probably managed by directing all their pieces on the line which they were immediately attacking. They were able, moreover, to outflank, in more than one instance, the Turkish position—an ability which, by the way, tells rather against the equality of numbers, and suggests a superiority on the side of the assailants. Whatever the respective strengths, reporters all agree that the artillery of the first line was silenced, and that of

the second line almost subdued later on; also, that bodies of gallant Russians, forcing themselves in at the extremities of the trenches, endeavoured to take the lines in reverse. Thus the weight of these most vigorous attacks fell upon the Turkish infantry, which valiantly acquitted itself, and by supreme efforts gathered all the laurels of the day.

The Russians attacked in three divisions, one of which succeeded, by desperate fighting, in penetrating the outer line of defence after its (the outer line's) artillery had been overpowered. Immediately after getting a footing within this line, the assailant brought up his guns, and, after a heavy fight, silenced the nearest guns in the second line, which he then attempted to penetrate, as he had done the first. It is admitted that, after incredible exertion and fearful loss, he did get behind even this second line. But no heroes of the old world, or of the days of chivalry, ever contended more devotedly than did now the Turks for a position. The encounter was often hand to hand, the bayonets being freely used on both sides, and the *melées* giving rise to combats which may yet be commemorated by annalists and bards. Both sides did their *devoir* gloriously; and whatever may be our opinions about the causes of quarrel, we must admire the resolute struggle which all ranks, high and low, made for victory.

“The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood;
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like
knight,
As fearlessly and well.”

Many hours of exhausting strife had now passed, and the hard-earned advantage was on the side of the

impetuous, dashing assailants. But a turn of fortune now took place. The artillery of the third line of defence, which close-girt the town of Plevna, was better protected and more powerful than that of the outer works, and it exercised a fearful command over that portion of the second line which the Russians had succeeded in mastering. Its fire plunged among the brave fellows who had won this position, with desolating force and precision. Coming up with unwearied courage, they were swept away by ranks at a time. They had captured a hornet's nest. The Turkish infantry, perceiving how the enemy was checked, plied him for a while with their musketry. The attack did not advance. The carnage was tremendous. Night was approaching. If the Turk had done no more than keep his antagonist at distance, and defend the town till nightfall, he had done well, and had surpassed what many more pretentious soldiers could have achieved, after being so long and so hotly pressed. But he did more than this. Impatient of the nearly equally balanced result which fate seemed to promise, he rushed forward at length with the bayonet. This vigorous move so late in the day, when the physical endurance of both sides had necessarily been immense, was decisive. The assailants gave way before another probably unexpected show of steel; the Turks dashed forward; overturned them; quoited them out; dealt death and terror all along the intrenchment, and finally cleared it. There was not a Russian, living and free, within this second line, which had been all the afternoon an object of such fierce contention. But Turkish valour, now in its aftermath, was not to be satisfied with a partial achievement. Launching themselves on the ebbing tide, the Ottomans

followed the foe back to their first or outer line, denied him a single foothold in that, pushed him back over the earthworks in the darkness, and, in the end, stood victorious and in possession of all the ground which they had occupied when the sun rose upon that day which was to witness such long-continued bravery, such fearful carnage, and a result so glorious to the defenders. It was a splendid passage of arms, bringing out the qualities of the troops to their lowest sentinels. It makes us think of Albuera. It may hereafter be a soldier's honest boast that he had part in the perils of that fight.

"He that outlives this day, and comes
safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is
named."

Said we not well last month—"It is unwise to make light of any enemy, and especially of an enemy like the Turks, who may, at a moment when it is least expected, show themselves in a new light, and win the respect of their antagonists at the heavy cost of the latter"?

The Russians suffered a very heavy loss on the last day of Plevna, which is variously stated in estimates ranging from 32,000 killed and wounded to 8000. We have no hope of getting at the actual truth. But we know that the work in which they were engaged was close and hot; that it lasted over a summer's day; and that from 50,000 to 60,000 of them were in the field at the commencement of the attack, of whom all seem to have been exposed to hurt during the action. Under the circumstances, there is nothing improbable in a carnage which should amount to 2000 to 3000 killed, and 8000 to 12,000 wounded. Such a computation puts the total loss at 10,000 to 15,000,

or from one-fifth to one-fourth of the whole force. The Russian admission is not inconsistent with this reckoning. They put their losses at *over* 5000 men, which, no doubt, is true, if not precise. Besides men and *prestige*, the baffled Russians lost ammunition and arms.

Before they were attacked at Plevna, the Turks had reoccupied Loftcha or Lovatz without much opposition, the Russians withdrawing towards Selvi. But on the 7th of August—that is, eight days after the repulse at Plevna—the Russians made an attempt to retake Loftcha, but without success. We got very few particulars of this affair; but certainly it was much smaller than the attack on Plevna, the Russians being understood to have had about 8000 men engaged, and the Turks about half that number. One account says the fighting lasted only two hours. It was not, therefore, such a determined attempt as that upon Plevna, but, nevertheless, it seems to have been severely punished.

Let us now look at what had been passing on the south side of the Balkans while the Russians had been thus endeavouring to clear their right flank in Bulgaria. When we laid down the pen in July, Suleiman Pasha had just arrived upon the scene in front of Adrianople, and seemed to afford the very last hope of the Russian advance upon Constantinople being arrested. General Gourko was across the Balkans at the head of 18,000 to 20,000 men. He had possessed himself of Yeni Zaghra, Eski Zaghra, and Kisanlik; and further reports, after we went to press, represented him as having seized and destroyed a portion of the Philippopolis-Adrianople railway. Here his exploits came to an end. The Turkish troops were accumulating in his front, and he found it expedient for the present to secure

his positions and give up the thought of a farther advance. Reouf and Suleiman Pashas were by this time attempting to join their forces; but to do that they had to dislodge the enemy from some of his posts where he lay between them. By no means imitating the strategy of the generals in Bulgaria, they came boldly out and set about doing this. While Suleiman was yet some way off, Reouf, on 28th July, fell upon the Russians in Eski Zaghra with a hearty goodwill. But the Russians were strongly intrenched, were in considerable force, and were as determined to keep the place as were the Turks to take it. The fight was most creditable to both sides; but Reouf could not with all his efforts dislodge the Muscovites, and was at length compelled to retreat. Nothing daunted, however, he renewed his attack the next morning; his men fought with the utmost determination and bravery, advancing right up to the trenches in the face of a fearful artillery and musketry fire, which he was unable to subdue. His losses were very heavy, and to add to his distress he fell short of ammunition. Once more he had to retreat, and this time by no means in good spirits. Indeed, his troops spent a miserable night, watched by the Cossacks, and in great perplexity as to what should be done on the morrow, it seeming to be doubtful whether the raw but brave troops which he commanded could be kept together for further action. In fact they were not far short of a panic. But their noble efforts already made were not destined to be unrewarded. Help was at hand. While they had been occupying and wearying the enemy, Suleiman had been hastening up. He arrived on the other side of Eski Zaghra soon after Reouf's retreat; but his men being much exhausted by a long forced march,

he halted them, and let them rest quietly for the night. Meanwhile the Russians, knowing that they had punished Reouf pretty well during the last two days, were only waiting for daylight to dispose of him. As has been said, the Cossacks watched his bivouac, and the Russian commander looked upon him as delivered into his hand. It must have been rather a disappointment to the said commander when he was awakened by the assault of fresh enemies under the redoubted Suleiman, who set upon his garrison after its two days of hard work with an impetuosity that was absolutely irresistible. The works were carried one after another, and the unhappy Russians had to make off towards the mountains, leaving five guns to the victor. Suleiman's success seems to have been on the same day as the battle of Plevna. Reouf, in restored confidence, of course joined Suleiman, and the united forces started in pursuit, finding on their way a quantity of military stores, including tents. Suleiman's force at this point seems to have been about 12,000 men, but very little was reported about the numbers generally.

It is clear from the accounts of this action that the Turkish soldier can render good service elsewhere than behind ramparts, and that if he gets few opportunities of showing his mettle, it is the fault of his officers. Suleiman's troops, it is true, were the veterans of Montenegro, and exceptionally experienced, but Reouf's were quite raw levies. The successful joint action of these two leaders only increases the wonder that Mehemet Ali and Osman in Bulgaria do not undertake concerted operations, in which, if we judge from the quality of Osman's forces, they would have an excellent chance of being successful.

Gourko's men do not appear to have waited for the Turkish generals, in Yeni Zaghra and Kesanlik, but to have made the best of their way toward the mountain passes. It was not only the presence of Suleiman and Reouf that was affecting them, but the prowess of Osman was felt by this time even to the south of the Balkans. Gourko did not know how far his communications might be already interfered with, or might be about to be interfered with, and he knew that to secure *them* was of more importance than to hold this place or that. We did not know about the 10th of August whether the passes of the Balkans had, or had not, been evacuated by the Russians. Some accounts said that the latter were clean gone from the mountains and were making for Tirnova; others affirmed that they commanded and intended to hold the passes—but beyond that, that they retained no footing in Roumelia.

It cannot be said that during the early days of August anything of note occurred to the left of the Russian line of advance. The investments of Silistria and Rustchuk, which the Russians were said to have commenced, do not appear ever to have been completed. There were some small affairs in that direction after Mehemet Ali assumed the command, but nothing that could influence the result of the campaign.

This has been a war of surprises and mysteries. It was a mystery all through July why the Turks did nothing, and why the forward march of the Russians, though incautious, seemed secure and irresistible. It took everybody by surprise when Osman crept up on the flank as he did, and when he made his brilliant defences of Plevna. Since those actions a universal marvel has prevailed how repulses

affecting only a portion of the army and not affecting its positions, actually or relatively, should create such a profound anxiety as evidently existed in the Russian army after the repulses at Plevna. What must we think of the plan of a campaign of this magnitude when it could be altogether upset by a disaster so comparatively small? Just let us look back upon the manner in which Russia laboured to bring about this war—her intrigues with the disaffected in Turkey, her diplomatic subtleties, her assumption of the office of atrocity-castigator, her plunge into the strife in spite of the protest of all Europe—and then judge what must have been her estimate of her own ability to make an example of Turkey! We cannot doubt that she considered herself eminently fortunate in being able to get at her intended victim, or that she looked upon the crushing of him utterly as the infallible consequence of her attack. And then let us reflect on what actually happened. After being at war between three and four months, she has possessed herself of one small Turkish fortress in Asia, and of one in Europe; she has gained no great battle whatever; she has been badly beaten once or twice; after a rash advance in Asia she had to make a hasty retreat; after an equally rash advance in Europe she has been drawing in her feelers in a very suspicious manner. And all this without any adequate cause that an outsider can discern! Nay, events seemed rather to favour her designs. She had wearied the wretched Porte by a preliminary war waged with its own vassals, she had brought the Ottoman Empire to bankruptcy, she had secured a dead-lock among the Powers that might have forbidden her expedition. Her work seemed almost done for her. In one respect alone could she com-

plain that external circumstances had been less favourable than she expected. The hoped-for English alliance ended in a miserable *flasco*. Russia had yet to learn a maxim which, *mutato nomine*, may be stated in words which the historian of the Peninsular war used in reference to a general of his day, "Whoever trusts to Mr Gladstone in peace or war will be disappointed."

Putting aside, however, this one illusion, the run of events was vastly encouraging to Russia. She cannot blame Fortune for first alluring her to a dangerous attempt and then deserting her. Such as were the circumstances when she began, such they remain now. And yet there her army lay in the middle of her intended conquest paralysed, crowding together for increased safety, clamouring for succour in all haste, entertaining (if we may credit correspondents) inglorious thoughts which a month ago would have been repelled with disdain if they had ever presented themselves.

Now, any person who may have followed out the train of thought which we have indicated must perceive that Russia, though she may "have a giant's strength," has but a faint conception of how "to use it like a giant," as she would fain do. And any nation which may have been distressing itself with thoughts of what Russia might some day do to it, may now take comfort when it sees how little Russia understands her own pet subjects of conquest and arbitrary rule! We do not mean to say that Russia has already failed in her attempt on Turkey, or that she may not get over her present difficulty, and even succeed in crushing the wretched enemy before whom she stands in arms. But we do say, that without going further, we have proof that she was utterly unable to calculate the costs, or the hazards, or the

requirements of the adventure on which she had set her heart. We say that if she had made the same mistake in regard to a nation whose armies were better led than the brave Turks are, she must have been beaten to destruction. We say that enough has now been seen of her defects to make wreck of Russian *prestige* for, at least, this generation!

We have spoken of the mystery which veils the causes of the check experienced by the Russian army in August, and which probably exercised the minds of military men at the time more than the daily chronicles of events. The Russians kept their disorder concealed, whatever it might be; but enough was seen of the symptoms to certify us that Osman Pasha was not the sole cause of it. If the patient will not favour us with his confidence he cannot prevent our guessing at the nature of his complaint, and we think Englishmen have not been slow in pronouncing on the case, although there is no remarkable agreement in their opinions. "They never had men enough," say some of us: "their army was very fine on paper, but the soldiers were never really with the standards." "Their transport has broken down, that's it," say others. "Nay, but they have nothing to eat," says a third order of critics; "don't you see they must wait till the troops can be properly fed, and then——" There are even people who are content with the solution: "You see their plans were confoundedly frustrated by not being able to take Plevna, and they must revise their whole design, which can't be done in a moment." As all of these opinions have probably a good deal of truth in them, and as the holders of them have not been silent, we shall not discuss them at length, but shall pass to some other suppositions,

only remarking that if all or any of the above are the true causes of Russia's position, they strongly illustrate our view of Russia's incapacity for making this war. But let us venture into a little deeper speculation, if we may do so without presumption. New and stirring events may have temporarily effaced from our minds some of the incidents of which we read last May, but those events remain on record, and one which stands so written is that there had been some disaffection shown by a Circassian regiment, that the regiment had been disgraced and sent back to Russia, that the colonel of it had been degraded, &c., &c. The matter passed, and was probably to a great extent forgotten. But we have much reason for believing that the mischief in question was far worse than we were allowed to know of. A division was almost broken up by it; two regiments (six battalions) were sent to Siberia; another was subjected to dishonourable durance in Russia; and not Circassians only, but soldiers of other nations exhibited a disposition to revolt. We have advices, too, that desertion from that portion of the Russian army which is recruited from conquered and annexed territories is by no means uncommon. Of course expedients are resorted to for preventing this feeling from gathering to a focus, and the danger of it showing itself while all goes well may be small. Nevertheless, leaders conscious of its existence may be aware that reverses would bring it out strongly, and they may fear to do anything that could lead to a reverse, not so much because they dread the enemy as because they cannot rely on their own troops. After the battle of Plevna (30th July) correspondents agreed in representing something like a stampede to have occurred. Now,

what could this mean? The Russian soldiers are no cowards: they are not to be frightened with shadows. And yet, on very small provocation, they seemed ready to be up and away. It is presumable that they are ready to escape, and to leave the war to take care of itself whenever a fair opportunity may offer. There is a very suspicious paragraph occurring continually in Russian bulletins, to the effect that the spirit of the troops is excellent. Where there is mutual confidence between a nation and its army such announcements are unnecessary; the frequency of them during this war has made us more than once suspect that they were inserted to quiet reasonable apprehensions known to be entertained by people at home, and also that they were not strictly true. Add to this that the Imperial Guard has been ordered across the Danube. This of course is a measure hardly avoidable when troops are wanted in great haste; but it may have a significance beyond that. The Guard may be expected to be the best disciplined and most devoted corps in the Russian army, and there would be obvious policy in placing them side by side with troops whose constancy was not assured. This, then, may be one of the reasons why the leaders will not risk a reverse just now, and why they demand such reinforcements as must overpower the utmost strength which the Turks can bring into the field. The patience of their own army will not endure through a long campaign.

There is, likewise, the obvious consideration, that the Russians at home may become very restive during a long war, more especially if the war should not be altogether fortunate. The more the country is denuded of men, the more unpopular must the war become, and

the more difficult will it be to repress demonstrations of temper.

Besides these possible causes of difficulty, there may be much anxiety about the health of the army. It is believed by many in England that the extent to which disease is wasting the troops is carefully concealed.

Disaffection among the troops, discontent at home, and camp-sickness, which is more likely to increase than to diminish, are sufficient causes of anxiety to a commander who can no longer feel certain of victory.

But, to leave these speculations for the present, the Russian's difficulty is surely the Turk's opportunity; and why the opportunity now afforded was not seized, is as difficult to understand as why the passage of the Danube was so quietly allowed, and why the Russians in Bulgaria were not attacked when they were few in number. We have ceased to look for any strategical explanation of the Turkish leaders' conduct. That the Turkish soldiers will fight bravely there can be no doubt, and the behaviour of Reouf's men in the attack on Eski Zaghra proves that they do not require the protection of ramparts or earthworks to bring out their valour. The more inexplicable then is it that, when the moral effects of another defeat were so terribly feared by the Russians, no adequate effort was made by Mehemet Ali Pasha to intensify the distress which Osman Pasha's successful actions had produced. There is every reason to suppose that if a vigorous attack had been made on the Russian left just when the panic caused by Osman's blows was at its height, such disorder would have ensued in the Russian host as Russian discipline would have been unable to cure. Even after the first depression caused by the defeats at Plevna

had subsided, it would have been advisable to execute joint operations on the two flanks, such as had been carried out by Suleiman and Reouf, and not to wait until the Russian reinforcements should arrive. There was reason to expect, about the middle of August, that Suleiman would soon be across the Balkans, and in communication with the armies in Bulgaria. Then he and Osman might possibly essay together some adventures; but nothing could be calculated on as probable because it was obviously proper. The Turks seem to have something in common with the Quakers: when they are moved to an act they do it, and do it thoroughly; but without the inward motion, no consideration and no necessity can induce them to stir.

Mukhtar Pasha, during the early days of August, continued to guard the Armenian frontier very effectually. Spite of all announcements to the contrary, the Russian campaign in Asia certainly collapsed. It might be possible by a very rapid advance to realise something in the way of conquest after the middle of August, but there is little prospect of that this year. Now that there is such a clamour for reinforcements in Europe, it is doubtful whether any trouble will be taken to set General Loris Melikoff on his legs again; and the laws of Russia which were *henceforth* to have been established in Armenia, may be considered to have been still-born, and to await yet the metempsychosis which is to make them current in that part of the world. In Asia, as in Europe, the glory is altogether with the Turks; and the great Russian victory, which was to be the prelude to a treaty of peace, seems to have been postponed indefinitely.

To complete the awakening of the Turks, their ships began, as well as

their armies, to be a little more lively, and they did something, if not much, to complete the general turn which fortune had taken against the Russians. The bombardment and destruction of the forts at Tchamchira, near Poti, by a Turkish ironclad frigate, were a creditable achievement, showing much coolness and bravery. Strange to say, it took place on this same 30th July, which we may well call a red-letter day for the Turks. Still more creditable, as displaying much management and conception as well as courage, was the deliverance of 6000 Turkish soldiers from a dangerous position not far from the ruined forts. They were said to have been endangered by the advance of large Russian reinforcements; but it is to be feared their jeopardy arose more or less from bad generalship. Be that as it may, they were compromised, and the problem was to save them if possible. For once the ships of the Turks stood them in good stead, and gave an illustration of what a commanding navy *might* do in aid of land operations, and what a huge advantage the supremacy at sea ought to give to a Power that possesses it. Hobart Pasha, it seems, ran his ships inshore and engaged the Russian troops, while at the same time he made a clean embarkation of the 6000 soldiers with "bag and baggage," rescuing, as the correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph' testifies, their last biscuit. Then, having done his work thoroughly, and without haste or confusion, he steamed away uninjured. If exploits like these were more frequent, and the Russians were kept in perpetual dread of a floating enemy, who might suddenly appear and thwart their arrangements, the Turkish cause would certainly benefit largely.

Bosnians, Herzegovinians, and

Montenegrins have only shared in the ill fortune which has been galling the enemies of Turkey. The carrion-crows in Greece and Servia, who had been whetting their beaks since the Russians reached the Balkans, arrested that exercise in some perplexity after the battle of Plevna. Indeed the "whirligig of time" was not long in bringing about "his revenges;" and those not very artful "dodgers," Prince Milan and King George, must have been feeling most uncomfortable as August advanced. The wretched Bulgarians—the emancipated—began, we were told, to manifest anything but the delight of an enlarged nation, when Suleiman came into their neighbourhood. It was almost time for them to "hedge," and possibly they may yet try to make their peace with the Porte, by taking arms against their disinterested deliverers.

We spoke a month or two ago of the ultimate success of the Turks in this war as an idea which it was idle to admit just then. There may have been various opinions about how soon or how hard Russia would hit, but the certainty that she would in some fashion prevail, none dared to dispute. But *tempora mutantur*, &c., and a suspicion was by this time (middle of August) doubtless arising in many minds which before refused to entertain it, that holy Russia's position might become exceedingly disagreeable before long. There was no proof as yet that the fates were determinedly against her; but shadows were deepening around her—failure was possible. Her hopes, as we were now from all quarters informed, were fixed on her reserved forces, which she was bringing up in all haste. Her admirers, who remembered what had resulted from her first onset in the "excellency of her strength," cannot have felt en-

tirely confident in the virtue of the coming levies. She had surely not kept the good troops until now! Drooping troops have ere now been revived and led on to great deeds, but not by such generals as have been bungling in Bulgaria. There is the certainty that when many thousand more troops come up, there will be many thousand more mouths requiring food, and that is all that is certain. If it be true that the commissariat is insufficient with even the present force, the farther requirements of several thousand mouths must drive it to something like a breakdown. Russia, of course, knows her own affairs best, but there is so little that is encouraging about any of them, that many of her friends must be saying to her in the language of the Stock Exchange, "Cut the loss. Don't throw good money after bad." They will urge her to be off while she is in whole skin; and patch up this quarrel as best she can. On the 16th August it was notified that Russia was constructing a new bridge over the Danube. It seemed to us the wisest thing she could do. It would be well if she were to make a dozen. For she is now in such a position that we have to consider a totally different set of chances from those with which we have become familiar. Dreadful as promised to be the passage of the Russian armies into Bulgaria, far more dreadful will be their passage out if they should be compelled to make it in any haste. They will choke more bridges than they can find; and when the bridges are thronged, what will become of those who are waiting to cross? As their enemies are Turks, there is no saying but that the latter may stand looking on or even try to help their adversaries out of their trouble; but had they been anything but Turks, it would

have been a safe prediction that in any such event one-half the Russian army would perish.

"What right have we to think of such things as the above?" is a question that may suggest itself to many a reader. "What right has the Russian army to be in such difficulty as it evidently is in?" is the answer we would make. It is questionable whether its disorder be such as an increase of force would cure. If it should prove to be not curable by that means, what further remedy can Russia resort to? We know of none; and therefore it is that we think the time has come when the subject may with propriety be discussed: How does the Russian general propose to withdraw his troops from Turkey, if, after the arrival of reinforcements, he should find that he cannot hold his ground there? In former invasions there was the Russian fleet to look to in case of disappointment. But no such resource remains now; the Danube must be recrossed if it should be found necessary to evacuate Turkey.

There is another consideration which is becoming daily more and more to the purpose. The influence which Austria can, from her geographical position, exercise upon the war, has been frequently and fully discussed. We will not further examine it, but simply remind our readers that Austria could throw her troops with ease right across the Russian communications, and so compel a retreat, supposing the Russian army to be in a condition for retreat, or completely paralyse it if it should already be in difficulties. Now Poland, if there were a Polish army in the field, could do pretty much the same things. Poland doing such things has been out of the question hitherto, because there has

been no Polish army, and there has been a Russian army looking pretty sharply after the doings of Poland. But the exigencies of the war have compelled Russia almost to denude her home stations of troops. The time may be close at hand when all the most capable officers and the most loyal and formidable troops may be in Bulgaria and Roumania, and the Russian home garrisons be composed of undisciplined auxiliaries. Poland would not from Russian choice be left unguarded,—that we know well enough; but necessity may compel something of the sort. Now this is not airy speculation. It is a state of things which may come about by means which any of us can understand, since Russia's inability to wield her huge army has become apparent. Poland, then, may have this autumn such an opportunity as she never has had before and never may have again. She may have it in her power to turn the key upon her oppressors and lock them up in regions beyond the Pruth. She has but to seize railway termini, block roads, break bridges, &c., and her vengeance would be assured. The retribution would be fearful on the return of the Russians. Yea, on the return of the Russians. But the Russians are many hundred miles from home, and what sort of return would they make unless some other Power should come to their help? Starved, exhausted, perhaps followed by the Turks, they might be glad to decline a contest with the Poles.

It is certainly strange that we should now entertain these apprehensions concerning a nation which, when we interrupted our remarks only one short month ago, seemed to be striding forward to increased dominion. But the Czar, it is now pretty clear, is not formed for a conqueror. Whatever his will, whatever his courage, however strong his

desire for other people's territory, he has not the capacity for the dishonest business which he follows. As Shallow said of one of Falstaff's recruits, "He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right." To have led upwards of a quarter of a million men all that way to have no more than smelt powder, to be confronted by an enemy confessedly unprovided and torpid, and yet to stand helpless and inactive in the centre of this brave and multitudinous host—these are not articles out of which to compound a certificate of "greatness" that will secure a place in history. These are not the things "that make ambition virtue." If he had been compelled by his enemies to come out, and then cut this poor figure, we might have excused him by saying that he had done his best, such as it was. But nobody called upon him to essay this conquest. On the contrary, very many nations advised him and entreated him to refrain and stay at home. He preferred, however, to challenge the criticism of Europe. Everybody is at liberty to comment upon his achievement. None can help asking why he made such an exhibition of himself when they perceive that he has thus stuck in the mud.

Something may have been learned by the Muscovite army from this partial failure, and some of the difficulty will be met by augmenting the force; but the difficulties which are probably worst of all require time and money to correct them. In the meantime the army generally must be deteriorating. As we took occasion to explain in a former paper, such a host cannot be standing still in the moral sense. Any one of the mischiefs which we have supposed to be eating into the Russian army would be aggravated by inaction. Stirring work is what is most desirable for it; and that, apparently, is

just what its leaders are unable to give it.

On the side of the Turks, perverse and dilatory as their conduct has been through August up to the time when we must leave off our comments, yet on the whole there has been improvement. Suleiman and Osman, indeed we ought to add Reouf, have brilliantly broken through the torpor and incapacity which one was beginning to look upon as incurable in Bulgaria and Roumelia. The *morale* of the Ottoman army must be improved by the smart things which portions of it have been doing. They have stood up to the bully that has been their bugbear for two centuries, and made her recoil. They perceive that it may be possible for them, "with or without allies," to preserve their nationality and their territory. Their navy, too, has begun to help a little in the war. Fate, in which they believe, has certainly been less surly than before. And all this ought to bear fruit; we dare not say that it will. Neither, spite of the lucid explanations of all their acts and designs which we read every morning, dare we affirm that any plan of campaign worthy the name has been arranged between the generals. It is possible, of course, that operations may be delayed until Suleiman shall be clear of the Balkans, and in possession of all the passes; but it is possible, also, that operations are delayed because it is the nature of the Turk to delay, and because the enemy does not find it convenient to seek him and to stir him up. There is no necessity that we understand for waiting for Suleiman. The game may be commenced without him, and he may cut in very prettily as soon as his hands are free. Time, precious time, is not being utilised, and certainly one chance of success, though not their

only one, is being neglected by the Turks.

Notwithstanding the infatuation of the latter, we have let our opinion appear that they now have, from external circumstances, a fair chance of escaping this time from "the destiny that Russia has prepared for them during so many years." We think, too, that if they do escape there is much reason to hope that they may lay to heart the lessons of this war, and that they, and Europe generally, may be the better for those lessons. One truth which has come to light is, that the Turk, with all his faults, prejudices, and unspeakableness, makes about as fine a soldier as is to be found in Europe or anywhere else. Another is, that the Turkish empire, contemptible as has been its government, neglected as have been its institutions and defences, barbarous as has been the mismanagement of its revenues, atrocious as have been sometimes its crimes, has, with all the world to nothing against it, made such a defence, and shown such determination, as prove it to be far from rotten to the core, or the mere despair of statesmanship. The third lesson, which they cannot fail to deduce, is, that it requires only a new system of government in Turkey to make it flourishing, strong enough for self-protection, and the ally of liberal nations. Unquestionably the best change that could happen to Turkey (looking at Europe's interests) is that she should reform herself, rather than that she should be extinguished by the "bag and baggage," or by any slower and more merciful process. The Crimean war did her no good. As soon as it was over, she relapsed into imbecility and barbarism. True: but the Crimean war was not an extreme peril like this. She has had

a vision of Tartarus which will surely make fire-insurance her first thought if she is ever permitted to wake again. She has felt the heavy disabilities entailed by exclusion from the European family, and must be satisfied that old-world Mohammedanism is utterly incompatible with maintenance of the place in the world to which she pretends. The surrender of some ideas, which she was accustomed to cherish in defiance of her neighbours and of civilisation, though disagreeable, is not more than Turks can bear when they perceive what can be gained by it. We have but to look at Egypt to be convinced of what Turks can do when they feel that they must. God forbid that we should make light of Turkish "atrocities;" but we clearly perceive that behind Turkish atrocities lay Turkish weakness. Because Turkey was weak, or rather because Turkey knew not what strength she really possessed, she became the victim of her ruthless enemy, who, by galling and otherwise tempting her, drove her into heinous crime. But for the machinations of Russia, the Bulgarian atrocities would not have been committed. It is granted that Turkey might have had, and ought to have had, a respectable police and disciplined troops to suppress the Bulgarian rebellion, and that she preferred to use abominable savages. This is a foul blot; but we believe it is not a hundred years since Great Britain employed in North America red Indians with tomahawks and scalping-knives as her allies. Turkey is a hundred years behind ourselves.

It would relieve Europe of a great perplexity were Turkey to be free of her invader once more, and to set about making herself strong,—which is another expression for making herself civilised, for governing fairly and discreetly, for ceasing

to outrage the sentiment of Europe. This, we suppose, all will admit. But there are thousands who will exclaim, on the other side, that it never will be done, that it would be madness to trust her. The Turks certainly are a curious people, for whom none would choose to go surety. But at the same time, we think the probability of their stirring themselves after this war and setting their affairs in order is very great. They can raise no more money from abroad; they see now how exposed they are to foreign intrigue and to intestine strife; they see also how the nations hang back in horror, and refuse to stretch a hand to them in their utmost need. If their empire is worth fighting for, and if it can now be saved, it is worth preserving hereafter.

When we contemplate the possibility of Russia retiring baffled from the contest, we must contemplate also the position in which the Ottoman empire will stand when freed from its invaders. In such a case, if Europe is not disposed to take up the "bag and baggage" work where Russia leaves off, she must be content to let the Turks once more try to take care of themselves. The opinion that the empire must break up through its own want of power to cohere, cannot be so widely entertained as it was three or four months ago. On the contrary, many of us must marvel greatly that there should be so much left to work upon after so many years of villanous misrule and of destructive manners. Its life might certainly be restored; but whether the physician can be found that shall raise it from degradation and impotence is another question, although one concerning which we need not despair. Now, if Turkey should stand before us, scarred and bleeding, but once more free, how can we best help in her resurrection as

a nation? We, the other nations, will decline to use force, and what else have we to use that the Turks would care for? Their opinion (not ours) of our advice and pointing of a moral, would be like that of the dissolute fellow in the fable as to the priest's blessing,—“If it had been worth a farthing you would not have given it to me.” We must expect them to say this; and withal we must try heartily to effect a reformation, and to show that we are not so indifferent as we have seemed. How this is to be done is not so easily said: we are not prepared with a prescription, but we propound for consideration a case which it may be well to think upon, and which it may require much wisdom to deal with well.

Nothing is more clear than that the amelioration of Turkey could never be brought about by the hand of Russia. Last month, so fruitful in lessons, has not been silent as to some of the secrets of the extension of Russian sway. The narratives of the cruelties practised upon the Mohammedan population of Bulgaria and the Balkans were truly most shocking. The men were said to be disarmed first by one set of troops who enticed them from their hiding-places by offers of mercy, and then to have been murdered by another set who were always, by some curious accident, waiting in arms on the roads along which these helpless people fled. The women were massacred with the children after having been subjected to unspeakable outrage. Every day's news adds to the proof of the discretion which was shown by the English Ministers in refusing to make war side by side with these northern barbarians. How could we ever have excused ourselves if we had been even for a day associated with monsters whose path is marked by such hideous crimes? Mr Gladstone, blind with political

envy, probably does not now see the fearful mistake that England would have made had she listened to him. *He* probably thinks that a check to Lord Beaconsfield's popularity might be cheaply purchased at the cost of degradation and shame to the nation. But that, happily, is not the general sentiment. We all thank heaven that we have kept clear of discreditable fellowship, that our horror at reading of such atrocities is not intensified by the consciousness of being accessories. We have had an escape from fearful guilt, through bold policy, prudent guidance, and just perception. We see only too clearly at length what deliverance means in the mouth of the Czar, what infamy and false dealing we were urged to abet. No reasonable person can longer entertain the belief that Russia has made war to chastise the Turks for their cruel treatment of the Christians, to obtain better government for the said Christians, or to advance, in any way, civilisation. The occurrences of this war tend to prove that she is in no respect more advanced than Turkey is. There is not the least reason for hoping that she would ameliorate the condition of any portion of Turkey which she might succeed in appropriating. There cannot be the slightest moral reason why we should desire to have the rule of the Muscovite substituted for that of the Turk in Europe, and there are many and strong political reasons why we should object to such a substitution.

We have to regret this month what seems very like an abandoning by the Turks of the insurrectionary movement in the Caucasus, though happily not of the insurgents themselves. We think the Porte would have done wisely to keep this ulcer open; and it is a fair suspicion that they resolved to

regard it no farther, not so much because they did not see its importance, as because the terror caused by General Gourko's clever peep over the Balkans frightened them into drawing away every force they could command for defence of the capital. We rejoice to find that they are exerting themselves to withdraw the mountaineers who have been in arms from Russian vengeance, that many thousands of them have been rescued, and that it is intended to rescue thousands more. Of these refugees the men may go back as Turkish soldiers, if it shall again be found convenient to cause a diversion in the Caucasus. The taking of Sukhum Kale, and the excitement which it caused in Abkasia and the neighbouring districts, were certainly of great advantage to the Turks in the beginning of the struggle, when the war seemed to be going against them more in Asia than anywhere. Now, they are almost masters in that region; and just as we are ending our remarks, a reminder of their easy circumstances arrives in the form of an announcement from Mukhtar Pasha, much in the same strain which he chanted in June and July. He, being in position with his right flank at Makirdij Tabir, and his left at Yakinlar, was attacked on the 18th August by a Russian force (an army in fact) composed of 48 battalions, 10 cavalry regiments, and 110 guns. By two in the afternoon he had succeeded in beating this force, and his troops occupied the remainder of the day in trying to improve the victory, which it is not said that they succeeded in doing. It must have been a very serious engagement, and will probably assure the safety of Kars and Erzeroum till the spring. Smaller affairs are reported, which do not seem to have been all favourable to the Turks. These, how-

ever, sink into insignificance by comparison with Mukhtar's fight, of which we regret that we have not particulars.

We read, when the importunate press leaves us but little time to read or to write, that the Bulgarians are actually taking the step which we some pages back suggested that they might see the propriety of taking. They are enrolling themselves in the Turkish army. If this be true, it proves that the effect of the Czar's proclamation has been very short-lived, and that Bulgarians, as well as other subjects and vassals of the Sultan, begin to perceive that they have been simply used as tools. Indeed, insurrection is unable to make head anywhere, and seems to languish just as the Russian invasion languishes. These changes of fortune, which to us are but military puzzles, and stimulants to keep up interest in the war, must to the revolted provinces be matters of extreme anxiety. It cannot but be perceived at Belgrade, Cettinje, Mostar, even at Bucharest, that Russian success is not the easy and assured thing that it was supposed to be. They have two events to contemplate now, and where their hope can lie, if Russia should fail, we cannot imagine. Perhaps they may be consoled with elegies by an Englishman of eminence, who is more liberal of words than of sound advice!

We have heard of, and therefore note, an account of Turkish troops having been thrown ashore in the Dobrudscha. Of the truth of it we are not yet certain, and of the meaning of it we confess ourselves ignorant. Indeed, Mehemet Ali's plans are so obscure that we have no ground for reasoning on what may occur in the area where he is operating. His doings may be more intelligible after a few days. Meanwhile it is in the Turk's fa-

vour that their ships are busy moving troops from point to point. Their facilities for transport, properly used, would be worth many thousand men to them. And we hear, besides, of ironclads on the waters of the Danube now co-operating with Turkish shore-batteries in attacking the batteries in Roumania. As this function of the Turkish navy was so scandalously neglected at a time when the Danube was the centre of interest, observers have naturally dismissed from their minds all thought of such action since. But, after the strange inconsistencies which we have been continually witnessing in the Turk, we can conceive him now, in the afternoon, addressing himself with some energy to what might have saved him in the morning, if he had attended to it then. He reminds one of that slow but joke-loving companion so often met with at feasts and wassails, who, after a witticism has long ago exploded, and done its work with the general, and been succeeded by other and graver matters, suddenly bursts into a guffaw—conception, though difficult and late, being now at the flood with him. The Turks go back to an expedient after the occasion for it in the estimation of every one else has passed, — seem to take hold of an idea which never impressed them when it was of the first importance, and work at it with such a will as they should have shown weeks ago. Strange to say, too, their tardy appreciation does not come altogether too late: but this is no justification of Turkish apathy; it arises from the great number of perils in defiance of which Russia made her attack—perils which she can never entirely free herself from, though they may not threaten equally at all times. She will never be clear of the dangers of the river as long as the war

lasts. If, even now, the ships should be active on the waters, and ironclads should engage the batteries while troops should be thrown ashore for land attacks, some Russians must go back into Roumania. Again, the naval operations which the Turks seem to be meditating against the batteries cannot but put the bridges in jeopardy, and these are indispensable now as on the day when they were made. Every step that Russia takes is over a pitfall; and the real wonder is, not that perils start up and recur so continually, but that she has escaped so far without greater damage.

A great battle at Rasgrad in which the Turks have been victorious, the complete junction of Suleiman with Mehemet, and the withdrawal of the Russians from all the Balkan passes, are reported not very decidedly, but we shall have no opportunity of verifying the statements. Events of such importance would, we think, have come to hand with the official stamp upon them had they been true. Equally unconfirmed is the report that the Englishman, Baker Pasha, has been placed in command of a cavalry brigade. But it is a step so obviously proper, that if it were said to have taken place anywhere save in Turkey, its internal evidence would gain it credit. Baker, we suspect, can show Mehemet how to put his cavalry to some uses which have as yet not entered into Ottoman minds. And we do not fear, either, that Baker would have much trouble with his troopers; for the inferior Turks, cavalry and infantry, appear to be admirably docile, and to desire only to be led by officers capable of putting their soldiery to the proof. If numbers are hastening up to the support of the Russians, its hitherto neglected resources are at last being made available by the Porte: and these last may prove the safer

things to fall back upon; for, if they do not aid the defence as much as expected, they will not embarrass it; whereas hordes of Russians, set down incautiously in Bulgaria, may be very much in each other's way. The game is a puzzling one, and the issues as yet are exceedingly dark.

This is probably the first time in the world that so great a war has been waged with so little fighting or even manœuvring. It is scarcely using too bold a figure to say that the contest is in dumb-show; for what pantomime is to the drama is this uneventful strife to the rattling adventurous warfare with which Europe is familiar. The campaign is not dull because great agencies are absent—far from it. Behind this apparent inaction vast forces are at work—forces which are present in every modern war, but which usually are eclipsed and kept out of the public mind by the paramount attraction of great battles and sieges. Here we see, as it were, the anatomy of war, its sinews and arteries laid bare, and its ordinary phases of red battle, havoc, and victory set aside for the better study of its more recondite processes. To the military student the strife must, for this reason, be of the greatest interest, as proving how much is required besides multitudes, valour, and hard knocks for the proper conduct of a war. We are not pretending that the practice of war gener-

ally has undergone a change, and that henceforth we may expect the silent and profound forces of states to operate principally, and the clash and the explosion to subside into rare accidents. We believe that the course which a European war may be expected to take is far better illustrated by the previous wars of the century than by this. This war is exceptional. It is possible that it may end without much more prevalence of fighting; at any rate, if the Russian reinforcements now on their way up do not produce some burning of powder, we can hardly see what need produce it.

The effect of these reinforcements may decide, too, the question whether or not the war will spread beyond the present belligerents. We are happy to think that the hazard of its doing so is far less than when we penned our last notice. The advance of the season, the contraction of the theatre of war, the evident effort with which the struggle is maintained at all, favour this "localisation." Furthermore, it is no longer an unreasonable supposition that the war may be drawing near to its end. Thus we are able to end our paper with some pleasant suggestions, and to quit the subject not without expectation that our next writing, if it be our fortune to write again, may note some decisive changes in this pitiless storm.

THE SESSION AND CURRENT POLITICS.

It is very difficult to characterise the session of 1877. As a general rule the proceedings were dull, and the legislation of an ordinary type, scarcely calculated to arrest the attention of the country. But it is impossible to regard the session, taken as a whole, as uneventful and uninteresting. On the contrary, the more it is considered, it is found to have left a permanent mark upon the policy of the country and the course of events.

The primary subject of interest from first to last was, of course, the Eastern Question and the attitude adopted by Parliament towards the British Ministry and the combatants. Writing at the commencement of the recess, with a vivid recollection of the extravagances of last autumn, it is as well to remind the well-meaning and excellent men whose voices are only heard during the "silly season," that the deliberate policy of the whole country, Liberals as well as Conservatives alike, is a policy of support to her Majesty's Government, and of reserve towards foreign Powers. No single politician, responsible or otherwise, has come forward to question the wisdom of that "strict but conditional" neutrality in this cruel and destructive war which England has determined to preserve. And no human being who reads the catalogue of horrors and atrocities perpetrated on either side during this peculiarly savage strife, can doubt the wisdom or humanity of the policy which strove to avert its outbreak, and denounced the infraction of those treaties which alone guaranteed the continuance of peace.

The session will be memorable for the efficient, almost contemptu-

ous, display of silent strength, with which Parliament, immediately upon its meeting, brushed aside or repressed extra-parliamentary agitation upon this subject. Notwithstanding pamphlets, indignation meetings, and pseudo-national conferences, it was found, at the commencement of the session, that the policy of the Government commanded the almost unanimous approval of the country, and that the Prime Minister personally possessed its confidence. There never was such a political triumph for a Ministry; there has never before been such an utter collapse of political opposition. The only incident wherewith to compare it is the memorable destruction, on the first night of the session of 1854, of the calumny and slander against the Prince Consort. That, however, was an affair of anonymous circulation of disquieting rumours, disbelieved by all men of sense. The bubble which burst this session had been blown by experienced mouths; and it was of portentous dimensions. The Ministry had challenged their opponents that they had nothing to explain, or qualify, or apologise for in their policy; Mr Gladstone and his friends had reiterated on every platform that "the power and reputation of England had for a long period of time been employed for a purpose and to an effect directly at variance with the convictions of the country." It was found absolutely impossible, in the presence of Ministers and face to face with the House of Commons, to make good a charge of that kind. Mr Gladstone shrank, week after week, from bringing it to the test of full discussion; and when at last he formulated resolutions for that pur-

pose, he withdrew them from the decision of the House. The agitation of last autumn was got up without any issue being placed before the country, which was capable of being debated and decided. The hero of the whole business had lashed himself into a noble oratorical rage over scenes which stirred the indignation of the country, and permitted himself to impute "moral and material, if not purposed complicity," in those crimes to his political opponents. His alternative policy was that of concerted action with Russia. What Englishman now regrets that that policy was almost unanimously rejected? As events rolled on, with the flower of the Russian army lying weakened and exposed across the Balkans—harassed on all sides by the invaded Turk—with a spirit of extermination thoroughly roused, leading to scenes of misery far in excess of those of last year,—what says the great Liberal orator, whose agitation prevented peace last autumn, and hounded on Russia to the war? He prefers not to talk politics; and at the critical moment is discovered in Hawarden Park, gracefully leaning against his woodman's axe, and singing the Old Hundredth. If his sylvan amusements last year had induced an equal calmness in the presence of atrocities beyond the power of England to prevent, it is possible that Eastern complications might for the time have ended with the collapse of Serbia in the field, instead of involving a conflict so extended, so sanguinary, and so destructive. Parliament has authoritatively declared the policy of this country in accordance with the despatches of Ministers; and for the time, at all events—though at the beginning of a recess it is wise not to be too sanguine—a mischievous agitation has been extinguished.

The progress of the war has tended to consign to oblivion the grow-

ing differences in the Liberal party in regard to foreign affairs. Lord Granville and Lord Hartington discovered that judicious delay, combined with agreement in retrospective censure of Ministers, enabled them effectively to separate themselves from all complicity in Mr Gladstone's declarations in favour of coercion and active concurrence in Russian designs. But for the diversion of Mr Chaplin's attack, there would have been nothing to relieve the contrast between the violent demonstrations adapted to public platforms, and the exceedingly lamb-like demeanour considered suitable in the House of Commons. It may even be conjectured that Mr Gladstone himself saw the impolicy of hopelessly dividing his party in aid of a project which had turned out wholly impracticable. But as time went on, the discontent of devoted followers who had rashly pledged themselves before the public to views which were now being as publicly though quietly disavowed, grew apace; and ominous sounds were heard that it would be better to own themselves mistaken than silently to shuffle out of the responsibility which had been ostentatiously assumed. It was felt that after all that had taken place, a retreat was impossible; and that Sir William Harcourt's repeated declarations that the country had been misled by "a few self-important journalists," and had mistaken "the real sentiments and actual policy" of the Administration, were but a sorry consolation to men who had announced that their conduct should never be forgotten or forgiven. Prudent Liberals might repeat as often as they pleased that the conduct imputed "never existed except in the brains of a few self-important journalists;" but politicians with either a past career to justify or a future before them, could never

adopt excuses so unworthy and transparent. In spite of everything, Mr Gladstone and his immediate allies could vindicate their autumn manoeuvres in no better fashion than by wrangling over isolated despatches and by endeavouring to extenuate the policy which, in 1871, renewed the guarantee of the Ottoman dominion. It was not until the month of May, after war had been declared and the English policy of neutrality proclaimed in accordance with previous despatches, that Mr Gladstone gave notice of resolutions challenging the conduct of the Ministers. Had he persisted, the result would have been to disorganise and destroy the Opposition. A compromise was arrived at, under which the Liberal party could vote for one colourless and unmeaning resolution, on the understanding that in that case the others should be withdrawn. The debate of four or five nights ended in a majority of 131 for the Government. It was rendered famous, no doubt, by the eloquence of Mr Gladstone, whose exertions on the first night were worthy of himself in his best days. The party advantage gained was, that it staved off ruin from the Liberal party. But its usefulness to Europe and the English public was beyond all question, since it drew from three leading Cabinet Ministers, Mr Cross, Lord J. Manners, and Sir Stafford Northcote, the distinct avowal of the conditions on which a policy of neutrality was proclaimed, and under which it would be strictly and rigidly adhered to. The subsequent publication of Lord Derby's despatch of May 6th, showed that Mr Cross's speech was rightly accepted as a spoken State paper which bound the Government; and the unqualified approval which it obtained showed the general acquiescence in the Ministerial policy, and deprived

the minority of 223 of any significance. It did not express censure or distrust of the Ministry, but simply the extreme reluctance of the Liberal party to be wrecked by the improvident and irrepressible enthusiasm of their former chief. It has read a lesson to Mr Gladstone, which we are glad to see by his speeches during this recess he has profited by. The devotees who go on their dreary pilgrimages to Hawarden Park, and the incessant speech-making which they occasion, will never hide the fact that their hero has forfeited the confidence of all reasonable and patriotic politicians.

The course of military events in the Balkan range has destroyed that great bugbear of a British war in favour of Turkey, or, as the more indignant declaimers put it, in favour of the existing system of government in Turkey. We cannot afford to go to war every twenty years in support of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire. We exhausted every diplomatic effort in favour of the treaties which we imprudently expended blood and treasure to obtain. But from Mr Disraeli's Mansion-House speech of November 1875 down to Lord Derby's despatch of May 1877, the much-decried "British interests" have been the chief object of British policy. England is exempt from all responsibility for this cruel and destructive strife, except so far as the influence of our unparalleled excitement last autumn may have encouraged its outbreak. We shall do our best, when the time arrives, to restore peace, and to arrive at an international understanding which shall be permanent and effective. But the condition of South-eastern Europe is not our business. Pan Slavist intrigues, Russian ambition, and Turkish corruption, are the efficient causes of evil,

the operation of which, in time of peace, we must never again regard with the indifference of the last twenty years. But in a savage and exterminating war, undertaken without possibility of benefit to anybody, and which we have vainly struggled to prevent, England will take no part whatever, unless constrained by the necessity of self-preservation or by the duty of maintaining the integrity of her empire. From first to last we believe the English public to have been all but unanimous on this subject; and that whatever misunderstandings have arisen have been due to irregular demonstrations of party zeal, undertaken without authority and without discipline, and founded on no intelligible issue.

Another subject which has greatly agitated the public mind, but in reference to which Parliament has prudently abstained both from action and unnecessary debate, has been the subject of Church politics. The Ridsdale judgment, and the litigation which preceded it, and the excitement aroused by the proceedings of the Society of the Holy Cross, would alone be sufficient to bring this topic to the front rank of debatable public questions. But when the Primate himself, in his place in Parliament, uses the language which was attributed to him in the 'Times' report of June 15, in reference to clergymen of the Church of England, who, it turns out, may be numbered by hundreds, the matter assumes a very grave aspect indeed. In reference to the 'Priest in Absolution,' which he (it is said) erroneously assumed to represent "only a very few of the clergy," the Archbishop rightly declared that "it was a disgrace to the community that such a work should be circulated under the authority of clergymen of the Established Church." He publicly complained that men

who are clothed with a certain official character both by the State and the religious institution to which they belong, should arrogate to themselves an authority in the matter of the confessional which does not belong to them, with which they have in no way been invested by their superiors, and against the abuse of which no restraints are provided. The course which they were pursuing was one which, in the opinion of his Grace, would have "very evil results," both in the harm which it would do to their own minds and also to the minds of others. "I cannot imagine," he continued, "that any right-minded man could wish to have such questions addressed to any member of his family; and if he had any reason to suppose that any member of his family had been exposed to such an examination, I am sure it would be the duty of any father of a family to remonstrate with the clergyman who had put the questions, and warn him never to approach his house again."

This, in the eyes of all serious and sensible people, is very grave language indeed—more particularly, when we consider the numbers of clergymen to whom it applies, and the supineness which the bishops had previously shown in meeting the evils with which society is threatened. It is impossible to forget that official character, position, and influence have been conferred upon those persons for the purpose of advancing the interests of religion and morality; and that a system which thus acts with diametrically opposite results requires, and will inevitably receive, the closest scrutiny. The whole public are interested in the question whether the power and influence of the Church Establishment are to be used, in order, to quote again the Archbishop's words, in the Upper House of Convocation,

"to propagate doctrines, and carry into effect practices, which are altogether alien from the spirit and teachings of the whole body of divines of the Church of England, from the first to the last." The staunch supporters of that Establishment should be the first to aid in suppressing what the same high authority rightly denounced as "a conspiracy in our body against the doctrine, the discipline, and the practice of our Reformed Church."

For ourselves, we heartily join with the 'Quarterly Review' in its recent appeal to the "old historical High Church party," not to give their countenance, however partial, to such a system as is here represented. Its votaries are "aliens from the Church of England, and are as foes in her household." To judge from the language of Monsignor Capel, their travesty of Catholic rites and practices is as offensive to genuine Romanists as their treachery to the principles of the Reformation is to Protestants. Should they ever be received into the Romish Church, the first lesson that would be taught them, would be to refrain from speaking evil of dignitaries, and from habitual or even occasional insubordination. The last thing that would be tolerated in that disciplined hierarchy would be a claim on the part of each priest to "act in his public ministrations on his own private interpretation of the law." And the prolonged systematic resistance which we have witnessed, not merely to the law of the realm, but to the behests of their superiors, on the part of the advanced ritualistic clergy, has somewhat affected the loyalty of the English nation to the Church within whose pale such scandals can arise. The conviction is rapidly gaining ground that, if this powerful Establishment is to be maintained, it must be clearly under-

stood whether the object of its existence is honestly to uphold the Protestant religion, or to revive an alien system, for which no adequate machinery has been provided, and which, if administered at all, must be guided by individual caprice or secret conspiracy.

It is admittedly a crisis in Church politics, and in the life of the Establishment. We lay out of consideration the high character and earnestness which distinguish many clergymen of the new school—for that has nothing to do with the question. In a famous controversy, some two years ago, between Canon Liddon and Monsignor Capel, the former was compelled to disavow and censure practices and devotions which obtained in the English Church, in terms which were sufficient to justify, if they stood alone, the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874. Since the Ridsdale judgment, numbers of influential High Churchmen (see concur in the whole of the reasoning which it contains, "yet find in it some grounds of satisfaction, in so far as it (a) allows the eastward position of the celebrant; (b) confirms the principle of a distinctive Eucharistic dress; (c) recognises the full right of the Church of England to the legitimate use of religious art in her churches." 'Times,' July 19), while unable to advise submission to the discretion of the Ordinary in regard to the points of ritual touched by the late judgment. And it is obvious that, with the liberal latitude of interpretation of Church formularies and rubrics uniformly adopted, there is scope enough within the Establishment for every one to indulge his æsthetic yearnings. As the Quarterly Reviewer observes, "a deep though unmonstrative resentment against these treacherous innovations is

spreading among the laity." The proper course for all loyal Churchmen to adopt is to rally round the authorities, and the Primate, and the tribunals. But if this crisis is to be surmounted (as we hope and believe it will be), it is essential that the old historic High Church party should exercise all their prudence and self-restraint. It is in their direction that the whole current of religious feeling within the Church is now running. If they allow themselves to be carried away by the excitement of the hour, attracted, as they naturally must be, to a system which enhances their own power and dignity, they may aggravate, beyond the possibility of cure, the evils which threaten us. If they maintain their old position, the extravagances of their grotesque allies will have no worse consequences than the ravings of Church newspapers and a few isolated exhibitions of priestly indignation at all attempts to curb their growing corruption. There is a fashion in these matters as well as in all others, and if the Episcopal Bench, the more moderate of the party, and the public generally, had been more outspoken in their disapproval, fewer clergymen would have drifted into an untenable position, or be obliged to own, as they frequently do, that they are not even acquainted with the manuals and pamphlets which are either issued in their name or generally supposed to be covered by their authority. Few, either of them or their adherents, have an idea of the depth and breadth of the momentous issues which are involved in these (to English Churchmen) new-fangled doctrines, which are often adopted with unthinking levity, and then urged with a zeal which knows no bounds. It is absurd

to suppose that the English people would ever tolerate as their national church an institution to which the extreme ritualistic clergy had succeeded in imparting their own preposterous characteristics. The religious feeling of England is, no doubt, strong and deep—capable of being stirred at times to a dangerous pitch of excitement. But the authors of its more fanatical exhibitions never retain its respect; and no phase of religious excitement is likely to endure which sets at naught the strongest characteristics of Englishmen—namely, their vigorous common-sense and their innate love of freedom. The Church of England has been for three centuries the worthy and faithful exponent and representative of the religious life of the people; and if recent occurrences induce more care and reflection on the part of its leading ministers than have been observable in past years, we doubt not that it will continue in its career of usefulness and honour.

We were amongst those who heartily approved the amendment to the Burials Bill, which led immediately to the withdrawal of the Ministerial proposals. Lord Harrowby's majority in the House of Lords, and the division on Mr Osborne Morgan's resolutions of last year, must virtually decide the question then raised. In the present state of public feeling it would be most rash (and the House of Lords evidently felt it so) for the clergy, or for those who, like ourselves, are the consistent and determined supporters of the Church of England, to refuse to give way as far as possible to a claim which the heads of the Church have sanctioned. The sanitary regulations of the bill were good, but it is impossible, under all the circumstances, to evade the necessity of admitting Dissenters

to the parish churchyards. More than half of them are closed, the remainder must become the local cemeteries, where none other exist, over which the village clergyman must cease to exercise exclusive control. It will be far wiser to make no impracticable resistance. The surrender of the churchyards may be looked upon as the penalty of recent extravagances and rebellions; and only a most perverse indiscretion will endeavour to involve this comparatively unimportant question with the broader issue of the continued existence of the National Church. A free country is bound above all things to insist on the supremacy of law and order, and it cannot afford to endure in its most powerful corporation the deliberate assertion of immunity from obedience.

The speech from the throne at the beginning of the session made but very few promises; and these have not all been redeemed. Mr Selater Booth failed to carry his Bill to amend the Laws relating to the Valuation of Property in England, though it was unopposed, and is undoubtedly needed. He was equally unfortunate with another Bill, not mentioned in the Queen's speech, to consolidate the Law of Public Health affecting the Metropolis. The Ministry, however, succeeded in passing their Oxford and Cambridge University Bills of last session, which this year were consolidated into a single measure. An irreconcilable minority of Irish members succeeded in talking out the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, which had been adopted by the Ministers in deference to a majority in favour of it obtained last year; but when the same tactics were extended to the Irish Judicature Bill, and the Bill to enable the South African Governments to form a Confederation,

the temper and spirit of the House rose against an evident conspiracy against its dignity and power, and the bills were passed. On the other hand, the Attorney-General's attempt to amend the Law of Patents disappeared; and the list of measures successfully passed is by no means extensive. Her Majesty, in proroguing Parliament, congratulated the country that greater economy and efficiency in the management of prisons have been secured, and that at the same time a considerable reduction has been effected in local burdens. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have obtained power to extend more generally the benefits of higher education. The administration of law in Ireland will be improved by the reorganisation of its superior Courts, and the reformation and increased jurisdiction of the County Courts. The interests of Scotland have been attended to in the Act which extends to the Sheriff Courts jurisdiction in regard to heritable rights. There the retrospective survey ends; and if the achievements are neither numerous nor great, we hope they will prove useful and durable improvements.

The conduct of some five or six members of the Irish Home-Rule faction was the most painful exhibition of the whole session. It produced an amount of parliamentary exasperation which, however natural, seems a little ridiculous, when compared with the cause of annoyance. The problem to be solved was how to suppress obstruction on the part of less than half-a-dozen disorderly members of the House—*i.e.*, of less than one per cent of its whole effective strength. Even if the rules do not in terms provide for the particular emergency which arose, there is an inherent right and power in the House

of Commons to vindicate its own dignity, and to prevent freedom of discussion from being abused to the extent of stopping all legislation. A power to commit and to suspend, and in the last resort to expel a member, confers, one would think, a sufficient reserve of authority, which, if properly exercised, or even appealed to, would have been equal to deal with a case of wilful obstruction to business. The House of Commons has nobly vindicated its authority in past days in struggles of great magnitude, but it cannot be said to have reaped fresh laurels in its conflict with Messrs Parnell, Biggar, & Co. Considering that both the front benches were in accord in regard to the course which was pursued, a critic of parliamentary procedure would pause long before he condemned it as an obvious blunder, but for two incidents—first, the House lost its temper, and next, it was in a panic. In Committee upon the South African Bill we had Sir William Harcourt and others flaming with indignation, calling upon the Government to stand by the House, and assuring them that the House would stand by the Government; deprecating the downfall of glorious institutions; and exalting a few disorderly Irishmen into as much importance as if they were an invading army, with the life of every conscript father in their hands, instead of being fit subjects of imprisonment or suspension for wilful and deliberate contempt of the authority of the House. Then, on the other side, though the language used was more temperate, still there was the same willingness to exalt the combatants to the rank of great public enemies, whose defeat would strain the resources of the State—a position of importance which they have not been slow to

enforce in violent terms at meetings held in their honour. Relays of members were kept under orders, and, as each reinforcement successively arrived, it was cheered as the saviour of the republic. It is needless to add that the half-dozen disaffected members were in the end reduced to silence, but it was at the cost of a continuous sitting of six-and-twenty hours, and of that which is far worse—namely, stifling the free discussion of a bill affecting a large and important colony, which is vitally interested in every single provision of this piece of legislation, and wholly uninterested in the worthless squabbles of Irish Home-Rulers. It is no answer to say that the bill had been maturely considered before it left the Colonial Department, and had been approved by the leaders of Opposition. That may in an exceptional case obviate any injurious consequences. But the House of Commons cannot abdicate its responsibility in that way. The net result was, that the House, angry and helpless in the face of persistent obstruction, appeared to pass an important bill, affecting the government of a great colony, at the bidding of the Government, and without adequate and sufficiently grave discussion. It seems to us that any mode of dealing with obstruction would be less objectionable than that. It would be impossible to create a worse precedent, one affecting more injuriously the interests of the empire or the authority of the House. A precedent of undue, even of panic exercise of authority, over four or five individual members, would be preferable to the deliberate sacrifice of great public interests, in the vain hope of securing the orderly conduct of their business. The House will lose both authority and respect, if it shrinks from curbing, at all hazards to itself, and without sacrifice of the

interests committed to its charge, the unruly conduct of its own members. Courts of justice never tolerate wilful obstruction to their proceedings; nor ought the House of Commons to do so. We remember the House of Lords, after enduring a lengthy argument from a female appellant in person, which lasted for days, and after pointing out to her the constant repetition and irrelevancy of her arguments, finally declared them to be closed and directed her to desist. The free speech of a suitor even in the last Court of Appeal, must not degenerate into licence. There are surely methods known to science of preventing free discussion from being abused to the extent of becoming a nuisance, without sacrificing it altogether. If the gentlemen in question had all been declared in contempt, and relieved of further attendance till the contempt had been purged; or if the discharge of their parliamentary duties had been placed under the supervision of the Speaker, with powers specially increased for that purpose, a mere temporary and exceptional departure from ordinary usage would have been open to far less objection than the course actually taken. No doubt that course was taken with tolerable unanimity—a consideration which would have gone far to recommend it to our approval, but for the circumstance that however just the wisdom of experienced legislative assemblies may be, when gravely exercising their full deliberative power, they are apt to be proportionately unwise whenever panic, resentment, and temper for the moment upset the balance of their judgment. The House of Commons has a conservative religious awe of its own rules, and viewing the conduct of these obstructives through the haze of that custom, it mag-

nifies the difficulty with which it had to contend beyond all bounds. In future, any case of deliberately setting rules at defiance, must be met by an exercise of authority. If exceptional action is necessary, the House must rise to the occasion, and show that, confident in its traditions and the esteem in which it is held, it is not afraid to exercise authority over its members sufficient to insure the orderly conduct of business. There was an old custom in English villages, within living memory, according to which the village scold was ducked in a pond; and the ducking-stool was a well-known institution. With the river close by, the House of Commons could better afford to revive that ancient institution of the people for the benefit of Irish obstructives, than allow itself to be forced by their manœuvres into hasty and ill-considered legislation.

Mr Butt's annual motion for the establishment of Home Rule might this year have been avoided with advantage. It is, however, only fair to Mr Butt and his principal supporters to recognise that the tact and prudence which they have displayed in former sessions of this Parliament have not deserted them in this. Mr Butt denounced the exhibitions of Messrs Parnell, Biggar, & Co., as discreditable brawls, and declared that, rather than be mixed up with them, he would retire into private life.

The majority of 350 which declared against Mr Shaw's motion in favour of Home Rule was rendered all the more significant by the crushing defeat of Mr Kay at Salford, notwithstanding his purchase of the Irish vote by his promise to vote for a commission of inquiry. Mr Jacob Bright had successfully adopted similar tactics the year before at Manchester; but in that

case the Conservative candidate, we regret to say, was weak enough to make a similar concession. The Conservative triumph at Salford was followed by some extremely outspoken speeches from Mr Forster and Mr Fawcett, inveighing against the dictation of the Home Rulers, and announcing, in language of unusual vehemence, the determination of the Liberal party to uphold, at any sacrifice of official prospects, the integrity of the empire. The protestations were no doubt as sincere as they were earnest; but they were somewhat tardily made. We all recollect the ambiguous language in which Mr Gladstone, in his Dissolution Address of 1874, chose to refer to this subject; and the tact with which he, at a critical moment, failed to comprehend what Home Rule meant. The Liberal leaders have carefully studied the subject from an electioneering point of view, and have apparently decided that more is to be lost than gained by coquetting with that particular faction. We rejoice at their decision, but, at the same time, the existence of a party numbering so many members, and utterly irreconcilable with the existing order of things, offers a most serious prospect. At the present moment they are innocuous through the accident which has given the Conservative party a majority greater than the regular and irregular Opposition put together. But public affairs would be almost at a deadlock if the present inequality of strength between Liberals and Conservatives were redressed, and the Home Rulers were left masters of the situation. A transference of thirty seats or thereabouts from the Ministerialists to the Opposition at the next election would seriously disturb the existing machinery of parliamentary govern-

ment. Neither party can be said to be in power unless it has a majority of a hundred over the regular Opposition taken by itself, without including the Irish faction. And under these circumstances the issue of each general election will be of increasing anxiety to the country. The prospect of being able to carry on the Queen's Government by a sort of compromise come to between the two rival parties would soon turn out to be delusive. The *animus* of the Home Rulers during this last Session has been to stop all parliamentary action at all, if a separate legislature is not conceded to Ireland. No one can contemplate without dismay the possibility of a general election vesting them with the power to paralyse the action of Government, or to render it dependent on the forbearance or support of Opposition. Such a result would impair the dignity and usefulness of Parliament as much as it would weaken the authority of the Ministers.

The House of Commons has directed its attention this session to the subject of Household Suffrage, both in Irish burghs and English counties. Irish Conservatives voted in favour of the former, notwithstanding the obvious objection to deteriorating still further the Irish constituencies. But in reference to Mr Trevelyan's motion for the extension of Household Suffrage to English counties, the House of Commons came to a vote, which, in a party sense, was the most important of the whole Session. Two hundred and twenty Liberal members voted in its favour, with Lord Hartington at their head, who, after some hesitation, has decided that upon this subject the next great party contest is to be invited. The number of votes was almost precisely the same as those which were recorded in

favour of Mr Gladstone's resolutions in May upon the Eastern Question, and represents the full strength of the Liberal party. Mr Lowe and Mr Goschen are the dissentients, and in the exceeding weakness of the Opposition as regards administrative experience and utility, the defection is a formidable one. However that may be, Lord Hartington's action, confirmed as it was by Mr Gladstone's enthusiastic approval, pledges the Liberal party to another Reform Bill in case of their return to office. And considering that it necessarily involves the whole subject of redistribution of seats, that the best part of twenty years was occupied with reform before the Act of 1867 was carried, we regret the prospect of that subject being resorted to for the purpose of differentiating political parties. It seems to us, that if the electoral body is recast, and the constituencies revised, once in a generation, and a settlement once come to accepted for thirty years, it would still leave plenty of scope for reforming energies, and at the same time enable useful, as distinguished from ornamental, legislation to proceed. If Government Reform Bills follow each other with undue rapidity, they will fail to be of any public advantage, and lose even the compensatory advantage of establishing individual reputations. However, Lord Hartington has willed it otherwise, and if one political party succeeds in opening the question, the other must join eventually in discussing it, and when the proper time comes exert itself to settle the numerous difficulties which arise. It must be clearly understood that Conservatives do not force the question on the public; but although it is not their habit to raise these questions of

organic change, they are quite as capable of dealing with them as their opponents, and will do so, when the proper time comes, in the spirit of the British Constitution, and with a just regard to the interests of all classes. A majority of 56 disposed of the question for this Parliament; but no doubt the action of the Liberal party has decided that this question is the issue for the immediate future to dispose of.

The personal incidents of the Session have not been of continuous interest, though there were some of striking importance. The appearance of Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords—the first Prime Minister since the elder Pitt who has passed from one House of Parliament to the other during the existence of his Ministry—was universally welcomed. Although his withdrawal may have apparently impaired the authority of the Government in the House of Commons, it does not seem to have permanently weakened the Administration, or even to have lessened his own individual authority. The public reluctantly acquiesces in the judicious abstention from oratorical display which has marked the whole of Lord Beaconsfield's Premiership, and especially that part of it which has been absorbed with the difficulties of the Eastern Question. It is understood that Mr Gladstone's excessive and unfortunate reliance on his oratorical strength operates as a warning rather than an example to his successor, who carefully refrains from unnecessary speech. If politics in consequence lose greatly in interest, it is at all events of public importance that the head of the Ministry should practise a judicious reserve. The reckless credence which Liberals of a particular type are in the

habit of according to injurious gossip about the Premier were this session amusingly illustrated by the Pigott episode. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was prepared to defend his chief from the accusation of having neglected the recommendations of a select Committee of the House; but apparently the customary scandal which was floating about had been treated with the usual and inevitable indifference. A member, however, was found to pledge his word that Mr Pigott's qualification consisted in his relationship to the Vicar of Hughenden, alleged to be a personal friend and political supporter of the Premier. The vote of censure at which the House arrived by a majority of 4 was apparently grounded on the suspicion that this circumstance, by no means a disqualifying one, had outweighed the superior claims of others. The defence doubtless was badly prepared; but its default gave Lord Beaconsfield the opportunity of making a dignified and thorough vindication of his motives, and of the whole transaction. It appeared that the Vicar was a political opponent, and had left the county thirty years ago; that there was no personal acquaintance with father or son; and that the appointment had been simply and solely on public consideration, in the exercise of a judgment which all who had official knowledge of Mr Pigott thoroughly approved. The House of Commons had no choice but unanimously to rescind its vote; but the incident serves to show that the Conservative majority is not the drilled regiment it is represented to be; and that uncontradicted scandal against the Premier is not a safe basis for party action.

The success or otherwise of Sir Stafford Northcote's leadership of the House of Commons has been

the subject of much criticism, some of which has not been very just. No doubt, as compared with the eminent man who immediately preceded him in the post, there may have been an appearance of a want of authority. But his immediate predecessors have been amongst the most powerful leaders whom Parliament has ever produced, and this moreover is the first session that there has been an organised conspiracy constantly on the alert to obstruct the business of the House. In dealing, moreover, with the obstructives, the House took the matter into its own hands; and it would be as unreasonable to hold a new leader responsible for every mistake which was committed, as to accuse him of sharing unduly in the general excitement, which was strong enough to overwhelm the prudence and equanimity of Sir William Harcourt. A safe criterion of the merits of recent leadership is to be found in the tact and spirit in which difficult discussions upon Eastern affairs have been conducted, the mastery over successive questions displayed, and the courtesy and temper with which the course of business has been regulated. If the relations both of the Speaker and of the leader, to certain portions of the House, have been somewhat strained, half a year of separation will do a great deal towards restoring a better understanding; and meanwhile, as regards both leaders, who seem to have equally shared in the more conspicuous blunders of management, the general impression is that they have on either side vindicated their respective positions and justified the confidence of their followers. It would be difficult in either case to suggest a worthier rival; but a generation accustomed to the long rivalry between a Disraeli and a Gladstone, is fastidious in its taste

and extravagant in its demands. The difficulties of the position during the last six months have been enormous, and the anxieties of Government overwhelming. The new leader has earned the confidence of the party, and has commenced a career which we have no doubt will be famous.

The unquestioned superiority in debate of the Ministerialists in the House of Lords has apparently damped the ardour of the Opposition. From the tone and character of the Duke of Argyll's speeches at the beginning of the session, one would naturally have expected, as the Prime Minister evidently did at the close of his great speech, a succession of searching criticisms on the course of diplomacy and the policy of the Government. The subject of foreign affairs was, however, speedily dropped, and the orator of the recess will find it difficult to renew the complaint of last autumn that the mouth of Parliament has been deliberately stopped. In the House of Commons Mr Gladstone has maintained his unquestioned supremacy in debate; but the hopelessness of the position which he had taken up was demonstrated by nothing more clearly than by the manner in which his extraordinary powers were neutralised by his impracticable ideas. In the ripening of a great conspiracy against the peace of Europe, and the existence of the Ottoman Empire, — in the uncertainty and distrust which pervaded the councils of foreign Powers and of Parliament — the member for Greenwich, in spite of all his eloquence, was quietly disregarded as he inveighed against Bulgarian atrocities, and desecanted on the policy of Canning. The topics chosen were admirably adapted for oratorical display, but they were irrelevant to the moment-

ous subject in hand; and Mr Gladstone was relegated to discuss them with vehemence against Mr Chaplin, and settle with the leader of his own party the best and most politic mode of staving off its ruin. England decided upon its policy, utterly irrespective of the speeches and sentiments of its foremost orator and recent Premier. *Nimis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum*, was the verdict of friends and followers, as well as of foes; and those who recollected Mr Gladstone's official connection with the Crimean War, and the general inadequacy of his treatment of foreign affairs, congratulated themselves that their country was spared a repetition of disaster and humiliation. No new reputation has been created this session; and, with the exception of Mr Cross, no statesman has either advanced or materially diminished his reputation. It is no inconsiderable achievement to command the increasing confidence of the country as a strong and capable Home Secretary; and Mr Cross added thereto, whether by superior luck or superior skill, the credit of making one of the best and most generally approved of Ministerial speeches upon foreign affairs. The death of Mr Ward Hunt was mourned on both sides of the House, as it was felt that his life had been shortened by the cares of a laborious and anxious post. The new First Lord of the Admiralty has told his constituents that he enters on his new duties with by no means a light heart. Mr Smith, however, had made good his pretensions to Cabinet office by the uniform success with which he had conducted the business of Financial Secretary to the Treasury; and his appointment was generously welcomed on both sides of the House.

The general result of the session

is, that the Ministry has gained considerably in strength, and that its foreign policy is seriously questioned by no one. The proclamation of neutrality, and the friendly reply of Russia to Lord Derby's statement of the conditions under which a strict neutrality would be observed, could not fail to be regarded as satisfactory. The same may be said with regard to the important engagement of the British Crown to use its best endeavours to restore peace whenever a suitable opportunity should occur. The paragraph, "If, in the course of events, the rights of my Empire should be assailed or endangered, I should confidently rely on your help to vindicate and maintain them," would doubtless be regarded by any Conference at St James's Hall as equally "infamous" with the Guildhall speech of last November. And if consistency in politics were possible to agitators, undoubtedly we should hear a great deal upon that topic. But after the rich harvest of bombast and folly last autumn, the ground must lie fallow for a time, and possibly the chief interest of the autumn will be centred upon military events. There are not wanting indications that if

Germany's action is neutralised by the necessity of watching France, Austria thoroughly approves and adopts the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Austria, like England, will carefully watch the course of events, and strike hard and at once if her permanent interests are assailed. And meanwhile, as this country does not mean to repeat the imprudence of the Crimean Expedition, and engage in a war to combat distant perils which more immediately affect the interests of others, Austrian statesmen will be spared the necessity of again offending, by a wise neutrality, the susceptibilities of Russia and the hopes of the Western Powers. It is too early yet to speculate upon the future, but we must all earnestly trust that English lives and treasure may never again be expended in a worthless and revolting struggle amongst the savage tribes of the South-East. The Panславic question is, fortunately for Great Britain, not an English question; but, powerless as we are to prevent the miseries or cure the evils of Turkey, we shall yet be ready to draw the sword in defence of the rights and integrity of the British Empire.

SAMUEL WARREN.

BORN, 1807—DIED, JULY 29, 1877.

ON the 29th July died Samuel Warren, the author of 'Ten Thousand a-Year' and the 'Diary of a Late Physician.' Although it is now many years since any contribution from his pen appeared in the columns of this Magazine, his fame is so much bound up with 'Blackwood' that we feel sure our readers will sympathise with us in an attempt to give expression to our sorrow and our sense of loss. His place has for years stood vacant in the circle of authors, but his name is as familiar to the present generation of readers as to that which laughed and wept with him in turn, while the passages of the 'Diary' and the fortunes of Tittlebat Titmouse were first passing through these pages. His family has sustained a heavy affliction; but it is tempered to them by the sympathy, not merely of those to whom he had personally endeared himself, by his kindness of heart and devoted friendship, but of all who have read his fictions,—for no one ever read Samuel Warren's books without conceiving a liking for the author. To us his loss is especially painful, for he was almost the last of a distinguished circle of coadjutors, whose connection with 'Maga' in the earlier half of this century shed a mutual lustre over themselves and on us. The pride which he took in his connection with this Magazine, so frequently expressed in his writings, was as gratifying to us as it was honourable to him; and we feel a sad pleasure in now recalling the chief incidents of his literary intercourse with us.

Samuel Warren was born in Denbighshire in 1807, the son of a Wesleyan clergyman, who afterwards took orders in the Church of England. He studied medicine in Edinburgh for some time, but, changing his mind, he went to London and began to read for the Bar. It was while still a student in the Inns of Court that he commenced his literary career, and his first introduction to our pages cannot be more fittingly told than in his own words, in the preface to the fifth edition of the 'Diary of a Late Physician,' published in 1837:—

"The first chapter of this 'Diary'—the 'Early Struggles'—was offered by me successively to the conductors of three leading magazines in London, and rejected, as 'unsuitable for their pages,' and 'not likely to interest the public.' In despair, I bethought myself of the 'Great Northern Magazine.' I remember taking my packet to Mr Cadell's in the Strand, with a sad suspicion that I should never see or hear anything more of it: but at the close of the month I received a letter from Mr Blackwood, informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. It expressed his cordial approval of the first chapter, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited for his Magazine, and calculated to interest the public. It would be great affectation in me, and ingratitude towards the public, were I to conceal my belief that his expectations have been in some degree verified by the event. Here I wish to pay a brief and sincere tribute to the memory of my late friend, Mr Blackwood. I shall ever cherish it with respect and affection. I have this morning been referring to nearly fifty letters which he wrote to me during the publication of the first Fifteen Chapters of the 'Diary.' The perusal of them has occasioned me lively emotion. All of them evidence the remarkable tact and energy with

which he conducted his celebrated Magazine. Harassing as were his labours at the close of every month, he nevertheless invariably wrote to me a letter of considerable length, in style terse, vigorous, and accurate—full of interesting comments on literary matters in general, and instructive suggestions concerning my own papers in particular. He was a man of strong intellect, of great practical sagacity, of unrivalled energy and industry, of high and inflexible honour in every transaction, great or small, that I ever heard of his being concerned in. But for him, this Work would certainly never have been in existence; and should it be so fortunate as to *live*, I wish it ever to be accompanied by the tribute I here sincerely and spontaneously pay to the memory of my departed friend, William Blackwood."

So full of deep and varied experience and knowledge of life was the Physician's 'Diary,' that Mr Blackwood naturally concluded it must be the work of a man of mature years. What was his surprise, then, when a bright-looking young man of two or three and twenty introduced himself as the author. "Bless me," exclaimed the astonished editor, as he glanced at the glossy black curls of his visitor, "I had thought your hair must be as grey as my own!" It was in August 1830 that the 'Diary' began, and it was carried through the Magazine at intervals during the next seven years, until a work of greater ambition began to occupy his mind. The merits of the Physician's 'Diary' were speedily acknowledged. The profession was indignant at the breach of etiquette implied in the publication of records of practice, and its journals anxiously sought to discover the offender. Month after month fresh passages were eagerly expected, were critically scanned when published, and not unfrequently made the subject of warm newspaper discussion. It does not appear that any suspicion was excited regarding the reality of the author's assumed profession, until circumstances brought about a revelation of his personality. Although the popularity of the 'Diary' was so great as to insure success for any other work from the same pen, Warren's next venture was also at the outset an anonymous one. The first chapter of 'Ten Thousand a-Year' appeared in the Magazine of October 1839, and at once excited a powerful interest, which was not exhausted until all that there was to tell of the fortunes of the Aubreys and of the career of Titmouse had been revealed. The time was one when no novel not of intrinsic strength and merit could have held its ground. Some of the greatest masters of English fiction were then before the public, and both genius and power were needed, not to beat but to keep neck and neck with them in the race. The public were not slow to find many faults with 'Ten Thousand a-Year.' Some cavilled at the characters, many at the political bias, a good few at the plot, but all were impressed and all were interested. The success which attended the appearance of the story as a separate work was not at all impaired by its previous serial publication, and the hold which it then took upon the public has never up to the present moment relaxed.

The anonymity was now no more; and the hand of the author of 'Ten Thousand a-Year' was easily traceable in many papers contributed to these pages down to a period of about twenty years ago. These sketches, now collected in a volume of 'Miscellanies,' are still read with great interest. As chips from the workshop in which the 'Diary' and 'Ten Thousand a-Year' were constructed, they naturally possess a strong claim on the critic's attention; and he will not fail to recognise in them the germ of many incidents which Warren has turned to good account

in his great fiction. The same power of extracting dramatic effect out of ordinary judicial processes which holds us spell-bound while the court is deciding the fate of the Yatton property, is displayed to great advantage in the sketch, "Who is the Murderer?" and in others of a similar character, which have proved a mine of wealth to subsequent novelists of the sensational school. Many writers of fiction could be pointed to who are largely indebted to Warren's works for their knowledge of the Bar and the Courts. A series of papers reviewing Townsend's 'Modern State Trials' furnish a very readable account of some of the more remarkable *causes célèbres* prosecuted by the Crown during the present reign. The treason of the Welsh Rioters; Oxford's attempt to assassinate the Queen; the murder of Mr Drummond, Sir Robert Peel's private secretary, by M'Naughton; the trial of Humphreys, the claimant of the Stirling peerage, whose case is described at length under the title of the "Romance of Forgery;" the trial of Lord Cardigan by his peers for duelling; and the cases of O'Connell and Smith O'Brien, are all told in a manner that happily blend the acumen of the skilled lawyer with the vivacity and picturesqueness of the novelist. The last of his works that we shall notice, 'Now and Then,' was reviewed in 'Blackwood' of February 1848, when an attempt was made to do justice to the lofty purpose, the dramatic power, and the exquisite pathos of the story of Adam Ayliffe. It is less ambitious in conception than 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' and is characterised by far less striving for effect than we meet with in that novel; but to our mind it possesses a sweetness and a softening influence that mere literary art could hardly have given it, and that could have sprung only from a pure mind feeling deeply for human distress. The fame that these works had secured him was sufficient to satisfy his literary ambition; his legal duties naturally claimed his first care; and his contributions to the Magazine grew more infrequent, until at last he stood aside, and the pages which his writing had so often adorned knew his pen no more.

Such in brief outline is the story of Samuel Warren's literary life. It would be incomplete without some reference to his professional career. After practising for some years under the bar as a special pleader, he was called by the Inner Temple in 1837. Notwithstanding the mark which his novels had made for him, his progress was not rapid. He had to bear the full share of disappointment that falls to the lot of most lawyers, and to practise that patience which he had so forcibly preached in his fictions. Men accounted for this by the time-honoured superstition that when a barrister begins to dabble in literature, his chances of professional success are altogether thrown away. Warren consoled himself with the more flattering belief that the attorneys were revenging themselves on him for the severe picture which he had drawn of their practices in his account of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. We believe the real reason to be one more honourable to his character. Possessing, as he did, a high sense of the dignity of his profession, he not only did not resort to the common expedients for securing business, but did not even make such advances as are sanctioned by professional usage toward those who had the distribution of work. But if the Quirks and Gammons of the profession made him the object of their spite, he was more than compensated by the esteem in which he was held by the worthier members of the profession. Such men as Follett, Talfourd, and Pollock, Fitzroy

Kelly, Grove, and Barnes Peacock, were his personal friends and admirers ; and though no doubt they made quiet jokes at the way in which he bore his literary honours, they loved and respected him as a colleague. He went the Northern Circuit, and if none of those splendid chances which sometimes lift a man at one stroke from obscurity to wealth and professional advancement presented themselves to him, a still more propitious fortune gave him an opportunity of winning for himself a place in the first rank of the authors of the day. His law books, which had met with fair success, showed that amid the greater attractions of literature, his professional studies were not being neglected. In 1851 he was made a Queen's Counsel, and became a bencher of his Inn, of which he subsequently acted as treasurer. The return of the Conservatives to power in 1852 gave his friend Mr Walpole, the Home Secretary, an opportunity of recognising Warren's merits in the way that was most agreeable to his feelings, and he was made Recorder of Hull. We cannot doubt that the office was a congenial one, and that Warren spared no pains to augment the dignity and character of his bench ; and we can easily suppose that his charges to the Grand Jury would be very fine addresses in point of law as well as in point of rhetoric. In 1853, on the occasion of Lord Derby's installation as Chancellor of the University, he was made an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, along with Lord Lytton, Sir Archibald Alison, and Professor Aytoun, his fellow-contributors to the Magazine. He was returned to Parliament for the burgh of Midhurst in 1856, and continued to sit for that place until he vacated his seat in 1859.

His parliamentary career does not call for many remarks. His self-consciousness was, perhaps, against his success in the House ; perhaps he felt that he had already achieved too great triumphs to be content to submit to the novitiate which has to be undergone before a member can take his place as a party leader. But he left pleasant recollections behind him in the Commons, and a popularity which was not bounded by the ministerial benches. When the offer of a Mastership in Lunacy was made to him by Lord Derby in 1859, it was not accepted without some natural regrets for the attractions of a parliamentary career, and the possibilities which he was leaving behind him. But prudence came to his assistance, and he accepted an office which he of all men, by his psychological experience, his keen perception of character, and his unswerving conscientiousness, was so well qualified to fill. And thus was partially fulfilled the vaticination which had been spoken of him by Sir George Rose :—

“ Though envy may sneer at you, Warren, and say,
 ‘ Why, yes, he has talent, but throws it away ;’
 Take a hint, change the *venue*, and still persevere,
 And you'll end as you start with ‘ Ten Thousand a-Year.’ ”

That in his new office he was a valuable public servant, doing his work with zeal and fidelity, we know well ; and it does not speak little for the man that he should have devoted himself to the labours of an unostentatious office, nor allowed himself to be distracted from his duties by work which would have kept his name more prominently before the public.

Of Warren we are almost tempted to say that we are never so conscious of the novelist as when he is penning a law treatise, or of the lawyer as

when he is moulding the structure of one of his novels. But if he has not left so lasting a mark upon the literature of the Bar as upon that of his country, few of its members have done more to vindicate its honour, or to elevate its professional standards. Almost the only occasions when he really dips his pen in gall are when he has to deal with those who lower its position by their lives, or abuse its forms in their practice. But not only has he painted for us the character of Mr Toady Hug that all may take warning by him, but he has presented the aspiring lawyer with some noble ideals like that of the Attorney-General in 'Ten Thousand a-Year.' The respect which he invariably shows for the Bench, and the zealous care which he exercises to assert its dignity, by his representations not only of the justice of its decisions but of the exemplary lives and characters of those who occupy it, deserve to be kept in honourable remembrance. The fact that his sketch of Lord Widdrington is more or less a portrait, does not detract from the skill with which it had been executed, or make us less proud that it can be said of the English Bench this man was of it. And where shall we go for a nobler, a more touching picture of a struggle between justice and mercy, of the strivings of a lenient mind charged with the execution of stern decrees, than in the description of the Chief Justice in 'Now and Then,' when he is appealed to for a respite to Adam Aycliffe?

No critic is likely to do justice to the works of Samuel Warren who fails to see that he has to do with a moralist as well as a novelist. A generation less acquainted with the rules of literary art, used to apply to their books the simple test, "Whether they made one wiser and better?" Antiquated as this criterion may appear to some, we cannot forbear applying it to Warren's novels. A great novelist has it even better in his power than a great preacher to justify to men the ways of the Almighty; and Warren never for a moment loses sight of the responsibility which the exercise of his genius imposes upon him. He thinks it no shame to confess that his fictions are written with a purpose. And the lessons which he teaches, when once learned, will not easily be forgotten. Is there any reader whose moral nature is so unimpressible that he or she can lay down 'Ten Thousand a-Year' without the feeling that they have been listening to a great preacher who has expounded the weighty text of human life as it had rarely ever been expounded before? What lessons of patient, hopeful endurance under unmerited reverses do we not learn from the story of Aubrey? Could deceit and hypocrisy be shown in all their native loathsomeness and with their terrible consequences more forcibly than in the career and ending of Gammon? How close is the acquaintance we make with suffering, both mental and physical, each in its many-sided and painful aspects, in the 'Diary of a Late Physician'! And who can read that noble story of the Peer and the Peasant in 'Now and Then,' without a deep feeling of the overruling power of God's providence over the mutable conditions of human society—a power that puts down the mighty from his seat and exalteth the humble and meek?

Impressed as he was with the responsibility of exercising his powers for a higher object than the mere amusement of his readers, it is not strange that he would not trim his sails to catch the popular breeze. The free vent which he gave to his political convictions excited hostility and prejudice against his works which nothing but their rare literary merits could have overtopped. 'Ten Thousand a-Year' especially has been

stigmatised as a "Tory novel." We would be doing an injustice to his memory if we either disavowed or apologised for the fact. He was not one of those who would allow the text, "Fear God: honour the king," to be divided. His Conservative principles were a part of his religion; and some of the most prominent of his creations owe their pre-eminence to this combination. A very natural objection has been taken to 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' that its art is all of a partisan character—that the Tories are all demi-gods and angels, and the Whigs for the most part incarnations of vice and vulgarity. There may be some justice in this allegation, but the complaint has not lowered the place of the novel among the classics of English fiction. To form a just estimate of this charge, we must consider the society which 'Ten Thousand a-Year' seeks to portray. The estate of Yatton is lost and won amid the furious agitations which preceded the first Reform Bill. The stirring politics of the day penetrated everywhere, and leavened the tone and feelings of society to an extent which the present generation has some difficulty in conceiving possible. Even amid the excitement of the trial of the great case of "*Doe dem. Titmouse vs. Jolter*," Mr Quicksilver, one of the counsel for the "lessor of the plaintiff," employs the intervals in court to pen an article for a Radical review. A novel of English life during the reign of the Fourth William without any allusion to the political aspects of society, would have been like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Mr Titmouse, launched into politics under the auspices of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, naturally came into contact with the dregs of the Radical party, just as naturally as the best and most cultivated representatives of the Tory side are found in alliance with a man of Mr Aubrey's refinement and position. And the partisan cast thus incidentally given to the book is of little account when we remember that a deeper motive than a purpose purely political underlies the whole. Atrociously grotesque as some of the parliamentary caricatures unquestionably are, we doubt if they will appear as extravagant to the present generation as they did to that which read 'Ten Thousand a-Year' for the first time in these pages. The Irish Patriot who "showed infinite pluck in persevering against shouts of order from all parts of the House for an hour together," and his allies Mr Phelim O'Doodle and the Och Hubbaboo, are not the only legislators whom Warren had a prophetic prescience that the "Great Bill for Giving Everybody Everything" would introduce into Parliament. But he would be a bigoted Whig indeed whose party prepossessions would not allow him to enjoy the pungent sarcasm and the wild humour which enter so largely into the descriptions of Mr Tittlebat Titmouse's legislative career.

Of the 'Diary of a Late Physician,' it has been said that it betrayed a far more intimate acquaintance with the affections of the heart than the diseases of the body. But so fully does Warren's intense sympathy with suffering cover his limited command of medical experience, that we are hardly sensible of any shortcoming. The field which the 'Diary' covered was then a fresh one, and to the favour with which it was received was due the host of fictions cast in the form of professional experiences that speedily followed it. Probably none of his contemporaries could have played the rôle of the kind-hearted, philanthropic physician, who, not unacquainted with misfortune himself, has learned to hold out a helping hand to the miserable. His deep knowledge of the human heart,

and his compassion with distress, whether bodily or mental, enabled him to feel quite at home when dealing with the cases of those who were either expiating the consequences of their sins or were suffering from the unmerited harshness of a cold world. No one is likely to read the 'Diary' however hurriedly, without perceiving that the author has probed each passion and dissected every feeling before settling in his own mind the parts which were to be allotted to them in the action of the plot. Mr Warren was a psychologist in days when psychological inquiry was less a requirement of the novelist's art than at present. The story of the period depended for its success less upon the study of character than upon novelty of plot and energy of action, and we do not hesitate to trace the part which mental analysis now occupies in fiction in some measure to the influence which the delicate studies in the 'Diary' soon began to exercise upon literary taste. Since the days of Richardson, scarcely any English novelist had studied human nature with the same minuteness and care, or had given the same attention to the proper co-ordination of the affections with the requirements of literary art; and, like Richardson, Warren not unfrequently falls into the mistake of making his readers a party to his analytical investigations, instead of placing merely the results before them. But though the detailed exposition of feeling which characterises so prominently all Warren's novels may be occasionally pushed to such a length as, in the case of a less gifted writer, might run the risk of impinging on the reader's patience, it tends greatly to preserve the illusion of naturalness and probability which we never miss from his creations. In this way the passages from the 'Diary' come to have all the *vraisemblance* of a real record of medical experience. So powerfully is the mental side of suffering delineated, that we scarcely notice that its physical aspects receive a somewhat slight treatment. But though, with our knowledge of the authorship, we can detect professional trippings, we must still wonder at that fulness and diversity of medical knowledge which were sufficient to impose upon the Faculty of the day.

It would be superfluous on our part to recall the testimony which particular passages of the 'Diary' bear to the literary powers which Warren had matured at that early age. In treating of a book so universally read, the critic has no need to refer to the evidence on which his judgment is based. Yet we cannot help feeling that we are arousing pleasant as well as tender recollections in the minds of old readers of *Maga*, when we mention some of the more striking scenes in which the Physician took part. Who that has read the "Scholar's Deathbed" will ever forget that painful picture of a life unable to divest itself of its ruling passion for thoughts befitting the verge of the unseen world? The miserable termination of the "Man about Town's" career, with the loathsome picture of the grosser vices and their punishment, does not take a less firm hold of the memory; and there is probably no "passage" in the whole of the 'Diary' that better illustrates Warren's power of securing the whole of his intended effect without entering upon descriptions from which the sensitive mind might be in danger of revolting. The "Statesman," which seems to mix up so strangely the stories of Canning and Castle-reagh, and in which we can hardly distinguish between what is taken from history and what comes from the imagination, is another sketch which the mention of the 'Diary' will at once bring back to the remembrance of those who have read it. Another paper, the "Martyr Philo-

sopher," in which Warren deals with a subject that always presented a powerful attraction to his genius—the effects of unmerited misfortune upon a pure and noble mind—is one of the finest specimens of vivid description combined with pathetic power that he has left behind him. He himself tells us, with pardonable pride, in his preface to one of the later editions of the 'Diary,' how an excellent nobleman, since dead, was so much interested in this paper that he wrote to the conductor of this Magazine, asking permission to reprint it, at his own expense, for circulation among the upper classes of society. But what need have we to discuss individual stories, when the whole of the 'Diary' itself bears a far stronger testimony to his literary genius, high purpose, and warmth of heart, than it would become us to offer to one whose fame is so closely bound up with our own? It will suffice to say, that the 'Diary' at once took a high place, not in our own literature alone, but with American and Continental readers, to whom reprints and translations speedily introduced it; and this position it has continued to maintain amid the many inducements which contemporary literature holds out to make us forget the works of preceding generations.

In 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' next to the interest of the plot, to which Warren gave so much thought and study, the powerful cast of characters constitutes its most notable feature. Amid a larger crowd of actors than we generally meet with in the pages of a single novel, there is hardly one whose outlines are not filled in with sufficient distinctness, even if only by a few graphic dashes of the pen, to give it an individuality and life-likeness that retain a firm hold of the reader's recollection. There is a host of lay figures who, like the Toady Hugs, Smirk Mudflints, and Dismal Horrors, are simply brought on the scene by way of interlude between the graver business of the piece, to be ignominiously kicked off it; there are many sketches from contemporary life, in the fidelity and justice of which the world has had no difficulty in identifying the originals; but there are also a number of creations that offer ample attestation to Warren's powers as a delineator of character. Of these we can only notice two, which are beyond question his masterpieces. Exception is frequently taken to the portrait of Aubrey as a strained ideal, whose virtues are pushed to an excessive and improbable degree, and whose patience under his tribulations seems so unnatural that the reader is apt to lose his own patience in his behalf. Those who go away with this impression can hardly have understood the principles upon which Aubrey's character has been formed. It is not merely to serve as a foil to the worthlessness and selfishness of Tittlebat Titmouse that Aubrey has been endowed with virtues that may appear at first sight to be superhuman. The oft-quoted lines of Horace, which supply a motto to the novel, indicate the key-note in unison with which the chords in Aubrey's character have been struck. The author's design was to show that a mind regulated by principle, refined by philosophy, and fortified by the teachings and the hopes of Christianity, had in itself resources against any change of fortune. And how well he has done so! If the heroism and patience and gentleness of Aubrey are unnatural, it is surely a matter of deep regret; and we rejoice to think that English society, with all the hollowness and imperfection that are laid to its charge, can afford many proofs that Warren has not conceived a character too ideal for human nature.

If either of the characters is overstrained, it is that of Gammon. Such a

Satanic combination of lofty intellect and daring purpose, with deceit and baseness, had hardly before been depicted in prose. And as with Satan, the character of Gammon is pushed to a point where we are attracted, instead of repelled, by its hideous proportions. When contrasted with the sordid, grovelling rascality of Quirk, and the petty chicanery of Snap, the smooth and easy-flowing guilt of Gammon seems almost venial; and it is not until we remember that it is his directing mind keeps these tools at work, that we are able to view him with the reprobation which he deserves. However despicable and worthless Tittlebat Titmouse may seem, we must always remember that he had Gammon for his evil angel, and that it would have been utterly impossible even for a better man to have turned out well under such a master. And it is not until Gammon is brought into contact with a mind so pure and noble as that of Aubrey that the full loathsomeness of his nature stands revealed. As in the case of Aubrey his whole strength had been derived from his firm convictions of religious truth, so the character of Gammon forcibly illustrates the effects of the absence of any guiding principles higher than self-interest and expediency. So irresistible is his villany that we cannot help being fascinated by it; and Warren himself seems to have fallen in some degree under the spell of his own creation, for he provides him with a termination to his career at once more dignified and dramatic than that vouchsafed to his wretched associates. We would have been glad, if the limits of this notice had allowed of it, to forget the career of Gammon in the recollection of Kate Aubrey, Dr Tatham, and the other pleasant characters met with in 'Ten Thousand a-Year.' Our regrets are, however, the less that the reader will readily learn to love and appreciate these for themselves.

Outside his family and the wide circle of his friends, there is no place where Warren's loss will be more marked than in the Temple Church. In the Benchers' seats he was one of the most familiar figures; and as a member of the choir committee he took a great interest in improving the vocal service—a task which his delicate ear for music well qualified him to discharge. The allusion made by Dr Vaughan, the Master of the Temple, on the Sunday after his death, was as well-merited as it was appropriate, and must have gone at once to the hearts of the audience. Those who only saw the outside of Warren's character must have been little able to appreciate the serious depth of his nature and the vein of sincere piety that lay within; but we who knew and loved him well, can testify from our hearts to the truth of the Reverend Master's tribute to the memory of our dear old friend, with which we may be permitted to close this imperfect notice. Speaking of the deaths of Mr Ward Hunt and Mr Warren, Dr Vaughan said:—

"Many things conspire to make the Word to-day vocal. It is a parting day. It is a closing service. 'Who knoweth what a day may bring forth?' how much more a period of thirty days, or of sixty? But our last services of this season are services of mourning. Two chief men have fallen in our Israel—to-day the dirge is our music. One of these was less to us than to the country. His funeral oration was spoken in Parliament. Long years ago he forsook law for politics; his renewed connection with us was but a compliment to the Statesman. Such a connection is honourable to both parties—it dignifies the man, it strengthens the society.

"But the other lost friend was a very part of this 'House.' You know how he loved it! This church has never looked the same since he left it—left it, not knowing that it was for ever, on the eve of last Christmas. Who shall replace him in that seat, where we can see him still—that grey head, that keen eye, that fixed, that rapt devotion? Some of his latest thoughts were with us—he is gone where there is 'no temple.'

"He was a man of mark in his generation. The memory of my boyhood goes back to the intense interest, the curious mystery, of his first work of fiction, combining so strikingly his two educations—the training of the Physician, and the training of the Lawyer. Honours fell thick upon him in that brilliant seed-time; he would have been more than man if they had not—just a little—elated him. His genius was less to us than his character. The servants and officers of this house can tell how kind he was! *I* can tell. He leaves behind him in his house those who hallow—who almost idolise, his memory;—well may they! These things are too sacred for public mention. I may but tell in one last word, how gently, how lovingly, he sank gradually to his rest, amidst thoughts and looks—all of peace, all of blessing. Two days ago it was given me to speak the last words over him in his beloved son's village churchyard—where love will still survive him, as he lies waiting FOR 'THE GREAT EASTER!'"

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PAULINE.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE CONFERENCE.

“And much that Prudence will not dip
The pen to fix and send away,
Passed safely over from the lip
That summer day.”

—JEAN INGELOW.

PERHAPS Pauline was not sufficiently impressed by the greatness of her undertaking when she engaged to procure for the disconsolate lover the opportunity of which he had wellnigh despaired.

She set out for Dover Street with a high head and a quick pulse, confident in her power of putting in order the tangled skein, of shaking the silly people into their proper places.

Doubtless it was owing to miscomprehension alone that they had slipped out of these; and it seemed to the youthful arbitrator as if nothing could be simpler than to push, poke, or thrust them, each into his niche again.

She returned from her visit enlightened and crestfallen; yet it was hard to discover what portion of it had been unsatisfactory, and she could only feel that she had failed,

without being sure wherein she ought to have succeeded.

She had nothing to complain of, certainly.

Lady Calverley flew at her with open arms. “My dear, dear——” kiss, kiss—“Pauline! So glad not to have missed you! So nearly went out this morning! Sit down, my child; I can hardly believe it is really *you*! Elsie will be charmed that you are come! She has only run in next door; I won’t send, because it will be delightful to have you all to myself for a few minutes first. Come to my room; we shall be quieter there. See here, it opens out of this, behind these doors. And when did you come, dear? And how is your aunt? You are in Kensington, are you not? A long way from here?”

“Not very far. We only came last night, rather late.”

"And you have a house for the season—at least your aunt has? She is fortunate in getting one so late. How pleasant it will be for you and Tom to be together! He misses you sadly, I am sure. *We* only stay ten days longer. You should have been here before, Pauline; then we could have seen so much of each other, and—— how well you are looking, dear! Not quite red enough here, though," touching her cheek; "but you never had Elsie's roses."

"No," said Pauline, smiling; "I never had."

"But you are really well? And what a charming tour you must have had! We have heard all about you, and where you have been. Another time you must go to Florence. Mrs Wyndham would be enchanted with Florence; I never enjoyed a stay in any place more. Winter is the time, you know—late winter, at least: one should go to Rome first, then to Florence, then to Cannes. Try to get your aunt to take you, Pauline."

"Aunt Camilla has been so much abroad that I don't think she would care to go again just yet. She may, some other time; but the Grange is really a delightful place, and she will go back there for this winter at least, I hope."

The last word slipped out unconsciously.

Florence, indeed! What had Rome, Florence, and Cannes, put together, to offer in exchange for the dripping woods, overcast skies, and fine, broad, leaf-heaped, mud-girt highways of B——shire?

The thought of these brought the sparkle to her eye.

Acorns and beech-nuts fall in October; horse-chestnuts burst upon the footpaths. She is ready to vow and protest that not a fruit in sunny Italy can vie with these coarse products of the wood! The river, with its dull passionless flow—she would

not change it for the bluest wave in Genoa Bay!

Get her aunt to take her! She smiled in contempt of the whole proposition.

The slip of the tongue, the smile, and the momentary vision, were lost upon Lady Calverley, who was engrossed with her own part, and who was chiefly anxious to be as kind, as unchanged in manner, as she possibly could, without committing herself to any scheme that might prove awkward in the future, or betraying any arrangements that were more prudently concealed for the present.

"The next thing is," she cried, "when are we to see you at Gourloch?"

To this there was an easy rejoinder: "When will you have us?"

Us! Her aunt winced, but was resolved not to show it.

"My dear Pauline! When your own room is always ready, and you have but to write and say you are coming! Mrs Wyndham does not care for Scotland, I believe; but if there were a chance of her being in the North, I hope I need not say how happy we should be to see her also."

"Thank you, but I don't think she has any idea of going. I believe she intends paying a round of visits in the Isle of Wight and Devonshire this summer; and if it would be convenient for you that I should come at that time——"

"It would be convenient for me to have *you*, Pauline, at *any* time—surely you know that?"

Pauline returned the embrace, but she felt the "*you*;" there was no Tom in that "*you*:" the warmth and the welcome were for her alone!

"I will tell her, then, Aunt Ella; and you may look for me in July, if nothing comes in the way. How I shall delight in dear Gourloch again! I found out this plan, and suggested

it to Aunt Camilla as soon as I heard you expected us."

Again that "us"! It could not be helped—it was the natural, inevitable result of years of intimacy. Never once had the sister stayed at Gourloch without the brother, and the invitation which had preceded the return of the Calverley party from abroad, had unconsciously been worded so as to include both. No other desire had then occurred to the writer.

"Ah, yes. I wrote from Paris, did I not? Then it is settled, and you will be down in July? You will see several changes, I fancy. In many places the old walls were really so tumble-down that they had to be put in complete repair. You remember those steps giving way that day we had been somewhere—some expedition——"

"We had been in Mr Blundell's yacht."

"Had we? Was that the day? How could you recollect? Hum—ah!—yes. You have never met him again, I suppose? We came home first that evening, you and I, and you insisted—you naughty, wilful creature—on waiting for the others at the bottom of the stairs, to warn them that it was dangerous to walk up. I remember it all now. That weary hour, before they appeared—and how knocked up poor Elsie was! She did not get over the effects for days. It was a mistake altogether our going; and certainly it was a pity that Tom ever introduced his friend."

"The introduction was involuntary, Aunt Ella; I think you forget."

"Was it, my dear? I thought he was Tom's friend. I am sure it was under that impression that I received him at Gourloch. My uncle Dr Macleay—you know him—he did give me a hint, but I thought that *Tom*——" with an aggrieved air.

It was evidently something to have this to take hold of against Tom, and Pauline's ire was doubly kindled.

She flushed to her brow.

"I think," she said, impetuously, "we had nothing to regret. You would not have wished to fail in hospitality even had Mr Blundell been a stranger; as it is, he is—a well-known—neighbour, of many of our friends—at the Grange——"

"Oh, really?" said Lady Calverley, demurely; "I did not know."

"Tom, you see, was guiltless," continued her niece, feeling that she had betrayed herself, and burning with shame. "I must stick up for the poor boy, must I not, Aunt Ella? He has no one but me."

"Certainly. Is Mr Blundell in town?"

"Mr Blundell? I don't know. Have you seen him? Why?"

"I thought you appeared to have renewed your acquaintance with him."

"Yes," said Pauline, calmly; "I have. I met him not long ago, but he said nothing about coming to town."

"Is he to be in Scotland this summer?"

"No, he was going to Norway."

Her aunt was baffled.

"Well," she said, "about those steps. What a real mercy it was we had that warning! We sent for a builder, you remember, and he wanted to patch it up, but my uncle would have us write to Glasgow, to Mr Barrie, an architect, and quite a great man: well, you know, he said the idea was absurd—that no amount of patching could do any good! Many parts were absolutely rotten, and he considered the turret—your turret, Pauline—unsafe! You need not be afraid to return to it, however; it has been thoroughly attended to. However, you must have heard all about it at

the time; and we have been wandering about the world ever since, Elsie and I. You were attending to your poor Uncle Julius's wife, you remember. How little we thought, when we all parted that autumn, that three long years would pass ere we should meet again! On the whole, it has been a pleasant time, and we have much, much to be thankful for. Everything has fitted in so wonderfully—like the pieces of a dissecting map!"

"Yes," said Pauline, "one pulls through somehow."

She could not make her tone as cheerful as her aunt's, nor feel that the pieces in *her* dissecting map had all been fitted yet!

A great hollow had been reft in her life, whose edges were still quivering; and, apart from this, she felt that kindness, cordiality, and chat were yet bringing her no nearer to the attainment of her mission. She experienced an almost imperceptible restraint, which did not diminish as the time went on, and Elsie still did not appear.

"Aunt Marion and Hugh are here, are they not?" she said, at last.

"Elsie is with them now; it is they who have rooms next door. Not absolutely next door, for there is a shop between, down-stairs; but the windows of the two hotels meet, as you see, and the entrance is round the corner. We run in and out at all hours."

"It must be very convenient."

"Very—in every way. We have our carriage in common, you know—your Aunt Marion's thought; it saves expense—horses do run away with one's money terribly in London; and we just fill it comfortably. Hugh's valet is such a treasure! He knows where every place we want to go to is, in a moment—quite in the courier style; he was invaluable when we were abroad."

"Is Hugh as delicate as he was?"

"Oh, by no means. Quite well and strong now," rather shortly.

"I heard he had been ill."

"A long time ago, my dear. He had an illness—just such an illness as anybody might happen to have—when we were at Florence. He caught cold, and neglected it most imprudently. But, however, he got over it as well as could possibly have been expected. He says, you know," with a smile, "that it was owing to *our* nursing, Elsie's and mine, that he rallied as he did. Elsie looks upon him still as her very particular—patient."

Pauline would not see, would not question, as she was clearly intended to do. She looked innocently into her aunt's face.

"I had no idea you were going away so soon."

"Almost immediately, my love." The smile left Lady Calverley's lips.

"Yes, we must begin to think about getting our goods together. We have been here for six weeks—to-morrow is the longest day, the 21st, is it not? How quickly the time passes!"

"I daresay, in such company!" cried a voice in the doorway. "And is it really my Pauline, whom mamma has kidnapped in this unlawful manner? Mamma, how could you be so cruel? You knew how I have been waiting and waiting for her, and you never let me know she had come."

"I would not disturb your reading, Elsie. I knew Pauline would stay a little, and——"

"My reading! I should have flung the book out of the window, and myself after it, for joy! Here have I been peering through that chink in the door for ever so long! I could not be certain who it was, and I was not going to come in to everybody! Another time, have the doors a little wider open, mamma,

and then I can see comfortably. It was only when Pauline stooped forward as you were moralising about old Time in that affecting manner, that I caught sight of her. I might have been tantalised till now, if she had sat still."

"She looks well, does she not, Pauline?" said the mother, with a glance of pride.

"Very well."

Too well, Pauline thought, to augur good for her brother,—too beaming with health, happiness, and—Hugh?

"What an extravagant child you are," continued Lady Calverley, addressing her daughter, "to wear that pretty dress at this time in the morning! It begins to lose its freshness already."

"I put it on for Pauline," said Elsie—both her auditors fancied, with something of defiance in her tone.

And so there was. She was resolved to emphasise her welcome; whosoever was tardy or lukewarm, about the warmth and readiness of hers there should be no manner of doubt. Whatever her heart forbade should be done for Tom, she would do for Pauline.

Towards him she durst not move, but she could seat herself at his sister's feet. His hand was dropped as soon as it touched hers, but this one was clasped to her bosom.

Elsie talked as they had never heard her talk all those late unlucky weeks.

She laughed and jested.

Even the arrival of the rest of the party, and the consequent interruption, put no check on her flow of spirits; she would show them all what she thought of their guest,—whom it was that she, the princess, delighted to honour.

But Pauline's heart sank lower and lower.

This gaiety and frolic, this mirth

and sunshine, were misunderstood. She had expected a downcast eye and troubled brow, a constraint and depression. She was only saddened and discomfited by Elsie's best endeavours. With inward misgiving she now brought forth a little proposition, of which in the morning she had been full.

It had been insinuated into Mrs Wyndham's mind, partly by her and partly by Tom; they had put together their joint stock of guile, and got it done somehow. Her invitation to Elsie to return with Pauline, spend the day, and be sent home in the evening, was supposed to have originated with herself alone.

But in the delivery of the message the form of it was altered.

For "in the evening" Pauline found herself compelled, through sheer trepidation, to substitute "in time for dinner." She really could not go through with the original suggestion in front of those unresponsive faces. Of Elsie's face she could not judge—she had turned away her head, attracted apparently by something passing; but the other three confronted the speaker pitilessly.

It might have been taken for a harmless business enough, to go stopping with two ladies, and be brought by them back to her own door—not even to see, to speak to any one forbidden!

But she could tell in a moment that the possibility of such a project being started had been actually under discussion, and that it would not be permitted to take place.

She had not above half expected that it would. There was the probability of prior engagements for one thing; but she had hoped that, by judicious pressure, judicious yielding, and—general judiciousness, in fact, something might be

made of it. Another day, perhaps, fixed upon.

Doubtful as she had imagined a concession to be, she had not believed an absolute refusal possible. She had not calculated on the arrangement having to be made under Mrs Calverley's eye.

"What have we to-day, I wonder?" murmured Elsie's mother, with a look, Pauline felt, at her sister-in-law.

A programme was immediately produced—every hour was, it appeared, mapped out; but—

"Would to-morrow do?" said Pauline.

"I was about to name to-morrow, my dear Pauline. If you really are disengaged, we might hope to call on your aunt to-morrow; and then *you* could join *us*, take a seat in our carriage, and we could all enjoy the pleasure you only designed for Elsie! Remember," cried Mrs Calverley, "that we too have claims—that we have seen nothing of you for long, either! You must not" (archly) "treat us in this shabby manner—you must not stint us; we shall look to having you for the whole afternoon to-morrow."

So polite a suggestion cleared away Elsie's rising discontent, and she looked round, cheerily crying, "You will come, won't you, Paulie? And another day I can go with you."

"Certainly," smiled her aunt. "You two will want to see all you can of each other; you must make up for lost time. And, dear me! what a crowd of things there are, besides, to be squeezed into this one week! People to be seen, and bills to be paid! How shall we ever get through everything? I must really leave some matters for you to attend to, after we are gone, Ella, although we will do all we can! We must not add to our engagements, we must not fix any-

thing more at present; but I dare say we shall see something of Pauline on most days."

Meantime Hugh was sitting by with a brow as black as thunder. He neither showed his cousin Pauline any of those attentions which he was prone to render women, nor did he pay her the compliment of taking part in the conversation. He sat silent, turning over the leaves of a book.

Elsie redoubled her caresses.

She haughtily ignored his ill-humour, and turning her back upon him, replied in monosyllables to one or two whispers which it might be presumed conveyed complaints or proposals.

She was not going to have her own dear Pauline trampled upon as poor Tom had been! That Hugh should dare to scowl because she made much of Pauline! It was insufferable.

She was very wroth with Hugh,—but she let the arch-malefactor go free. She could not, poor innocent, gauge the value of those bland overtures, which she so readily seconded, nor tell that the only comfort which Pauline carried away with her that day was the recollection of Hugh's frowns.

These were faithfully recorded for Tom's benefit, but Tom was not in a humour to approve of such crumbs of encouragement. He had built too much on his sister's influence: it had seemed to him, such was his faith in her, that the very fact of her presence had power to work a miracle; and as no miracle was wrought, he was proportionately disappointed.

Was *that* all she had to tell him? Had she done *nothing*? Had she never learnt a single *thing*, not even if they were to be at the Festival on Saturday?

Why did she not take the chance when Lady Frederick Whitton was

there? What had they talked about? How long had she stayed?

She was ashamed to own how long she had stayed; she really did seem to have laboured in vain, to have failed completely in all that she had undertaken. His reproaches cut her to the heart, but she could not gainsay them.

She racked her memory, assured him of the kind reception she had met with, of the civility of everybody (Hugh excepted), of Aunt Ella's being evidently under command, of Aunt Marion's being uniformly smooth-tongued and insincere. But when she had done, she could think of nothing more.

Elsie, however, had been very loving.

"Was she?" said Tom, awaiting more.

When no more came, he added, with a pitiful attempt at a sneer, "She wasn't at the book, then?"

"The book is only for you. I saw no book."

"It has a green cover, and 'Extracts' in gold letters on the back."

"Perhaps Hugh will take it with him when he goes, and then the charm will be broken."

"When he goes!"

"Did you not know? He and Aunt Marion go this day week, three days before the others."

"Three days before the others!" repeated Tom, almost in a whisper. "I never knew that."

Then he suddenly leapt to his feet, and shouted "Hooray!" at the top of his voice.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"SHE IS NOT COMING WITH ME!"

"Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

When Mrs Calverley took her departure on the following Tuesday, she left everything behind her in such excellent training, and the time seemed so short ere they should be standing within the great entrance-hall at Calverley to welcome their travellers from London, that she did not think anything could go wrong in her absence.

No further attempt had been made on the part of Pauline to secure her cousin's company alone, and they had walked and driven all together, without anything happening to ruffle the surface of composure.

Tom had not again called in Dover Street; nor, when the party there went to Kensington, had he made his appearance.

Elsie was once more moody and capricious, but she made no attempt to remain in town, nor did she ex-

press disinclination to visiting Calverley. "She only needs to be assured of Hugh's wishes," augured the fond mother; "his backwardness is extraordinary."

She could not, however, succeed in her representations, and was fain, while marvelling at the blindness and obstinacy of her son, to take such comfort as they could yield to herself, and leave him alone.

"On Friday, dear," were her last words, as she disappeared from Dover Street; and with the thought of Friday she buoyed herself up all the way to Calverley.

"Now is our time," said Pauline, and she went straight to the hotel.

But Lady and Miss Calverley had gone out, and were not expected home to luncheon.

She called again in the afternoon. Lady and Miss Calverley had returned, and had gone out again.

"This must be Elsie's own doing," reflected Pauline; nor was she unconvinced, even when it proved that the second expedition had been to Kensington, and that they had found Mrs Wyndham at home.

"They dine out to-night, I know," said she to Tom. "It was partly on account of this dinner that these two were obliged to stay behind; but we will see them, somehow. Tom, we will make them come here the night before they go."

"Can you?" said he, as Mrs Wyndham entered the room.

"Aunt Camilla," began Pauline, "what do you think of asking Aunt Ella and Elsie to dine here on Thursday? We have no engagement, and perhaps they would come to us, though they would not care to go anywhere else on their last evening."

"Well, my dear, I *had* intended to hear the Jubilee singers; and you had said you would like it too. We have seen a good deal of your aunt. But, of course, I am only too glad. Suppose we do invite them. Sir Hugh as well? He usually goes where they do. And his mother? Make it pleasant if we do have them, love: I fancy those young people like to be together, don't they? I imagined something of the kind." (Poor Tom!)

"Oh, they are gone, you say," continued Mrs Wyndham, all unconsciously. "Oh!" She paused. "If you think they would *care* to be asked—if they would really *like* to come—by all means let us ask them. But Thursday! That is to-morrow. My blue dress was only to come home to-morrow, which, of course, means it won't. Well, I suppose I can wear some other thing; but really, Lady Calverley has never seen me in anything nice."

"Never mind, Aunt Camilla," said Tom, from the corner of the sofa, to which he had retreated, whilst his sister fought the battle. "Aunt Ella can't contend with you in that respect. She goes about a perfect tramp when she is at Gourloch, and I have never seen her out of one gown since she came to London."

"I am sure she was elegance itself to-day."

"That's it—that's the very one! She went straight to a shop and bought it when she first came up, and it has been on every day since."

"My dear Tom, a *shop*!" simulated his aunt.

"Well?"

"We don't get such things in *shops*!"

"Where do you get them, then?" asked simple Tom.

"At our dressmakers. They devise them for us. They arrange them to suit our styles—our complexions. For me, a blonde, they would suggest blue; for Pauline, rose-colour or amber, or——"

"White," said Tom. "Pauline looks best of all in white. It suits her—her mind, I think. Eh?"

This was beyond his aunt, however.

"But, I say," continued he, resuming his careless tone, "did you think of having—ah—anybody on Thursday? I should like to know beforehand, in case I am asked anywhere else."

"Certainly, you must. Well, Thursday, then—that is to-morrow. It is rather short notice. How are we to get an answer, and how can we have any one to meet them?"

"That we cannot," cried Pauline, eagerly. "They could not expect it, Aunt Camilla. And I am quite sure they—we should all prefer being without strangers; don't you think so, Tom?"

"Yes," muttered Tom; "of course."

"If that is to be the way, it is quite easy, then," said Mrs Wyndham. "Shall I send, or shall we go there?"

"Let us go, and at once," replied Pauline. "They cannot be out at this early hour; and if they are, we will leave the note. Shall I write it from you, Aunt Camilla, and shall I ask them to come in their travelling apparel, so that anything you have will do? We will agree to keep them in countenance."

Mrs Wyndham was satisfied, and they set off.

All went well; the ladies were at home, and the invitation, given as it was face to face, was perforce accepted. A little hesitation, a lurking reluctance, Pauline felt sure, clung behind the mother's smile; but about Elsie's "We will come" there could be no two opinions. Her whole countenance glowed with animation.

"It must be right for us," communed Pauline with herself, "or she would never look like this. Now," continued she, "my dear, charming, little aunt, you are not going to get your own way this time; you are not to be allowed to lay yourself under Aunt Marion's Juggernaut car and be crushed! That is what you think you would like, I know. And that is what you have designed for Elsie; but, or else I am mistaken, Elsie does not design this for herself. If she likes Hugh," argued Pauline, "she won't have Tom. If she likes Tom, she ought not to be made to take Hugh. Made to take! Nonsense! Aunt Ella would never say a word; but Hugh will be asked there, and praised, and petted,—and then he is really nice, and good, and kind; and she pities him; and, above all, he is always there. She is a tender-hearted little thing; and if

Tom says nothing—— Ah! she could be cruel enough to him once."

But for this was Pauline the one to blame her? I think she had never felt more kindly towards Elsie than at that moment. I think, in her inmost soul, she marvelled not at that cruelty. She marvelled only that one who had once hearkened to the subtle sweetness of *his* voice, could ever listen to another!—that Blundell could be forgotten for Tom!

True, it had been but the fancy of the moment, the passing pang wherewith womanhood is born; the child's awakening to her power and to her weakness, to her knowledge of happiness and sorrow.

It had not mattered much who had taught the lesson. Elsie had suffered and forgiven; and of all that had passed there remained but this, the fixed resolution never again to betray by word or look the unsought secrets of her heart.

Something of this Pauline began to suspect, and it yielded a new hope for her brother.

She alone understood, and held the wayward girl blameless, when smiles and frowns, clouds and sunshine, kindness and coldness, alternated so swiftly that the most long-suffering of the other three was annoyed and perplexed.

Of one idea possessed, Elsie heeded nothing, so long as her stronghold was safe. Hugh should not know, Tom should not know, none of them should know, whom it was she loved, or whether she loved at all, until she was asked—until the very words were spoken! She had been bitten, but the extent of her wound had never been told, and only one guessed there was a scar.

That one was Pauline.

Thursday was one of the hottest days of the year; and Tom and his

sister stood on the balcony of their aunt's house, to wait the arrival of their guests.

Lady Calverley was late, of course.

"She has not got the clocks here half an hour fast, you know," jested Tom. He was shaking with excitement and nervous tremor. "Do you remember that, Pauline? That great ticker in the hall that every one was supposed to go by, and that nobody did? She ought to ask the people at the hotel to be kind enough to cheat her! Or," with sudden dread, "do you think they can't be coming?"

Pauline reassured him. She had seen her aunt in the afternoon, had been with them in the Park, and certainly, at that time, there had been no idea of throwing up the engagement.

If by any chance they did not come— Ah! there they were!

Those were Elsie's forget-me-not ribbons! She had not made a fashionable fright of herself for travelling, on this occasion; she had kept out one of her pretty evening dresses.

This to an experienced eye meant something, meant well for Tom. Poor Tom! he had bought a penny rose for his button-hole! He never spoke when the carriage stopped. He ran down hurriedly, and brought them in. Then he stood by his aunt's chair, talking to her, till dinner was announced.

That Lady Calverley was not at her ease was tolerably evident.

Tom had been an early darling; and that she should ever be trying to treat him as a young man to be kept at a distance, or even as a mere nephew, would once have seemed a thing impossible.

How square, and broad, and strong he towered over her head!

How handsome the poor boy

looked! What a light shone in his fine brown eyes!

No one was more alive to the beauty of a fine eye than she; even Mrs Wyndham was not more susceptible on the point of good looks than was Lady Calverley.

That the hair on the top of her other nephew's head was growing thin, had been a positive grievance ever since it came beneath her notice; and, as her daughter's future husband, she had long resented the slope of his shoulders.

In Dover Street, she had tormented herself by secret comparisons between him and Tom; but she had never, until this night, perceived the extent of the latter's superiority.

She fidgeted in her chair, wishing herself anywhere but where she was. Then she called to mind where she might hope to be at that hour on the morrow, and endeavoured to endure what she could not avoid.

If Elsie had only allowed her to send an excuse! It would have been true, perfectly true; she was so tired that she was nearly worn out, and so was Elsie. They were to make an early start, and Mrs Wyndham could not have taken offence. But Elsie had been so—foolish.

Elsie had, in fact, far from pressing her mother to go, willingly agreed to make her excuses—but in person. Certainly *she* should not stay away without a reason; why should *she*? And as to this there could be no reply, there remained nothing for it but that both should go. To have let Elsie go alone would have been sheer madness.

The more she looked at Tom, the more she shuddered at the idea—the more she framed apologies for being there at all, to be presented to her sister-in-law when the misdemeanour should come to light.

"My dear Marion," she imagined herself saying, "you must allow that the *convenances* of society almost compelled us to accept! You yourself would have seen the necessity had you been there! And really there was no result." (How devoutly she hoped there would be none!) "They met as ordinary relations; Tom made no attempt to speak to her." (Certainly not, at present.) "We had a nice cheerful evening" (things might brighten before it was over), "and I am really glad we went." Into which extraordinary statement she contrived to interpret the joy she anticipated when all should be over.

Glad! Ay, she would be right glad when she found herself safely seated in the carriage again! She would be gladder still to be fairly on her way to Calverley!

Then, when Hugh had at last declared himself—when suspense, concealment, and mystery were happily at an end,—then, she would write the kindest, warmest letter to her dear Pauline, in which Tom should have his message—his hearty welcome. Stop! what is this? She is delivering it already!

They are on their way downstairs; and with her hand upon his arm, she is whispering, "You have not said when we are to see you in the North, Tom? It is always coming 'home,' you know, when you come to us."

Here was the first kind word she had addressed to him since the change began.

"I shall have a fortnight in July, thank you," said he.

"A fortnight! You used to come to us for *months*! Are they so barbarous as to give you only one fortnight?"

He smiled.

"That cannot be, Tom; it is

quite ridiculous! Your uncle must make a point of it."

She was really astonished, horrified; she was genuinely sorry for him; she was only not sorry for herself. ("Even Marion," she reflected, "could not expect me to refuse him that one fortnight; and perhaps, indeed certainly, all must be quietly settled before that time. Knowing everything, it will then be his own choice whether or not he comes at all.")

She did not know herself what to wish in the matter. She yearned over the boy, and felt as though she had no right to yearn. She was certainly to be felt for. It is so hard to steer between the Scylla of Love and the Charybdis of Fear, and this for a woman who was "not bright."

"My dear Tom, it is too absurd!"

"It is as much as any of us have, aunt Ella."

"But you used to come to us for months!"

"When I was at Oxford."

"At Oxford! And do you mean to say that you really have to work harder now than when you were at Oxford? I am sure you cannot mean that, Tom. I have heard of young men *killing* themselves with study over and over again, but I never thought it was to go on all their lives. Did you, Mrs Wyndham?"

"We don't kill ourselves with study, certainly," replied Tom, with a laugh. "You need not be alarmed for me, aunt Camilla." She had turned to him in real concern. "I don't look like being killed, do I?"

Yet they might have seen, had they chosen, that his plate went away almost untouched.

This passage - at - arms over, "Tom," cried his other aunt, "did you ask Mr Chadleigh about

those tickets? Now, you sad, forgetful fellow, I am sure you forgot. Did you forget?"

He started.

"Tickets!—I—I—— What in the world are you talking about, ma'am? What tickets?"

"The tickets Mr Chadleigh spoke to you about, you know. He said he could get them for us."

He regarded her earnestly.

The offer had been his own; he had vouched for the production of the said tickets, and had been full of the scheme, for Elsie had been included in it.

As soon as their departure had been fixed for so early a date as to preclude the possibility of her acceptance, the project had collapsed, and had entirely vanished from his memory.

He owned his fault, and promised amendment, hastily. He was exceedingly attentive to both his aunts, but he was not punctilious in his duties as a host. He neglected the younger ladies, not addressing his cousin once during the meal.

When she spoke to others, when her head was averted, his look was upon her, but it was withdrawn ere there was a chance of their eyes meeting.

Elsie was not herself either. She was, she averred, too tired to speak; too tired to eat; too hot, and tired, and cross about going away, to care for anything. Tom's head just moved at the last declaration; it almost seemed as if he were going to speak to her, but he did not.

She and Pauline went off arm in arm when dinner was over, with many protestations of affection on the part of the little one. Dear Pauline! She was going to leave Pauline so soon! She did not like leaving her Pauline at all! She would make the evening as long as ever, ever, ever she could!

"Out of doors?" suggested Pauline.

"Oh, delightful! In the gardens. Mamma, we are going to the gardens in the Square. Pauline says we can get out this way, and it is so hot in the house. Oh, these beautiful gardens! Look at that pink horse-chestnut covered with blossoms! And look at those lilacs, and that may, and syringa! This little gate is locked, Pauline; how shall we open it?"

"Tom has the key," said her cousin; "I will fetch it."

She did—and him.

Mrs Wyndham, as we know, is not so fond of evening strolls as her niece is, but she will join them by-and-by. She will be found in the drawing-room if wanted. They will, she is sure, rejoice to be rid of her for a little while.

Says Pauline, "Now, Aunt Ella, I am going to show you *my* seat."

Aunt Ella.—"Come, Elsie, and see Pauline's seat."

Pauline, with boldness.—"Go away, Elsie, I don't want you. Go away with Tom as you used to do, and leave us two together. Good-bye."

Aunt Ella.—"But, my dear, she does not want to go; she has had walking enough for to-day. She is tired. She will not be fit for her journey."

Pauline.—"Then she need not walk. She can go and find a seat. But she is not coming with *me*! I want to have a nice long talk with you alone; we have not had one since we met. Take her away, Tom."

"Will you come, Elsie?"

His faltering voice proclaimed how little he expected that she would. He turned away as he spoke, as if he would prevent an answer. He did not even look at her.

Nevertheless she went.

CHAPTER XXXV.—TOM'S OPPORTUNITY.

"Every dog has his day, and every man his hour."

Lady Calverley fretted in impotent vexation.

"My dear Pauline, I always like to have a chat with you; but these gardens are so public, overlooked by so many windows—don't you think we had better keep together a little?"

"We can't lose ourselves, Auntie. The gardens are closed in on every side, and only the people in the Square have access to them. Now, are they not charming? Come, look down this vista; is not that a lovely blending of dark and pale green overhead, with those rows of bright things along the paths? That is what you came to see. Here is my seat, and looking on that leafy——"

"Oh, very; yes, charming. I suppose we shall meet them if we turn down this walk?"

"Then we won't turn down it. Let us sit down here. This piece of grass is like velvet, is it not? Look——"

"I see, my dear, and I do indeed admire it exceedingly. But, Pauline, I do *not* like," with gathering determination, "Elsie to be seen wandering about——"

"My dear Auntie, who is to see her? and she is only gone with Tom!"

"It is not—not——"

"Not an unheard-of thing, is it? They used to be always together; and you and I were companions too, in old days. I want to know, how do you go to-morrow?"

"By the Great Northern, from King's Cross."

"By the Great Northern! That is up the east coast. Where do you stop? Edinburgh?"

"We do not need to stop any-

where. We—we go straight to Calverley."

"To Calverley!" Pauline stopped short. This arrangement had never been mentioned to her or Tom. "I thought you were going straight to Gourloch!"

"It is not ready for us, my dear; it will not be ready for another week or more. Your aunt and cousin were kind enough to ask us to make a halt with them, as neither Elsie nor I," emphatically, "cared to remain longer in town."

"Did Elsie not? I thought she said she was cross because she was going."

"I never heard her say that till tonight; she was put out about other—little—things. She is quite willing to go to Calverley, I assure you."

("Now I understand," thought Pauline—"now I see why poor Tom was allowed this one evening. He was to have it under strict supervision, just for decency's sake, and then Elsie was to be whirled away to Hugh and Calverley. Oh, Tom! if you could only know all that hangs on this one half-hour!")

"It is rather early to banish the poor child to the Highlands, is it not?" proceeded her aunt, apologetically; "she will see nobody at Gourloch, you know. Calverley is a charming place, and it is a pity she should so seldom be there; we have not paid them a visit for years."

"Nor have I," said Pauline.

"You like better coming to us, do you not? And we like having you. Aunt Marion is very kind, but I don't think she and you were ever very great friends, were you?"

"No, I don't think we were."

Pauline pursued the interesting topic, aware that a good, confidential, relational talk behind backs was what her aunt never could resist. "You see," she said, "Aunt Marion never seemed to make us at home, as you did. She made *too* much of us, so that we felt we were visitors every moment of the day; and there was always so much stiffness, and such planning and arranging before one could take so much as a walk in the grounds——"

"Yes, yes," cried Lady Calverley, delighted; "that is exactly your Aunt Marion! Before one can take a walk in the grounds, as you say, everybody must know what you are going to do, and every chance of interruption be provided against! It was the same here. Really, you know, however much one wishes to be considerate, when carried to such an extent it becomes irksome. I had to leave a message if I did but run as far as the post-office! The post-office was at the end of the street, and I liked the run; but if your Aunt Marion chanced to come in, it was, 'Where had I gone?' and 'When should I return?' so that really I have felt these last few days so free——" she recollected herself.

"I know I can trust you, Pauline; you are not one to make mischief. You understand what I mean. It is nothing really worth complaining of—it is a mere trifle; but you see, having been my own mistress," with a sigh, "for so many years, I am not accustomed even to the mildest restraint. It is a little *restraint*, my dear—that is exactly the word; and to tell you the truth, I never care very much for being at Calverley, for that very reason! Your aunt is not—not——"

"I think I can tell what it is."

"She is not quite delicate about little things. She seems to forget

altogether that I was once in her place, or that Sir Edward was my own dear husband! She talks of him too freely—too freely by far. Most ignorantly and unjustly too, sometimes, I must say." (The disobedient young ones were entirely lost sight of as she warmed with her subject.) "His mismanagement," she continued—"that was what she harped upon during the whole of our last visit. I have not heard so much about it lately, but I daresay I shall as soon as we go there. His mismanagement! In what it consisted it would be difficult, I imagine, to point out. I could see no mismanagement. Everything always seemed as nice as possible. No one ever hinted to me of mismanagement. And then, she calls on me to approve of numberless alterations. They *may* be improvements—I cannot tell. To me they certainly are anything but pleasant. I never do enjoy going to Calverley."

"Oh, I daresay you will get on better this time."

"I'm sure I hope so—for Elsie's sake. Remember, my dear, that nothing I have said bears the least reference to Hugh. He, poor dear, has nothing to do with it; he is so gentle and affectionate that I never feel out of my place with him. Nor would I wish to be unjust to your Aunt Marion, only——"

"Yes?" said Pauline, with a sudden fear that she saw her other aunt threading her way towards them.

It proved to be a false alarm, and she could once more assume the post of confidential listener.

Lady Calverley was talking steadily on. She was "well at it" now, lost to every thought but that of her congenial theme.

Domineering? that was the word. So domineering! Every one must be happy in *her* way! They must

have her tastes, her pursuits! Even in graver matters, it appeared, she would fain have led; but here Pauline would believe that the strong but worldly woman had been baffled—that on such points the true Christian could be steadfast, for conscience' sake.

The hour slipped by, and a slight breeze began to fan the tops of the branches.

Lady Calverley gave a little shiver.

"It grows chilly," she said; "we must have been sitting still a long time. What have we been about? Mrs Wyndham will think we have neglected her shamefully."

"Perhaps," said Pauline, rising, with a smile, "we had better go in."

"And Tom? And Elsie?"

"There they are!"

"You see, Aunt Ella, I really couldn't help it."

This was all the apology Tom had to offer for two faces that told their own tale so unmistakably that even the most incredulous could read it at a glance.

Oh, how thankful the poor woman was at the moment that she was not at Calverley!

That was her first, her instantaneous thought.

How easily the blow fell, after all, when accompanied by such sobs and kisses, tears and laughter!

Nobody frowned on her, nobody scolded, nobody was made miserable. She was taken at unawares. She had been descanting on the very topic meet for such a conclusion, unconsciously preparing for it, by the slow fire of insubordination which had been kindling in her breast during the recital of her wrongs. This now burst into a flame.

Had not her own child, her pretty darling, a right to choose in such a

matter? Was she to be overruled by any tyrannical will, and ordered what she was to do? not even by her own mother, either,—not even by the only one who had a right to speak, if right there was?

Great for Tom was the moment he had chosen!

She was conquered with scarcely a struggle, threw open the gates and admitted the enemy at once to her innermost citadel!

It was but, "Tom, Tom, you naughty boy!" And he was hanging round her neck, just as he used to do!

She was, in truth, bewildered, and knew not what she said, or if indeed she said anything at all. To this day she maintains that her consent was never asked!

But she says that one thing greatly struck her. That, amidst the tumult of petitions, praises, smiles, and whispers, she caught a glimpse of a sweet and beautiful face, so illumined by pure unselfish joy that it seemed as though it might belong to a loving soul in Paradise, rather than to an inhabitant of this stained and sinful world.

She says that look overcame her, and that Tom owes his winning Elsie to Pauline.

Tom, however, has no idea of giving in to this. If it was any one who got him that, he says, it was his Aunt Camilla.

"For you see," he explained afterwards, "I forgot all about money and that; and if Aunt Camilla had not come forward in such a splendid way, and said she would make it all right, I don't know what we should have done. She went straight off to her lawyer the very next morning, and I am to have half, and the other half is to be for Pauline. Wasn't it jolly of her? Uncle Julius and she, between them, are going to settle an

allowance on me besides, so that I need not have to live on Elsie's money for the present. And—and—they are all a great deal too good to me, you know; it makes a fellow feel—ashamed."

All that required to be done ere the eventful evening closed, was to telegraph to Calverley, and to take on the rooms in Dover Street; for as to carrying out that journey, the bare thought of it was more than either mother or daughter durst contemplate.

A letter explained the telegram, but we need not witness the reception of either. Mrs Calverley's scorn and Hugh's woes may thus be left out of our little story; and as both of these were out of sight of the happy party in London, so I imagine were they out of mind. As for the German book, I greatly fear its translation will never be accomplished.

Mrs Wyndham would willingly have received Lady Calverley and Elsie into her house for the remainder of their stay in town, but it was not large enough to accommodate them comfortably; so that Tom was obliged to be satisfied with finding them in the drawing-room every evening on his return home, or with going to Dover Street himself. It may be believed his case was not a hard one. He was never *asked*, nobody thought of *inviting* him; he had his revenge for all those miserable luncheons, in the way he now went and came at will, and in the tears that fell upon his shoulder the night before Elsie left for Gourloch.

That she should weep for this, when he was to follow in a few weeks!

He was awed by the extent of his happiness, by his great prosperity.

"I knew she could never care about a fellow who lay upon the sofa," he said, adverting to Hugh;

"but then, that was no reason, you see, why she should care for one who didn't. And she was such a little vixen! Was she not, Pauline? She would not give me the ghost of an idea whether I had a chance or not! Who would have believed the little thing could have been so close? It was not the least like her; I thought that when you came, at all events, you would have found out everything in a minute."

"She took another character for the time," said Pauline, unconscious, however, that she too could do the like on occasion. "Love can work other changes besides making the bold timid, and the timid bold. It can make the meek perverse, and the gentle obstinate; and——"

"The good-tempered as sulky as bears," said Tom. "Fancy, I have seen Elsie sulk in a corner, so that I hardly knew whether I should have liked best to have boxed her ears, or—have boxed all the other ears in the room! I knew they were tormenting her."

"At least you know it now." She could not forbear a smile.

"I should think I did know, now! I have made her tell me all about it, over and over again—and you won't see aunt Marion at Gourloch in a hurry, I can tell you, Pauline; she was the one, you know—she was my worst enemy. As for Hugh, I'm only sorry for him; but I daresay he'll take a tonic, and get over it. Well now, Pauline, there's only you to be provided for," continued Tom, superior in the fulness of his satisfaction. "Elsie and I will have to take you in hand. We shall have a house in town, you know. I mean to go on with what I'm doing. Uncle Julius thinks it would be a pity to throw up such an opening, just when I have begun to get through the drudgery; and then, with a home of one's own, it will

be all so different ! Besides, they're to buy me a partnership, instead of making me an allowance ! That is the new idea. It was only not spoken of before, because they thought I mightn't care to go on with it. But I don't mind. I should not like to marry, and not do anything for my wife ! I wouldn't live on her money for the world ! Aunt Ella is to stay with us a good part of the year, and of course we shall always be at Gourloch in the autumn. We have been settling it all this morning. When I told Aunt Camilla, she was awfully pleased. And oh, Pauline ! she has had such a letter from those Jermyns !"

Pauline had not seen it.

"It came when you were out," said Tom. "She must be an atro-

cious woman ! But if I had been Aunt Camilla, I don't think I should have told them all she was doing for me. They are furious ! And what do you think she," alluding to his aunt, "had the sense to say ? She only observed, with a sly look, that she did not think they would come quite so often over to the Grange as they used to do !"

Even Pauline could not say that this was unfair ; Mrs Jermyn's attentions had been too conspicuously fulsome.

"So, you see, you will not be troubled with too much of their company, whatever house in the neighbourhood you are in," said Tom, thinking of Finch Hall.

She could not answer, thinking of Blundellsaye.

GOURLOCH.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—CONCLUSION.

"What is this passing scene ?

A peevish April day ;

A little sun, a little rain—

And then night sweeps along the plain,

And all things fade away !"

—H. KIRKE WHITE.

Gourloch lying in the glorious sunshine ! Waves sparkling and dancing along the bay ! Lazy cloud-shadows floating over the uplands !

Who that gazes on that beautiful scene would dream that, all through the preceding night, a summer storm had tossed these peaceful waters, had raged down from the mountain passes, and dashed the fishermen's boats, bottom upwards, on the shore ?

It had been so unexpected, and of such unusual violence, that the destruction to nets and boats had been great ; and the country people were fain to console themselves as best they might that at least the

damage was confined to these. Their hay had not been cut ; and although many vessels of one kind or other had been out, still, as the herring season had not begun, these were easily counted, and there was no reason to suppose evil had befallen any one of them.

It was only towards evening that rumours got abroad, which were sedulously kept back from the inmates of the Castle.

"The minister's boat" had been out, and it had not returned !

It had been seen near the northern islands, and was carrying full sail.

It had been seen to tack repeatedly, and was apparently endeavour-

ing to make for the sheltered portion of the loch, when it had suddenly disappeared. The conclusion had been that, finding the crossing difficult, the men had put back for the night, which they could spend comfortably on the island. They had just quitted Ewan M'Lachlan the crofter's cottage.

But it was now whispered that a boat had come in from the island seeking for tidings of this very party!

They had never returned to the cottage; and the minister, who was himself at the helm, was said to have expressed a great desire to be at his own home that evening.

He had foreseen the storm, but had refused to set off ere his mission was accomplished, having been sent for to visit a dying woman—Ewan's aged mother, who had for many years been one of his parishioners.

He had stayed in the cottage above an hour, and had then yielded to the representations of the boatmen, who, incredulous at first as to the prognosticated stress of weather, became, on a sudden, alarmed and impatient.

They had set sail, and, as long as they could be seen from the cottage, had appeared to make way very fairly: but on a call from his mother, Ewan represented that he had been obliged to attend to her; and when he was again at liberty, he noticed that the boat had put back considerably, and appeared to be labouring a good deal. However, it got round the north headland, and he thought if it weathered that point, there was nothing further to fear.

Still, with the recollection of a great increase of wind soon afterwards, and knowing that the boat was considered by many over-rigged, he had not felt easy until he should learn that it had put into harbour safely.

He had been first to the manse, where he learnt, with great uneasiness, that nothing had been seen of either the boat or its occupants!

He had immediately crossed the Sound to Gourloch.

It could no longer be concealed from Lady Calverley that grave apprehensions must be entertained; but although messengers were at once despatched in all directions, it was not until the second day had passed that it was known how terribly the worst of these had been realised.

The main-sail of the boat and two of the seats had been cast ashore on the rocks, immediately opposite to the spot where Ewan had last seen it; but of its living freight nothing had been seen or heard!

All must have found a nameless grave!

So sad an event cast a gloom over the whole country-side, and especially over the happy meeting within the old grey towers, which had been so eagerly anticipated by all of those with whom we are now concerned.

Pauline and her brother arrived within a few days of its occurrence.

"We have lost," said Lady Calverley, "the best, the noblest of men! Within sight, Pauline, almost within reach, if there had been any at hand to render aid. We know," with a sigh, "that some good reason there must have been why his useful and honoured life should have been thus cut short; but for us, we cannot yet think of anything but the great, the widespread loss that must be felt. If he had been a very old man—if one could have said that he had 'finished his course;' but he was so well, so strong—— Well, my dear, I must not make you too sad. We have no right to think only of ourselves; and I am so very, very glad to see you both. You will help Elsie and me to bear our

grief, for we know how you feel for us."

"And with you," said Pauline.

Then Lady Calverley wiped her eyes, and glided away. She had talked for a full hour and a half, and was more cheerful: she could remember that she would like to gather a few sweet-scented flowers for her niece's room.

Pauline stood still and thought. "What a grand death to die!" she said; "no pain, no fear, no weary waiting for the end! He fell in his harness, fighting the good fight! He was found at his post when the call sounded! Then he went forward—forward! . . . While we have been absorbed in our little round of cares and hopes and wishes, he has lived out his noble self-devoted life, and accomplished the work that was given him to do. Thrown away? How could I ever think him thrown away here? What if he did toil, unknown and unthanked by men? *He* knew, Whose eye is never off His faithful servants. He watched him, never shrinking, never yielding, never weary! Oh, what a good man has gone to his rest! How poor, how small, how mean we grow beside such giants! We fritter away the lives that might all, with God's help, be great and glorious as his was! We clog ourselves, we forget that

'Pilgrims who travel in the narrow way,
Should go as little cumbered as they
may.'

"Life—life—what is life?" murmured Pauline, gazing into the fathomless heavens above with dreamy eye. "A few winters and summers, a few pains and pleasures, a single love— Ah me! what will be the end of my love? Am I preparing to 'go as little cumbered' as I may; or—am—I adding a weight to pull me down, down? Not yet can I

know, not yet can I guess! I feel so strangely sad to-day! Time seems so short; eternity so long! But one aim seems worth pursuing, one end worth achieving. I would not wish—so help me God!—to raise one barrier—no, not even *that* one, if a barrier it were to prove—betwixt me and Him. I am His; to Him I render myself again, to do with His servant even according to His will!"

"You are writing," said Elsie, putting in her head soon after. "I came to see what you had been about all this time; Tom and I have been down to the shore. This dear little turret-room looks like itself, now that you are come back to it, Pauline! I did not like it when we first came, and I was afraid you would not care for the paper we chose. But mamma says you are quite pleased with it."

"Yes, Elsie, I think it is pretty."

"I am so glad. If you did not, mamma would have had it done over again, and let you choose your own. Can I do anything for you?"

"Not just yet. I will come in search of you when I have finished my letters."

"I have a number to write too," said Elsie, ruefully—"that is why I have had to come in. Don't forget the post goes out early from here."

"I am only writing a few words to Aunt Camilla."

"Mind you say we don't mean to part with you for a long, long time."

"I have promised to be with her in October at latest, Elsie."

"October? Poor mamma will be left alone, then!"

"Whose fault is that? You and Tom should have been more considerate."

"Tom, considerate! He is the greatest plague of a boy. I can't get away from him."

She turned to go, and Tom was there. "Let me go, let me go!" cried she, trying to pass him. "I won't hear a word you have to say. Those letters *must* be written, or the postman will come before they are ready——"

He caught her. "Listen, the postman has called and gone. He came early, for some reason best known to himself, and I did not keep him. On the contrary, I bowed him off with the greatest urbanity. He explained it all in his best English, and as I did not comprehend one word, I replied in my best Gaelic, confident that it would be used with like effect. However, we concluded our conversation with entire satisfaction, and I sent him on his way rejoicing. What can a single day signify? You can write those wonderful epistles to-morrow, and I will help you——"

"Bad spelling, and all? But I must see mamma, and tell her, at any rate."

"She knows. I took the post-bag to her."

"Were there any letters for me?" said Pauline, as he sauntered back to her, obliged to be content with Elsie's promise of a speedy return, as she flew off at last.

"No,—I don't think so. I had one. I say! poor Blundell has

broken his neck riding a steeple-chase in Paris last Sunday!"

The ink was not dry on the sheet under his sister's hand. Over the words "He died as he had lived," her fingers hung frozen, rigid, numbed.

"Isn't it strange," said Tom, still standing in the doorway, "that we should have the news *here*? Do you remember——" He heard Elsie calling to him, and went away caressing a puppy he held in his arms.

The paper rustled in the draught of air, for he left the door open. A dog bayed on the hillside, and a raven croaked overhead.

The room felt cold; the sunshine crept away from it.

Colder still sat that motionless figure, bending over her desk.

A step outside, she staggered to her feet, barred the door, and had her hour of agony unseen!

Yet athwart that hour there shot one streak of brighter shade. In the portion of that cup there mingled one drop that was not gall.

She had not thrust him from her. They had parted with clasped hands, and kindest looks.

She had left him that hope for which he had petitioned, on which he had depended. And the end was *this*!

God give us grace to heed!

THE IRONY OF LIFE.

IN the second volume of the 'Philological Museum,' published at Cambridge in 1833, there is an article by the late Bishop Thirlwall on "The Irony of Sophocles," which is marked by all that great scholar's subtlety of thought and mastery of classical learning. He distinguishes between *verbal* and *practical* irony, the former of which he defines "as a figure which enables the speaker to convey his meaning with greater force by means of a contrast between the thought and expression—or, to speak more accurately, between the thought which he evidently designs to express, and that which his words properly signify." Practical irony in life is the contrast between the real and apparent state of things which environ the subject of it, whether it be a kingdom, a commonwealth, a society, or an individual. The word seems originally to have been applied to the peculiar mode of disputation adopted by Socrates. This consisted in a playful entanglement of his opponent in admissions, which, while appearing to support and strengthen the argument of that opponent, in reality involved him in an absurd conclusion. He was made to take the bait, all unconscious of the hook by which he was to be captured. There was a perfect antagonism between the appearance and the fact—the appearance being the assurance of victory, the fact the certainty of defeat; and the defeat was brought about by the use of the very weapons on which the disputant relied for success. This the Greeks called *Eipovela*. It may be described as the irony of the fallacies, and is different from verbal irony in the modern sense of the word. One reason why verbal irony is so power-

ful an instrument of speech, is because contrast is a law of the association of ideas. The image of a thing suggests the idea of its opposite. But another reason is, that the very disparity of the language used assists the mind in measuring the contrast, just as the force of a blow is proportionate to the recoil. By seeming to deny to an object its proper attribute, we instantly conjure up the thought of what that attribute is, and we feel it more strongly in consequence of the incongruity of the term applied. What are some of the most endearing epithets with which we accost the darlings of our hearts—our little ones? What father or mother scruples, or rather, in the very gush and effusion of love, is not almost compelled, to address a laughing infant in words which, taken literally, would be strangely and shockingly wrong? "You little rogue!" comes as spontaneously to the lips as "You little darling!" and each expression is but the equivalent of the other. Coleridge has, in his continuation of "Christabel"—alas! only a fragment—tried to give an explanation of this, which is perhaps not very far from the mark, although we think that the one we have already suggested is the true one. But there can be no question about the beauty of the lines—

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing, with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light ;
And pleasures flew in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
In words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other ;
To utter and mock a broken charm,

To dally with wrong that does no harm ;
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty,
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity."

The last explanation is not very different from our own, only we think it is not so much "the sweet recoil of love and pity" which "each wild word" produces in the mind, as the suggestion of thoughts of tenderness and love which the very wildness of the words forces irresistibly on the heart.

In order to appreciate irony there must be some sense of humour. The essays of Elia are full of it; and their chief charm would be lost on the reader who took everything literally, or, to use Charles Lamb's own expression, "on the square." How helplessly he would flounder in the 'Sartor Resartus' of Carlyle! There is an essay by De Quincey on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," which is in the finest style of irony; and we once spoke of it in terms of high praise to a person in an official position, and strongly recommended him to read it. We lent him the book for the purpose; but in a few days he returned it to us with a note in which he said that he did not like the article at all, and thoroughly disapproved of it, for it dealt far too lightly with one of the most dreadful of crimes, and seemed almost to encourage it!

There are some excellent examples of verbal irony in the Bible. There must have been something in the tone of Micaiah when, summoned to foretell the issue of the approaching battle at Ramoth-Gilead between the kings of Israel and Judah on the one side, and the king of Syria on the other, he said, "Go ye up and prosper, and they shall be delivered into your hand,"—something which betrayed a contradiction between his words and his meaning; for Ahab immediately detected the

concealed irony, and asked, "How many times shall I adjure thee that thou say nothing but the truth to me in the name of the Lord?" And then came the truth from the lips of the prophet which predicted the defeat of Israel, and consigned himself to a dungeon, to eat "the bread of affliction" and drink "the water of affliction."

In the apostrophe of Elijah to the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, when he mocked them, and said, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked;" there is perhaps banter rather than irony. The prophet assumes the truth of the hypothesis that Baal is a god. If so, then surely there must be a good reason why he does not hear the cry of his votaries—he must be otherwise engaged. And we must remember that, according to pagan ideas, there was nothing in the occupations suggested by Elijah incompatible with the dignity of a deity. The mythology of Greece is full of anecdotes which show that its gods might be worse and less rationally employed. The irony consists, we think, in the implied contrast between such an idea of the divinity of Baal and the divinity of Jehovah, the God of Israel. But there is no contradiction between the words and the meaning. Elijah puts himself in the position of the priests themselves. And from their point of view his explanation of the cause why Baal is deaf to their entreaties is reasonable enough. But at the same time he shows how ludicrous it is to suppose that Baal is really a god—"for peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." This is properly banter, or what the French call *badinage*; just as irony with them is *persiflage*. Real irony seems to stand midway between banter and

sarcasm. Banter is the playful, and sarcasm the ferocious form of irony. In the etymology of sarcasm, however, there is nothing to suggest the idea of irony. It literally means a "tearing of the flesh," but in modern usage it generally implies irony in its bitterest form.

We think that the key to many of the passages in the book of Ecclesiastes which seem to inculcate mere selfishness, and a reckless disregard of everything except present and sensual enjoyment, is that they are to be taken in an ironical sense. After a reign of unexampled splendour and magnificence, Solomon had found that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and the wisest of men must have been a fool if he could seriously propound, as sufficient for happiness, such maxims as that "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labours:" and, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in this life." Solomon had tried all this, and the apples of Issachar had turned to ashes on his lips. It is not likely, therefore, that he should recommend in earnest to others the fruit which had been so bitter to himself. No! the true meaning and solution of the riddle is to be found in the verse towards the end of the book: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but know thou, that*

for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

But let us now turn to Sophocles. The best example of the practical irony of life which his plays afford is the "Œdipus Tyrannus." A pestilence rages at Thebes, of which Œdipus is king. The gods are appealed to in vain. Altars have blazed with fire and reeked with incense in the temples. The Oracle of Delphi is consulted, and the answer of the priestess is, "The land suffers under a curse, owing to a dreadful murder. The crime must be expiated, and the pollution purged away." But what was the murder, and who is the murderer? Tiresias, the blind seer, is sent for; and after refusing to answer, and having been taunted by Œdipus with his blindness, he at last bids the monarch obey the behest of his own proclamation, and, as the perpetrator of the crime, end his own unhallowed life. The Chorus asks in all simplicity, "Who is the guilty wretch? Does he hide himself in lonely forest or secluded glen?" Who can believe that he is now sitting on the throne, the husband of Jocasta, and lord of Thebes? But a herdsman comes and unfolds the fatal truth that Œdipus is the murderer, the assassin of his father and now the wedded husband of his own mother. In the agony of remorse the king deprives himself of sight—sinking into the depths of despair under the double weight of his two involuntary crimes of parricide and incest.

Here we see the irony of the situation in all its force. Not only is there the contrast between the apparent glory and happiness of Œdipus, the exalted monarch and beloved husband, and his real wretchedness as an incestuous parricide; but we see that in his proclamation he unconsciously denounces himself, and that the pains

he takes to discover the author of the crime are the means by which he brings home that crime to himself.

In the "Trachiniæ" we have another example of the irony of fate. When Nessus, in his attempt to carry off Dejanaira, received his death-wound from the arrow of Hercules, he gave her a subtle poison which he pretended would act as a philtre or love-charm, in case at any time she was in danger of losing the affections of her husband. Hercules, in one of his frequent absences from her while he followed his roving and Quixotic life, took a city in Eubœa, and made captive the inhabitants. Amongst them was a royal princess, of whom the inconstant chieftain became enamoured, and he brought her in his train, intending to make her his wife. We suppose that bigamy was allowed in those days. The news reaches Dejanaira that Hercules is coming home, accompanied by her rival. She bethinks herself of the gift of Nessus; and dipping a festal robe in the poison, she sends it to Hercules, that he may wear it while he sacrifices to the gods in honour of his victory and as a thanksgiving for his safe return. In all the glory of his triumph, and by the side of his captive bride, he puts on the fatal dress, and dies in horrible torments. Dejanaira, finding that the robe which she had fondly imagined would inspire her husband with his former love for her had been the cause of his death, commits suicide, horror-stricken at the thought of her fatal mistake. Here we have the bitter contrast between semblance and reality. The moment of joy and triumph to Hercules is the moment of excruciating torture. The gift of a wife's affection is the messenger of death.

We write from memory, amidst the wild mountains of Switzerland, not having access to the article in

question, and, indeed, hardly to any books at all; but we believe that Bishop Thirlwall finds in the "Œdipus at Colonus," the "Antigone," and the "Ajax," other instances of the irony of Sophocles. Our impression, however, is, that these illustrations are rather far-fetched, and more ingenious than real.

Let us pass from Sophocles to Shakspeare. It would be easy to quote from his plays many examples of the irony of fate; but we will content ourselves with citing the lines in which Wolsey, in "Henry VIII.," describes the irony of his own life, and, beginning with generalisation, ends with a melancholy application to himself:—

"This is the state of man: to-day he
puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow
blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick
upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks—good easy man—
full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-
tured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on
bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride
At length broke under me, and now has
left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide
me."

In fiction we do not know a more terrible example of the irony of situation than that which is given by Victor Hugo in his 'Les Misérables.' There the convict, Jean Valjean, having escaped from the galleys, succeeds in elevating himself to the position of Mayor in a provincial town. He wins the respect and esteem of all the inhabitants, and is distinguished by his benevolence, his probity, and his justice. But he had in his flight taken a sum of money from a pas-

senger on the highway, and another is falsely accused of the crime. Jean Valjean hears of this, and rather than that an innocent man should suffer, resolves to appear in the criminal court and avow himself guilty of the theft, with the certainty that his identity as an escaped *forçat* will be discovered, and he will be again consigned to the hulks. We think that the story of his journey to the assize town, and the mental conflict which he has to undergo, is one of the most thrilling narratives in the whole range of fiction; and the moment when he reveals himself in court, not as the upright magistrate but the condemned convict, strains the feelings of the reader to the most painful pitch of intensity. The depth of the fall is measured by the height of the former rise.

But we need not go to the drama and works of imagination to supply examples of the irony of fate. History is full of it, and human life is full of it. Sometimes it shows itself with terrific grandeur in the sudden crash of an empire, as on that fatal night in Babylon when "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." Then and there, amidst the blaze of lights and sound of festive music, the mysterious handwriting came forth and proclaimed the doom which the sword of Darius the Median was already accomplishing in the streets of the devoted city. "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom." Sometimes it assumes the form of slow wasting decay, which eats into the heart of Power, while all around seems smiling and secure. Such was the state of the Roman empire when the throne of the Cæsars was undermined by luxury and vice. The apparent prosperity

was only the prelude to the ruinous catastrophe. And the peculiar irony of the situation was, that the very strength of the despotism became the weakness and ruin of the State. A conspicuous example of this is seen in the fall of the First Napoleon. His victories were the cause of his overthrow. His never-satisfied ambition made him the enemy of every European kingdom, and at last forced on the coalition that destroyed him. The conqueror of Europe—the ruler over the largest empire which the world had seen since the time of Charlemagne—was at last chained like Prometheus to a rock, and confined to the petty limits of a distant island in the Atlantic, and there condemned to "eat his life away."

There is also an irony of Nature. There is something pathetic in the thought that few things are more beautiful than a ruin. Those mouldering walls over whose moss-grown stones the ivy has thrown its mantle of green—those broken casements through which in olden times brave warriors and fair ladies looked, and where the wallflower, the foxglove, and the harebell shed their wild beauty, are more lovely now than when they were full of the motion of life, and stood in all their pride of feudal strength. For nature is covering decay with bloom and beauty, and adorning the sepulchre of the past with her sweetest flowers and her loveliest colours. And who has not felt in some moment of bitterness and sorrow, when his heart is bursting with grief, how pitiless seems the irony of Nature which almost mocks him with her joyousness, and makes him realise the sharpness of the contrast between his own misery and the laughing loveliness of stream and grove and mountain and meadow around him? It was this that inspired Burns with those touching lines—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling
 bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return!"

We have often thought that there is irony in the fact that houses and villages cluster on the slopes and at the feet of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. The grim mountains rear their bare crests aloft, and in their bosom sleeps the volcanic fire ready at any moment to burst forth and pour the destructive lava over the plain. But vegetation clothes the sides, and a carpet of flowers is spread around like garlands on the neck of a victim. Men and women pursue their rustic labours, and little children play all forgetful of the danger that lurks beneath their feet. It seems impossible to believe that such a scene of beauty and tranquillity may in an instant be changed to a blackened mass of ruin; and so they go on until the curl of dark smoke gives the signal for the earthquake shock and the awful burst of the volcano.

But the irony of human life is everywhere—at home, in society, and in ourselves. The bloom on the cheek of that lovely girl, the delight and pride of the household, is not the bloom of health, but the hectic hue of consumption, which counterfeits its semblance.

Look at that troop of ballet-dancers, with their bright dresses and glittering spangles and joyous movements, and follow one of them, when she has gone through the labours of the night in an applauding theatre, to her poverty-stricken home. The pittance she earns is hardly sufficient to buy food for her mother and sisters, who, in their threadbare apparel and badly-furnished room, have to fight the

grim battle of life against want and hunger.

But a still sadder case of irony is that of some poor wanderer of the night who shivers in the cold air beneath her thin dress of gaudy silk, and affects a desperate gaiety to attract the notice of those "who force from famine the caress of love." "But the pity of it, Iago; oh, the pity of it!"

That youthful politician whose position in the House of Commons, as the member for a popular constituency, is the envy of his associates, is perhaps devoured by the pangs of dissatisfied ambition, and full of wrath against the Minister who has not appreciated his merits. This is irony indeed.

Then there is the irony of married life. We do not speak of an open breach of the marriage vow, although this often falls, like a thunderbolt in a serene sky, upon the unsuspecting wife or husband; nor yet of the false position of him or her, who, although tortured by jealousy, is unable to discard affection; "who doubts, yet doats; suspects, yet strongly loves." But dissimilarity of tastes or incompatibility of temper may make home a misery, while, to society and the world, all there seems to be the sunshine of happiness. Who would suspect that the smiling couple so affable and gracious in mixed company, pass many of their hours when alone together in sulky silence or mutual reproaches? The conventional mask is there thrown off, and the real features are seen, which are anything but pleasant. Sir John and Lady Teasewell lead a cat-and-dog life at home, although they appear like two turtle-doves abroad. We once knew the case of a husband and wife who lived in the same house for years as completely separated as if they had been miles asunder. They had

separate apartments and separate meals, and always passed each other on the stairs without speaking. And yet no one who was not in the secret would have imagined that they were not an affectionate pair.

But of all the examples of irony that occur in everyday life, perhaps the most frequent, and at the same time one of the most painful, is the struggle to keep up appearances. We all know how Caleb Balderstone, in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' strove to save the credit of the Master of Ravenswood, and to hide the poverty of his purse and home. We respect the motive while we laugh at the shifts to which the faithful servant has recourse to attain his object. There are many Caleb Balderstones amongst us who act in the same spirit, not for others but for themselves. They cannot bear to be thought poor. They must live like their neighbours, although those neighbours may be twice or three times as rich as themselves. They copy the entertainments of the wealthy, and adjust their dinner-parties and evening receptions to the same scale, however much they may pinch and squeeze at the family fireside. We saw lately a statement in one of the London newspapers, that the cost of an evening party at one of the great houses was £386; and of a concert at another house of the ordinary class, £601; while a ball, including £300 for "decorations," came to the startling figure of £615. Perhaps in each case the host was able to afford it, but not the less was the amount reprehensible waste. Each of these sums represented a moderate income on which a family might live respectably for a year. We do not mean that upon it what is called "society" could be kept up in the metropolis; but how many country clergymen are there not who would be glad if their livings amounted to

the smallest of those sums? And what is gained by such extravagance? Nobody thinks the better of a host or hostess on account of the profusion of their expenditure. Nobody pretends that there is real enjoyment in being crushed in a crowded room where you can hardly breathe. And too often the lavishness squandered on the dinner-table or the drawing-room seriously cripples the means of the family. The frog cannot try and puff himself out to the dimensions of the ox without danger of bursting. Surely it is the very irony of life when a man struggles to assume or keep up a position which his means cannot afford. He is running a race in which he is far too heavily handicapped to hope to win; and the show and glitter of a few seasons will perhaps end in insolvency and ruin, or at all events in enforced retirement to some quiet corner where he can economise and repent.

"They manage these things better in France," says Sterne at the beginning of his 'Sentimental Journey;' and certainly they do understand the art of entertaining better abroad than in England. They do not consider that people wish to come together to see a parade of ostentatious luxury—

"Where souls are starved and senses gratified,"—

but for the purpose of rational conversation, and the gratification of simple tastes. Who would not have preferred an hour with Horace in his Sabine farm, where

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt viridique certat
Bacca Venafro;"

to the suppers of Lucullus in his Hall of Apollo, or the costly banquets of Apicius? We know that it is unjust to compare the exi-

gencies of town life with the freedom of the country ; but what we mean to assert is, that we sin greatly in our intercourse with society on the side of extravagance ; and it is mere irony that can make profuse luxury supply the means of what is intended to be social enjoyment. There is, however, a more respectable form of this contrast between appearance and reality, with which we profoundly sympathise. It may be absolutely necessary, with a view to employment, or for the sake of the interests of sons and daughters, that a man should seem in the eye of the world to be better off than he actually is. He and they must dress respectably and live respectably on a narrow income, and avoid as much as possible falling into the despised class of the shabby-genteel. Provisions may rise, and coals grow dear ; but still on the same limited means an outward show of decent comfort has to be maintained at the cost of many a heartache, and by the use of many a trying expedient. We believe that few people know how much distress of this kind there is amongst the clergy of the Established Church. A clergyman is by his profession and his position a gentleman, but too often is a pauper in disguise. His income is probably not larger than that of a banker's clerk,—or including his parsonage, which he holds rent free, amounts, we will say, to £250 or £300. Upon this he has to bring up a family of sons and daughters, and insure his life in order that when he dies he may not leave his family utterly penniless. But what a struggle it is ! The cost of clothes, and food, and education is just as dear to a clergyman as to a layman, and he is the person to whom the poor of the parish naturally appeal for help when sickness or other mischance overtakes them. The secret records of the Clergy Aid

Society could tell many a piteous tale of dumb and inarticulate suffering of which the world hears nothing, and suspects nothing ; for the irony of the situation is, that the snug rectory or pretty vicarage seems to be the abode of ease and comfort, while the inmates are obliged to practise the most rigid and self-denying economy.

To hoist an engineer with his own petard has almost passed into a proverb, so frequent have been the instances in which the author of some invention of cruelty has perished by his own device. The oldest on record is that of the man who was roasted alive in his brazen bull by Phalaris. And one of the latest would be that of the inventor of the guillotine, if, as according to the current tradition, he had fallen under its knife. But we believe it is satisfactorily established that Doctor Guillotine never looked through "the little window," but died peaceably in his bed.

The annals of crime are full of the irony of destiny. The means by which the criminal has sought to evade detection have been the means by which his guilt has been discovered. One of the most recent of these is the case of the murderer Wainwright, who was tried and executed two years ago. In the first place, he poured chloride of lime instead of quicklime over the body of his victim, forgetful or ignorant that the substance is antiseptic, and tends rather to preserve the dead body than destroy it. Again, although the corpse had been buried out of sight for more than a year, and there was little likelihood that it would be discovered, he disinterred it, and gave some of the fragments in a packet to a boy to hold, whose curiosity induced him to look into the parcel, and thus led to the discovery and conviction of the mur-

derer. It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind, showing how unconsciously guilt weaves the web in the meshes of which it is itself caught, and that what seems prudence and safety is in reality folly and destruction.

But after all, the irony of life is best shown when we consider Time with reference to Eternity. It must seem almost inconceivable to celestial beings, if they have any consciousness of what takes place on earth, that we, the little insects of an hour, who profess to believe in immortality and a future state, should live as if our existence on earth were our all in all. The disproportion between the interests at stake is so infinite, that comparison is impossible. And yet practically the great majority of Christian men do live as if this world were everything, and throw themselves with as much eagerness into the trifles of the present as if they were to last for ever. What a tremendous irony there is in the parable of our Saviour!—

“The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room

where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?”

This is the sum of the whole matter. If we live in the full consciousness that we are but shadows here, and pursue only shadows upon earth—that we are but children who await a glorious inheritance—and that nothing is of any real value which does not fit and prepare us for our future destiny,—there will be no irony in our lives as regards our aims and our employments, for we shall subordinate everything to the thought of the hereafter. We shall know how to proportion our interests, and avoid all extravagance, either of sorrow or of joy, thankfully making use of the blessings which the favour of the Almighty may bestow upon us, but always in our life-voyage keeping steadily in view the haven for which we are bound.

THE HELENA OF EURIPIDES.

THE judgment of the Greek tragedians was (in its ordinary course) decidedly unfavourable to Homer's frail heroine. By a well-known but untranslatable play on her name, Æschylus branded her in one fierce line as the destroyer of ships, men, and cities. In play after play, Euripides reviled her as the evil genius of Hellas. And we have no reason to suppose that either tragedian would have demurred to Shakespeare's estimate of the most famous woman of antiquity—in substance at least, however the plain-spoken coarseness with which he makes Diomed express it might have shocked them,—when, replying to Paris's question whether he himself or Menelaus better deserves Helen, he says—

“Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her

(Not making any scruple of her soilure,) With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;

And you as well to keep her, that defend her

(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,) With such a costly loss of wealth and friends,” &c.

Paris. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Diomed. She's bitter to her country.

Hear me, Paris.

For every false drop in her . . . veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple

Of her contaminated carrion weight

A Trojan hath been slain ; since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.”

—*Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. sc. 1.

What, then, is the surprise of the student of Euripides when, on passing from the evil Helen of his “Trojan Women,” and his “Orestes,” to

the single play which bears the name of the heroine of several, he finds himself face to face with a picture of stainless purity, with a woman holier than “chaste Lucrece” herself ! Whence this revolution in the tragedian's mind ? this bold defiance of the tradition of centuries ? We know not. It may have been from that craving for novelty which more than once makes Euripides forsake the beaten track and present the legend on which he is working in a new, but often a less beautiful, shape than that prescribed by the example of his predecessors. It may have been that the poet's dreams were haunted, as painters' have been, by the form he had been delineating by daylight ; and that the heroine, lovely still, but wrathful, threatened him with some unimaginable vengeance unless he would restore her fair fame among men. Or it may be that

“The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,”

shining from the spectral gloom of the bygone ages, dazzled Euripides even more than they dazzled Marlowe's and Goethe's Faust, that he fell wildly in love with the fascinating wraith, and resolved at all hazards to endow her with the charm of goodness, and so send her as the embodiment of all perfection down to posterity. If readers who resemble Molière's *Henriette* in their relations with “le Grec,” would like to see what sort of success Euripides met with in this most hazardous undertaking, it will give us very great pleasure to offer them once more our services as their guide.

To begin, then, with the process by which Helen is made as innocent as she is beautiful. It is, at

least, an ingenious one. The famous siege of Troy is not denied. No other cause is assigned for it than the old familiar one. Men fought for Helen, and for Helen alone. Only for what Helen? For a cloud-formed shape, a fair delusion; since, as we are informed in the prologue of the *Helena* (spoken by the heroine herself), *Heré*, slighted by the judgment of Paris, avenged herself upon him on this wise: She framed Helen's exact semblance out of the mists of the air, her own kingdom, and gave the beautiful falsehood to Paris, as the reward promised him beforehand by *Aphrodité*; while Zeus, "willing to lighten the earth somewhat of its load of men," sent *Hermes* to snatch away the real Helen as she gathered roses for *Athené*, and, the same hour, to convey her into Egypt, where she abode, safe under the protection of King *Proteus* and his holy daughter, the prophetess *Theonoë*, through the long weary years of the siege of Troy, and through those other long following years during which the successful Greeks struggled home, with more or less disaster, from their hard-won victory. Like Spenser's "false Florimel"—the witch's snow-wrought image—for a season, and with vulgar minds, the supposed Helen delights a wider circle of admirers and gains a more brilliant renown than the true. She queens it in Troy, and hears sword and shield clash in honour of her charms, like Spenser's "snowy ladye," set aloft at feast and tourney—the while, like to the true *Florimel*, pursued by monsters, tossed in lonely bark, or languishing hopeless in a prison, the real Helen endures the terrible anguish of her good fame destroyed, her country's sorrows laid to her charge, her innocent name rendered an execration to her countrymen, and her hus-

band's love rent from her. One hope keeps her alive through her long, sad years of exile—the gods have promised their blameless victim that her innocence shall yet be made apparent to *Menelaus* and to the world, and that, hand in hand with her regained husband, she shall yet re-enter *Sparta*. Strong in this hope, she rejects the proffered hand of *Theoclymenos*, the son and successor of *Proteus*; and when the drama commences, it is the foot of the statue of *Proteus* which Helen is seen clasping, having fled to her old benefactor's grave for protection from the new king of Egypt's violence. "My name is an opprobrium through *Hellas*," she exclaims with anguish; "but never will I be what men are pleased to call me."

The exiled *Teucer*, about to seek a new home in *Cyprus*, lands in Egypt to inquire from *Theonoë* concerning the pleasure of the gods. He starts back with horror as he sees a woman so like her whose fatal charms have wrought the Greeks such woe; and only refrains from slaying her because he is a stranger in the land. Then (awaking to a sense of his folly at being wroth with a resemblance) he enters into friendly discourse, and, unawares, pierces Helen's heart by his evil tidings. After recounting the long toil of the Greeks, the overthrow of Troy, and the death of *Ajax*—after checking Helen's natural curiosity about her false self, whom *Teucer* had seen dragged off by her long hair by the enraged *Menelaus*, and of whom he loathes to speak—comes the answer to the inquiry, "Is she now at home with *Menelaus*?" Alas! *Menelaus* has not returned, and is believed to have perished on his voyage home. The agonised wife seeks some comfort in better tidings of her mother and her mighty brothers. But no:

Leda has slain herself, unwilling to survive her daughter's honour; and Castor and Pollux are seen no more on earth, though a vague rumour points to their elevation to the celestial regions. And after telling all this bad news, Teucer has to hasten away, and leave Helen alone with her sorrow, rather than await the return from the chase of the new king, who hates the Greeks. He departs, with a blessing on the woman whose face is so like, whose mind is so unlike, that of the Helen whom he has known; and Helen, oppressed alike by the sense of the evil her name has wrought, and by the terrible thought that the husband for whom she has endured so much will now never come to recompense her fidelity, bursts forth into loud laments, in which the captive Greek maidens, who run to her when they hear her cries, bear their part:—

Helen.

Spoil of the barbarian's oar,
Maids of Hellas, hear,
How a Greek has trod this shore,
Bringing to me tear on tear,—
Telling me how sank in flame
Ilium, to be seen no more;
How this evil wrought my name,
All those dead were slain through me;
Leda, too, stung by my shame,
Slew herself with desperate hand;
How my spouse sank in the sea,
Having sought me far and long;
How Castor and his brother strong,
Twin glory of their native land,
Have vanished, vanished from men's sight,
Urging no more their flying steeds,
Wrestling no more where 'mid his reeds
Eurotas glimmers bright.

When the Choric wail has subsided, Helen speaks with sad deliberation. She goes over again the long list of her woes, and considers what to do. She is now, apparently, free to marry her foreign suitor. But she rejects the thought with

horror; rather death than that. Menelaus dead, her return to Sparta is doubly impossible; since, even should she escape from Egypt, she has no means of proving her innocence, and runs the risk of being for ever confounded with her guilty double. So, with slight hesitation, she is on the point of copying her mother, and ending her sorrows by the knife,—“Since,” as she says,

“What to other women brings good fortune,
Beauty, alone has brought me to my ruin,”—

when she is restrained by her fellow-exiles. They suggest to her that the stranger she has talked with may have told her more than the truth, and beseech her to do nothing till she has consulted the wise Theonoë, whose far-reaching vision may yet descry Menelaus alive somewhere. Helen adopts their advice, and they depart, chanting their fears and sorrow, something on this wise:—

Helen.

Very woful is this day.
Ah! what answer, tear-awaking,
Shall I miserable hear?

Chorus.

Be not prophetess of fear,
Lady, grief beforehand taking.

Helen.

For my lord is my dismay:
Sees that sufferer yet the light,
Yet the chariot of the sun
Its star-bordered journey run,
Or, in subterranean night,
Takes he through the dead his way?

Chorus.

View thy future hopefully.

Helen.

Thee I call, I summon thee,
Hear my cry, Eurotas green,*
'Mid thy reeds wet-waving seen,
Is my spouse's death-tale true?

Chorus.

Why speak senseless?

* A very beautiful touch. The exile's thoughts go readily back to the river-side where she played in childhood.

[*Helen.*

I will bind

Deadly knot my neck around,
Or, with severing sword-blade keen,
Life from out my flesh undo;
So at last be victim found
To the fatal goddess-Three,
And to him whose pipe's sweet sound
Taught them once his fold to find,
Paris, Ida's herdsman free.

Chorus.

May thy woes be turned away
Otherwise, and joyfully.

Helen.

Wretched Troy! alas the day!
For a deed that was not done,
Thou art blotted from the sun.
Venus' seeming gift of me
Wrought thee blood and tears and woe
on woe;
On thine old tears fresh tears flow,
Mothers lie on children dead,
Maids the tresses of their head
Offer to their kindred, weeping,—
By Scamander's waters sleeping.

Scarcely have Helen and her train departed on their errand when the vacant stage is occupied by a fresh arrival. A man, worn with long travel, and wrapped in tattered remnants of sailcloth,—plainly a shipwrecked mariner,—enters; and, by his lamentations over his hard fate, his labours at Troy, and his storm-tossed course afterwards, quickly proves himself the much-desired Menelaus. Having escaped the waves which engulfed his ship, he has left the friends who, like himself, struggled to shore, guarding Helen, his dear-bought captive, in a cave; and has come to the town to seek food, and clothes to replace their rich raiment, now the sport of the waves. He knocks at the palace door, which was evidently represented in the scenic decoration as just opposite to the monument of Proteus. The old portress gives him an ungracious reception. She is forbidden to show any kindness to a Greek. Menelaus keenly feels the in-

dignity of her rough repulse, and bursts forth with

Alas! my glorious armies, where are they?

Portress. Where they are air thyself; 'tis useless here.

Men. Ye gods! how little I deserve this insult!

Port. (*relenting a little*). Why do tears wet thine eyelids? whence this grief?

Men. For my prosperity of other days.

Some more discourse follows, in which the old woman lays the blame of her churlishness on her master. He it is who is so hostile to all Greeks. "Why?" Menelaus naturally inquires. He is thunder-struck by the reply: "Helen is here, and so she has been ever since (in fact before) the Greeks sailed for Troy." After the inhospitable door has been finally shut in his face, Menelaus remains ruminating over these strange tidings, and at last persuades himself that it is some curious similarity of names; since, where the real Helen has been all this time and now is, he imagines that he knows only too well. He then stands making up his mind to implore the king's pity on his return home—now thinking that none can despise the man who kindled the far-resplendent flames of Troy, and again deplores that extremity of misfortune which has turned him from a king into a beggar. The sweet choric strain which heralds Helen's return from her interview with Theonoe, perhaps scarcely strikes his preoccupied mind. She and her friends re-enter full of cheerful hope, since the prophetess has told them that Menelaus is yet alive. The wanderer starts with amazement as he sees what he takes for the faithful copy of his erring wife. His advance alarms Helen, who thinks the wild-looking man before her may be an emissary from her

unwelcome suitor. Not till she has regained her sanctuary does she venture to look him full in the face, and then the recognition follows :—

Hel. Gods ! for as they, is one we love regained.

Men. Art thou a Greek, or woman of this land ?

Hel. A Greek. Thy name I, too, would learn from thee.

Men. Thou, woman, art most like of all to Helen.

Hel. To Menelaus thou : my speech forsakes me.

Men. Thou knowest right that wretchedest of men.

Hel. Oh to thy wife's true arms, though late, returned !

Men. My wife ! What wife ? Touch not this robe of mine.

Hel. The wife whom Tyndarus, my father, gave thee.

Men. Light-bearing Hecate, send me good dreams.

This is all he can see in Helen—a dream or a phantom. His true wife is in the cavern, and he wholly declines to be deceived by ever so specious an appearance. Has he not paid dear enough for the fair mischief whom his friends are now guarding, and can he bear to be told that it was for a delusion that he had fought and suffered ? So, even a little blinder than most of us, he persists in flinging away the holy and beautiful reality for the sham, and wrings his faithful Helen's heart by rejecting all her explanations, and turning from her with the words—

Men. Let me go ; grief enough pressed me before.

Hel. Wilt thou forsake me for an empty wraith ?

Men. For Helen's likeness' sake, mayst thou fare well.

Hel. All's lost ; I have found thee, yet shall have no spouse.

Men. My toils at Troy I credit more than thee.

Hel. Woe's me ! whose state can be than mine more sad ?

Whom I love best forsakes ; I shall not
come
Among the Greeks, or see my native
land.

But the gods owe Helen a better compensation than to let her be finally set aside in favour of her false counterfeit. They have just bid the cloud-wrought damsel vanish—not fading away into nothing in the presence of the real Helen, as the snowy Florimel of Spenser,* “melted as with heat” before the truthful eyes of the noble ladye whose name and image she had borne,—but flying up to the air (her native element) to avoid the unequal encounter. This she has done in the absence of Menelaus, not without clearing Helen's fair fame, which she has wronged through so many years ; and the astonishing tidings of her disappearance are brought him by a faithful retainer at this critical conjuncture. The old retainer tells his tale, and then feels as one mocked when he espies (as he thinks) the vanished Helen, descended from her airy flight, and standing beside his master. But Menelaus can struggle no longer against the welcome conviction. He exclaims :—

“ Her words are proven true. O day
much longed for,
Which gives thee to mine arms to have
and hold !

Now I of nought complain,
Now I have Jove's and Leda's child
again,
Whom in their torches' light
The great twin-brethren on their
chargers white
Sang to for gladness ;
Whom the gods snatched away, and
left me sadness.”

Hel. Dear friends, no more
Past sorrows can I think of to deplore ;
I have my spouse at last,

Long waited for from distant Trojan shore.

Who thought such joy for me in store ?

It was ; I press thee to my bosom fast."

These are only specimens of the re-united pair's long discourse. Mixed with such outbursts of natural joy, comes, piecemeal, Helen's tale of her being carried off from Sparta; followed by her tears for her mother, and her grief for her young daughter Hermione, left to grow up unwedded and childless through Helen's evil report. At last the old retainer—one of those charming pictures of a faithful servant which Euripides could draw so well—steps forward and implores satisfaction to his curiosity. Even when he gets an affirmative answer to his question, "Were all our toils, then, for an empty cloud?" he makes no complaint, but proceeds to congratulate Helen with the heartiest affection :—

"Thou hast brought no shame, then, on
thine aged sire,
Or on Jove's sons, nor done as men reported.
Now can I call to mind thy wedding-song,
See once again the torches swiftly borne
Around thy four-horse chariot, when,
beside
This self-same bridegroom seated, thou
didst leave
Thy wealthy home."

When this faithful sharer of his master's labours and joys has gone to tell his comrades what has happened, and to bid them await Menelaus near the sea, Helen and her husband have time to consider what course they had best pursue. His refusal to recount his past sufferings, on the ground of the pain he fears to give her while renewing his own, is approved by her, the rather as his present peril is too great to allow time to be wasted.

She fills up the hints of the old portress by disclosing how nothing but the sanctuary afforded to her by the tomb of Proteus has preserved her up to this hour from the eager pursuit of Theoclymenos; and how assuredly he would at once let his sword dispose of the better claim of Menelaus, were he conscious of his presence. Rather than thus cause her new-regained lord's death, Helen, with touching generosity, bids him flee and leave her. But he very naturally replies—

"Forsake *thee* ? why, for thee I wasted
Troy !"

Whereupon they exchange vows not to survive each other—Menelaus promising (should the worst betide) to slay himself on the old king's grave, after first slaying Helen,—adding, however, that before it comes to that, a great fight shall have been fought; for, as he declares,

"I will not shame my glory, won in
Troy ;
Nor will I enter Hellas, to be taunted
As having of Achilles Thetis 'reft,
And seen great Ajax fall upon his
sword,
And Nestor childless left, yet could
not dare
In my own turn for my own wife to
die.
Nay, verily ; for if the gods are wise,
When a brave man falls fighting amid
foes,
They will bid earth lie gently on his
head."

And now Helen's anxiety rises to its highest pitch. She sees the prophetess Theonoë coming forth from the palace. To deceive her is, as she well knows, impossible ; and yet how can she hope that she will take the part of two strangers against her own brother by not betraying Menelaus to the king? When the holy maiden has come forward, preceded by her mystic torches, there is silence all around ;

while, with measured accents, she first congratulates Helen and herself on the fulfilment of her own recent sayings, by the arrival of Menelaus, and then proceeds to disclose the strife which even at this moment he is causing among the gods. Heré takes his side, and wishes him to bear his wife back to Hellas, not from a tardily-aroused sense of justice, but through spite to Aphrodité, who, for her part, vehemently opposes Helen's restoration, for fear of its leading to disgrace to herself. "It is for me," says Theonoë, "to decide whose part of these two goddesses I will take, by concealing the return of Menelaus to please Heré, or, by revealing it, to gratify Aphrodité. The latter is the safer course for myself." Helen, in answer to this, throws herself at the virgin's feet in an attitude of supplication, and pleads with her the memory of her father Proteus, to whom she was herself committed as a sacred deposit from the gods, to be restored in due time; and she beseeches her not to wrong that memory by betraying that trust. "Let it not be said," she adds, "that the gods have taught you things future and present alike, and yet not taught you what is just; and that your father having been pre-eminently righteous, you, his daughter, knew not how to imitate his example."

Menelaus, too, adds, not his entreaties, but his claim of right. His old renown forbids him to kneel and weep before Theonoë; although, as he sadly says, men noble as he have ere now shed tears under great calamities. He prefers to urge his just demand, which, if rejected, can but bring misery to himself—a thing with which he is well acquainted,—but would bring to Theonoë something worse than misery—just disgrace. "Yea," he says, "my claim is on thy father, beside whose

grave we stand. I call on thee, aged sleeper beneath these stones! give back to me my wife, whom Zeus intrusted to thee for me. The power to fulfil thy compact has been taken from thee by death; but here stands thy living daughter, — will she suffer thy glory to be tarnished by thy broken word? Thee, too, I invoke as an ally, Hades, king of the dead! for of thee by many slain men have I repurchased my wife. Cause her to be given back to me, or else make those dead men alive again. But if, in spite of all, Theonoë, thou shalt reject my request, know that neither thy brother nor any other shall marry Helen; I can drive suitors from my grave if I cannot from my house, and, to thy deathless anguish and thy father's reproach, two bleeding corpses shall lie on the polished marbles of his sepulchre."

This manly speech has its full effect, for it has fallen on ready ears. The virgin prophetess is not unwilling to enlist with Heré against Aphrodité; the maiden whose heart is the ancestral shrine of Justice cannot disobey her dictates—the dutiful daughter cannot wrong her father's memory. So Theonoë promises secrecy, and teaches her suppliants how to implore a safe return from the gods; owning that so best she performs her duty alike to the living and the dead—to her brother by hindering him from wrong-doing, and to the father, to whom she says tenderly—

"O my dead, pious father! impious blot,

While I have power, shall never fal on thee."

Having said this, Theonoë departs, and Menelaus and his wife begin to plan their escape. After rejecting several expedients, Helen proposes one like to that by which

the Orestes of Æschylus and Sophocles obtains access to the house of his father's murderers. Menelaus is to appear as the pretended messenger of his own decease: the sailor who has brought Helen word of her husband's death. Under pretence of performing funeral rites for him where he perished, she is to borrow a ship from the king; which, manned by Menelaus and his comrades, is to bring them all back to Greece. This being agreed on, Helen retires to invest herself with the signs of mourning; and for the first time in the play (a thing which usually occurs sooner and oftener in the Greek tragedies), the Chorus have a long pause to fill up. When their lamentation over the Trojan war and Helen's misfortunes is drawing to a close, the long-expected and long-dreaded Theoclymenos enters with his hounds, newly returned from the chase, and salutes his father's monument. He is startled by seeing Helen's usual place beside it empty; but just as he is ordering a pursuit of her, he is confronted by her figure; and, black-veiled and bathed in tears, she comes forth to meet him with the news of her widowhood—pointing out to him a ragged form, crouching hard by, as that of the bearer of the evil tidings. The tidings, to her so evil, seem good to the young king, especially when Helen gives him to understand that now, as the death of Menelaus has set her free, she will no longer resist a second marriage. Only first she must pay funeral honours to the deceased, and those far out on the sea in which he was drowned. To all this Theoclymenos assents willingly; promises offerings suitable to the deceased's rank, and a ship to bear them; and though he strives to persuade Helen to let the supposed messenger act as her deputy, desists on hearing from the disguised

Menelaus that the custom of the Greeks imperatively demands the presence of the mother, wife, or children of the dead. While the Chorus sing the sorrows of Demeter for the vanished Persephone, Menelaus is being invested with the bright arms which he pretends are to be an offering to his dead self, after having been first bathed and refreshed by his faithful wife.

At length they come forth again with the king, who makes a last effort to detain Helen, saying tenderly that he fears lest she should be tempted to cast herself into the sea, as the latest and too precious gift to the departed. On her promise not to do so, he lets her go, with a loving charge not to waste her beauty by too many tears; and having commanded his mariners to do her and her foreign companion's bidding, he consoles himself for her temporary absence by giving orders for his and her splendid marriage. Far other hopes fill the minds of the Greek maidens, so long the witnesses of her sorrows. When the king has gone, mindful of the parting prayer of Menelaus for a gleam of prosperity after so much ill fortune, they speed him and Helen with their fervent good wishes in a fine choric song, of which the following translation may give some idea:—

Strophe I.

O swift Phœnician oar
That flingest wide the surges free,
Dear to the rower's hand,
Around thee dance the dolphin band,
Fair-sporting, when the sea
Spreads smooth its watery floor
In windless calm at the command
Of blue Galenê, Pontus' daughter!
But now to woo the gale,
Spread wide each sail,
Row harder than before;
Speed, mariners, oh speed
Fair Helen, newly freed,
To the safe Argive ports across the
water!

Strophe II.

Would, our way through air swift taking,
 We like Libyan birds might fly,
 The host which winter's rains forsaking
 Moves at its leader's cry—
 The aged bird that, calling loud,
 Soars over fruitful land and desert dry.
 O long-necked cranes, racers with mist
 and cloud,
 Beneath the Pleiads' light,
 And where Orion gems the night,
 Hasten this message to proclaim,
 Resting a moment by Eurotas' foam,
 That, crowned with captured Ilium's
 fame,
 King Menelaus seeks his home.

Antistrophe II.

Sons of Tyndareus! rapid guiding
 Through clear air your coursers' pace,
 Who now where bright stars shine,
 swift-gliding,
 Fill your allotted place,
 Turn here your ear and succour bring;
 With favouring winds aid Helen's
 venturous race
 Where the dark waves their hoary foam-
 wreaths fling.
 Haste, haste! your sister free
 From foreign spousals' infamy:
 Disgrace which on her guiltless head
 Fell through the fatal strife in Ida's
 bowers,
 Though ne'er her foot Troy's soil did
 tread,
 Nor shadowed her proud Ilium's
 towers.

The fulfilment of these good wishes goes near to cost their authors' lives. For before long, Theoclymenos receives information of the deceit which has been practised on him, and learns that Helen and her husband are beyond his reach. He vows fierce vengeance on his sister, who, knowing that Menelaus lived, aided the deception by her silence; and threatens death to the captive maidens, who boldly step forward to dissuade him from his purpose. His wrath has some excuse; as the long narration of how cleverly Menelaus got his comrades on board, and put far out to sea before he revealed himself, and, after a brief conflict, forced the Egyptian sailors to jump overboard—all which he has to hear from the

lips of one of the hapless survivors—might have provoked the meekest of men. The leader of the Chorus would have certainly been well advised if, content with the secret consciousness of her own rectitude, she had desisted from the wordy strife, instead of inflicting on the king the superadded vexation of the following unanswerable rejoinders:—

Theoclymenos.

I will slay

This worst of sisters.

Chorus. Rather say, most pious.*Theoc.* A traitress!*Cho.* 'Tis fair treason to do justice.*Theoc.* Who gave my wife away—*Cho.* To her own husband.*Theoc.* Whose right exceeds mine?*Cho.* His, her father's choice.*Theoc.* Fate made her mine.*Cho.* But right has rent her from thee.*Theoc.* Thou seemest in love with death.*Cho.* Slay me: thy sister Thou shalt not slay with my goodwill.

When the dialogue has reached this painful and critical point, it is interrupted. Like the Roman Dictator in the great fight by Lake Regillus, Theoclymenos discerns a divine presence; and the "princely pair," who appeared to give Aulus victory, stand revealed to sight:—

"So like they were, no mortal

Might one from other know:

White as snow their armour was;

Their steeds were white as snow.

Never on earthly anvil

Did such rare armour gleam,

And never did such gallant steeds

Drink of an earthly stream."

They speak; and the king's anger is hushed. They praise Theonoe's obedience to her father's injunctions; they declare that it is a divine decree which now restores Helen to her home (that same decree which, though gods, they could not set aside beforehand in her favour); and, having commanded Theoclymenos to forgive his sister, they address the now

distant Helen with that supernatural voice which no distance can impede, and promise her their escort to her home, happy days there, divine honours after death for herself, and for Menelaus an immortality in the islands of the blest. The king promises obedience, and congratulates the "great twin-brethren" on having for a sister the best and purest of women, bidding them

"Rejoice in Helen high-born and high-minded,
With heart that seldom beats in woman's breast."

And so the play comes to an end. The pleasure of its latter part is something alloyed by its mixture of deceit. Excusable as is Helen's stratagem, it sinks her a little in our estimation. The king, who suffers from it, can (as we see he does) forgive it more readily than we; because, save for it, she would have been such a lofty type of ideal purity that we shrink from seeing her brought down to any lower level. Would that for her, would that for the holy Iphigenia at Tauris, their poet could have devised some less ingenious but more truthful extrication from their perils! Still he has, especially in Helen's case, minimised the fault, by making his heroine use her woman's weapon of artful device against a most unscrupulous antagonist, and use it only in defence of the two things which to a good woman are both dearer than life itself—her husband's safety and her own honour.

It seems to us that the great pathos of the earlier portions of this play has hardly been duly appreciated by the critics of Euripides, and that it cannot fail to delight. Its picture of Helen in her loneliness and sorrow, "still holding fast her integrity," is surely almost unsurpassable; Menelaus,

the brave man bearing up under unprecedented reverses of fortune, always ready to

"Take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them,"

is something very different from certain of the other Euripidean heroes, with their alternate shrieks and whines; while Theonœ, in her virginal grace, and strong resolution to do what is right, forms a perfect, at once contrast and, companion picture to the yet lovelier woman who supplicates her on her husband's behalf. What a subject for a bas-relief or fine group of statues is presented by the grand scene in which Menelaus stands forth before the royal prophetess to make his solemn appeal to the dead should the living deny him justice, in the presence of the trembling Helen! And how well prepared, and then how perfectly carried out, is the great scene earlier on of the husband and wife's recognition! How well we are led to see that for Helen everything on earth depends on regaining her husband! How we share her grief and indignation when, long sought, late found, he at first presents himself only to reject her! How we sympathise in her joy when at last (her good name and her husband both restored to her by the same tidings and at the same moment) Menelaus folds her in his arms!

Altogether, to our own mind, the 'Helen' of Euripides is a charming play; and we greatly hope our readers may think so too. That the innocent Helen of Euripides is vastly superior to his guilty Helen, there can, we suppose, be no question at all. Had Homer been asked which of the two best represented his penitent beauty, so touching in her humble sense of the evil she has wrought by her heart-moving loveliness, we can-

not doubt where his choice would have fallen ; since penitence stands next to innocence. Indeed, we have only to change a few words in the interview between Telemachus and Helen in the 'Odyssey' to be presented with a picture of the heroine whose misfortunes we have been contemplating, safe and happy at last in her Spartan home. Her queenly dignity, her sympathy with the unfortunate, her deep regret at the sufferings of the Greeks before Troy, are all just what we should expect from the blameless Helen of Euripides ; while, to show how early and how well accredited was the legend of Helen's Egyptian sojourn, the silver work-basket and golden spindle, which two of her fair hand-maid train carry for their mistress's use, are expressly said by Homer to have been given her in Egypt ; and from that same land of mystery and ancient learning came the mystic drug nepenthe, which she infuses into a draught for Telemachus to make him forget his fear and sorrow for his father.

As often in the other tragedies of Euripides, so in this play also we see the deep dissatisfaction of the thoughtful Greek mind with the popular representation of the gods. Conduct is ascribed to them in it which, in human beings, would be below contempt. Certainly it is to Heré and Aphrodité, two of the least reputable dwellers on Olympus, that Helen's misfortunes are in the first instance due. But the great traditive deities, Athené and Zeus, although the former is the object of Helen's especial devotion, do not interfere to save her ; the Trojan and Grecian hosts are slaughtered through a deception which Zeus himself authorises ; and the inspired soothsayers of both armies, as Menelaus's slave indignantly points

out, are duped as much as any one. Nevertheless the Helena of Euripides bears also witness to the efforts of noble minds in ancient days after a better theology ; to that "seeking if haply they might find God" which is their ever-enduring rebuke to those who turn away from Him now that He is revealed. Theonœ's sense of the paramount claims of righteousness, her resolution to save her brother at all hazards from acting unjustly, as the greatest kindness she can do him, is an instance of this. So, too, is the heaven-sent recompense which comes, if late, to reward Helen's long patience and firm grasp of the rock of duty, even when ruggedest and sharpest to her hand. And, lastly, so is the profound conviction which the whole texture of the story bears witness to, that the dead when they have gone from us still live,—the conviction which gives all its meaning to the strong appeal of Menelaus beside the tomb of Proteus, and which makes Helen do (only with a happier result) what Plutarch finely says Demosthenes did in his last extremity—finding the altars of other gods unable to protect her—flee to Death as a surer refuge, being one mightier than they.

And now, are we to look around for some modern parallel to the Helena ? Must we, after critically considering the recognition of his long-lost wife by Menelaus, and comparing it with the recognitions of Orestes, by his sister Electra in Æschylus and Sophocles, and by his sister Iphigenia in Euripides, or with the recognition of Ion by his parents in the same author, or of the son of Meropé by his mother in a lost drama of the Greek stage, proceed to set it side by side with the Héraclius of Corneille (in which, if our memory serves us

aright, nearly everybody finally turns out to be some one else), or with the innumerable recovered children or sisters of Metastasio's plays? Our readers would scarcely thank us for an investigation which we very willingly spare them—the rather as Shakespeare vindicates his pre-eminence, here as elsewhere, by one of the fairest imaginable of recognition scenes. We cannot suppose that he ever read the *Helena*, but it is at least a curious coincidence that the noble and pure heroine of his 'Winter's Tale' bears the name of Helen's daughter, Hermione; that her fair fame is aspersed as Helen's is, though only by the unreasonable suspicions of her own husband; and that (not impossibly to avert the suspicion that the tragic tale of Anne Boleyn was being dramatised under feigned names) it is a pagan oracle, that of Apollo at Delphos, that determines the too tardy acquittal of the queen. So, too, the exposure of Perdita in her infancy, and her recognition by her repentant father at the sight of the tokens then left with her, carry us back to the classic legends. And verily there is a statuesque dignity, a stately grace, about the concluding scene of their story which recalls the fairest triumphs of antique art to the spectator's mind. When King Leontes stands transfixed, in Paulina's sculpture-gallery, before the supposed statue of his dead wife; when the sight of her beautiful still features so forcibly reminds him of the wrong which he did her sixteen years before,* that he writhes with agony at the

remembrance, while tears come to blind his sight; when at last his remorse is assuaged and his repentance rewarded by the descent of the seeming marble image to fold him in a living and a warm embrace; when the lips, which he thought chiselled with such amazing skill, open to breathe a blessing on the young Perdita kneeling at her mother's feet,—Shakespeare becomes a Greek tragedian for the nonce, and gives us a recognition scene which satisfies all the rules of the ancient drama, with a nameless grace and charm diffused over it which no rule can enable us to measure. When we set it beside the very fine recognition scene of the *Helena*, which has been faintly sketched in the earlier part of this paper, we observe with surprise, that for once the English dramatist is calmer than his Greek fore-runner; there is more of passionate excitement in the meeting of Helen and Menelaus than in that of Hermione and Leontes—the former pair are struggling with the waves, the latter have reached the shore. Each heroine has well endured long sufferings undeserved; but over Helen's fair brow the cloud still sweeps ever and anon to veil its beauty, while Hermione rises upon us out of the mist of her past troubles with a perfect serenity, never to be dimmed again, flooding the beholder's soul with peaceful gladness such as we feel when

“The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are
bare.”

* Helen and Menelaus are *seventeen* years parted, according to Euripides.

MINE IS THINE.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XI.

IN leaving Cadenabbia, Cosmo's plans were perfectly indefinite. He had suddenly decided "to go away"—and nothing more; and it would have been hard to say by what instinct (for it was scarcely with a conscious purpose) he took the route to London. But having fixed upon that destination, he pursued his journey with as much eagerness to reach its end, as though called thither by imperious necessity.

It was a beautiful morning when he reached London; and, as the forenoon wore on, he beheld from his windows in Piccadilly, the stream of well-dressed loungers, on horse and foot, setting steadily towards the Park.

Beginning to feel a reaction from the excitement of rapid travel, and unfit, in fact, for anything else, he dressed and soon found himself floating with the stream to Rotten Row. It was a year since he had been there, and he felt strangely bewildered, thus dropping from the lotus-eater's paradise of Como, into the wondrous congregation which performs the liturgy of "morning Park;" wonderful indeed, with its *coup d'œil* of beauty, movement, colour, contrast, and variety, all set in the tender frame of leaves and blossoms. He moved on absently, amidst the strangely bracketed incongruities which Fashion, with unconscious wit, here parades so lavishly. Now and then a voice broke from the level hum and hailed him. Now and then a fair equestrian swooped to him, in a gracious bow, as she cantered past. Now and then an acquaintance stopped to ask him a hurried question, or to tell him some new thing in a frugal whisper.

No one was surprised to see him; all greeted him as if one seen yesterday. Naturally: but to-day this puzzled him. A decade seemed to have elapsed since his last visit to the Park. These faces and voices seemed to belong to some half-forgotten period. He had run away from the world of dreams; and here, in the heart of the world of reality, he seemed to gaze upon a phantasmagoria.

He went on to where the path branches up to the Serpentine, and he followed it. Presently he came upon a young man dressed in attire which had once been fashionable, but which was now dismally faded and frayed. Cosmo recognised in him, and with surprise, one of his oldest friends, and the son, moreover, of a deceased friend of his father. The young man was standing in rapt contemplation of a collie dog and a swan, who were having a "difficulty" with each other, by land and water—the dog in exasperating fun, the swan furious.

"Ah, my dear Cosmo!" he cried, "delighted to see you again! You've—— but wait a bit! Just look! Swan scores now to a moral! No, he don't. Bravo, collie! Now, swan! By George! a nasty one that for the dog! Thrown up the sponge. The cur! How are you, Cosmo? Look seedy. Been to Mount Ararat, picking up chips of the ark, or where? I haven't seen you for an age."

"No, I've been in Italy for a good while. But you, Phil! what on earth has happened to you?"

"I? Oh!—— There now; just look at that beast of a swan!—bullying the ducks next. Never

saw such a fiend as that bird is, when you once get his back up.”

“You seem to be intimate with his habits.”

“I believe you, and with some reason. They’re my only amusement now, these birds—my only resource.”

“Why, what *has* happened to you?”

“Happened to me? Look at me. I’m cleaned out, that’s all. Listen to the *précis*. Spanish bonds. Twenty thousand pounds. Used to give me eighteen hundred a-year. To-day, nothing—a duck’s egg, and *that* not eatable.”

“But what has that to do with the birds?”

“Everything. Look at my clothes. Can I show in such things down there? Can I mingle with the world thus? The world has distinctly said ‘No.’ Every one has shunted me. My *quondam* fair friends have the sun in their eyes when we meet. No one was ever so exhaustively cut by everybody. I suppose I look as if I wanted to borrow money. I don’t, however. But thus wags the world. Well, you see, they don’t *quite* drive me out of the Park. I’m still here, for my hours of recreation, ha! ha! But it’s no fun being cut every two minutes; and besides, my clothes are really too scandalous; so I hang about up here a good deal, commanding a view, with one eye, of the Row, my ancient friends, and former way of life, and observing, with the other, the habits of these birds—who, to do them justice, are really good fun, if you give your mind to them. My right eye and my left compare notes; and fine philosophisings and withering sarcasms are evolved beneath this seedy tile. But to think that eighteen months ago I was down there in the ‘Ride,’ well mounted, fed, dressed, liked—and now these paltry water-fowl for all my pals!

The pity of it, Cosmo!—the pity of it!”

“Why, Phil, you talk like an imbecile. Do you expect to mend matters by idling here? Why don’t you do something? Why don’t you take the remnant of your money and go and work with it in a new sphere—a colony—anywhere out of this?”

“Easy to say ‘work’ and ‘remnant.’ Produce the ‘work’ and the ‘remnant,’ and I’ll do the one and use the other—if I can. I’m sick of this life. Not a club to my name now; can’t stand the ready money. Tick at a cheap restaurant; garret in Soho; about a hundred pounds left of all I had; that sum owed over and over again to divers suckers of blood. That’s the situation; and a pretty grisly one I find it, Cosmo, my friend.

“I remember that, after my father’s death, I went to your father, and asked him about an investment for my £20,000. He advised me to put it into a business, and go in with it myself, and work and make a fortune. I reminded him that my own father had begun life with the same capital, and, after working hard all his life, and making half a million, lost it all one fine morning, and was only able to leave his nest-egg to me, because it had been settled on my mother. ‘Well,’ said your father, ‘you can’t afford to be idle on the *legitimate* interest of £20,000.’ ‘No,’ I said; ‘but as my father was ruined by legitimate business and work, I think I’ll try what can be done with illegitimate interest and idleness. It’s a toss-up between the two as to safety, I fancy. Can you put me up to some nice, illegitimate thing, at about 20 per cent?’ Then your governor flared up, and sent me about my business. Well, I know better now. I wish I had the chance again of taking his advice.”

"After all, Phil," said Cosmo, "we both want the same thing. We both want work."

"Why on earth do *you* wish to work?"

"To satisfy myself; and since, to obtain the same end, you *must* work, we are in the same boat."

"Remember, however, that you are a cabin passenger, and that I am in the fore-castle."

"Well, we're both sailing in search of the same port, and the more or less comforts of the voyage don't matter much."

"Don't they? Exchange berths with me, and I'll cruise about, *sine die*, without bothering about the port at all."

"You take a low view of things, Phil."

"So, perhaps, would you, if you were hungry and ill lodged, and ill clad, and then cut by all the world, whereas I once had troops of friends: yet, I am sure, I never did any fellow any harm—not willingly, at least."

"Dear old Phil! I'm sure you never did. I'm very sorry for you—more than very sorry. What can I do for you?"

"I don't know, Cosmo. You know I won't borrow money; besides, it wouldn't be borrowing now. So what you *may* do, if you can, is, I suppose, to find me some employment."

"I wish I could, Phil; but there is nothing so hard to find as employment for a man not specially trained to anything."

"Ah, yes; but my views are limited now. With all my heart, and thankfully, I will tackle to anything, and take what I can get. I know the difficulties of getting that 'something' to do, which ruined men, brought up to do nothing, are always hunting for. I've exhausted every method: answered scores of advertisements—even reached that deepest depth of replying (with enclosure of fourteen stamps) to one which offered 'gentlemanly employment—not involving serious distraction from other work—at £5 a-week.' I've reached, perhaps, even a deeper depth than that. I offered myself as advertising poet to Blogg the cheap shirt-maker! I wrote, at his request, a sample of my powers, in celebration of his 'Obconic Shirt'—and was rejected,—I, Philip Denwick, who was *proxime accessit* for the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge, was found unworthy to hymn the huckstering invention of a man named Blogg! Look here; here are the verses. Read them, and say if Blogg is not a monster of obtuseness."

He took a slip of paper from his pocket and handed it to Cosmo, who read as follows:—

"BUY BLOGG'S OBCONIC SHIRT AT 3s. 9d."

Obconic! Obconic! thy magical name
Electrified London, in letters of flame;
For "Sandwich" battalions swept slow through the streets,
With the awful *aplomb* of police on their beats,
Displaying on boards, borne like banners in line,
The legend, "Obconic! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

I went by the river, I came by the Strand;
Around me, above me—by water and land,
From pier and from boarding, from 'bus, boat, and wall,
The genius of Blogg spoke its gospel to all:
But the people were puzzled, and failed to divine
What it meant—this "Obconic! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

Time passed ! 'Twas the leafiest moment of June,
And the hands on the clock of High Fashion marked noon,
When shadily placed in Hyde Park, by the "Ride,"
I watched, flowing by, the equestrian tide—
Full and smooth as the flood of exuberant Rhine,
Or thy bosom, "Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

"Anonyma" passed on her high-stepping mare,
Lady this and Lord that and Sir t'other were there,
And Rumour asserted the Prince was at hand,
And loud clashed, from Knightsbridge, the cavalry band ;
But none to mere pleasure their hearts could resign,
For the thought of "Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

Oh, languid's the stare, it is said, of *haut ton* !
And it seldom looks hard at one object, or long ;
But modish restraints were cast wildly aside,
When sudden appeared, in the midst of the "Ride,"
A youth, who all others in grace did outshine ;
'Twas thy "showman," "Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

Swift reined in their jennets fair beves of belles,
Slow backward in dudgeon fell armies of swells—
Admiration and envy shot fire from each eye,
As the noble young *gaillard* rode haughtily by ;
Ay ! well might his bosom swell high, I opine,
For it swelled 'neath "Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

Lightly curveting, he passed up the "Ride,"
And Fashion, at first, stood agape on each side ;
But soon rose a shout, 'mid the champing of bits,
"This *must* be 'Obconic !' Just see how it fits !"
"You are right," cried the youth, as he bowed down the line ;
"You behold the 'Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine.'"

Swiftly he turned him, and passed to the street,
Galloped behind him a glittering suite ;
Racing and chasing up Piccadillee,
Went nobles and gentles—a wonder to see—
Racing and chasing, for none wished to dine
Till supplied with "Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

The clubs of St James's, the clubs of Pall Mall,
Sent the flower of their youth the procession to swell,
And when it had come to that warehouse of Blogg's,
A thousand young nobs, in the noblest of togs,
Rushed in, and exclaimed, as though maddened with wine,
"Give us *all* the 'Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine.'"

It was done ; and the pick of the nobilitee
Went scampering homewards in pride and in glee :
And from that day to this he who longs for success—
For the senate's applause, or the maiden's caress—
Never needs to despond, or his dear hopes resign,
While he sports the "Obconic ! by Blogg. Three-and-nine."

Cosmo gave him back the paper,
laughing heartily at the quaint
earnestness of his friend's expres-
sion in contrast with the prepos-
terous absurdity of the verses.

"I think," he said, "Mr Blogg
must be rather fastidious."

"The villain had the audacity
to say that he didn't think my vein
was 'hepic' enough for his line of

business: but it's just my luck all over; nothing will ever turn up trumps for me."

"Don't say that, Phil. I'll think it over, and see what can be done. Meantime, dine with me to-night at 'The Gastronomic,' and and we'll talk it over: eight o'clock."

"All right; but in that case I must go and give warning at the restaurant, or they'll nail me for the daily 'regulation.' *Au revoir.*"

"Money! money! money!" mused Cosmo, as he strolled along; "half my friends seem to have no other cry on their lips or wish in their hearts. It is their *summum bonum*. If they got their wish, I wonder how many of them would be happier than they are. It seems to do nothing for me in that way. I doubt if even Tom Wyedale would be happier. Without all that intriguing against his banker and friends which represents his mental activity at present, he would find life flat. Poor Phil's case is different. Actually pinched for the common necessities of life! That is horrible! Then he is willing to work, and unwilling to borrow. I doubt if anything would bring Tom to that. I can conceive no circumstances under which Tom would

not have fine clothes and good diners. Poor Phil is of a different stamp; has good brains, and is a manly fellow in his way; and these misfortunes, with work to follow—lots of work—might make a man of him. He is not steeped to the chin in pleasure and selfishness, like Tom."

"After all, perhaps, these *are* lucky fellows whose *summum bonum* is money—for that, at least, is attainable; while mine is what I must not even think of. Let me be honest with myself, and admit it. Let me be true to myself, and find a substitute for it. A substitute! well, at least an anodyne. Work is the only anodyne. Enough of myself; let me think of Phil. Something *must* be done for him. Surely my father might find something for him—the son of his old friend—at my intercession. Yes, I think so; I will try. By the by, what an age it is since I saw my father! I must write and tell him of my return, or go down and see him. That will be best. I will go down at once—to-morrow. I will try to forget myself, and think only of Phil, till I have set him on his feet again."

CHAPTER XII.

"Ah! bravo, Phil! punctual to the moment!" cried Cosmo, as his guest entered the hall of the club.

"Hunger is the best horologe, my friend—a new aphorism—nearly all my own."

"Bring it into the dining-room, then. Dinner is ready."

"Oh, this is a sensation I did not expect to experience again! Two years since I ate my last dinner here—then, alas! a member.

I say" (pausing in the hall), "how about my garments? All right?"

"Perfectly."

"We don't dress at our ordinary—that gives the evening things a chance. There's a fungusy sort of a smell about them; though, I fear; notice it?"

"Not a bit. Come on."

"By George! what a lot of fellows! This your table? Thank goodness! I shouldn't like to run the gauntlet of the whole room.

But, after all, I've done nothing to be ashamed of. Courage, Philip Denwick! Courage, *mon brave*! Oh, you Amphitryon! Oysters and chablis! The price of three days' dinners in the molluscs, and in the wine——"

"Bad manners, Phil, to appraise the dinner."

"Ah, to be sure; they are exotics culled in Leicester Square. But, after six oysters and a glass of chablis, my retransformation will be complete."

"Poor old Phil!" said Cosmo, "I'm awfully glad to see you. By the by, I have an idea that I shall manage to get something for you through my father. I think we shall make it all right. So, meantime, eat, drink, and be merry."

"Ah, Cosmo! why are you so kind to me? I don't deserve it; I'm a worthless fellow. Why, you've actually been thinking and scheming about me since we met—the only fellow who has given me a thought——"

"Tut, man! it is only common friendship; don't gush about it."

"No, I won't gush; but it isn't 'common friendship.' Common friendship (*experto crede*) has the sun in his eyes or is morbidly interested in the pavement, when he meets an old pal in a rusty coat. All those fellows down there—I know a dozen of them—are 'common friendship.' They pass by on the other side. If I had been a thief it would have been different; but I only fell among thieves; and you are the only good Samaritan."

"Now, Phil, shut up."

"Well, I will; but admit that you are pouring into my wounds oil——"

"No more of it."

"Not to say, oysters and chablis, and those other benefits to come with which gratitude is so much concerned," added Phil, turning off

in a joke the emotion which kindness, long strange to him, really awakened. "Yet," he continued—

"'Yet to that golden heart of thine,
I'll pledge this blossom of the golden wine.'"

On second thoughts, I won't; I'll await the champagne, which I perceive to be in ambush; for the poet's 'blossom' must clearly mean the *mousse* of that delicious intoxicant. Let us be exact."

"I say, Phil," said Cosmo, "how do you get on for society? Solitude to a gregarious man like you must be a real affliction."

"Society? I *have* none; except, of course, at my dinner-hour, in the modest restaurant close by Leicester Square."

"And what is that?"

"Mixed, rather; all foreign, but of all nationalities. We are couriers, most of us; but some of us are *commis-voyageurs*, refugees—spies, I suppose—and suchlike. We're a funny lot."

"How on earth did you drop into it?"

"I dropped into it because the drop into foreign low life did not seem so deep as the drop into the home equivalent; besides, I don't believe there can be an English establishment of the sort, with anything like the same low rate of charges."

"Do you fraternise with your messmates?"

"Rather! Couldn't be avoided—at meals."

"And what are you supposed to be?"

"Oh, they decided that somehow for themselves—an artist! And the theory has developed, so that I am now an unappreciated genius, with a great but unfinished work in my *atelier*, which one day will, &c., &c. At first I thought of being a 'nobleman in disguise,' but it

struck me the disguise would become exaggerated as Time and my wardrobe fought it out to the bitter end. Besides, I should have been too much above my company. You see, we have no men of title among us, except, perhaps, a *chevalier d'industrie* or two, and they are too retiring to parade their distinction."

"Don't they hang on to you, apart from the dinner-hour?"

"No, I manage to choke them off. Their society at dinner is quite enough. Their manners are not too nice, nor is their converse edifying. There is fine free talking I can tell you, among the couriers. I get some startling new views of some of my old friends—(their employers). They have eyes, these fellows; certainly they have tongues. Well, it is to be hoped they seldom speak the truth. In any case, no one is sacred. They spare neither sex nor age. *Aprpos*, you ought to hear the beasts bragging of their conquests. It makes one's blood curdle when it doesn't make one laugh. There was a row at dinner among the lady-killers yesterday, which was rich. It began in this sort of way, between a Russian and a Frenchman—awful scoundrels both.

"'Figurez vous!' quoth Antoine, the French villain—'figurez vous! Je viens de voir cette adorable Lay-dee Mayree, au parc, ce matin!'"

"'Bien! bien!' growls Ivan, the Russ, who rather thinks he ought to have a monopoly of the Lothari-ous business.

"'Elle m'aime à la folie! c'est sûr,' cries Antoine.

"'Vous le croyez?'"

"'Si je le crois! quand nous nous rencontrons elle me fait comprendre tous ses sentiments, par un tout petit clignement d'œil.'"

"'Et cela veut dire?'"

"'Cela dit, "Antoine! adorable Antoine! décidez vous à vous déclarer franchement. Moi, je suis

jeune, riche, belle, noble; cependant je suis tout à vous. Avancez, donc! Demandez! vous y gagnerez!'"

"'Il paraît,' says Ivan, 'que ce diable de clignement d'œil vaut bien des paroles! Mais pourquoi ne pas s'avancer?'"

"'Ha! il y en a bien d'autres qui—— Ecoutez—'"

"'Uh! ub! ub! ub! bah!' roars Ivan, 'laissez moi parler. Vous connaissez la Comtesse de ——?'"

"'Je l'ai vue; c'est une belle petite veuve qui va se marier avec Seer Jams Thormson.'"

"'Ce n'est pas vrai.'"

"'Qui vous a dit le contraire?'"

"'La Comtesse elle-même—hier au soir—par un petit hochement d'épaules.'"

"'Ce qui explique?'"

"'Ce qui dit: "Ivan! ne croyez pas leurs detestables mensonges! Je n'ai de place dans mon cœur que pour vous! Seer Jams n'est rien pour moi!'"

"'C'est un hochement qui s'exprime tout nettement! Ecoutez! La Laydee Mayree——'"

"'Ub! ub! ub! ub! bah!'"

"'Est ce que c'est un ours qui parle? ou bien un porc?' cries Antoine, in a fury. Here a heavy German miscreant, Fritz, explained to me confidentially, but aloud, 'Mees Fannee Baykair ees een loff wees me. Himmel! aw-fool-lee een loff.' The others turned like tigers on the outsider who was violating their special territory. 'Amoureuse de toi!' they cried. 'Amoureuse de toi! avec ta figure de cochon!' Then there was a row, and they all fought in a bunch. Ah, Cosmo, you may laugh! but to sit at meat with ruffians of that sort is not the least of trials. When I think of them I say, 'What is there in the way of work that I would not undertake if thereby I might escape?'"

"Your old aversion to work has evaporated?"

"Perforce it is clean gone. I long for work."

"Stick to that, Phil, and we'll pull you through. You're fortunate, I daresay, to be beyond the reach of fastidiousness."

"Fastidiousness! why, if I hadn't come across you, I believe that, in a very few days, I would have taken a regular header, and separated myself, once for all, from my old grade—become a 'working man.'"

"Couldn't you have become a reporter for the press, or even a writer?"

"I daresay I could, if they would have had me, which they wouldn't. My antecedents were not in my favour, and I had no one to back me, so everything was barred. I went to Sherville, the Under-Secretary, you know, who really has some influence, and used to be a great friend of mine. I asked him if he couldn't put me up to something of the sort. He was very civil, and said he 'would see,' and let me know. He didn't let me know, and now he can't even see me. I suppose he's ashamed of having forgotten all about it, and so falls back on cutting me. Stupid of him! Aha! here comes Flintshire! Now, what will *he* do? He has ignored me steadily ever since 'the fall.' He can't pass *you*. Come, I enjoy this. Yes, thanks, another glass of champagne."

Up came the noble lord alluded to, and stopped to greet Glencairn effusively, who returned his salutations, and then said—

"Surely you and Denwick know each other?"

Whereupon his lordship screwed his glass very tight into his eye, stepped back, gazed earnestly at Phil, then thrust a right cordial arm across the table, and exclaimed—

"Why, bless me! it *is* Denwick!

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Bless me, so it is! Who *would* have expected to see you? And how are *you*? Don't know *when* I've seen you. Been to the-er 'Catacombs,' haven't you?"

"Well, I've been a good deal in that line of country."

"So some one said—Pyramids or 'Catacombs'—forget which; and how are *you*?"

"Well, I feel a little mouldy after the 'Catacombs.'"

"Mouldy! Ha! ha! ha! So like *him*, eh? Not half a bad place, though, I suppose? Lots of shooting and that—Egypt-er. Well, my time's up," and off he went.

"What does the ass mean by the 'Catacombs?' I don't suppose he knows what he means; but he *does* know that he's seen me half-a-dozen times in the last month. Oh, here comes little Peter Wellborough! him will I accost."

Up came Peter crying gaily, "Just come to town, you two foreigners of distinction? Couldn't have the appetite for a *menu* like this if you had been here a week."

"Why do you cut me nowadays, Peter?" asked Phil, in whose veins the champagne was beginning to "make summer."

"Cut you?" (rather abashed)—
"I cut *you*?"

"Distinctly, dead."

"Oh! come now, that's turning the tables on a fellow with a vengeance. Here's a fellow, Glencairn, who disguises himself, and prowls about in shady places dressed beyond recognition, never comes to his clubs, avoids every one, and then says he's cut! Why, of course, every one thinks he has a game—amateur detective—mysterious intrigue—what not,—and humours him. I'm too discreet to thrust myself on a fellow when I see he has a game—that I am. But if he *hasn't* a game he ought to tell us. I was just saying so to Bambo-oro."

"What were you just saying to Bamoro?" asked the individual in question; an over-eaten, insolent-looking man who now joined them.

"About Denwick, you know."

"What of him?"

"Says *we* cut him."

"Does he? Well, *I* do; he's right, so far as I am concerned."

"Why do you cut me, Bamoro?" asked Phil.

"Because you look such a sweep."

"That's frank enough, at all events."

"Why do you wear such infernal old clothes, then?"

"Because I'm ruined — that's why; got no money to pay for new ones."

"Ruined! 'pay!'—what words! My poor fellow, no amount of misfortune can excuse the use of such coarse expressions. Why, most of us *are* 'ruined,' as you call it. You can't be worse than *I* am; but it don't interfere with my comfort much, or with my clothes at all. It *does* prevent me knowing fellows who get themselves up like rat-catchers, however. My tailor wouldn't like it, you see; and he *is* entitled to a voice in such a matter. But I'm glad to see you're clean again; for, after all, I never cut *you*—I only cut your clothes."

"Rather a nice distinction."

"Well, so it is; it is quite true that a man and his clothes are pretty much the same thing,—but you know what I mean. How's that 'Chateaubriand?'" wistfully eyeing a *plat*. "Looks wonderful — must try to remember it to-morrow. You ought to drink one glass of a generous burgundy after it — it deserves the compliment. Not champagne! No, no, my dear Phil Denwick, NOT CHAMPAGNE!" and he almost interfered violently to prevent the profane draught. "Well, I must leave

such heathens. Off to the opera, and awfully late."

"Humbugs and ruffians!" said Phil, when they were again alone — "that's the division which my Serpentine philosophy makes of mankind."

"The sweetening of your philosophy does not seem to have been among the uses of adversity. The Bamoro system is not so gloomy; it merely divides mankind into pegs for new clothes and pegs for old ones."

"Bamoro is a complete ruffian."

"And he seems to think that you and 'old clothes' are pretty nearly interchangeable terms; so each of you falls within the other's division. Seriously, Phil, it astonishes me to see you taking all this cutting, dropping, ignoring — or whatever you call it—so much to heart. What can it matter?"

"Try it for eighteen months, and you'll see what it matters."

"Well, but if every one is either a humbug or a ruffian, it can be no great hardship to you (the exceptional unit, I presume?) to lose such society."

"One didn't know what the society was till it was tried. But besides all that, if a man can get nothing to do—if he is forced to be idle and solitary—he necessarily lives much in his own thoughts, which, under the circumstances, are, rightly or wrongly, certain to be bitter. I think mine are righteously so."

"You used not to be selfish, Phil; but this is the very acme of selfishness; you judge all your old friends, *en bloc*, simply from your own point of view. You fasten motives on them that may not be theirs in reality. Many of them very possibly think it kinder to you to drop a surface acquaintanceship, which can bring you neither pleasure nor advantage, but really the reverse."

"Ah, they should leave me to judge of that. However, I won't defend myself. But remember, as extenuating circumstances, that I have been grazing for eighteen months among black sheep in Leicester Square, and that the touch of pitch defiles. Then let bygones be bygones. If I were only out of sight of all these fellows, and the old life, and at work, somewhere, somehow, I promise you I wouldn't waste a thought on Bamboro & Co.—selfish or humane: as to philosophising about them, pah! I'd none of it."

"Work, Phil! yes, that is the grand panacea for all evils."

"Even on the homœopathic principle—*similia similibus*—I welcome it."

"It kills morbid thoughts, and cheats the devil."

"I'm sick of the devil, and would gladly thwart him."

"It will distract you from selfishness."

"By satisfying the wants of 'self.'"

"It will give you a healthier tone about your brother men."

"By leaving me no leisure to observe their characteristics."

"It will teach you self-reliance."

"Having already learned that vain is the help of other men."

"You are incorrigible, Phil, and sadly deteriorated."

"Ah, Cosmo, I'm only joking! But mind you, old fellow, it is pretty easy to be philanthropic when all the race of man smiles on you. I don't think it can be very hard to give good for good. It is scarcely meritorious to be open-handed, when one's hands are too full to close; or to be interested about others' needs, when one has no necessities of one's own! There is a Johnsonian sentence for you, to illustrate the vanity of well-to-do virtue and unselfishness. Why, my dear old boy, I might hoist you with your own pe-

tard, and prove even *you* selfish for looking at me, only from your own point of view! Ah! well, well, we're passing into the champagne stage of ethics. *Apropos*, pass that king of wine, and I'll propose a toast to 'Honest Industry.' Drink to it, mine host!"

The champagne, and the reaction from solitude and desperation, sent poor Phil's spirits up to the pitch of hilarity for a while; and in ebbs and flows of grave and gay, the conversation went on, and the evening passed. When the friends separated, it continued a settled point that Cosmo should go down to his father the next day, and do what he could for Phil. What the something to be done, or got, for him, remained quite vague and indefinite. Phil was himself indifferent to the nature of the employment he might get.

"I feel," he said, "at this moment—thus warmed with the good wine—equal to anything. I feel deuced like Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith.' I mean to make *him* my model. 'The sinews of my brawny arms shall be like strong and iron bands.' Good night, Cosmo. You'll give me the earliest intelligence of a 'career,' won't you? I long to begin it" (singing)—

"'Each morning sees some work begun,
Each evening sees its close.'

Great fellow the smith! I always liked him!" and so Phil went off to his garret, with a heart lighter than it had been for many a long day—and Cosmo to his luxurious chambers, musing upon many things.

When Love has once "ventured in," it is difficult for the strongest nature to expel it by mere force of will, and altogether impossible to do so summarily. It is easy to say "I will stamp it out;" but it rises from the process: cast out for a moment, it steals back into the

consciousness, wrapped in mists of subtle reverie, and, regaining its lost vantage-ground, again boldly confronts its antagonist. Thus, alas! it befell with the heroic Cosmo, who, though, fortified by an evening spent "out of himself," he resisted, when first left alone, the clamorous intruder, resisted not for very long. He turned himself to Phil's affairs, and the means of extricating him from his troubles. He sketched out one or two little schemes, which he thought of submitting to his father, on his friend's behalf; and, as long as he thus devoted his attention, he did well. But presently, on recalling the conversation of the evening, he began to feel that he had lectured his friend in a pharisaical way about selfishness; and some echoes of the high moralities he had indulged in, came back to him with the true ring of Eliphaz the Temanite, and his brethren in consolation. Then, reverting to some random remarks of Phil's, on the nature of well-to-do unselfishness, it dawned upon him that there was a very large beam in his own eye, and, by pretty easy stages, he arrived at the cheerful conclusion (in his ordinary style) that the principle which regulated his own life was one of simple egotism. Once back to the subject of self, his faults, failures, &c., &c.—a subtle sub-current flowed into his mind, bringing with it, among other suggested antidotes for egotism, the thought that a life might be happily rescued from selfishness by devotion to *another* life, whose beauty and nobility should be contagious, by union with *another* nature, mere contact with which should inspire lofty motives and instigate purely generous actions. And thus beguiled, Cosmo floated unconsciously away back to the Lake of Como, to the pathetic moonlight, and the whispering

groves and listening waters—to her who, amidst all that goodliness, had revealed herself to him as the mistress of his heart.

For hours he sat plunged in this narcotic reverie; on, through the silent hours, incapable of effort to throw it off. The voices of the night were hushed, and everything was still; but ever upon the ear of Cosmo's fancy, *one* soft wave of distant music seemed to beat its sweet refrain. Out in the summer night nothing was visible save the dim outlines of dewy trees; but ever before Cosmo's eyes *one* vision seemed to pass, and return, and pass again incessantly, moving with a thousand remembered charms of movement, bright with the magic of remembered smiles. Love ruled the hour and used his opportunities; and though his captive struggled not, he tightened all his bonds. Resolution whispered remonstrance, and Cosmo cried, "Why should I die, without one effort for life? Without *her*, life will be death in life." Despair muttered "Lost!" and Cosmo cried, "I despaired too soon." Then Despair and Resolution fled; and Hope returned and gave the battle to the strong—and strong Love ruled the hour!

That is to say, in mere English, that, through much confusion, Cosmo reached, at the end, one clear idea and one clear purpose, and these were (sparing the reader a journey through the tortuous avenues by which he arrived at them) as follows: that he had despaired and fled prematurely and on uncertain grounds; that these grounds were, mainly, the belief or the suspicion, or something between the two, that there rested on his origin some stigma which must make his suit hopeless; that this belief was founded on his father's silence as to their origin, which silence had been explained long

ago by a maternal uncle to mean that they *had* no history, or rather that the brief history which they had was disgraceful, and would not bear investigation, or even talking about. But his father was intensely reserved on all subjects; and his uncle's views on the subject of pedigree were hyperbolic; besides which there had never been any familiar intercourse between the father and the uncle. Perhaps, then, the stigma might be—nothing altogether insuperable. So thought Cosmo, to-night, in the exaltation of his love; and his resolution was that the visit to his father, decided on for to-morrow, should, besides, the regulation of Phil's fortunes, have another purpose very paramount to that.

"I have been hasty and impulsive," Cosmo said to himself; "I daresay it was owing to the wild tumult and agitation I fell into *out*

there. Well, now, at least, while there is a vestige of hope, I will not give it up. It may be infinitesimal, perhaps, but I will not abandon it till I am forced to do so by clear evidence. I have not kept to my resolve? No, I have not. Love is stronger than I thought, or I am weaker. 'Weakness?' Is this 'weakness'? It may be; it may be weakness to cling to life; and she is my life. To-morrow I will ask my father for a frank statement of the truth."

And so Cosmo at last to bed with a hazy notion (as a sort of *P.S.*) that Phil was a providential dispensation, and that, but for him, the appeal to his father might not have suggested itself. But with this view those only will coincide who believed that, when he sailed away from Cadenabbia, he really "turned his back on love and dreams" for ever.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next afternoon saw Cosmo arrive at his father's abode. It lay at the distance of half-a-day's journey from London, in a solitary district, on the outskirts of an ancient forest, within sight of the sea. The house was old, Gothic, and of imposing dimensions; its *entourage* of wooded park was unenclosed, and gradually lost itself in a heathery wilderness, which rose into uplands behind the house, and, in front, sloped down till it touched the sandy margin of the sea. With some dignity, the place had yet a gloomy, sorrow-stricken aspect; for there was scarcely a trace of human life visible in the far-spreading wolds, and the dark hues of pine-woods saddened the summer light about the house, and deepened the gloom of winter. Altogether, in its sombre silence, the place seemed to mourn the fal-

len fortunes of its lord—an impoverished nobleman, from whom Mr Glencairn rented Edlisfort Castle on a long lease; and no one approaching the house could have failed to ask, "What kind of man can care to bury himself here? voluntarily, out of the world, among desert wilds by a melancholy sea, in an old castle looking like the very tomb of Hope?" And one would unquestionably have expected to hear of a romantic character—a grand melodramatic fellow, with a history and a broken heart, probably. But no mysterious romance attached itself to Mr Glencairn. His social needs were few, and such society as he desired he imported, and entertained with large hospitality. He believed in HIMSELF, in Truth, in Energy, in the adroit use of opportunity, and in

Ozone. He had been practically faithful to his creed, and with these results. In the iron trade he had become a millionaire, and, availing himself of an opportunity of the epoch, he had sold his business with its grand *prestige*, to a company formed to conduct it. Freed thus from absorption in a special sphere, and with vast resources at command, his energy found ever-increasing outlets in channels of new enterprise, which extended to many parts of the world, and which he undertook, in many instances, single-handed. Altogether self-reliant, he did not desire, and often suspected the counsels of others. He was able, therefore, to live away from the centre of business life. To breathe fresh air and live apart were, for him, the necessary conditions of mental and bodily health. Hence his abode in the wilderness.

A special wire, laid on to the main line of telegraph, brought all that he required to know direct into his own working-room. "Thus," he would say, "I avoid all that superfluous stuff, which even business men can't keep out of business conversation. What I want is facts simply, not opinions. I can form these for myself." At one end of the telegraph a familiar spirit collected facts, and committed them concisely to wire; at the other end, a second familiar—a laconic secretary—received the facts, and placed them, without comment, before his employer.

The scenery was nothing to Mr Glencairn. He walked about continually, indeed, in the open air. But he did his work thus, and was too "inverted" to have much of an eye for the outer world. He only knew that the sea air and the breath of pine and heather gave him vigour, and kept his mind elastic; while, as for solitude, many an elaborate scheme would have fallen still-born,

but for the freedom from interruption with which his unpeopled desert favoured him. So that about this castle of gloom and its *châtelain* there was no mystery at all.

From these few hints as to the characteristics of Mr Glencairn, the reader will perceive that the contrast between him and his son was as marked as possible; and, indeed, what nature had ordained in this respect had been farther developed by the exceptional relations which had existed between them from Cosmo's earliest boyhood. His mother, long since dead, had been a well-born lady, whose family had chosen to treat as a *mésalliance* her marriage with Mr Glencairn, though already rich, and rapidly rising to great wealth. They had discarded her accordingly—at least during the lifetime of her parents. Eventually, however, her only brother, who loved her much, contrived to get over her indiscretion and to forgive her; and when she died, since he had no other heir for his considerable property, he made certain overtures to his widowed brother-in-law as to the upbringing and future destinies of the boy Cosmo. This Colonel Wildgrave—an ex-Guardsman, a man of the world, humane, accomplished, and a universal favourite in society—loved the little boy for his mother's sake; but he felt that if his nephew were to be his future representative, he, on his side, had a right to stipulate that Cosmo should be brought up according to *his* ideas, introduced into *his* world, and put into the grooves of life which he approved. In this sense, then, were his overtures. Mr Glencairn had a trader's reverence for realised wealth—for capital, landed high and dry on the bank, beyond the reach of commercial fluctuations,—and he received the proposals well. "It must be £7000 to £8000 a-year at least," he said

inwardly ; and, aloud, that he had no educational prejudices. He then pointed out that, as a general rule, a merchant's son could never rely upon a hereditary fortune from his father, and ought therefore to be taught to make his own way. At the same time, if Cosmo's independence of personal exertion were assured,—if his uncle's inheritance were pledged to him,—then, indeed, his uncle was free to form him, launch him, do with him, in fact, exactly as seemed to him to be best. Of course, natural affection was to be considered. Cosmo, according to the protocol, was to be much with his papa, whose ample purse was in the meantime to defray the boy's expenses. The agreement was concluded, and loyally carried out, although the article about "natural affection" was by no means strained. Mr Glencairn was deeply absorbed in other cares, and he had no great natural sympathy or tenderness, so that he gladly humoured the boy's manifest inclination to spend the bulk of his holidays with his uncle and aunt. Thus, by degrees, "home," with him, came to mean his uncle's house, and his father's house was only looked upon as the scene of occasional visits. To his uncle and his aunt he gave all his affection. Blessed with bright and genial natures, they captivated the boy's sympathy and confidence. They entered into all his young enthusiasms and ambitions ; and if, proud of his abilities and the promise of his nature, they erred on the side of letting him shape, in his later school and college days, his own course, in accordance with what they believed to be his genius, they had all along done their best not to "spoil him," in the common acceptation of the term. Above all things, they had aimed at making him a loyal, high-bred gentleman. Pa-

rents, and more than are most parents, they were to him. Healthy home influence and training, education at Eton and Trinity, a commission in the army, and an entry into good society under the best auspices,—these, and the results flowing from such experiences, were what the substituted parentage did and procured for Cosmo. But all these advantages gradually widened the gulf which nature had placed between the father and the son. Neither public school nor university could credit itself with Mr Glencairn's education. Art and literature were for him the *hors-d'œuvres* of life, which could not concern a man whose life was already full to overflowing of graver concerns. The army he regarded, on the one hand, as an expensive and inefficient method of insurance—and, on the other, as a toy devised in the interests of the privileged classes. As for "society," in the limited sense of the term, he knew no more of its components and usages than he did of Greek iambs or the duties of a squadron leader.

Habits of life and thought, tastes, aims, standards—everything, in a word, which differentiates a man—sundered him from his son. At the very best, their relations—though not unkindly—had not been natural. From the earliest period, Mr Glencairn had looked upon Cosmo in a double light. He was his child, to be sure, and, as such, subject to his control and domination ; but, beyond this, he was mixed up with the idea of "realised capital," and, as such, the object of a certain instinctive veneration, scarcely consonant with the parental relation. As time went on, and Cosmo's character and ways of life developed, this respect was progressively enhanced ; for however much a man may affect to disregard what does not seem to touch the special groove

in which he has embedded himself, there are influences which will affect all sorts and conditions of men—the charm of high-breeding, for example, and a wide and liberal range of knowledge.

After Cosmo had been for some years in the army, the deaths of his uncle and aunt occurred, almost simultaneously. The double blow fell very heavily upon him; and it was during the solitude and depression of his period of mourning that he resolved upon abandoning the service in favour of a more “earnest” career. Henceforth there was no monetary tie between Mr Glencairn and Cosmo; and since his new pro-

jects led the latter into much foreign travel, he had latterly seen very little indeed of his father; and now their relations were more than ever unlike those of father and son. To his son, Mr Glencairn was more than ever the one-sided, concentrated money-maker—comprehensible indeed, but not admirable, except in regard of unsullied probity. To his father, Cosmo’s relation to funded capital was more and more accentuated. On the whole, however, though much sympathy between them was impossible, there was a fair amount of mutual respect, from widely different standpoints.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cosmo found his father at home—a tall, erect, iron-grey man of three-score or thereabouts, with a firm mouth, and hard but honest grey eyes.

“Glad to see you, Cosmo,” he said. “I got your telegram. Only back from Paris myself three days; there on Land Company business; fancied you might be there at the same time; thought you were due: were there, I suppose?” Mr Glencairn’s conversation was rather telegraphic in style—condensed, jerky, and elliptical.

“I think not,” replied Cosmo.

“I passed through Paris merely.”

“And where are you from?”

“From the Italian lakes last.”

“Still bitten with the picture mania, hey?”

“I am still fond of pictures; but there’s not much in that way down there.”

“Ah, well. Any news?”

“No; I think not.” (Could there be any news under such circumstances?)

“Been well?”

“Thanks; extremely so. And you?”

“I am always well.”

Then came that pause which occurs between two men who, with nothing in common but the formal tie of relationship, are painfully conscious of the fact.

“My aunt is well, I hope?” Cosmo resumed, as a forlorn hope.

“Your aunt is never ill. No one so tough. You’ll find her tougher than ever, I think,” he added, with a grim smile.

Then came another pause, relieved by “the weather,” but inappreciably, for Mr Glencairn set his face against iteration, and “identified” it, through any disguise, with the eye of a detective. At last there really seemed to be nothing more to be said between the two, and it was a palpable relief to both when the thunder of the dressing-gong broke up the *tête-à-tête*.

When Cosmo returned to the drawing-room, he found the party already assembled, consisting, besides his father, of another gentleman and the aunt for whom he had made inquiries.

There is always something rather risky about a maiden aunt—that is to say, when she is of a “certain age;” and Cosmo’s aunt Griselda was, very distinctly, one of the “dangerous classes.” Resembling her brother in person, she had his tall stature and unflinching eyes,—which latter don’t, as a rule, improve the female face; and when, as in this case, associated with a cruel mouth, they are not the kind of eyes with which one cares to exchange many glances.

Miss Glencairn “went in for” religion bitterly; she employed it as the buttress of her misanthropy, and used Holy Writ, as an Irishman uses his shillelah, for purposes of assault and battery. The main article of her creed was that she was “elect,” and (as is rather the way with the creeds of the “elect”) the spiritual eligibility of her neighbours did not bulk very largely in it. She also held that “whatever is pleasant is wrong,” and certainly acted up to this article, in so far that she denied herself the practice of all those sweet and gracious charities which are Christianity’s pleasantest outcome. Cosmo had always regarded her with an aversion, tempered, in childhood, by the feeling that it must be wrong to dislike one who was so much mixed up, as she appeared to be, with the Bible. Eventually he arrived at a sort of compromise, and she became to him something like the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed—sacred, perhaps, and certainly awful, but lovable by no manner of means.

She had hated Cosmo’s mother with more than the normal *acharnelement* of sisters-in-law, and she cordially detested him. The animosities of such women reach beyond the grave, and transcend the limits of generations.

The party was completed by Mr

Hopper, an individual whom Mr Glencairn had promoted, in years gone by, from managing clerk in his house to be junior partner, and who now, thanks to the same influence, occupied the post of Managing Director in “Glencairn & Co., Limited,” with a large salary and a position of influence at the Board, due to his knowledge of the iron trade—and to other personal attributes.

In person he was

“A little, glassy-headed, hairless man,”

of an uniform drab colour, and with a neutrality of expression that would have baffled a physiognomist. Interpreted by his preposterous baldness, however (for baldness *does*, somehow, suggest respectability), this blank was placed to his credit, and taken as satisfactory evidence of simple-minded probity. He had obviously not forgotten his earliest relations with his patron, in whose honour he exaggerated an habitual eagerness to assent, which sometimes led him to complete for his interlocutor a sentence, or word, which stood between him and the fruition of acquiescence. Victor Hugo would have called him “an incarnate YES.” Another propensity, connected with an earlier and humbler stage of life, was still to be observed in him, and that was a certain waywardness with regard to the letter *h*; but, to do him justice, this was only manifest under circumstances of strong excitement.

All this baldness and acquiescence, combined with a talent for making things pleasant and for *concealing* considerable powers of initiative (while using them dexterously), made Mr Hopper exactly the sort of man to appear the mere instrument of his Board, and to be its mainspring.

Miss Glencairn received her nephew with marked frigidity. Her

manner expressed the watchful reserve of a policeman resolved "to use against" his prisoner any statement which he may inadvertently make on his way to the station-house. Mr Hopper, on the contrary, welcomed his patron's son with characteristic effusiveness. "Ply me with hard sayings!" his manner seemed to say; "give me largely of the bread of paradox, that I may butter it (and you), and devour it greedily!"

Dinner being presently announced, the ill-assorted quartette repaired to the dining-room and sat down to the meal, after it had been aggressively blessed by Miss Glencairn.

Mr Glencairn was taciturn constitutionally—his sister was so, partly from habit, partly because she disliked her present company; and as for Cosmo, he had so little in common with the others, and received such scant encouragement to talk from his aunt and father, that he too was very silent. Thus Mr Hopper, whose conversational talent lay chiefly in assent, was rather in difficulties; it being manifestly hard to "say ditto" to people who advance no propositions whatever.

It was, however, his *métier* to "make things pleasant;" and a silent meal being clearly unpleasant, he made, under much discouragement, loyal efforts to keep the ball of conversation rolling. Mr Glencairn occasionally snubbed Mr Hopper, but (just as he accepted his *outré* acquiescence) rather, as it seemed, from a mechanical habit, than from any special interest he took in Mr Hopper's views. Miss Glencairn also snubbed him, as she snubbed every one when she could, simply out of "contrariness" and as dogs delight to bark and bite. Under all these trying circumstances, Cosmo was rather a godsend to him, for he was a novelty; and bethinking himself of the young man's travels

as a good conversational "claim" to work, Mr Hopper commenced operations on it with the energy of a gold-seeker.

"It's not wonderful," he cried, "at your age, and with your talents, tastes, and fortune, that you should like to travel. I can conceive its joys. I can see its advantages."

"A rolling stone, Mr Hopper," said Miss Glencairn, in a deep, knelling, too-late-too-late-ye-cannot-enter-now tone of voice—"a rolling stone gathers no moss, none."

"True, ma'am, most true; but—let us consider a little—though that may be a disadvantage to some, nay, to most stones, yet perhaps, where you have a polished marble, the necessity for moss may, in a sense, be dispensed with—in a sense, of course. Ah, ma'am! when a man travels, he don't (so to speak) rust. There's the great point. When the wheel revolves, it *can't* rust. All 'stay-at-homes,' like myself, are conscious of rusting. Sadly. All of us."

"Hopper!" said Mr Glencairn.

"Sir?"

"I stay at home mostly, and I'm not conscious that I'm——"

"Rusty!" exclaimed Mr Hopper. "Of course not, sir; I said 'like myself,' not *you*, sir. Too fine a metal, if I may so express myself. Gold don't rust, eh? ha, ha!—and then the mental activity! But with *me*, it's different—quite. Look at me!"

"I should have thought," said Cosmo, "that the excitement of business would keep off the rust."

"You're perfectly correct, Captain Cosmo; in a sense, that is: but there are two or three different ways of rusting."

"If you lay up for yourself treasures upon earth," knelled Miss Glencairn, "as I fear you do—as I *know* you do—that is one way in which you will assuredly acquire rust. What does the Bible say?"

"I know, ma'am, I know—only too well. I honour the Bible, ma'am—I try to square my life with its maxims; but, in the present depressed state of the iron trade, there's no rust of that sort coming my way. With 'pigs' at 49—I beg your pardon, ma'am, with pig-iron at forty-nine shillings the ton—the poor sinner has nothing to hope, I should say to apprehend, in *that* direction. He ought to be thankful, perhaps, for his freedom from temptation—as thankful as the old Adam will permit, and——"

"Hopper!"

"Sir?"

"Is it, or is it not, a business maxim that the man who mixes up religion with business, is a man to be distrusted?"

"It is, sir, most unquestionably," replied Hopper, in a voice of deep dejection, which might either imply regret for the existence of so deplorable a maxim, or penitence for his own lapse into religion.

"I wish you would lay it to heart, then."

"Oh!" cried Miss Glencairn, rearing a warlike crest—"oh! this is indeed monstrous! The merest heathenism! Brother!"

"Well?"

"What does the Bible say?"

"The Bible, Griselda, says that there is a time for all things, and I say that the time for religion is neither during business hours nor at the dinner-table."

"I should like to know, then, how you interpret 'in season and out of season?'"

"I don't interpret it at all, and, what's more, I won't *have* it interpreted either at my dinner-table or in my business room. Change the subject, Hopper, if you please."

The 'religious difficulty' was one of frequent occurrence between Mr and Miss Glencairn; but when the former adopted this trenchant

method of adjusting it, his sister knew that she might as well strike her colours at once; which she now accordingly did, and relapsed into an angry silence, only broken by some muttered allusions to Mammon, Apostasy, and the Thessalonians.

Charged to change the subject, Mr Hopper flew back with alacrity to Cosmo's travels.

"Now, Italy, Captain Cosmo," he said, "*that* must be a fine country—in its way, of course. Vesuvius, and—by the by, sir, did you ever see Garibaldi?"

"Yes, I have had that pleasure. Indeed I made a pilgrimage to Capraera, and visited him in his own home."

"Prodigious! to think of that! Now, sir, is he very fierce, should you say?"

"No; I should say decidedly not. A little child might play with him; in fact, a little child *was* playing with him when I arrived. He was very rheumatic at the time, however, which might account for it."

"Clearly so. Quite. Well, what did he say about the state of things?"

"That's rather a wide question," laughed Cosmo.

"So it is, sir; unreasonably vague. Well, I suppose he would like to drink the old pagan's blood? You'd make *that* out, I fancy?"

"I don't know to whom you allude."

"The Pope, Captain—the Pope, sir!"

"The Pope is a very good old man, Mr Hopper. I think it is altogether wrong to speak of him as a pagan."

"Distinctly so, sir. It was a jest; a poor one, I admit. Did Garibaldi speak of his Holiness?"

"No; in fact we did not talk politics at all."

"I see, I see: better so, better so."

This complaisance to the Pope was, however, too much for Miss Glencairn, who, unmindful of her brother's edict, dashed into the conversation, brandishing her tomahawk.

"For shame, Mr Hopper! For shame, Cosmo! 'Holiness!' 'Good old man!' forsooth! This is putting bitter for sweet. Pagan? ay, he is a double-dyed pagan! Shame to the Protestant who denies it! Worse than all the pagans that have gone before. The dragon! The deceiver! The adversary! Holiness! Is sin holy? Is blasphemy holy? Who, I should like to be told, is 'the scarlet-coloured beast'? Who is the beast 'having seven heads and ten horns'?—answer me that. Who is he?"

"I suppose," said Cosmo, suppressing a strong inclination to laugh—"I suppose you wish me to say he is the Pope; but I can't identify *him* with these astonishing hyperboles—indeed I can't."

"This comes of foreign travel! This is cosmopolitanism, I suppose. We turn our backs on the blessed light; we go into the dark places of the earth: no wonder we can't discern the truth. But you, Mr Hopper,—you, who have *not* been lapping up error at the waters of Marah; you, who have *not* been rolling idolatry 'like a sweet morsel under your tongue,'—I ask *you*, who is this 'having seven heads and ten horns'?"

Mr Hopper, though he had spoken so handsomely of the Bible, and, indeed, sometimes affected a Scriptural twang when Mr Glencairn was not by, perhaps knew the spirit of Holy Writ better than he knew its letter; the apocalyptic lore was, at all events, beyond his range, and he was sorely mystified by all these heads and horns. He

glanced at his patron, hoping for his support, but saw nothing in that quarter save a look of grim amusement, inconsistent (Mr Hopper thought) with his recent words. He looked at Cosmo; but *he* wore the expression of a man who has fired his shot and does not mean to waste another cartridge. The Avenger reiterated her question. Whereupon poor Hopper tried to trim, and began to drop his *h's*, stammering that "as for these 'eads and 'orns, much was to be said for them; but, at the same time, perhaps a good deal in an opposite sense," and then broke down and truckled—mumbling that he was an erring mortal, and could not presume to oppose his opinion to that of one so notoriously Scriptural as Miss Glencairn. Whereupon that lady, unmollified by the compliment, asked if she was therefore to understand that he *did* reserve an opinion favourable to the Pope—in short, clamoured for a distinct declaration as to the real proprietorship of the "seven heads and ten horns." Whereupon Mr Glencairn and Cosmo both laughed outright; and Mr Hopper, lured to his destruction by the supposed encouragement, rashly attempted to escape from the dilemma by turning the whole thing into a joke, and remarked that, "in any case, seven heads were too many for *any* one man to keep clear and straight, and that if the Pope were to be docked of a few of them—say four—it would probably be for the advantage of Christendom; while, as for the ten 'orns——" but Mr Hopper was not allowed to finish his impious sally.

"Was he aware that the language he was playing with was from Holy Writ?" Mr Hopper was not sure, but thought (as a shot) that it *might* be from the Apocrypha. And then the vials of Miss Glencairn's

wrath were frankly opened upon him; and he learned, among other striking facts, that there existed a strong parallelism between himself and many of the most abandoned characters of Old Testament history—all with very hard names, except Og, the king of Bashan, who, in other respects also, was perhaps the least open to reprehension.

For a short time Miss Glencairn was permitted thus to buffet Mr Hopper; but she soon infringed Mr Glencairn's private act against iteration, and then he interposed, walking quietly into the *mêlée*, and rescuing, so to speak, the dishevelled manager from the clutches of his antagonist.

"That is enough, Griselda," he said. "Mr Hopper, take a glass of that Marcobrunner. I hope you'll find it better than the water of Marah."

And when Mr Hopper made a glozing and weak-kneed attempt to right himself with Miss Glencairn, by inquiring if she were *absolutely positive* that the seven heads and ten horns were *not* "out of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which he fancied—he thought—he knew"—Mr Glencairn closed him also, again inviting him to change the subject. So there was nothing for it but silence and wrath on Griselda's part, and Marcobrunner and discomfiture on the part of Mr Hopper.

From this state of limpness, however, he gradually emerged, by putting some questions to Cosmo as to the Italian rate of exchange; and having elicited his views as to the depreciation of the paper currency in that country, gradually worked his way back to smooth plumage and general acquiescence and admiration.

"You hear what he says, Mr Glencairn?" he cried. "A summary, sir! Terse. Concise."

"I hear it," said Mr Glencairn;

"but, with due deference to Cosmo, I must take some ex——"

"Ceptions!" shouted Hopper. "Unquestionably. In such matters that is inevitable. But Captain Cosmo's brain has been at work—at work, and to good purpose. I can see that."

"Come, come, Mr Hopper," said Cosmo, laughing, "you mustn't try to humbug me." And then Mr Hopper, by a gesture more eloquent than words, disclaimed any such mad and perilous enterprise; and so the strangely-constituted symposium went on, Miss Griselda and Mr Hopper being occasionally called to order by the chairman, and the tenor of the conversation sent topsy-turvy by that autocrat and his peremptory calls for a change of subject. As this requisition was invariably made upon the managing director, whose range of general ideas was very limited, he would have been sorely put to it but for the reserve of Cosmo's travels, which meandered, like a fertilising rivulet, through the barren wastes of the conversation.

Towards the end of the sitting, this brought him to Athens, with regard to which Mr Hopper had three ideas: the first, connected with a certain M. Christopoulos, an iron-broker of much flagitiousness, who, it appeared, had on one occasion got to windward of Mr Hopper; the second, with an unsatisfactory contract for rails for the Piræan railway; and the third, with the Apostle Paul. Thus was the city of Pericles associated in the mind of Mr Hopper. And *apropos* of the last head, the unfortunate manager, still burning to rehabilitate himself with Miss Glencairn, thus expanded—

"A fine thing it must be, Captain Cosmo, to stand, as you have stood, on the top of the Areopagus—which I take to be an edifice on

the summit of Mars Hill—a grand thing to stand there and say, ‘This is the *very* spot where the great apostle stood and preached to the men of Athens!’ It was an act of courage, sir, that. It was a kind of a taking of the heathen by the beard—a kind of a bearding of the lion in his den, if I may so say—that I’ve always admired him for. I wish some one else would give the scoundrels a bit of his mind nowadays. They must require it, if Christopoulos is a fair specimen. I wish some one would take Christopoulos by the beard. I wish *I* had the chance.” Here Mr Hopper pantomimed the action of struggling with a beard for some seconds, and added, “I’d *Christopoulos* him! There’s a fellow that would have been capable of forging St Paul’s name to an acceptance. I assure you, ma’am, he would. He forged mine.”

“Don’t address me, Mr Hopper, if *you* please,” snorted Miss Glencairn; “don’t associate *me* with a conversation where sacred names are treated with irreverence.”

“Irreverence, my dear ma’am!—irreverence! Who could suspect me of it?”

“I don’t suspect you—I *accuse* you; you are self-convicted. What has St Paul to do with trade and money-making, I should like to know? Acceptances, forsooth! pollution!”

“Ah, ma’am, you do me injus-

tice! I honour your sensitiveness, though. It’s noble. But are we not told that Paul was a tent-maker? and if a tent-maker, then a seller of tents, and so both a manufacturer and a merchant, as well as an apostle. I’ve always been proud to feel that I belong, in a sense, to Paul’s calling. Always.”

“He wasn’t a trader; he gave everything to the poor brethren.”

“There’s a great deal in what you say, ma’am—a very great deal. Still, ma’am, the question *will* arise, ‘How did he *get* what he gave?’”

But at this juncture the cup of Miss Griselda’s wrath ran over, as not unfrequently occurs with ladies on the slightest adverse application of logic, and she swept from the room with awful dignity.

“You’ve put your foot in it, Mr Hopper,” said his patron, with a grim smile.

“To my regret, sir—to my deep regret. Bull, so to speak, in a china-shop. The intention was, however, good. I thought it might gratify Miss Glencairn to know the high respect I entertain for one of her—for the apostle; which is genuine, sir, and unfeigned. The business qualities of his mind have always struck me. I’ve often thought that, as chairman of a com——”

“Hopper!”

“Sir?”

“Let us change the subject, if you please.”

CHAPTER XV.

In the drawing-room after dinner, Miss Griselda devoted herself to a bilious-looking magazine; Mr Glencairn read the newspapers; and Mr Hopper fluttered about the room, perking little observations half to himself, half to Cosmo, who looked at a book of prints, while

his mind was occupied with very different subjects. For it had occurred to him that, of the two matters which had brought him to Edlisfort, the least important might possibly be advantageously opened to Mr Hopper, who, though ridiculous in social converse, was noto-

riously a capable man of business. Mr Hopper would undoubtedly be glad to oblige him, by helping his friend with advice, or perhaps with something more substantial.

He had, of course, no more faith than his father had in that gentleman's hyperbolical respect and devotion; but it was Mr Hopper's interest to be well with him, and that was sufficient; and it *might* very possibly be in his power to "put something in Phil's way," through some of the various business channels with which he was connected. Then Mr Hopper would have no prejudices touching Phil to affect his hearty co-operation, and it was otherwise with Mr Glencairn. Before the evening terminated, therefore, he had decided that Mr Hopper should be consulted.

The dinner had been early, and the night was still young, when Miss Glencairn bade them good-night and removed the pall of her presence. Cosmo, feverishly anxious to get something done before he slept, was debating with himself whether he should now invite his father to give him a private interview, and straightway open the paramount matter to him, or whether he should seduce Mr Hopper to the smoking-room and unfold his wishes as to Phil, when Mr Glencairn solved the problem by unexpectedly lighting a candle and declaring with a lusty yawn that he was "played out." "You'll find everything right in the smoking-room, Cosmo," he said, "and I make no stranger either of you or Mr Hopper, so good-night." Perforce, therefore, he fell back upon the second string to his bow, and invited the manager to accompany him to the den sacred to tobacco and the slaughter of the small hours.

Mr Hopper was no smoker, but

"he could not resist the rare (in every sense) pleasure," &c., &c., and went grateful.

When they were comfortably established in the sanctum, Cosmo at once drew the conversation into business channels, and notable was the transformation which took place in his companion's manner and style of speech when he found himself once again in his congenial element. Though upon alien topics jerky, grotesque, and inconsequent, as the spasms of a fish out of water, Mr Hopper's speech, on his natural subjects, flowed smooth, copious, and coherent.

"Company flourishing, I hope, Mr Hopper?" Cosmo began.

"Thank you, sir, yes. *It* will do. No mistake there: Trade is what they call 'bad,' to be sure. There has been over-production, and there has been a glut, and there has been stagnation, and reduction of wages, and strikes, and alienation of trade. Never mind, sir. A. Glencairn & Co., Limited, weathers them all. We watch; we foresee; we adapt. We're elastic, that's what we are. All a matter, sir, of alternative combinations, sound connections, and, if I may so say, sleepless management. Mr Glencairn's guarantee is safe, sir—as a church. He guaranteed 'nine' for a term of years, you know. We'll not get below the 'nine' at the worst; and when the rebound comes—*then*—aha!" Mr Hopper made a large but incomplete circle of his arms, to figure the limitless wealth that might be looked for at the period of the "rebound." He then went on to express his wonder, as he had often done before, that a man of Cosmo's acumen had never taken any of "our shares," and still greater wonder that he should be contented with mortgages at 4½ and Government stock at 3¼. With the greatest deference,

Mr Hopper must say that such returns were “paltry.” He was sorry to use so strong a word; but when he considered the capabilities of capital, it *did* seem to him that a man who could sit down content with *such* returns from such a tremendous source of reproduction, *was* a man who—who was satisfied with—that which—is “paltry.” There was really no other word for it.

“Well, Mr Hopper,” said Cosmo, “the capital, at all events, is safe; and the return, if it be *paltry*, is at least regular, besides being more than twice over sufficient for my requirements.”

“Safe, captain! Sufficient! Why, sir, you might double your fine income, and yet be as safe as the bank, in many undertakings, and unquestionably in ours. And ‘sufficient!’ Oh, sir, is that a view to take of capital? Think of its power; remember the responsibilities attached to it. Four per cent! O Lud! It’s like cutting off one of your legs and one of your arms, and putting out one of your eyes. It’s like encouraging your child to play truant from school. It’s like using a helephant to do the work of a costermonger’s pony. It’s a kind of an outrage to Enterprise. It’s a slap on the mouth for the spirit of the Hage. Forgive me, captain—forgive my ‘eat. O Lud! O Lud!”

It was Mr Hopper’s way to be earnest and eager; and this sort of whole-souled gush was known to tell immensely upon amateur directors and meetings of shareholders flushed to a rose-colour by recent announcements of rattling dividends.

Cosmo, who had experienced it all before, laughingly gave it the go-by, by deploring his deadness to the commercial instinct, and his inability to use even half the “pal-

try” return which the “helephant” supplied to him.

This gave Mr Hopper a new point of departure.

“Then there are your ‘clippings,’ captain—your surpluses. Give them the chance of doing something. Don’t *hoard* them. Because the dam browses in idleness, why leave the foal to eat its head off? I’ll tell you what it is, sir—in confidence—we see our way to profitable development. We use new capital, not to dilute the profits of the old—mark that!—but to fortify the old and increase its productive power. Ahem! To a trifling extent, we are inclined to increase our capital. I have recommended a small issue of shares—say £80,000, more or less. Now, sir, to any extent, within that limit, I *think* I can guarantee you a holding with us. The Board, of course, have a right to the refusal of all new shares; but I’m confident that there’s not one of us who won’t say, ‘I’ll take my *pro ratâ* allotment, but I’ll transfer it at once to the son of him to whom we all owe so much.’ Say the word, Captain Cosmo, and I’ll place your surpluses for you. To what figure now might the surpluses——”

“I’m sincerely obliged to you, Mr Hopper; but, really, I haven’t thought of changing my system. As to the ‘surpluses,’ I daresay there’s a certain amount of money in some kind of temporary investments; but how much, I don’t know. Every midsummer I have a clearing up with my agent, and everything is settled then, about investments, &c., &c. It is hard work at the time; but, after this yearly audit, I don’t give my mind to money matters at all. In fact, they don’t interest me.”

Mr Hopper looked at him with a kind of wondering pity, as who should say, “Yet, I suppose this

poor devil *may* possibly have a soul!" and then said, "Well, captain, I won't despair of you yet. At your next audit, promise me that you'll give earnest consideration to what I've said. Do, now."

"I certainly will, Mr Hopper."

"My motives in speaking thus," said the manager, "with this freedom, are simply these—regard for your interests, and veneration for that sublime lever which has 'oisted Great Britain up to the pinnacle of commercial pre-eminence." With which peroration (from his last half-yearly meeting speech) Mr Hopper sank back, violently rubbing the equatorial line of scanty hair which girdled his gleaming head, looking every inch the director who courts inquiry and deprecates applause.

The way being thus paved, and Mr Hopper having had *his* innings, Cosmo said, "There *is* a matter, Mr Hopper, on which I wish to consult you, as a man of business, and as a friend."

Mr Hopper was proud and delighted, and sat up, all attention.

"A friend of mine," said Cosmo, "is in difficulties."

"Monetary difficulties, sir?"

"Monetary difficulties."

Mr Hopper's face changed a little, his sympathies rather lying with the "surplused" classes.

"He is almost in want," continued Cosmo.

"Tut! tut! tut! sad, that—very sad."

"Yes, it is very distressing to me, who am his oldest friend, and the more so that I am at a loss how to help him. As to helping him with money, that is out of the question."

With this Mr Hopper promptly coincided; it required no demonstration, he said—none.

"Not," pursued Cosmo, "from unwillingness on my part, but from honest pride on his."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr Hopper; the case was evidently going to be a puzzler.

"He is of high education; took an excellent degree at Cambridge; is very intelligent; and yet he has found it impossible to obtain any employment."

"His antecedents, perhaps, not quite—eh?"

"What, Mr Hopper?"

"Respectable, though not exactly criminal, of course."

"He is *my* friend, sir, and in all respects a gentleman."

"To be sure—to be sure! What *am* I thinking of?"

"He has been unfortunate, and, I must admit, foolish—that is all. You are acquainted with his name, for he is the son of my father's old friend, Mr Denwick."

"Whew!" Mr Hopper whistled, apologised, coughed, finally laughed nervously.

"That expresses your opinion of him, does it?" said Cosmo, grimly.

"Far be it from me, sir, to have a bad opinion of any friend of yours. I was merely recalling a little anecdote of your father's about him,—a merry story, a merry story—nothing more."

"It has not been a merry story for him."

"He went into some South American securities, if I recollect right, against your father's advice, and lost a good deal of money in a rather comical way."

"He went into Spanish bonds, and lost his all in a very *tragical* way."

"Tut! tut! tut! Dear, dear! that's bad—very bad."

"Yes it is. Now, do you think you can find him any employment?"

Mr Hopper rubbed his equator—but in the sense of a man who is invited to perform a miracle—pursed his mouth, and slowly shook his head. "You see," he said, at last, "there's

nothing we could make of him. University gentlemen are, in some ways above, in others below, business. They're not available—that's the word. We couldn't make a clerk of Mr Denwick. It wouldn't pay us, and it wouldn't pay him. Besides, we take no *apprentices* or probationers. They must come to us finished. It takes time to *finish* a clerk to the mark of Glencairn & Co., Limited."

"Well, that is very true; but could you not put him into some berth where his general education would tell? We have lawyers and merchants at the head of our War Office and Admiralty sometimes. Their subordinates supply them with practical details, and their own talents and general knowledge enable them to organise and administer. You have various departments, of course?"

"Oh yes, we have—not a few; coal, ironstone, survey, finance, &c., &c."

"Well?"

"Well, my dear Mr Cosmo, surely you don't propose to put a novice at the head of one of the departments of A. Glencairn & Co., Limited?"

"Why not?"

"Oh sir! oh sir! Think! think! Besides, all our heads of departments have holdings in the Company—some of them large. It's one of our rules; they're, as it were, working partners. That wouldn't suit Mr Denwick. No."

"Outside the Company, then; through any of your business connections, do you not think you could find *some* employment (he's not proud) for my poor friend—something that would give him work for his brains and food for his body?"

Again Mr H. shook his head.

"Can you suggest nothing, even?"

Mr H. could not; but "give him a few minutes, and he would 'roll it over' in his mind."

During the few minutes accorded, the manager went through awful contortions of the face; rose up; moved about the room; stared at isolated flies on the wall; took out a pencil; bit it; calculated; jotted; tousled his equator; finally sat down, smote his leg, and earnestly gazing at Cosmo, whispered, "I've got it—got it, sir—got it."

"You have?"

"I have, sir—with your co-operation, but on that condition alone."

"You may count on that."

"Ah! I don't know; but a kind of a Providence seems to have connected my talk about your surpluses and your talk about Mr Denwick. That emboldens me; but in any case it is your affair. Now, sir, the thing lies in a nutshell. Invest £25,000 in our shares, for Mr Denwick, and he shall have a department by-and-by. In the meantime, as *your* friend, he shall come into my office and learn the details of business. There! the plan is simple."

"Simple, yes; but Mr Denwick would not accept a present of £25,000, even if I thought it right to give it to him."

"Present! O Lud! Captain, who talks of presents? Let me explain. You advance the money. The shares are bought in his name. The certificates are held by you, as security (*our* security, your father's security—good enough, hey?), and Mr Denwick pays you five per cent interest, or what you stipulate for, on the capital; reserves a portion of the surplus for the extinction of the debt; lives on the rest; and qualifies, by the whole transaction, for a lucrative appointment, *should* his acquirements and capacity warrant his being selected, *by-and-by*. The plan pays you as

well as your mortgages do ; finds bread and work for your friend, and —what more would you have ? At all events, captain, I can suggest nothing else."

"It's a noble idea!" cried Cosmo, with enthusiasm. "Nothing could be better. I help Phil, without putting him under an obligation which a gentleman could not accept ; and help him in a way that will make him work, and keep him from sliding back into old ways and

associations—of which, however, I think he has had enough. I can't sufficiently thank you, Mr Hopper, for your proposal. I close with it at once. But are you certain of your power to get the shares ?"

"Leave it to me, sir. Find the money within six weeks, and the shares shall be at your disposal."

"Poor Phil ! how pleased he will be ! He will be as grateful to you, Mr Hopper, as I am. This is indeed luck !"

CHAPTER XVI.

In the morning, Cosmo's first care was to telegraph to Phil that on the next day he would receive a letter explaining all details of a remunerative "career" which was open to him—that the letter would also contain a cheque for £100, being an advance with which Phil was at once to clothe and house himself properly, and find some pasture-ground more eligible than that which he had been sharing with the black sheep of Leicester Square. And then he wrote the letter, which breathed all the affectionate delight which he felt at being able, "by the luckiest accident in the world," to help his friend ; and worded it with such diplomatic delicacy, that you would have almost supposed that Cosmo was the real gainer, and that Phil's part in the transaction was that, by magnanimously undergoing a good deal of toil and risk, he was enabling his friend to obtain a higher rate of interest for his money than heretofore. And these things being done, he went and ruminated for many an hour by the sea, thinking of his love and his hope and his fears, and how he would open the matter to his father, and when. And the day slipped away, and another precarious dinner was got through ;

and before Mr Glencairn was "played out," Cosmo asked him, with some trepidation, for a private interview, which was at once granted, and they marched off to the "business room."

Fairly confronted with his father, Cosmo felt much difficulty in opening a conversation in which the initiative lay necessarily with himself. The result of the interview was of vital moment to his happiness (and Hope, once admitted, had grown hourly) ; and, beyond this, he shrank, with an almost feminine sensitiveness, from exposing to observation those feelings which are jealously guarded even by natures comparatively coarse. It was with much embarrassment that he commenced the dialogue, scanned by his father's unfaltering eyes.

"We have never had any confidential intercourse, father," he said, "and I daresay my request for this interview surprises you."

Here Cosmo paused, and Mr Glencairn intimated that surprise was an emotion foreign to his nature.

"You are no doubt puzzled as to its object," continued the son.

"Guessing and puzzling would be the merest waste of time. You have a direct statement to make. Is it not so ?"

"That is true."

"Then, pray, let us have it before us at once."

"I confess I have much difficulty in opening this matter to you. It is of a most delicate nature. It is difficult to plunge directly into a delicate subject."

"In business matters, between men of business, there need be no delicacy, where motives on either side are honest, and the lines of business adhered to."

"You forget that I am not a man of business."

"True; but still you are a gentleman, therefore incapable of proposing to a business man, on a business matter, anything you need be ashamed of—which is the plain English for 'having a delicacy.'"

"Ah! but this is not a matter of business, nor is it a proposal."

"My dear Cosmo, why speak in riddles? You say this is not a business matter, and I have no knowledge of your world. I can't conceive your consulting me on any matter relating to *it*. I would help you with a guess to start your ideas, if I could, to be done with fencing. You are in trouble, evidently. All the world over, the troubles of young men are mainly connected with the purse or the heart. The former can't possibly affect you—as to the latter, ha! ha! you are not likely to seek me as a confidant; so, my ideas being exhausted, you must speak out—if you *really* want advice or an opinion," he added, looking at his watch.

Cosmo was silent for a minute, and then said, "Well, father, I am not exempt from the troubles of young men—as *you* define them."

"Ah! money after all! Speculation, of course; ruinous to amateurs. Foreign stock or shares, of course, and a question of holding or selling. Well?"

"No, father, my troubles have nothing to do with money."

"Then it is——"

"Yes," interrupted Cosmo, who shrank from hearing the divine word uttered by lips that seemed so earthly.

"Yes," he went on; "and now you will understand my hesitation."

"Well, then——"

"Listen, father, pray, and I will try to make you understand." Then, nerving himself with an effort, he went on: "Lately, quite lately, it has been my lot to meet with a lady on whose perfections I will not dilate. It is enough to say that for me she *is* perfection, and that all my heart was given to her almost unconsciously, and before I had realised the profound impression she had made upon me."

Mr Glencairn rattled his watch-chain, and gave a little groan, discreetly commuted into a cough.

"She is beautiful," Cosmo went on, "and accomplished; and the only child, the heiress"—(Mr Glencairn dropped his watch-chain and sat up in his chair)—"of a nobleman of proud lineage and vast possessions——"

Here Mr Glencairn's natural reserve gave way, and he cried lustily, "Bravo, Cosmo!—bravo! Well done, sir!" and made as though he would take his son's hand. Cosmo interrupted him.

"Pray, hear all I have to say before you congratulate me."

"Excuse me; one question—is the landed property large?"

"I am sorry to say it is; but——"

"You prefer the funds? or concentration in minerals? Well, remember *they're* exhaustible; but perhaps there *may* be a mineral field into the bargain?"

"I'm afraid it is very probable; but really——"

"Afraid? Tut! tut! depression can't last for ever; and even now,

if there should be 'hematite' in any quantity—should you suppose, now——"

"Allow me to say, my dear father, that, for a man of business, you strangely anticipate matters, which you will see when I assure you that not only are the lady's affections not secured, but that I dare scarcely hope that they ever could be bestowed on one so unworthy of her, even were every other obstacle removed. Her great prospects are really nothing to me; and even if they did not constitute an obstacle, which, to a certain extent they do, I would rather have her dowerless."

Mr Glencairn grinned a knowing grin, but said nothing.

"When I found," Cosmo went on, "how deeply my feelings were compromised, there was but one step for me to take——"

"You declared yourself?—prematurely, perhaps?"

"No; I said nothing to the lady."

"I see; you went to her father?"

"On the contrary, I left the place at once."

Mr Glencairn was not a man swift to mirth, but this reply of Cosmo's plumbed the depths of his sense of the incongruous, and he burst into laughter loud and sincere. "I beg your pardon, Cosmo, but—the one step for you to take!—really—ha! ha!—upsets my gravity. I never understood you. I have thought it might be my fault; but now—O Lord!——" and he broke into laughter again—"but now, who but a wizard could understand a man who falls in love with a lady, and thinks that therefore 'the one step for him to take' is to fly from her at once!—frightened by the size of her fortune—is that it?—when he has a large one of his own, too—ha! ha! ha! Prodigious!"

"You misunderstand me, father."

"I hope so, my dear fellow; for the credit of your intelligence, indeed I do."

"Let me finish my statement, then. You will pardon me for saying that in my world—the distinction is your own—that in the society which I frequent, money is not *necessarily* a paramount consideration. It is important, of course, everywhere, but it can't do everything; and though in matrimonial matters it can do much, it has its limits of power there too. This lady's great prospects, though, as I quite honestly say, they are far from an inducement to me, would *not* have deterred me from—from prosecuting my suit. The suit might have been hopeless; still this consideration of her fortune would not have deterred me, because my own fortune would have, so far, removed the suspicion of mercenary motives, as you justly suggest. I would not, therefore, have run away, but for another consideration, which is really the object of my interview with you."

"Ah," said Mr Glencairn, "I'm glad we're going to reach *some* point at last. I'm really getting a little confused."

"Admitting that money is the main thing looked at, in this miserable and selfish age, where matrimony is concerned, still, even nowadays there must be some kind of respectability in the antecedents of any suitor. I should say, for instance, that certain taints must not rest on his origin, otherwise he will be rejected by the most mercenary aristocrat. I should say that the hereditary taint of felony or illegitimacy would disqualify him. Father, how do I stand in this respect?"

"Great heavens, sir! what do you mean?" cried Mr Glencairn, starting from his chair; "what do you dare to insinuate?"

"Nothing—I insinuate nothing. The honour of our blood must be as dear to me as to you. I ask a simple question. I will put it differently. Father, who are we?"

Mr Glencairn laughed scornfully. "Who *are* we? I am Archibald Glencairn, formerly principal partner in the firm of Glencairn & Co., ironmasters, now a large shareholder in the Company of that name, and a financial operator known, ay, and respected, on most European bourses. As to yourself, you are better acquainted with the subject; but if you add your own experiences to mine, the question 'Who are we?' is satisfactorily answered, I take it."

"No, father, not at all. In the sense of your answer, I require, of course, no information. I am not trifling. You treat this as an impertinence. Is that just? I am your son, and of full age; surely I am entitled to the information I demand. When I was a child, my questions were always evaded. Once only did I get a sort of answer from my uncle Wildgrave—and what an answer! It was to the effect that the less I inquired the better; that there was little to know, and that little, discreditable. In fact, I gathered that there was a flaw or a stain on my origin. I never repeated the question again; and your continued silence on the subject confirmed what my uncle hinted. Now it is everything to me to know—the truth; and I now ask you frankly, What is our pedigree?"

"Pedigree?" laughed Mr Glencairn, resuming his seat; "ha! ha! I'm afraid that has to be manufactured. Don't look so horrified; it is done every day. A mere question of money—and you are rich. I have heard that a high-priced article (including counterfeited title-deeds, and even tombstones) almost baffles an expert to detect its spuri-

ousness. If people are fools enough to value such things, they deserve to be humbugged. It is more a practical joke than a fraud, for it simulates something which, intrinsically, is nothing. The foolers and the fooled are equally beneath contempt."

"That does not touch my question, which is still unanswered. Am I to understand that you are the first of our family?"

Mr Glencairn laughed and said, "I believe my father would have resented that idea emphatically."

"Oh! you *had* a father, then—forgive me, I mean socially speaking?"

"I understand your meaning. Yes; my father was, socially speaking, a gentleman. At least I understand that a commissioned officer is technically so considered. He was a captain in the Indian army."

"And my grandmother? his *wife*?"

"My mother, his *wife*, was the daughter of an Indian judge."

Cosmo gave a sigh of relief and said, "Then—then—had he done—was there any cloud on his reputation?"

"No, I think not, 'socially speaking.' He was a foolish man, and a violent man, and a dissolute man. His death proved him to be all three, for he was shot in a duel to satisfy his antagonist's family honour, which had been outraged by him."

"But there was nothing else?"

"No; 'socially speaking,' he was clean-handed; brave, too, I believe, and even distinguished."

"Thank God!"

"Small mercies, Cosmo."

"Then my uncle Wildgrave, what did he mean?"

"Ah! your uncle was superfine. All the Wildgraves were. We must go farther back for his horror of the Glencairns."

"Your grandfather was——?"

"My grandfather was an indigo-planter in India; but not much is known about him, except that he lived in India the greater part of his life, and died there."

"And *his* wife?"

"Well, Cosmo, as far as I can make out, there *had* been some little oversight on his part about *her*. In fact—though, let us hope, in other respects, a good husband—he never went through the form of marriage with her."

Cosmo started to his feet.

"Then," he cried, "my worst fears are realised!"

"Come," said his father, "that is a little unreasonable, surely. Be thankful for wedded parents and wedded grandparents. It is really a fair allowance, as matters go."

Cosmo sank into a gloomy silence, till he remembered that the pain was (or might be) his father's as well as his own, and then, to break the pause, he said—

"I understood from my uncle or from you, long ago, that we are of Scottish descent. Is this so?"

"Oh yes; the indigo-planter certainly went from Scotland. There is no doubt about that; neither any doubt that he changed his name. But now we are on the subject, and since you are entitled to know all I know, I may as well tell it you—little though it is—once for all, and you can form what conjectures you please. You are aware, I presume, that I have an elder brother?"

"Yes; but I know nothing more than that he exists, and is in India. By the by, I understood, also, that you and he were on bad terms. You have never mentioned him to me before."

"Right; and I mention your uncle Robert now, simply because it is mainly from him that I know anything about our family history. We quarrelled, or rather, he quar-

relled with me years ago. The matter was simple enough. He grew tired of the civil service. He saw fortunes being made rapidly all round him in indigo. He thought he would like to make a fortune rapidly too—in indigo; but he lacked capital. I was prosperous; he knew it, and invited me to supply him with the necessary funds. I declined—mainly because to have disengaged so much capital from my business at that time would have thrown my own career back for years. Besides this, Robert had no business qualities; almost inevitably he would have lost the capital; and, having resigned the service, would have had nothing to fall back upon. So I refused, for his sake as much as my own. He took a wrong-headed view of things; accused me of I don't know what all, and abjured my relationship in a theatrical way which showed how just was my belief that he would have failed in indigo. Well, well, he ought to thank me now, for he is high in the service; he don't, however. His affair. In our friendly days we used often to talk together on this—this genealogical matter. He was sixteen years of age when our father died, and the statements he had from his lips amounted in effect to this: The indigo-planter—my grandfather—was of a good Scottish family; but having been very wild, as a lad, was in perpetual trouble with his people; and was at last turned out of doors by them, in consequence of an intrigue with a tenant's daughter, which scandalised the good people of the old world in a way which this more philosophical age would scarcely comprehend. He took the young woman with him to India, where, after having given birth to one child (my father), she died. His resentment against his own family was very deep (as is

often the case with those who have offended their families); probably he was theatrical, like your uncle Robert, for he had dropped their name from the moment he left home, and was never known in India by any other name than 'Glencairn.' He would conceal his real name, no doubt, by way of insult to those who had repudiated him. It is quite in keeping with Highland pride to abjure the abjurer, and scornfully spurn a connection which has already been renounced on the other side. So it is probable that his real name was never known; for he seems to have made no secret that the name we inherit from him was assumed—and the true name, had it been known, would likely have come down to us as this fact has come. No record of a marriage was left by him; nor is there any tradition that he owned to, or pretended to, a marriage. The evidence is all the other way. Old Mr Denwick—the father of my friend and benefactor—was the indigo-planter's intimate friend in India, and became my father's guardian; and being still alive at his death, was for a time the guardian of us children, which trust he bequeathed to his son—my friend, to whom I owe nearly everything. I think, therefore, that if there had been anything else to know, we should have learnt it through the Denwicks: unquestionably, if there had been any grounds for believing that my father (who was most anxious and sensitive on the subject) was born in wedlock, these grounds would have been stated. Mr Denwick, however, denied all knowledge of the existence of such grounds. Here, then, is a blank, which can only, I think, be interpreted in one way. My father, according to Robert, had a variety of theories, some of which he shared, which made for his own legitimacy. I apprehend they had no solid basis.

What is conclusive to me is, that no man who was not both a maniac and a villain would have condemned his son to the penalties of illegitimacy, by wantonly suppressing evidence of his marriage, because it was contracted in a name which would have identified his son with the race which he had abjured. There, Cosmo, that is positively all I know. If some one could weave a clean pedigree out of it, and identify us with a decent family, I should be glad of it for your sake. For myself, I have got on so well *without* a pedigree, that I confess to some indifference on the subject."

When this cold and passionless summation was concluded, there was silence for some time. At last Cosmo groaned out, rather as thinking aloud than as addressing his father, "This accursed taint! can it *ever* be removed?" And then his father spoke. "I see," he said, "you have inherited the Wild-graves' ideas. *They* put the same question to themselves, *apropos* of me, and answered it in the negative. Well, that unlucky old indigo-planter *has* a good deal to answer for. I heard enough about him in my young days, when, like you, I aspired to marry into a proud family. I don't owe him a dutiful thought, I can tell you. But how many generations is he to keep in the shade? When do you suppose illegitimacy ceases to disqualify? Three generations make a gentleman, it is said: if so, they abrogate the bar; and you are the third from it. Is it not notorious that nowadays the bar-sinister, provided it is gilt, is no bar to social success? Times have changed since my youth. The world is more sensible; and you have the advantage of a generation over me. You have other advantages—position, solid wealth, lineage undisputed on one side. Fall back upon your mother's pedigree.

With that and £10,000 a-year and prospects—ay, and *prospects*—you are good enough for any of them. Take my word for it. If *they* think not, do as I did—take your own way. With the lady on your side, you can afford to laugh at them. They'll "come round in time, and soon enough. May I ask who the noble lord is?"

"I would rather not mention the name."

"As you please; but whoever he is, he'll come round if the lady is on your side."

"My dear father, the lady doesn't dream of me; but even were it as you suggest, still you misunderstand the case. In some ways I do recognise the justice of what you say. It does seem monstrous that a bar like this should hang, like a felon's fetter, on generation after generation. But this is an exceptional case. The lady is not only her father's heiress,—she is the last of her family—an ancient and historical house, which must merge in the race with which she intermarries. Do you think, then, it would be honourable, without the concurrence of her father—the last male depositary of the family honours, traditions, and *prestige*—to persuade his daughter to an alliance which would couple their noble name with this ignoble bar? Don't you think it would be something like stealing a possession more valuable in their eyes than all their wealth?"

"No, I don't; but I *do* think, if you'll excuse me for saying so, that you are talking common nonsense. If the lady is the sole heiress of the family *prestige* (a shadowy inheritance, by the by), she is as much entitled to have an opinion about its disposition as about the disposal of the family wealth. You would have no scruples as to the latter appanage, which is of real importance; why,

then, about the former, which is a dream—an idea? Well, well, well. You *are* a gentleman; you *have* your three generations, and that obliterates the bar, to which, I am very sure, this ungenealogical age will never say 'nay.'"

"I am very sure, however, that the noble lord in question will."

"Then the noble lord in question is an —, is no wiser than he should be."

"That may be; but he is the guardian of his family honour, and has a right to his own opinion. What that would be, I know too well. He is the proudest of the proud. Twenty generations would not erase this blot. The suitor who seeks *his* approbation had need be immaculate."

"Then take your own way; win the lady, and leave the rest to time."

Cosmo sank into silence and abstraction. His father's arguments; his own delicate sense of honour; the old peer's pride and prejudices; his own sense of justice; the conflict between the fading dogmas of past generations and the fresh and liberal views of modern life; the eclipse of privilege; and the triumph of individual merit over inherited *prestige*,—these, with his own fond wishes, rushed through his mind, clashing here, coinciding there, tumultuous and chaotic. And slowly from this confusion the dim outline of a compromise evolved itself, which, marking with judicial severity that which made against Cosmo, as well as that which made for him, yielded this balance in his favour, that that which in him was lacking *might* be supplied by personal distinction, won by *personal* effort. That would obliterate flaws — of which justice claimed the obliteration—and by a nobler expedient than the brute force of wealth.

"Ah!" he murmured aloud; "now would be the time to concentrate vague ambitions and desul-

tory efforts! Could I but make a name for myself—a great reputation . . . then, indeed . . . but what can I do? . . . Yes, achievement is the root of real aristocracy. He who achieves must be nobler than he who merely inherits the rewards of achievement.”

“Right, sir! right! therefore achieve.”

Cosmo started to find he had been thinking aloud, and that his father's eyes were fixed upon him with a half-friendly, half-mocking expression.

He rose, and said—

“Father, I thank you for your information and advice. The unknown evil is always more formidable than that which we see, and my fears were greater than the fact. The fact is, however, sufficiently grave; indeed, an obstacle all but insurmountable, though, *possibly*, in one way—— Well, there is no good pursuing the subject. One explanation, however, I must make. In my anxiety to know the disability which birth lays me under, I may have seemed to you to imply that, that being removed, no other impediment would remain. If I conveyed that impression, let me now correct it. That I am unworthy of this lady, I am very certain; that she might think otherwise is but a dream.”

“Well, Cosmo, as I said before, I don't understand you, and never shall, I suppose; but what, then, does the whole thing amount to?”

“It amounts to this, that I came away from—from a certain influence, to dissipate dreams, or, if you please, to deaden pain, by using my faculties and acquirements, such as they are, in some active sphere. I still wish to find that sphere. Our conversation has, at least, made no difference in that desire.”

“There is but one obvious sphere for a man in your position, of your

culture and general views, and that is the sphere of politics. You have surely turned your thoughts in that direction?”

“Yes, I have; but there are obstacles——”

“Obstacles! obstacles! obstacles!” shouted Mr Glencairn. “Lions in every path! This passes patience! Is this all that comes of an interminable education?”

Cosmo felt somewhat abashed at the rude justice of these remarks, but replied—

“I did not say that in *this* case the obstacles were insuperable. But it has appeared to me that when a man goes into political life, he ought to be able to identify himself heartily with one of the great parties—otherwise his career will be a failure, and he himself useless. I have never, as yet, seen my way to unqualified enlistment with any party.”

“Oh, if that is all, it is a small matter! Every one leans towards certain outlines of political belief, sentiment, prejudice, or what you please to call it. With this party or that or the other, he will find that these outlines are followed in a general way. No thinking man can honestly pledge himself to conform to all the details of all the measures which a party may support. All he can hope is to be able to subscribe to the general sentiment which guides it—to recognise its key-note as his own. I should fancy that your views are moderate, and that this should not be difficult to you.”

“No, certainly; but I have strong opinions on some important subjects which have been made shibboleths of party adhesion, though no general principle, as distinctive of either party, is involved in them. Well, you can see that, if I were honest in my declarations, I should run a very strong chance of falling between

two stools, and failing to be returned. Suppose I go consistently with the Conservatives on all but one subject, but that that subject has *arbitrarily* been made a Conservative test; I should expect that the Conservatives would oppose me for my defection on that point, and the Liberals for my generally Conservative views, and *vice versâ*. Well, but suppose, nevertheless, I *did* get into the House. I should not go there without ambition; and do you think I could look for political advancement from a party to which I ran counter on one or more test-questions?"

"Ah, well, when a man has been in the House for a little, and sees things from nearer points of view, it's wonderful how well he manages to harmonise his views, on the whole, with his party—unless, of course, he is a crack-brained crotcheteer, when he is not worth considering. By the by, if it is only a question of *getting into* the House, there, I think, I could help you. Indeed it would suit me *personally* to do so. There is a borough in which we—I—have much to say. It is not much of a *political* borough; indeed I don't think the good folk there care two straws about any public question. They have a local interest to promote—a healthy legitimate interest—and what they chiefly want is a member who will nurse this interest. To a moderate man on either side, who would give some time and trouble to this affair, I think I could almost guarantee the seat. I take it that you have a Conservative bias, but that on some points you are inclined for discreetly liberal progress?"

"Yes; I think that, on the whole, defines my position."

"Very well, I will now give you all the details, and you can think it over. I may say that I believe

the sitting member will apply for the Chiltern Hundreds at the end of this session."

Mr Glencairn then briefly laid the details before his son, and, at last, the longest conversation that had ever taken place between them, came to a close.

There is no doubt that the direct and unsentimental view which Mr Glencairn had taken of every subject discussed had produced its effect upon Cosmo, and carried him farther than he could have believed towards his father's position. He had half admitted that, under certain conditions of compromise, his hopes need not be altogether abandoned; and now his father's prompt energy was hurrying him towards a step which *might* lead to these conditions, and which certainly would force him into a sphere of activity, between which and others he had vacillated—doubtful of the maturity of his powers and preparation—doubtful where his special aptitude lay. Even for his own mere peace of mind, he felt that active employment was now indispensable. Open to him, apparently beyond a doubt, an honourable sphere now lay. Would it not be well, then, to abandon hesitation? To cut himself free from this eternal weighing of alternatives, and combating of scruples? The step *might* lead to this or that eventually; in the meantime, it meant "work," which nothing else offered. Would it not be well, then, to close with what would supply this supreme necessity? And if it meant hope, too? *Did* it mean hope, too? Well, at least nothing made a fairer offer of it.

Before Cosmo slept that night, his resolve was taken; and next morning he communicated to his father that the borough of — might consider itself suited with a nurse for its "healthy local interest."

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE EAST.

THE most prominent feature in the policy of the new President of the United States is the determination which he has manifested to reform the Civil Service. The abuses which have sprung up under a system that deprived meritorious public officers of all hope of advancement, or even of permanent employment, under the Government, had, as may be readily imagined, a most demoralising effect. An official career being out of the question, nothing was left to those who, through political jobbery, had worked themselves into the public service, but to make the most of their fleeting opportunities. In the Revenue and other departments involving the handling of cash, embezzlement, fraud, and corruption on a large scale have been systematically practised; while in other branches of the Government service which did not offer the same financial facilities, the temporary occupants of office have often sought to make political capital or to gain notoriety, regardless of those restraints which official propriety and the important functions intrusted to them should have imposed. The abuse has finally become so intolerable, that public sentiment has forced upon the Government the task of initiating a radical reform of the Civil Service. President Hayes, ably seconded by Mr Grant, has resolutely set himself to the task of sweeping out the Augean stable, of dismissing those who are incompetent or who have proved themselves untrustworthy, and of retaining such as it would be a public loss to remove merely because they were the nominees of his predecessor. The effect of so novel a measure has been to cause great discontent among the political adherents of the Government, who

are usually paid for their services by the patronage which the President has it in his power to bestow; while it has evoked the warm approval of all the independent, respectable, and honest classes of the community, who desire to see the public departments of the State more purely and efficiently administered.

While this reform cannot fail to produce the most beneficial results at home, it will have a no less desirable effect abroad. Foreign Powers come into contact with American institutions only through its diplomatic agents; and it must be admitted that in no branch of the public service is reform more important than in that one which furnishes the representative specimens of the nation. Absence of all diplomatic training, entire ignorance of international usages and of the etiquette of the profession, have unfortunately too often characterised the agents whose political services earn them foreign employment with every change of President. It is almost unknown in American diplomacy for a Secretary of Legation ever to become a Minister, though such instances do occur; while it is an almost invariable rule for every foreign Minister to be recalled after a four years' service, with no chance of ever being employed again. The consequence is, that the career is only looked upon as a stepping-stone to political advancement at home; and there is a strong temptation to use the position and influence which it confers to advance any private ends that may tell politically, perfectly irrespective of the obligations and duties by which the diplomats of other nations feel themselves bound. There are, of course, exceptions to

this rule; and such men as the late Mr Motley, George Bancroft the historian, Mr John Jay, Mr Reverdy Johnson, Mr Russell Lowell, the new Minister to Madrid, Mr Bayard Taylor, and Mr Kasson, are worthy representatives; while the names of others who have recently represented the United States in this country, Spain, and elsewhere, will at once occur to our readers as specimens of the class, which we trust would not be possible under Mr Hayes's new Civil Service Reform Administration. There are others of a higher stamp than these, men of character and education, who yet have placed themselves in a false position diplomatically; partly, it may be, from ignorance—and partly, possibly, from that desire to obtain a notoriety and popularity which may insure their future political advancement at home. The momentous crisis which is now pending in the East invests the diplomatic proceedings of the various foreign political agents in those countries with a peculiar importance; and if we now select one of them as an illustration of the truth of our remarks, it is not because we have any desire to underrate the talents or to impugn the motives of the official in question, but because the consequences of his action have been too important to be allowed to pass unnoticed, and because, in the interests of the Government which he represents, and of the great issues which are at stake, we feel bound to point out the grave inconveniences which must arise from an official laxity and disregard of the conventional rules of diplomacy on the part of the representatives of a great nation.

For the last year or more, the most prominent figure among American diplomats in Europe has been Mr Eugene Schuyler, at this moment Consul-General and Secretary of the Legation at Constantinople. Like other American diplomats, he had

never filled any position in the service prior to his appointment some years ago to the post of Secretary of Legation at St Petersburg. Occupying as he did an official position, which seemed in itself to offer a guarantee for reserve and discretion, while his Government maintained cordial relations with that to which he was accredited, Mr Schuyler found no difficulty in obtaining a permission which would certainly have been refused to his British colleague, to visit the Khanates of Central Asia. The moment was propitious for the Khivan difficulty; and the numerous questions arising out of the progress of the Russian armies towards the Indian frontier, were already furnishing materials for an active and somewhat sharp correspondence between the Governments of England and Russia.

On his return from a long and interesting expedition, Mr Schuyler drew up an elaborate report upon what he had seen, or rather heard, during his stay at Khiva and the Khanates, and addressed it to his chief, Mr Marshall Jewell, then United States Minister at St Petersburg. This gentleman forwarded it in due course to the then Secretary of State, Mr Hamilton Fish; and this report was injudiciously communicated to Congress, with other documents, and published in 1874. Mr Nicolas de Voight, then Russian *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, immediately transmitted it to his Government. It is scarcely necessary to add that its publication occasioned the liveliest dissatisfaction in Russia. It gave rise to numerous protests, not only against the author's facts, but against the conclusions he drew from them, and his political estimates generally. In the meantime Mr Boker had succeeded Mr Jewell as United States Minister at St Petersburg, and was at once made aware of the painful impres-

sion which the publication of this Report had produced. The Russian Legation at Washington did not conceal the resentment which had been thus excited, and the United States Government saw fit, in consequence, ultimately to remove its Secretary of Legation from St Petersburg. Mr Boker himself seemed to recognise the necessity of this step. He had already acquired the reputation, to which he was justly entitled, of having given evidences of his political impartiality during his mission to Turkey, and had received marked tokens of the Sultan's personal esteem. It was only natural, therefore, that he should desire to inaugurate his relations with the Court of Russia in a manner agreeable to it. Nothing daunted by the black looks which surrounded him, the Secretary of Legation not only remained at his post during the interval of dissatisfaction caused by the impressions to which he had given rise, but occupied himself with writing a book, which was shortly afterwards published in London, and which contained at greater length than it was possible to embody in a report, details of even a more serious character. The publication, in his official capacity, of a book containing matter gravely reflecting on the methods of administration employed by the Government to which he was accredited, did not seem to strike the head of his department in Washington as a very serious breach of diplomatic etiquette; and the only consequence of the episode was the transference of the author in the same capacity to Constantinople, which furnished him with the opportunity which he seemed to seek, of allaying the irritation he had produced in Russia, by vehemently and publicly espousing the Panславic cause in Turkey. The events in Bulgaria afforded him this opportunity, and there can be little doubt that he used it with success. With

the exception of Mr Gladstone and Mr Freeman, it may safely be asserted that no one has worked harder to serve the cause of Panславism than Mr Schuyler. So far as this gentleman is concerned, we regret extremely that we should be obliged to give so much prominence to his proceedings. We have no desire to reflect upon Mr Schuyler, of whom we know nothing, personally; but the consequences of the public acts performed in his official capacity in defiance of all official proprieties, have exercised so important an influence on questions closely touching the interests of the Powers of Europe (but not at all those of the United States), that we feel justified in calling attention to the inconvenience attending the lax views which have prevailed in Washington, in regard to the duties attaching to a diplomatic position, and to irregularities which have not been sufficiently censured. The active interference of the representatives of the United States in European affairs in which their country has no direct interest, even if strictly confined within the limits of diplomatic usage, would be officious and unwarranted by the policy which is supposed to guide their relations with foreign countries, known as the "Monroe doctrine;" but when this interference transcends diplomatic usage, and their agents make use of their official position and character to obtain information, not otherwise accessible, for the purpose of influencing European public opinion through the press, on questions which in no way concern them, we are compelled, even at the risk of seeming personal, to illustrate the inconvenience of such proceedings by facts which cannot be denied.

It was at the moment when all Europe was agitated by the events which were transpiring in Turkey, and when a question pregnant with the gravest consequences, exclu-

sively European in character, was on the point of exploding, that the American Consul-General and Secretary of Legation at Constantinople plunges into the arena, and—in justice to his Government it should be observed, without its knowledge—energetically enters upon a campaign in the newspapers, against the Government to which he is accredited. Had Mr Maynard, the United States Minister at Constantinople, been a trained diplomat, it is probable he would not have tolerated such a breach of propriety on the part of his subordinate; but Mr Maynard, though a man of character and honour, did not seem to perceive that the conduct of his Secretary of Legation was at once a professional scandal and a departure from the fixed policy of his Government. Possibly he as little suspected as did the Turkish Government, when they granted a firman to Mr Schuyler to visit, in his official capacity, the scene of the Bulgarian atrocities, that he was going to use the weapon thus placed in his hands against those who had furnished him with it. It is needless to enter here into the question of the truth of Mr Schuyler's reports. The barbarities which he reported as having been committed by the Russians in Central Asia, gave rise to vehement contradictions, but we refrain from any discussion of the entire accuracy of his statements in either case. All we insist upon is, that his Report should have been furnished exclusively to his own Government, and not sent by him to the newspapers; so that the first intimation which the State Department at Washington received of the activity of their Consul-General in Turkey, was through the public journals, in which a telegram appeared one day to the effect that the Report of Mr Schuyler upon Bulgarian affairs had been pub-

lished,—a Report that had never been heard of in the State Department till then, much less received, and which the Secretary of State denied had ever been authorised by him. Such an episode would simply be impossible in the diplomatic service of any other country.

It should be remarked that no parallel can be drawn by Mr Schuyler between his action and that of Mr Baring. England, as a guaranteeing Power, and one which had spent blood and treasure for the defence of Turkey, could claim privileges in that country to which the United States is not entitled. The interests at stake affected her policy both at home and abroad; and the Government were compelled, by the agitation which sensational reports of events in Bulgaria had produced in England, to send Mr Baring on a special mission, and to publish, for the information of Parliament, then highly excited on the subject, his report in a Blue-book. Mr Baring would never have ventured, notwithstanding the peculiar relations which have bound England to Turkey, to impose such a mission upon himself, and afterwards to send direct to the London papers the account of it for publication without the knowledge of his Government.

It is manifest that a service in which such things are possible, and which is composed rather of amateurs than of professionals, who refuse to be bound by the traditions which govern their colleagues, or to accept the standard of official honour and etiquette which has been adopted by universal consent and sanctioned by the usages of centuries, must be productive of the greatest confusion in the conduct of international affairs. Hence it is that we hail the determination of the present Cabinet to assimilate to some extent the American diplomatic service to that of other nations with the warmest satisfaction.

It is only due to the Secretary of State's Department at Washington to say that Mr Fish immediately communicated to Mr Maynard at Constantinople his disapproval of Mr Schuyler's proceedings; but the mischief had been done, the publication of the Report having been precipitated in order to add fuel to fire which had already been kindled in England by the news of the "Bulgarian atrocities." In fact, the difficulties with which our own Government had to contend were principally created by a popular agitation, to produce which the publication of an unauthorised Report by an American Secretary of Legation had largely contributed; thus showing that it is in the power of any foreign diplomat, who totally disregards the rules and obligations of his profession, to hamper the home as well as the foreign policy of countries with which he has no concern.

Equally reprehensible with the publication of this Report was the transmission, also unknown to his Government, of sensational telegrams by this gentleman to European papers, in his official capacity, and of which the following is a specimen:—

"FRANZ FISHER,
77 Breitestrasse, Cologne.

"In Panigmischte 3000 people killed by Baschibazouks and regular troops. Almost all women ravished, also boys and old men. Koprishitza, Klinoma, entirely destroyed. Rose-oil trade at an end. 280 killed. Every day cases of rape, robbery, and murder. No security of life. The highest degree of destitution prevails.

"Consuls of Austria, France, Russia, America, and Greece, have formed an aid committee at Philippopoli, and have declared themselves witnesses of all cruelties. False testimony secured by torture.

"Seven Baschibazouk chiefs, decorated.

(Signed) "SCHNEIDER.
"SCHUYLER.

"PHILIPPOLI, 9th August 1876."

Schneider was the name of the German newspaper correspondent with whom the American Secretary of Legation, under an imperial firman, was co-operating at the time against the Government which had granted it to him.

In acting thus, Mr Schuyler was not merely outraging the usages of his profession, and furnishing the Government to which he was accredited with just cause of complaint, but was violating the Consular Rules of the United States. In Article 1119 of these rules the following passage occurs: "Nor shall any diplomatic or consular officer correspond in regard to the public affairs of any foreign Government with any *private person, newspaper, or other periodical*, or otherwise than with the proper officers of the United States." In the diplomatic documents which were communicated to Congress in December 1876, Mr Fish had the good taste not to include this Report of Mr Schuyler's; but he found himself compelled to produce it later, in consequence of a motion by Senator Anthony of Rhode Island—though, considering the circumstances under which it had originated, we think he should have not only withheld it from the Senate out of courtesy towards the Porte, but have recalled its author for irregularity of conduct. The Senate, however, took no notice of the Report. What would the American Government have said if, during their civil war, the Turkish Secretary of Legation had published sensational reports in the European newspapers, appealing to the humanity of Europe in behalf of Southern prisoners suffering in Northern prisons, based on his own official inspection? We do not mean to draw any parallel between the sufferings of Bulgarians and the sufferings of the rebels; but we do insist that the principle is the same, and that the

American Government is bound not to tolerate conduct on the part of one of its own public servants which it would have indignantly protested against in the case of an official of another Power. Finding that his diplomatic extravagancies, while incurring the severe censure they deserved, produced a not unpleasing notoriety, Mr Schuyler writes to Mr Gladstone a letter, to which the latter alludes in a speech made at a meeting at Taunton on the 27th of January last, in the following terms: "I have had, within a few days, the honour of a letter from Mr Schuyler, United States Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Constantinople, in which he says he is about to make a further report upon the trials and executions in Bulgaria, and on the state of the province. I think you will find in it, he writes, abundant confirmation of the remark at which Selim Effendi took offence." Mr Gladstone commented upon this communication as follows: "I quote this because those who wish to lull the people of England into ignoble slumber, are fond of saying there has been exaggeration on this subject." Now we would ask, what business has the American Secretary of Legation at Constantinople to be in any such correspondence with the most prominent political antagonist of the British Government, and to use his official position as a foreign diplomat, to furnish him with political weapons which could not otherwise be obtained, and which were to be used in England for party purposes? If this is unjustifiable in regard to England, it is still less excusable in the case of Turkey. Whether Mr Gladstone will turn out to have been an enemy to the true interests of his own country or not, we shall leave time to show; that he is the most bitter and uncompromising enemy of Turkey he would not himself deny.

And the eagerness which Mr Schuyler evinced, while filling a confidential position at the Court of a friendly Power, to rush into private correspondence with its most bitter and dangerous opponent, and to afford him information to carry on a political campaign against it, was so glaring a breach of international propriety, that the Ottoman Government felt bound to bring the proceedings of Mr Schuyler under the notice of the Cabinet at Washington, and to point out, that it was not by exciting popular passion that calm could be restored to the East. This was immediately after the failure of the Constantinople Conference, but at the moment when the Porte had entered into peace negotiations with Servia and Montenegro, and while popular passions were for the moment slumbering. The Ottoman Government begged, therefore, that the Secretary of State would forbid, by telegraph, the publication of any new report. Mr Fish acted on this occasion with a great deal of loyalty. He wrote officially: "Prior to the receipt of the complaint, I had sent a telegraphic instruction to the United States Minister at Constantinople, which, it is hoped, will prevent a continuance of a correspondence to which the Ottoman Government has reason to object." The orders of Mr Fish were this time obeyed. Mr Schuyler had hitherto ignored them; for in spite of the reproof of the Secretary of State on the occasion of the publication of his first Report, he had continued to prepare another, and to write, as we have seen, to Mr Gladstone. At the same time, he seems to have felt himself obliged to account to the public for the enforced silence; and the following telegram, quoted from the 'Scotsman,' dated March 23d, appeared in a well-known journal in New York, with the heading, "Energy and Courage Discountenanced:"—

"The London correspondent of the Edinburgh 'Scotsman' says he regrets to hear that Mr Eugene Schuyler, United States Consul-General at Constantinople, is in difficulty with the Washington Government in consequence of his published communications about Turkish outrages. Only one cause can be assigned, if the report be true, and it is the prominent part which Mr Schuyler took in ferreting out and laying bare before the world the horrible butcheries of the Turks in Bulgaria. Probably Turkey has requested his recall."

Whether or not this was an attempt on the part of Mr Schuyler to enlist public sympathy on his behalf against his own Government, it is impossible for us to judge. Certain it is, however, that while manifesting an entire disregard of the effect which his public writings might produce upon the feelings of those he attacked, and while ready to acquire popularity at their expense, he was extremely sensitive to anything like newspaper criticism which placed his own conduct in an unfavourable light. An article, for instance, appeared in a Constantinople paper called 'La Turquie,' to the following effect:—

"Cumul d'attributions incompatibles."

"Mr Schuyler, Secretary of the United States Legation, and Consul-General—that same Mr Schuyler who has acquired a certain celebrity by his accounts, more imaginary than truthful, of the massacres in Bulgaria—having learned that a commission was to go to Slimia for the trial of Cheffket Pasha, implicated in these events, wished to go also, for the purpose, it appears, of continuing the part which he had already performed in those localities.

"To that effect, Mr Schuyler applied to the Sublime Porte for a vizierial letter, as he had done once before. It was refused, and the Government was right.

"If Mr Schuyler, like his English colleague, had been instructed by his Legation with a mission of any kind, the Imperial Government would cer-

tainly not have declined to grant the required letter; on the contrary, it would have at once given it, as it is itself chiefly interested in knowing who the culprits are, and in punishing them with the full rigour of the laws.

"But Mr Schuyler, during his first journey in Bulgaria, having rather acted the part of a newspaper correspondent than of a diplomatic agent, the Porte could not do otherwise, on this occasion, than treat him as a journalist whose tendencies were already known.

"Indeed, Mr Schuyler has addressed to various newspapers open telegrams and correspondence, wherein the facts were singularly exaggerated. Everything he said was believed in as an article of faith, Mr Schuyler's diplomatic character being a guarantee of veracity for the newspapers as well as for their readers. Now, we repeat it, in this circumstance, Mr Schuyler was but a newspaper correspondent, who wanted to see around him nothing but massacres and dead bodies.

"We do not know in what manner the American Government will judge the conduct of its functionary; but it is certain that it is far from being in conformity with the Monroe doctrine, which regulates the relations of the United States with the countries of other continents."

On the next day, Mr Horace Maynard addressed to Safvet Pasha an official note to the following effect:—

"CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 27, 1876.

"SIR,—I beg to call your attention to an article in 'La Turquie' of yesterday, entitled 'Cumul d'attributions incompatibles,' reflecting unkindly upon the Secretary of this Legation, and indelicate towards the Legation itself, ending by a discourteous allusion to the Government of the United States of America. The whole article is offensive in tone, and inexact in statement.

"I submit the matter to your Excellency to take such steps in the premises as the Ottoman Government may think due to the friendly representation of a friendly Power in conformity with the law applicable to such cases.—Please accept, &c.

(Signed) "HORACE MAYNARD."

The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs replied to this as follows :—

(*Translation.*)

“*SUBLIME PORTE, Dec. 12, 1876.*

“*M. LE MINISTRE*,—I have received the note which you were pleased to address me, on the 27th of November last, relating to the article which appeared in the newspaper ‘*La Turquie*,’ on the 26th of that month, and entitled ‘*Cumul d’attributions incompatibles.*’

“It is true that that article contains a severe criticism on the personal acts which have obtained for Mr Schuyler some notoriety in regard to the events of the Bulgarian insurrection, and which have, whether rightly or wrongly, alienated from him public sentiment in our country.

“But I have vainly tried to discover in the expressions of that article, as well as in the thoughts which prompted it, the least offensive intention against the official character of Mr Schuyler, inasmuch as this was not in question at the time of his peregrinations in Roumelia ; and, doubtless, it is not in that capacity that he has addressed to foreign newspapers, correspondence which did not spare in the least our national susceptibilities.

“Neither have I perceived that the article referred to made any improper allusion calculated to wound the Legation of the United States at the Sublime Porte nor the Federal Government itself ; and it is evident that, taken as a whole, that publication could not have the offensive character which you deem proper to attribute to it, and which would render it subject to the exceptional provisions of the law.

“We have nothing more nearly at heart, *M. le Ministre*, than to exhibit towards you, as representative of a Government whose friendship we appreciate to the highest degree, such consideration and regard as should testify our sincere and constant attachment for the good relations which we have always desired to maintain with the United States ; but, in the present case, we must regret our inability to share with you the idea that there could have been, on the part of the newspaper ‘*La Turquie*,’ any injury inflicted upon the official character of

the Secretary and Consul-General of the American Mission, or that we should be authorised in deviating, in this instance, from the ordinary provisions of the legislation in force.

“If Mr Schuyler believes himself offended, either in his reputation or in his honour, by the imputed article, we are ready to aid him with the legal means, in order to obtain the redress which he might have the right to exact from the newspaper ‘*La Turquie*,’ under the protection of the law which regulates offences of that nature ; but we should be misjudged by the American people, who, on all occasions, show themselves so nobly jealous of their liberties and prerogatives, if we were to consent to assimilate the case which forms the object of your communication, to an extra-legal question, in which the honour and the dignity of the American Mission were engaged.

“I therefore, *M. le Ministre*, deeply regret my inability to satisfy the request you have done me the honour to address me, otherwise than by remaining within the limits prescribed to me, as well by the sincere desire of being agreeable to you, as by the obligation of satisfying the requirements of common law relating to Press matters.

“Be pleased to accept, &c.

“*SAFVET.*”

Considering the tone habitually employed by the American journals towards their own public men, and the reckless abuse in which they indulge of officials from the President downwards, there is something very grotesque in this sensitive citizen of a free country crying out to the very Government that he has denounced in the foreign press for redress against the legitimate criticism which his irregular conduct had justly evoked in a local newspaper. The result was not a success, either so far as the Minister or the Secretary were concerned. A trained diplomat would never have exposed himself to such a snub as *Safvet Pasha* administered to Mr Maynard, one doubly significant in the case of an American, who thus afforded a Turk an opportunity of reading him a lesson on the respect

which was due to the liberty of the press. Fortunately, foreign ministers at Washington do not pay any attention to the attacks of newspapers, of which they are occasionally the victims—in which the terms “drunkard,” “robber,” “cheat,” have been freely applied. They prefer making a collection of these articles, which could not appear in any other country, as curiosities, the more especially as they have done nothing to deserve them. It is impossible for the ordinary imagination to conceive the abuse which the Northern newspapers would have lavished upon any foreign diplomatic agent who, during the civil war, had openly espoused the cause of the South in the European press under his official signature.

We regret to have been compelled to go into this disagreeable history with so much detail, but it involves a principle too important to be overlooked. It is evident that this abuse of confidential functions must lead to the gravest inconvenience if tolerated. The English Government has a right to complain of the active part an American Secretary of Legation has been able to take in English politics, through the facilities afforded by his official position abroad. Much more has the Turkish Government the right to protest against conduct, which the United States Government would be the first to resent were the cases reversed. If Mr Schuyler wishes to continue a public champion of a certain class of Ottoman subjects, he has a perfect right to his hobby, but he is bound to resign his appointment. It is perfectly intolerable that he or any one else should be allowed to use their official position to *exploiter* the Eastern Question with a view to obtaining a political notoriety because it may be of use to them later. The question is too serious, and the interests at stake are too important

and far-reaching, for them to be trifled with by any single individual. And here let us remember that any other man who held the same position could have caused quite as much sensation as Mr Schuyler has done. The notoriety which he has achieved could be gained by any diplomatic agent who was permitted by his Government to be a newspaper correspondent at the same time.

Moreover, the relations which have always existed between Turkey and the United States have been such as to render the crusade undertaken against the former Power by Mr Schuyler doubly inexcusable. We have in the public archives at Washington abundant evidence of the kindly feeling which has invariably been manifested by the Porte towards America. Before the treaty of 1830, we find reports from Mr David Offley, and Commodores Rodgers and Crane, to Presidents Adams and Jackson and to the Department of State, stating that American ships of war, merchant vessels, and official agents, had been “treated with the greatest kindness and courtesy.” After 1830 the relations were not only more cordial, but there was a certain identity of feeling or policy on the question of political refugees who, from Hungary, Poland, and Italy, found an asylum as well in Turkey as in the United States. When, in 1853, the Austrian authorities were compelled to deliver Coszta, an Hungarian by birth, but an American citizen, to the United States naval officer at Smyrna, Austria protested energetically in Washington against the proceeding; but Mr Marcy, then Secretary of State, contended that as the affair took place in Turkish waters, the only Power which had any right to interfere was Turkey, and as she had abstained from action, no other Power had any *locus standi*. Without

discussing Mr Marcy's theory, the fact remains that the silence of the Porte upon that occasion enabled the American Government to escape a serious diplomatic dilemma. Then we have Mr Boker writing to Mr Fish in November 1873, to the effect that, "the whole course of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in his official relations with me has been one of exceptional respect and unflinching kindness." In July 1875 Mr Maynard writes to Mr Fish in regard to "the American Roberts College" on the Bosphorus: "As far as I can judge, there is a very general kind feeling entertained for the institution, and the very able men at its head; and I cannot doubt that its influence, silent and inoffensive as it appears to be, will do much to promote friendship and good correspondence between the two Governments. It is this aspect of the subject, that has induced me to dignify it with this official communication." And in another despatch Mr Maynard alludes to "the evident disinclination on the part of the Ottoman authorities to incur the displeasure of our Government, towards which, in various ways, they have manifested kind feelings." We could multiply quotations of this nature, but we have said enough to show that there was a want of generosity as well as a lack of discipline in Mr Schuyler's procedure; and that if he still feels himself compelled by his humanitarian instincts publicly to expose atrocities, common courtesy demands that those committed by Cossacks and Bulgarians should have his first attention. So far as a portion of the press in his own country is concerned, their ignorance of the facts we have narrated, has doubtless led them into an erroneous appreciation of his position and conduct, as the following paragraph, which lately appeared in some of the newspapers, will show: "Consul-Gen-

eral Schuyler, who exposed the Bulgarian atrocities, deserved the handsome courtesies shown to him in some quarters in London. Mr Evarts, too, has paid him the handsome compliment of declining to accede to Turkey's request for his recall."

As a matter of fact no such demand has ever been made, though there can be little doubt that the Porte would be perfectly justified in making it. We believe Mr Evarts to be a man of too much experience and intelligence to desire to wound the sensibilities of a friendly Power by retaining at his post an individual who has made himself personally obnoxious to it; and we have little doubt that he would long ago have acted spontaneously in the matter had the above facts been brought to his notice, and if the correspondence between Mr Maynard and Safvet Pasha, relative to the article in 'La Turquie,' which we have quoted above, had ever been forwarded from the United States Legation at Constantinople to the American State Department. This we can positively assert was not done at the time, and we have good reason to believe that this curious document has never reached Washington to this day. In recalling Mr Schuyler, Mr Evarts would only be acting in accordance with the policy expressed by the United States in cases which we might possibly have occasion to cite, in which the Government have declared "that they appreciate the duty of a friendly Power not to have retained an agent who has ceased to enjoy their kindly sentiments."

The only demand which the Porte has made, was a request that his Government would stop Mr Schuyler's irregular publications. But this had been anticipated by a telegraphic despatch from the State Department at Washington, order-

ing an end to be put to a correspondence "to which the Ottoman Government has reason to object." Meantime a perfectly false and unwarrantable impression has been produced in Turkey by conduct on the part of an American official, which might almost be construed into an active partisanship, morally implicating his Government. The American policy was, however, a stranger to any such attitude; and this is so true that the United States Government not only repudiated any participation in Mr Schuyler's acts, but, with reference to European affairs, announced, after the declaration of war, that "the Government of the United States will now, as heretofore, be found earnest in maintaining an attitude of neutrality in European contests."

The President has proclaimed the same principles in his inaugural address. This question affects, then, not merely the grave interests at stake in the East, but it touches the dignity of the United States itself. So long as its agents can, in an amateur capacity, commit their country to a line of conduct opposed to its traditions, as well as to the solemnly declared policy of the Government, and can continue with impunity to suppress the records of their diplomatic blunders, will they expose their country to an unfavourable criticism.

Fortunately it is rarely in the power of any one man in any service, however irregular his conduct may be, to work such incalculable mischief, and contribute to produce such disastrous results, as Mr Schuyler has done. As we have already said, with the exception of Mr Gladstone, there has been no more cruel friend to the populations he desired to serve than this gentleman. Had it not been for the agitation in England, led by Mr Gladstone, based largely on the re-

ports of Mr Schuyler, Russia would never have been forced into a position which compelled her ultimately, as the recognised champion of the Christians, to declare war against Turkey. Nothing was further from her original intention than to go to war with that Power. The best friends of the Christians in Turkey saw clearly the terrible fate which was in store for them, should their provinces ever become the battle-field of rival creeds; and it was not because the "atrocities" could be palliated, but because they would give rise to far more terrible ones if they were used as a political pretext or as a religious war-cry, that an agitation was deprecated which was based on ignorance of the results to which it must necessarily lead. If to-day the Bulgarians were asked whether they were grateful to the feeders and promoters of the agitation which provoked the present war in their behalf, who can doubt that they would reply, that they preferred misgovernment to wholesale massacre, and that they regretted an interference so disastrous to themselves? The insurrection in Turkey, which was in the first instance excited by a Panslavic propaganda, and which gave rise to the "atrocities," was only a foretaste of what must follow when Russian intrigue was followed by Russian invasion. During the rare periods when Christians in Turkey were left entirely alone by foreign Powers, and not stirred up to rebel against their Government, their lot was not merely endurable—they were comparatively prosperous and happy; but they have been goaded to their own destruction by the Powers who used them as weapons of political warfare, till they finally fell into the reckless and irresponsible hands of sentimental statesmen and amateur diplomats. From that moment their doom was sealed.

THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT, AND OUR ROUTE TO INDIA.

THE Khedive's Egypt has this point of resemblance to the Egypt of the Pharaohs—that the people of the soil are ground down and oppressed by cruel taskmasters now, as they were in and before the days of Moses.

What the Pyramids were to the poor Egyptian of the time of Cheops—what the treasure-cities Ramses and Pithom were to the Israelites—the Suez Canal and the other public works undertaken during his reign have been to the poor Egyptians of the Khedive Ismail, who have been sacrificed by thousands on the altar of “progress” erected by their ruler.

Mr De Leon, in respect to Egypt, the character of its ruler, and the condition of its people, speaks with an authority derived from an intimate personal acquaintance of many years' duration with the country. American Consul-General at Cairo during the Crimean war, he resigned that post to throw in his fortunes with his native South at the commencement of the great American struggle. But he has ever since kept up intimate relations with the principal public men of Egypt; and it will appear, from a perusal of the interesting pages now under remark, that although Mr De Leon feels natural partiality for a ruler from whom during a long acquaintance he has received many marks of kindness and consideration, he does not on that account extenuate his faults, while giving him full credit for his good qualities.

“Ismail Khedive is a man of about forty-eight years of age, under the

middle height, but heavily and squarely built, with broad shoulders, which, during the last year, seem to have become bowed down by the heavy burdens imposed upon him, under which he has so manfully struggled. His face is round, covered by a dark brown beard, closely clipped, and short moustache of the same colour, shading a firm but sensual mouth. His complexion is dark; his features regular, heavy rather than mobile in expression. His eyes, which he keeps habitually half closed, in Turkish fashion, sometimes closing one entirely, are dark and usually dull, but very penetrating and bright at times, when he shoots a sudden sharp glance, like a flash, at his interlocutor. His face is usually as expressionless as that of the Sphinx or the late Napoleon III., of whom, in my intercourse with the Khedive, I have been frequently reminded; for they are men much of the same stamp in character and intellect, with the same strong and the same weak characteristics doing constant battle with each other. The Khedive's voice is very characteristic—low, somewhat thick, yet emphatic, well modulated, giving meaning to the most commonplace utterances; his words accompanied by a smile of much attractiveness when he seeks to please, and his mind is at ease. But under the mask of apparent apathy or serenity, the close observer will remark that the lines across the broad brow and about the strong mouth indicate strong passions as strongly suppressed, and the cares of empire intruding ever on lighter thoughts; and judge the Khedive to be far from a happy man.”

We are told that Ismail's personal amiability and humanity have been signalled by the cessation of severe punishments during his reign—with one remarkable exception of recent occurrence,

which will be found related in the interesting story of the "Eastern Wolsey," as Mr De Leon terms the late Ismail Sadyk Pasha. This man, who rose in a few years from the position of a common *fellah* to be Mouffetish or Finance Minister,

"Was reputed to understand better than any man in Egypt how to 'squeeze the *fellah*,' which meant to wring the last *para* out of the poor wretches by the use of the terrible *kourbash*, or hippopotamus-hide whip."

The Mouffetish appears to have exercised his power for his own profit to some purpose. At the time of his disappearance, this "mean and dirty-looking Arab of low type" possessed three palaces in Cairo, covering, with their gardens, an area as large as the Pyramids; and enjoyed or endured an establishment of thirty-six wives, regular and irregular, each of whom was waited on by six white slaves, and a retinue of black ones.

We turn from this repulsive picture to one more pleasing. If Ismail Sadyk was the bad genius of Egypt, Nubar Pasha may be termed the good genius of his adopted country. By race an Armenian, he has been known in Europe as an able Egyptian statesman for twenty years past; and he is at once the most honest and the ablest public man that Egypt has possessed. Nubar is, however, now in disgrace and exile, because he has always been the strenuous advocate of justice for the masses, and the persistent opponent of the Khedive's costly projects. Nubar's great work has been the establishment of the mixed tribunals, which were designed at once to act as a check on the absolute power of the Khedive, and to curb the authority of the agents of foreign Governments in Egypt by depriving them of the

prerogatives which they enjoyed under the old capitulations. The effect of those prerogatives was, that any civil or criminal suit in which a foreigner was defendant, could only be tried before the consular court of the nationality concerned. Under such a system, it was difficult for an Egyptian to obtain a verdict in any suit he might bring against a foreigner; equally difficult to procure the conviction of a foreigner for a criminal offence. Whereas, in all cases in which foreigners were the plaintiffs, their consular agents were bound to press their claims on the local Government, which they usually did with great persistence and powerful effect. Mr De Leon says, that on the whole, as far as his experience went, the system worked well, and insured "speedy and substantial justice to foreign residents in the absence of a better tribunal." We have no doubt that it did so; but how about the speedy and substantial justice for the natives of the soil!

The mixed tribunals, which were at once the crown and termination of Nubar's ministerial career—for their establishment by his agency was the proximate cause of his disfavour with the Khedive—are described by Mr De Leon at length. They provide for the hearing of all international civil causes, even of those to which the Khedive is a party, before courts composed equally of the foreign and native element. This reform, although dwarfed of the fair proportions designed by Nubar, is a great step in the right direction—the small end of the wedge which the influence of England ought to drive home.

The name of Nubar Pasha was brought forward at the time of the Conference as the most eligible Christian governor for Bulgaria; but his affections, interests, and

ambition are all centred in Egypt, whither he may shortly be recalled as the only Egyptian statesman capable of steering the country through the troubled waters of the impending crisis. At the termination of Ismail's reign, moreover, Nubar is pretty certain to rule Egypt under Tewfik Pasha, Ismail's eldest son, in whose favour Nubar obtained from the Porte the alteration of the succession, which, by the original firman, was settled on the *oldest male* of Mehemet Ali's family. That oldest male, by the way, is, after the present Khedive, Halim Pasha, the youngest son of Mehemet Ali, who resides at Constantinople where he has been for some years maintained by the Porte high in favour and employment—kept as a rod *in terrorem* for the Khedive and his sons, in case they should prove refractory or stint the supplies of *baksheesh*, for which the rulers of Turkey have always had an insatiable maw. Mr De Leon tells us that many millions of pounds have been thus annually sent from Egypt as a sop to the Turkish Cerberus. The sketch of Prince Halim, like other sketches of character in these pages, is touched with a masterly hand; and the description of his favourite sport of gazelle-hunting with hound and hawk in the Egyptian desert will well repay perusal.

To return now to the Khedive :

“His introduction of Western civilisation into Egypt; his Europeanising Cairo, the stronghold of the vanishing oriental type of city; his great public works; his greater educational plans; his filling his administrations with Europeans, and placing them at the head of all the principal bureaux; his remodelling his army under the auspices of skilled and trained army officers, invited from his Ultima Thule, America; the broad religious toleration which has made Christian churches more numerous than Moslem ones, . . .

all these things are notorious, and constitute his claim to the admiration of Christendom as a wise reformer, a light newly arisen in the East.”

The Khedive allows himself four wives, and is described as the model head of a family, on the oriental plan. His sons and daughters have all received the best European education; and for all these, when they marry, he has insisted on the one wife principle. The second and third sons, Hussein and Hassan Pashas, have been educated in Paris and at Oxford respectively. Hassan was present with the Abyssinian expedition, and is now in command of the Egyptian contingent in Turkey. Of the heir apparent, Prince Tewfik, Mr De Leon gives a very pleasing picture :—

“If I were asked to point out the model gentleman among the younger native generation at Cairo (in the higher sense of that much-abused word), I should select Prince Tewfik as one of its most superior types. . . . In the great whispering-gallery of that Court, and of the Frank community at Cairo, I have never heard a whisper breathed against his domestic virtues or private character. . . . His face, eye, and smile inspire confidence. You feel that here is a man you can trust. . . . Should it be his fate to mount the throne of Egypt, I predict that he will prove a prudent, humane, and sensible ruler, and do credit to himself and good to his people.”

The present ruler of Egypt is a remarkable contrast to Eastern potentates generally, both in respect of liberality of views and of attention to business. But his reforming zeal has gone near to be his ruin as well as that of his people. Every new project, no matter how costly, which promised to increase the greatness of Egypt in however remote a future, found in him a ready listener and often a dupe. His financial troubles are due—part-

ly to his large expenditure on the Suez Canal, partly to the ambitious engineering works he has undertaken, partly to his military expeditions, partly to the incessant cry of the daughter of the horse-leech resident at Constantinople, partly to his mania for building, partly to his magnificent ideas of hospitality. For his large expenditure on the Suez Canal, the Khedive, having parted with his original shares, has now almost nothing to show beyond the political importance conferred by that work on his country. So far as his pecuniary interests are concerned, they would be best consulted by shutting up the Canal, and thereby forcing all the trans-Egyptian traffic over the railway from Alexandria to Suez, which, along with the harbours and docks at these *termini*, are his private property.

It is barely twenty-five years since Robert Stephenson commenced the single line of railway from Alexandria to Suez. Now there are more than 1300 miles completed in Egypt proper; and the Khedive is pushing his railway and telegraph lines into the heart of Africa.

As an instance of his magnificent ideas may be cited the railway now under construction from Cairo to Siout in Upper Egypt; and its projected links of extension, partly by steamboat, partly by railway, to Khartoum on the White Nile, and thence to Massowah on the Red Sea. In the first place, the railway from Cairo to Siout runs along the bank of the Nile, which river is all the way navigable by steamboats, a distance of 240 miles. The next link by steamer from Siout to Wady Halfa, surmounting the First Cataract by a ship-incline, is 800 miles. From Wady Halfa, by railway, the line marking the chord of the loop there formed by the river to Khar-

toum, is about 550 miles. The last proposed link from Khartoum to the Red Sea is 550 miles more. Thus the total distance from Cairo to Massowah is 2000 miles, of which 1340 are by railway. In the opinion of the English engineer, who reports favourably on the proposed work, "the exportation of ivory and other Central African products will be increased and facilitated by such a railway; but they will sink into insignificance when compared with the grain, sugar, and cotton which will be produced and exported from the vast alluvial plains of the Soudan." The engineer then proceeds to show how this line when completed, with the addition of a ship-incline over the First Cataract, might shorten by three days the route to India—thereby, be it remarked, superseding the Suez Canal. And this line is to be constructed through a country where, by the engineer's report, "ordinary wood sleepers for railways would not last more than a few weeks," because of the ravages of the white ants, who eat all kinds of woods, even totally destroying the largest trees.

After saying that no data exist for estimating the precise amount of traffic to be expected, the engineer concludes his report as follows:—

"In the particular case of the Soudan Railway and its probable traffic, it is a fact which cannot be disputed, that the extent of land near its southern terminus, or within reach of it by navigable waters, or land carriage, which is capable of producing the finest crops of cotton, grain, and sugar, is practically unlimited; and that during the time requisite for the construction of the railway, such area may be brought into cultivation as will furnish immediate and considerable traffic. The vast quantities of timber of various kinds which will become cheaply accessible to the pro-

posed railway, will supply fuel to the locomotives for a long period of time, and one of the most important items in the working expenses of the railway will thereby be largely reduced. Assuming the working expenses of the Soudan Railway to be sixty per cent of the gross receipts (which is seven per cent higher than the average working expenses of all the Indian railways), it can scarcely be doubted that the traffic from the local and through sources enumerated will yield a satisfactory return upon the small cost of the proposed railway."

Thus it appears that the trade which is to pay dividends on the outlay must principally come from one extremity of the line in Central Africa, and has first to be created! The prosecution of this wild scheme has, however, been indefinitely postponed by the financial embarrassments of the Khedive, who would of course have been obliged to provide every *para* for its construction.

Under the Khedive's mania for building, Old Cairo—so dear to the traveller on account of its high and narrow streets, its four-storeyed houses, its jutting latticed windows, its jostling crowds of people and donkeys in every variety of costume and trappings, its dirt, and its picturesqueness—is fast disappearing, and giving place to an Eastern Paris. Mr De Leon thus laments the transformation of the Ezbekieh:—

"Where once waved the branches of the stately sycamores planted by Mehmet Ali, are now to be seen only solid blocks of stone houses, with arcades in imitation of the Rue de Rivoli. . . . But the vanished Ezbekieh of twelve years ago is not the only lost vision for which the returning pilgrim strains his wandering eyes. . . . As he was wont to sit under the stately sycamores of the Ezbekieh, there used at eventide to prance gaily by a cavalcade of gay and gallant-looking Eastern cavaliers, splendidly habited in oriental costume, mounted on Arab steeds of great beauty and price, whose crimson-velvet Turkish

saddles were stiff with cloth-of-gold, and whose silken bridle-reins were studded with precious stones.

"Preceded by the running Berber-syce, in his picturesque costume of white shirt, crimson sash or belt, and bare legs of ebony, and attended at the stirrup by pipe-bearer, *nargileh* in hand, whose long flexible tube was often in the hand of the rider, these proud-looking beys and pachas used to file slowly by, looking neither to the right nor the left, to the admiration of the motley crowd ever circulating about or squatting under the trees of the Ezbekieh.

"Then, also, ambling past on their sleek donkeys—huge bundles of black silk like unto balloons, and with impervious veils, through which only two bright eyes were perceptible, escorted by the jealous eunuchs—could be seen in part the ladies of the harem, disdainful of side-saddles, and riding astride like men, as a yellow shoe perceptible on each side of the donkey conclusively proved."

The Khedive's mania for building has not been limited to the creation of new quarters in Cairo out of the ruins of the old city. This work, like some of his other improvements, will doubtless be remunerative in time. The mistake he has made in these cases is simply that of going too fast. But the same excuse cannot be pleaded for his absurdly extravagant outlay on new palaces,—and for his building of opera and playhouses, which his revenues must afterwards support.

In his chapter on Egyptian finance, Mr De Leon makes out as good a case as possible, and with much show of reason, in favour of Ismail Pasha, contending that, of the large sum of 100 millions sterling debited to Egypt by foreign accountants, not one-half has ever been touched by that prince; and that, taking into account the sums he has repaid, the outside loss to the foreign investor, supposing the Egyptian Government absolutely bankrupt, excluding the funded

loans and floating debt, would not exceed from 15 to 20 millions.

But Mr De Leon's truest sympathies are with the Khedive's patient, submissive, long-suffering drudges, the *fellaheen*. An enterprising Yankee was once asked how his countrymen would deal with the French Canadian element if Canada should ever join the United States. "I guess, sir, we should improve them off the face of the earth," was the reply. Well, the poor Egyptians are literally being improved off the face of the earth. Their ruler, though, as we are told, naturally kind-hearted, has not been able to resist the temptations of absolute power. His great public works; his new quarters, palaces, and opera-houses; the revenues he extracts from his private property,—are all built up of the muscle and cemented with the blood and tears of the Egyptian bondsmen, whose wrongs cry as loudly to heaven now in the nineteenth century as they did in the times of the Pharaohs.

The people of England trouble themselves little about Egypt, except as a convenient means of communication between England and India. But the security of that communication, and consequently their own interests, are intimately bound up with the good government of Egypt. The English people little dream at what a fearful cost of suffering to the poor Arab have been provided the luxurious railway and canal accommodations from which they benefit so largely. Let them learn the process from Mr De Leon's pages. When labourers are required for public works, such as the projected Sudan Railway, the workmen are taken arbitrarily from the cultivation of their own small patches of land—for poor and oppressed as his condition is, nearly every *fella*h is a landowner—and sent in district

gangs to their destinations, where they receive no wages, often not even food, and are sometimes obliged to find their own tools in addition. These victims of the *corvée* are always of the poorest class, because those who have money can always purchase exemption.

The Suez Canal was commenced on the system here described, and was carried on in the same manner, until the sufferings of the labourers, who were literally worked to death by hundreds, brought about the interference of the consular agents, after which regular though very small wages were paid. All the labour employed on the Khedive's enormous sugar estates in Upper Egypt, extending 100 miles in length along the Nile, and from twelve to sixteen miles in breadth, is compulsory or *corvée* labour. If wages are paid at all, which is extremely doubtful, they are *very low*, and paid always in kind,—grain or molasses, on which the employer makes a profit.

Again, the yearly quota of recruits for the army is provided nominally by conscription, really by the arbitrary action of the governors of districts. The course is to send out into the highways and by-ways to seize the first men met with, who are kept in confinement until the sifting time arrives, when those who can pay the indispensable *baksheesh* to the recruiting officer are set free, and the others are sent to the different training depots in gangs, chained together like convicts, and "driven by soldiers to the place of embarkation escorted by howling and shrieking women, who see with them their daily bread and that of their children taken away." If any improvement has taken place in this respect, it is of very recent years. The population of Cairo and Alexandria are legally exempt from military service—i.e., about one-tenth of the whole population of the

country; and so the burden of recruiting falls exclusively on that portion of the able-bodied males most wanted for the cultivation of the fields.

There is not a creature in the world of fewer wants than the Egyptian *fellah*, whose necessities are limited to a coarse cotton tunic for covering, and a handful of dates for food. Still, *something* is necessary to his existence; and what between forced labour for others and the heavy taxation of his labour for himself, his land, as we are told, does not produce sufficient *in the gross* to pay the yearly taxes. It is to be noted, too, that the taxes are levied in kind, not in cash, affording the tax-collectors peculiar temptations to extortion, since their valuation of the crop is arbitrary. And so it happens that all the public burdens are borne by the poorest class, and the collectors of the revenue fatten on the bribes with which those who are able, purchase complete or partial exemption. A suggestive commentary on this point is furnished by the following extract from a recent letter of the Alexandria 'Times' correspondent, quoted by Mr De Leon:—

"A contract was concluded yesterday by the Government with a Manchester house, which much improves the prospect of the July coupon: £500,000 is to be advanced, one-half now, one-half in London, on the 10th of July. The Government on its side undertakes to deliver by that date, in successive deliveries of 50,000 *ardebbs* of wheat and beans, which are to be paid for at the market price of the day in Alexandria. This produce consists wholly of taxes paid by the peasants in kind; and when one thinks of the poverty-stricken, over-driven, underfed *fellahs* in their miserable hovels, working late and early to fill the pockets of the creditors, the *punctual payment of the coupon ceases to be wholly a subject of gratification.*"

Egypt remains in some respects

the unsolved riddle of our times. The cultivated area of country must have been in ancient days greatly larger than at present, and maintained a greatly larger population. All the cultivated soil has been redeemed from the desert; and the only condition on which it can be kept from returning to desert, is the ceaseless labour of the people. The drift of sand from the great wastes in the interior of Africa is so constant, that it would in a few years, if not combated by irrigation and labour, cover up all man's works on the Nile banks and in the Delta. But the sand of Egypt is so composed that everywhere the desert may be made to "blossom as the rose" by pouring fresh water over its surface. Thus the Nile is the life of Egypt, and the rains which fall in the highlands of Abyssinia are the life of the Nile. Hence the care bestowed on irrigation; by means of which the Nile, when it yearly attains the proper level—an epoch which is celebrated as a high national festival—is led through countless channels, great and small, to be spread over the neighbouring fields.

Napoleon I., in his notes on Egypt, written in 1790 and published by Bourrienne, estimated, "from a calculation made in Egypt with the greatest care, that this country, which at present has only a thousand square leagues of cultivated land, had formerly more than two thousand:" and he was of opinion that, "by a well-arranged system of irrigation, the result of good government, Egypt might be increased to the extent of eight or nine hundred square leagues." For this purpose he prophesied that "a work which will one day be undertaken will be to build dykes across the Damietta and Rosetta branches at the Cow's Belly," with the view of doubling the inundation of the

land. The realisation of Napoleon's conception has been attempted by the construction of the *barrage*, or dam, commenced by Mehemet Ali and carried on by his successors. This work was deemed so important as to justify the construction of a fortress to protect it; but owing to the instability of the foundations, it is inoperative as a dam to raise the waters more than five feet, whereas a head of fifteen feet would be necessary to flood the Delta, as intended, without pumping. The desired object will yet be realised; and meanwhile the place possesses a certain strategical importance in protecting the bridges of communication over the two branches of the Nile at that spot.

Napoleon estimated that the population of Egypt proper in 1790 was only one-fourth of what it had been in ancient times. Lane, in his 'Modern Egyptians,' gives the ancient population at six or seven millions; and quotes Diodorus Siculus to the effect that it was seven millions in the times of the ancient kings; and not less than three millions in his own day. Lane estimated the whole population of Egypt proper in 1835 as not more than two and a half millions; he was of opinion that the produce of the soil, *if nothing was exported*, would suffice for a population of four millions—and if all soil fit for cultivation were sown, for eight millions. The above estimates probably referred only to what is now called Lower Egypt, for the population of *Egypt proper* is now estimated at more than five millions. "It is claimed," says Mr De Leon, "that in the last fifteen years 500,000 acres have been reclaimed, and that 300,000 more are in course of reclamation from the desert; and this result is due to the extension of the canal system effected by the Khedive."

There is certainly no other country in which good government can have so much influence on the material prosperity of the people; for in no other country can it affect to the same extent as it does in Egypt, the rainfall and the course of the seasons; where anarchy and tyranny, by interfering with irrigation and the labouring of the fields, must reduce at once the cultivable area of country and the population dependent on its produce. "Egypt is nothing if not agricultural;" and all the ambitious schemes of Mehemet Ali and his successors to create manufactures, have only retarded the progress of the country by interfering with agriculture, and have been the source of a wasteful expenditure to which much of the Khedive's financial troubles are due.

A large proportion of the whole population—probably one-sixth—being congregated in the large towns, are withdrawn from agriculture; the Khedive's standing army and military expeditions have absorbed an additional number of the able-bodied males; hence the want of labour for agricultural purposes is beginning to be sensibly felt, and the Khedive is turning his attention to the encouragement of Chinese immigration into Egypt for the purpose of filling the void, which "seems to offer the speediest as well as most satisfactory solution of the problem."

The agricultural capabilities of Egypt, if developed by sufficient labour, properly directed, are practically unlimited. Some interesting statistics will be found in Mr De Leon's pages relating to the cotton production of the country, which has developed from the first germ of 6000 pounds of cotton exported in 1821, to upwards of 300 millions of pounds exported in 1876. The culture of the sugar-cane, which, as the hobby of the present

ruler of Egypt, has been pursued by him on a wasteful and extravagant system, has been hitherto the reverse of beneficial to the country or the people—since the labour of the *fellahs*, by which it has been carried on, if bestowed on their own fields, would have produced far more valuable results both to themselves and to their master. Although the sugar-culture is doubtless capable, under good management and with a sufficient labour-supply, of being profitably developed; the true interests of the country for many years to come lie in the grain and cotton culture, which are capable of indefinite extension.

For the Khedive's services to civilisation; in the establishment of schools civil and military—especially in his disregard of Moslem prejudices by instituting female schools; in his extension of railways, telegraphs, and canals; in the construction of harbours, docks, and light-houses; in his expenditure on roads and bridges, on gas and water works,—we must refer the reader to Mr De Leon's interesting pages.

But there is one question—that of slavery—on which the Khedive's action merits more than a passing remark. When his Highness assured a deputation of the Anti-Slavery Society in London that he was most anxious to put down the slave-trade, he stated that all his efforts would be ineffectual until he should be endowed with the right of search over boats hoisting European colours, because the chief delinquents were *European traders*, who, under the guise of a trade in ivory, really carried on a traffic in slaves, whom they conveyed down the Nile in boats covered by their respective flags. If the slave-trade were stopped, as he argued it would be if he were thus free to act against European traders, slavery in Egypt would in fifteen or twenty years

expire of inanition. The Khedive has given an earnest of sincerity in this matter by investing with absolute authority as Governor of the Soudan, Colonel Gordon, who, by his acceptance of the charge, is self-devoted to the stoppage of the trade at its fountain-head. Mr De Leon describes the Soudan as “a territory larger and more populous than Egypt proper, to which it acknowledges the most indefinite kind of obedience, offering in its climate and savage inhabitants immense difficulties in the way of regular government or improvement;” and he is evidently not over-sanguine as to Gordon's success. But all who know the latter feel convinced that in his high and holy “quest,” and if his life be spared, he will succeed if any mortal can.

The picture of the Khedive, as presented in Mr De Leon's pages, has two aspects—the one bears the lineaments of the enlightened reformer, the reverse side shows the traits of the cruel oppressor of his people. Few men have ever accomplished so much in so short a time; but his progress has been that of the car of Juggernaut. In other countries, reforms come from below, and are the expression of the national will. But in Egypt all the adjuncts of modern civilisation have been forced in a few years on the most unprogressive people in the world by one man from above. In truth, the engine of “progress” has been run at so high a pressure, and at such a fearful cost to the poor Arabs, that if they were not very patient and submissive, an explosion might be feared.

“The Egyptian labourer has not risen much above the level of that life we see sculptured on the walls of the old tombs and temples thousands of years ago. He is still in the hands of merciless taskmasters—a strong ass

crouching under burdens. Yet in spite of his dirt, his rags, his half-starved appearance, he looks happy, or, if not happy, content with his lot, hard as it seems to the stranger.

The result is, perhaps, largely due to the climate; it is a happiness only to breathe that dry, pure, exquisite air, which is so remarkable for its soothing effect on the brain, both of men and animals. At least this was the explanation of the patience and tractability of the poor *fellah* under his hard treatment given by Nubar Pasha; who further assured us that animals, always placid and docile in Egypt, had been frequently known to become savage when transferred to Constantinople.

Enough has been said to show that the present condition of Egypt calls loudly for improvement. But the Khedive is at his wits' end for money to satisfy his creditors, and so long as he is thus embarrassed, it is vain to hope for any amelioration in the lot of the people. It is a trite saying that the prosperity of a country is a matter of good government: in Egypt the Khedive is the government; and notwithstanding the financial settlement effected by Mr Goschen, the means have yet to be devised for preventing the Khedive from doing in the future what he has done in the past. Unforeseen expenses, too, have been imposed on him in connection with the life-and-death struggle in which his Suzerain is now engaged. The collection of sufficient revenue to meet all claims becomes every quarter more difficult and more grinding on the people. And there is too much reason to believe that the downward progress of Egypt towards national bankruptcy can only be arrested by cutting down to the roots of the cancer eating into her life.

Given on the one side a needy

despot with corrupt governors and tax-collectors, and, on the other side, a patient, long-suffering people; and it requires no conjuror to tell what must be the condition of the latter. Here is the description as given by Ameneman, chief Librarian of Ramses the Great, in a papyrus writing now to be seen in the British Museum:—

“Have you ever represented to yourself in imagination the state of the rustic who tills the ground? Before he has put the sickle to his crop, the locusts have blasted part thereof; then come the rats and birds. If he is slack in housing his crop, the thieves are on him. His horse dies of weariness as it drags the wain. The tax-collector arrives, his agents are armed with clubs, he has negroes with him who carry whips of palm-branches. They all cry, ‘Give us your grain,’ and he has no way of avoiding their extortionate demands. Next, the wretch is caught, bound, and sent off to work without wage at the canals; his wife is taken and chained, his children are stripped and plundered.”

This terrible picture, sketched more than three thousand years ago by a contemporary observer, is, to a great extent, applicable to the Egyptian labourer of the present day, whose condition by the side of railways and telegraphs is a grotesque and horrible anachronism, the continuance of which constitutes a reproach to the European Powers, and especially to England, which benefits so largely by the sufferings of this unfortunate people. A noisy and aggressive party has hounded on the legions of Russia for the deliverance of the Bulgarians, whose general condition under Turkish rule, as has been lately proved beyond all question, was happy and prosperous if compared with that of the wretched *fellaheen* of Egypt. But, unfortunately for the latter, they might be flogged or worked to death, almost to the last man, with-

out raising an "Eastern question" dangerous to our tranquillity and interests.

The remedy for the state of things here exposed lies within the power of England; but it does not consist in the military occupation advocated by Mr Dicey in the August number of the 'Nineteenth Century.'

What may be termed the selfish interests of this country in Egypt, apart from the concern which humanity and civilisation must feel in the elevation of a down-trodden people, are entirely limited to the maintenance of a secure communication with India by the shortest existing route—a communication which is now afforded by the Suez Canal. Speculative politicians, projecting their vision far into futurity, regard the Euphrates valley route as one which may possibly come to supersede the Suez Canal; and it was to prevent Russia from obtaining command of this potential route that a strong inclination existed in England to oppose, by force if necessary, that power establishing herself on the table-land of Armenia. The fear that Russia by the successive steps—of the conquest of Armenia, of the construction of a railway to the Persian Gulf, of the establishment of a naval station at the Euphrates' mouth—should ever be able to intercept our communication between Suez and Bombay with ships issuing from the Persian Gulf, may well be described as visionary. Even granting those successive steps on the road to India to have been surmounted, England, supposing her to maintain her supremacy at sea, could always seal up a Russian naval force at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. Should that supremacy be ever lost, she need then no longer trouble herself about maintaining communications for the sake of an empire that would have departed from her.

Considered merely as an alternative to the Suez Canal route for England's military convenience, the Euphrates valley line could never repay the cost of its construction, which, including harbour-works at the Euphrates' mouth, would amount to at least twelve millions. At present an English soldier walks on board ship at Southampton, and walks on shore at Bombay. The utmost saving that would be effected in the present time of communication between those places, by the Euphrates line, would be seven days; and this would not suffice to counterbalance the inconveniences of trans-shipment.

The fears that were so generally excited in England, at the outbreak of the present war, by the supposed rapid advance of Russia to Constantinople, were based partly on shadow, partly on substance. These have now been much alleviated by the progress of events, which seem to demonstrate that the Turks, so far as concerns their fighting qualities, are worthy descendants of—

"The bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands."

The course of events has indeed been such as to discredit all forecast and falsify all anticipation. How is it that the Turk is fighting now as he has not fought for centuries? How is it that, from a state of supreme apathy in preparing against the storm which so long threatened, and which, when it burst, found him with armies unorganised and defences unfinished, he has suddenly sprung up like a strong man armed out of his apathetic sleep, and is now establishing his right to dominion—at least to the dominion of the sword—by irrefragable proofs?

The answer to the question is to be found in the fact that the Turk has at last been disabused of his obstinate conviction, that if attacked

by Russia, other Powers would be found fighting on his side, and relieving him, as they had done before, from the trouble and responsibility of the conduct of the war. The fire of the old Turk race which was supposed to be extinct, has been struck out again from the hard flint of sloth and indifference by the iron hand of an overwhelming necessity. And it is perhaps fortunate for Europe that such a people do not possess the genius for organisation and forethought; for if they can accomplish what they have done in the absence of those qualities, of what achievements would they not be capable if they possessed them?

It was erroneously supposed—not in England only—that the march of the Russian army to Constantinople would be a “walk over.” And in England it was feared that any action that might be deemed necessary on her part to protect Constantinople would be too late to be effective, if delayed until after the passage of the Danube. But late events would seem to show, that should England find it necessary to strike in at any future moment for the protection of her interests in Egypt or elsewhere, her interference would be decisive. If a Russian army should cross the Balkans during the present war, the strong position covering Adrianople, intrenched as the Turks can intrench, and defended by such men as defended Plevna, would constitute the *ne plus ultra* of the Russian advance. Adrianople is in free communication with the sea by two different railways, by means of which the Turkish defence would be fed to any extent with certainty and ease, while the supplies for the Russian attack would have to be brought from the Danube over the Balkan range.

Although, therefore, it is certain that the Russians have missed their

stroke at Constantinople for the present year—probably for the present war—it is not irrelevant to this article to inquire how English interests in Egypt might be affected by the successful advance of Russia to the Bosphorus. The communication of England with India through Egypt may be described as a chain formed of three links: the voyage from England to Egypt; the transit through Egypt; the voyage from Suez to Bombay. The strength of the chain depends on the equal soundness of each particular link, since if one were broken the other two would be worthless. The security of the first link depends on England's supremacy in the Mediterranean, against which the establishment of Russia at Constantinople would be generally regarded as a threat. The permanent possession of Constantinople by Russia might certainly endanger, *prospectively*, England's supremacy in the Mediterranean; because the passage of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus being forbidden by Russian batteries, the Black Sea would constitute for Russia a gigantic shipbuilding dock and harbour of refuge, where her war-ships could ride safe from all attack; whence also they might issue forth into the Mediterranean at pleasure, while perhaps the English fleet would be engaged elsewhere, and cut our communications with Egypt.

It may be regarded, however, as certain, that Russia would simply make use of a *temporary* occupation of Constantinople—not willingly, perhaps, but resignedly—for the purpose of dictating favourable conditions of peace; among which the *neutralisation* of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles would be foremost. This condition would imply the razing of all batteries commanding those Straits; and although Russian

ships would thereby be enabled to pass freely into the Mediterranean, English ships could, as a counterpoise, with equal freedom enter the Black Sea, where they might either attack the Russian fleet, or shut it up in its harbours.

If England had been acting in alliance with Turkey during the present war, her access to the Black Sea, and the consequent power of coercing Russia by landing a force either at Varna or at Sukhum Kale, would have had an immediately decisive effect. Were England, therefore, to permit the establishment of Russia on the Bosphorus, she would part with the most effective means which, with Turkey's connivance, she now possesses, of coercing Russia, supposing the latter to meditate an advance to the Persian Gulf as a consequence of the conquest of Armenia.

In all other respects, the danger that might result in the future to England's supremacy in the Mediterranean, whether from the possession of Constantinople by Russia, or from the *neutralisation* of the Straits, would have to be met, and doubtless could be met, at the cost of increased naval estimates. In that case, whatever calls might be made on our fleets in other quarters of the world, it would be always necessary to keep a powerful squadron, like a chained watch-dog, at the mouth of the Dardanelles; but in order to provide a safe harbour for that squadron, it would be indispensable to acquire one somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood. The magnificent natural harbour of Suda, in Crete, satisfies all the requisite conditions. If that were in our possession, Crete would serve at once as a *tête-du-pont* to cover our Egyptian bridge of passage to India, and as a bridle on Constantinople.

In one of his many recent contributions to the periodical press, Mr Gladstone says: "Mr Dicey seems to think, and it is quite possible, that an intervention of British power in Egypt might not be wholly disagreeable to the people of the country. But who has made this assertion respecting Crete?" And he proceeds to reprobate the idea that any Greek could be found "so debased, so grovelling," as to be willing "to part on any terms from the bright inheritance of the name bequeathed him by his sires." Notwithstanding Mr Gladstone's confident belief, we have good reason to feel assured that a majority of the islanders earnestly desire to come under the protection of England. And, although England could not set the example of dismembering Turkey,—a measure which, as Mr Gladstone truly argues, would form a very convenient precedent for other Powers,—if Turkish disasters should raise the question of the future disposal of Crete, it would be quite within the compass of diplomatic arrangement that England should acquire the harbour of Suda, with such surrounding land as might be requisite—an arrangement that would redound immensely to the advantage of the Cretans themselves.

We have said that we dissent from Mr Dicey's proposed military occupation of Egypt, whether as a remedy for misgovernment or as a protection to the Suez Canal. So long as Egypt is friendly, the command of the Canal is to be insured by our supremacy at sea, not by flying the English flag at Port Said, or by an English garrison at Alexandria, or by forts on the Syrian side of the isthmus. So long as England commands the Mediterranean, not a corporal's guard could be landed in Egypt without her

permission; and the march of an army from Palestine across the Syrian desert may, at least for the present, be left out of consideration.

On the other hand, if Egypt were not friendly, England could take the country at any moment's notice, if such a high-handed measure should be forced upon her.

Any semblance of military occupation is therefore unnecessary for our purpose. We do not believe that the Khedive requires much pressure to induce him to reform his Government. He sees as plainly as any one can do, that by the oppression of his subjects he is killing the goose that lays his golden eggs; and that the present system cannot last much longer. He knows, moreover, that the only selfish interest England has to serve is the secure transit for her ships and troops through his territory; and that interest would be best served by Egypt becoming strong and prosperous. To this end all that is required is an honest administration, under which half of the tax now collected by corrupt and extortionate publicans might be remitted, and the revenue would still be a gainer. But the personal extravagance of the Khedive lies at the root of the whole matter; and so long as that is allowed to continue, no improvement is possible.

Let him place his affairs in the hands of trustees; accept for himself such a civil list as that of

Queen Victoria; sternly repress bribery, extortion, and cruelty, even though it should be necessary to hang a *sheik*, perhaps a *mudir*, as an example; curb his extravagant tastes for railways to the moon, for the building of palaces, opera and play houses, and for the lavish entertainment of every entity and nonentity who may visit Cairo;—in a word, let him enter the honest society of constitutional rulers, and a splendid future awaits a country which would magnificently repay good government.

Mr De Leon believes that the Khedive would easily yield to pressure in this matter, and England is the country that can most effectually exert it.

One thing is certain. If Egypt becomes a prey to bankruptcy and anarchy, England, for her own sake, will be obliged to undertake, at a late hour and at great disadvantage, a task that might be accomplished now at a comparatively small outlay of trouble and responsibility. There is no reason, however, why England should undertake the good work alone, but rather every reason why she should carry along with her France, whose interest in the wellbeing of Egypt is only second to her own.

It is not the military occupation of Egypt that is in question: *it is the regeneration of that unhappy country* which is the task imposed on England by her own interests and by the interests of humanity.

THE NEW ARMY WARRANT.

ALTHOUGH the system inaugurated by the new warrant is far from being as perfect as in our opinion it might have been, and as by judicious modifications it may yet be made, the army and the country are still to be congratulated in having escaped from what, if the views of a certain class of army reformers had prevailed, would have been a change very much for the worse. The opinions of those from the effects of whose counsels we have happily been delivered, are fairly represented by Mr G. O. Trevelyan in his speech on the debate of the 6th August, when the vote to give effect to the Royal Warrant was passed. Mr Trevelyan, like every one else, sees that the difficulty about regimental promotion arises from the small proportion borne by the senior to the junior grades. Thus, in a battalion of the line, including the depot officers, there are only one lieutenant-colonel and two majors to ten captains and nearly twice as many subalterns. It stands to reason that if, as Mr Trevelyan postulates, "the country demands that its subalterns shall be of an age when they still retain their dash, and our field-officers of an age when they still retain their vigour," either the man at the head, the lieutenant-colonel, must be got out of the way at a very early age, or retirements must be stimulated in the lower grades, independently of the vacancies created at the top of the regiment. The latter is the remedy proposed by the Royal Commission, and accepted by the Government, as the only practicable solution of the difficulty; but Mr Trevelyan denounces it as being needlessly expensive. "With our present or-

ganisation," the honourable gentleman is reported to have said, "the only means of making promotion rapid was by retiring officers from the lower ranks, and that was the method adopted in the scheme of the Government. That meant taking a man in the prime of life, and offering him a bribe to deprive the country of his services exactly when he became most valuable." Precisely so. If you want to secure that your officers in all grades shall be efficient in point of age, the only way of giving a chance to any of the promising ones at the bottom of the ladder is by getting rid of some of their comrades, and not merely the man on the highest rung. This is what purchase did, and did very effectually; it tempted a large number of men to leave the army just when they were in the prime of their efficiency, and so afforded rapid promotion to the residue, also in their prime. Good men were lost to the service, in order to preserve the efficiency of those who remained in it. The only difference between the two cases is, that under purchase the inducement was provided out of the pockets of the officers themselves, whereas now it has to be provided by the nation. Mr Trevelyan, however, contends that the promotion could be got without paying for it. Almost all the ablest officers of the army, he says, consider our present organisation by small companies inefficient for modern war. On tactical grounds alone, you should therefore Germanise your army; but, by doing so, not only would you make it tactically more efficient, but you would also get the needful promotion without having to pay for it. This apparently miraculous result is to be

got, according to Mr Trevelyan, by the simple expedient of doubling up the existing companies, so that a battalion would consist of four instead of eight companies, and by appointing a major to the command of each company. There would thus be four majors to a battalion instead of two, as at present; and therefore the rate of promotion to the rank of major would no doubt be somewhat accelerated, although that of the other grades would be unaffected. But to secure effective promotion throughout the battalion in all ranks, what Mr Trevelyan really proposes, though he does not explicitly say so, is to reduce the number of subalterns, who are to be cut down from sixteen to four. Now of course you can accelerate promotion in this way; you could make it still faster by cutting off the subalterns altogether. But what a manner of setting about army reform, to regulate the establishment by the needs of promotion, instead of making promotion conform to the conditions of the required establishment! Mr Trevelyan may find several competent officers who advocate the doubling up of the existing companies, but we shall be greatly surprised if he can produce a single one to propose seriously that one subaltern is a proper complement for a company of 250 men. We hear a good deal about the proposed advantage of Germanising our army; but this is going a great deal beyond the Germans, for they have five officers to a company, whereas Mr Trevelyan would allow only four. And it should be hardly necessary to point out here, because the thing has been so often said before, that the circumstances of the English army—called upon as it is to serve at long distances from home, and in bad climates, and, which is a very important consideration,

to act very often in small bodies, which must be self-contained and self-sufficient—are vastly different from those of a great army like that of Germany, always employed near home, and acting in large masses, and in which exceptional losses in one battalion of a regiment can be made good from the other two. Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that the Germans are really satisfied with their organisation on this head—on the contrary, the presumption lies the other way; but Germany is obliged to maintain an enormous army, and, in consequence, to keep down every part of it to the most economical scale. In the English army, which in peace time is kept upon a skeleton footing, the officers are practically the only reserve; and it would go very badly with the army if, when almost everything else had to be extemporised to put us on a war footing, the officers required to lead it should also have to be created for the occasion.

Moreover, the critics who are for having us imitate Germany, seem quite to misapprehend the nature of the German organisation. So far from that organisation being favourable to promotion, the fact is precisely the other way; the German system gives an exceedingly unfavourable proportion of the higher ranks. For the German battalion of 1000 men there are provided a single major and four captains; the other sixteen officers are all subalterns. When, therefore, Mr Trevelyan claims attention for his scheme on the score of economy, declaring that if it were adopted the whole of the money it is now proposed to spend on retirements might be saved to the country, we are entitled to ask on what grounds he can justify so much more expensive an arrangement than is found suitable in the German

army, which we are always being invited to imitate. He does indeed effect a saving in one respect; for against the sixteen officers of the German battalion who are below field rank he proposes to have only twelve, eight of these being captains: he states explicitly that the number of captains is not to be reduced, so we are obliged to infer that he intends to make the reduction in the lieutenants. But even supposing that it were attempted to carry out our Indian and colonial service on this reduced establishment—which no one who knows the strain often put on it even in peace time would admit to be feasible—the outbreak of war would inevitably be followed at once by the needful addition of subalterns, and the result would be that the country would find itself saddled with a much more expensive organisation than it has ever had before—the number of officers the same as before, but majors doing the work of captains, and captains of lieutenants. So much for the vaunted economy of the change.

Apart from the demerits of the scheme on these grounds, it is surprising Mr Trevelyan should not have perceived that, after all, his plan quite evades the real difficulty of the case. The problem set before the War Department is how to provide for the succession of officers to the higher ranks before they have become too old for efficiency. We want, say the Royal Commission, some rule of enforced retirement, to prevent men from remaining as majors and captains after a certain time. Not at all, says Mr Trevelyan, convert your captains into majors, and your lieutenants into captains, and the thing is done. It is strange that so sharp a man should be so easily misled. If his view were the right one, the whole

difficulty could no doubt be got over very simply indeed. Dub your lieutenants lieutenant-colonels, and the thing is done; you will get your field-officers as young as you please. But it should be obvious to the meanest comprehension that when the authorities are discussing plans for insuring promotion to field rank, they have not in view the mere title, but how to provide for the proper fulfilment of the duties which heretofore have been performed by a field-officer; and that if captains are to be called majors, and lieutenants captains, the original and accepted meanings of these titles undergo a complete change, while the question how to secure efficiency is left just where it was. As to the general principle, we think the army and the country are under a great obligation to the Commander-in-Chief for the determined stand he made against this proposed prostitution of military titles. What between volunteers and militia, and the conversion of the artillery and engineer captains into majors, and the honorary rank given on retirement, there has been a great deal too much of this already. The thing, however, would in one sense have cured itself. If companies and troops came to be commanded by majors all through the army, the title of major would signify no more than the title of captain does now. In making the change, the object for which the change was made would have been sacrificed. Military titles in the English army would have run their course of depreciation, like French *assignats* in the Revolution, and would no longer have the same value as they hold in the more sober currency of honour employed by Continental armies.

We have said so much on this point because it is not Mr Trevelyan alone who wants to press

this view on the country. The delusion that the problem in question is solved by this process of levelling up is very widespread. In an article on the debate in question, the 'Times' advocates much the same view, and recommends the extension of the artillery and engineer organisation, which gives a much more favourable proportion of higher to lower grades than obtains in the line and cavalry to the rest of the army, as the proper way of meeting the difficulty. The truth is, however, that the rate of promotion in the artillery, although it has been tolerably quick of late years, has been due to quite another cause—the large augmentations which have been going on during the last thirty years; while the organisation involves the keeping up of an enormous number of senior officers, altogether superfluous to the requirements of the service, who are maintained simply for the purposes of giving promotion to the juniors. For every eight batteries of artillery, each having its complete establishment of a major, a captain, and three lieutenants, there are provided no less than six lieutenant-colonels and colonels. It needs hardly be said that for a large number of these officers there is absolutely nothing to do. In the horse-artillery the state of things is even more singular, there being actually as many of these superior officers in a brigade as there are batteries. In order, therefore, to assimilate the rest of the army to the condition of the artillery, it would not suffice merely to convert the captains into majors, and some of the lieutenants into captains—it would be necessary also to supply every regiment of cavalry with four lieutenant-colonels, and every battalion of infantry with three. This is hardly the sort of arrangement one would have ex-

pected to find seriously advocated by an advanced army reformer, who takes such high ground on the score of economy. We are quite at one with these authorities, who propose such a singular way of redressing the evil, in thinking that our army is over-officered; but the over-officering is in the upper and not in the lower ranks. It is obvious, indeed, that as regards the artillery, the rules of the new Warrant are quite inadequate and incomplete, since they make no provision for reducing prospectively the existing redundancy of lieutenant-colonels. The excess may have been useful up to the present time as giving promotion to the junior ranks; but it is no longer needed, since the rules secure for the future a minimum rate of promotion; and even under the old state of things, it would have been far better to give the promotion by means of pensions rather than by keeping up superfluous officers. To give a man nothing to do, unless in the way of interfering with the duties of some one else, must be bad for both parties; yet it can be in this way only that the artillery lieutenant-colonels doing duty at such places, for example, as Bristol, Trowbridge, and Dorchester, where only a single battery is stationed, can possibly employ themselves. Some of the lieutenant-colonels, indeed, appear to be precluded from finding even the proverbial occupation for idle hands, since they are stationed at places where there are no batteries at all. If we imagine a battalion of foot quartered, say, at Hertford, under one of its lieutenant-colonels, with a solitary company detached under another at Hatfield, and the third lieutenant-colonel living by himself in peace and quietude at Harrow-on-the-Hill, we can picture to our-

selves what would be the condition of our infantry organisation if assimilated to that of the artillery. The case and condition of the engineers are hardly less absurd. It is impossible to find employment for the senior officers, except by sending them to such out-of-the-way places as the Mauritius and St Helena, to be occupied on trifling duties which would be as well performed by a captain or a lieutenant. This state of things may have been necessary before, but it is necessary no longer.

Notwithstanding, however, the very favourable proportion of ranks in the ordnance corps, as they used to be called, and the large staff of superfluous officers kept up in the higher ranks, promotion was wont, before the augmentations began, to be extremely slow, and is now becoming very slow again. The truth is, that organisation alone, and a mere redistribution of the proportion of ranks, will not suffice to give a steady rate of reasonably quick promotion in any branch of the service. You may pile on the upper grades as much as you will, but unless an adequate outlet is afforded at the top or at the side, a block must occur; and, as a matter of fact, there never yet has been a satisfactory condition of promotion in any army except our own, and in that only in the purchase branches; and if the significance of that fact had been duly appreciated, the late Government might possibly have paused before they abolished purchase. Promotion in the Indian army was notoriously slow, although the officers were serving in a bad climate and in exile, and had a reasonably good retirement. In the French army compulsory retirement kept the upper ranks open to a certain extent, but what helped promotion still more, was the appoint-

ment of officers from the ranks: a large number of men being brought in at middle life, and therefore not rising beyond a certain point, made things better, of course, for the rest. In fact, this has done for the French army just what the new system of bonuses will do for the English; it clears the field for those who stay. It may perhaps be said that in the German army there is neither purchase nor promotion from the ranks; but the German army furnishes us with no useful precedent. For here, again, the natural course of things is disguised by the enormous augmentations that army has undergone of late years. Before these began, promotion was very slow in the German army, and is likely to be very slow again; it has still to be seen whether the German system will stand the test of a long peace. There are, indeed, some conditions peculiar to that army which may serve to get it out of the difficulty. In the first place, a strong inducement is held out in Germany to a young man to enter the army who does not intend to make it a permanent profession; it confers an extraordinary social status, and it saves a man from the liability to service in the ranks. Another circumstance having the same tendency, probably results from the local character of the army: an officer who finds himself stationed permanently in Prussian Poland, or on the borders of the Baltic, with no possibility of being moved to more genial climates, except to march on a campaign, and who spends all his life in drilling one set of recruits after another, may well get tired of a military life. An officer of our service whose lot was permanently cast on the north-east of Scotland, or on the flats of Essex, and who had to pass two or three hundred recruits through the ranks every year; who could never

appear in public without a thick double-breasted frock-coat and a sword; and whose recreation consisted in walking about some little country town where he was known to every old woman and child in the place,—would find soldiering a very different thing from the varied life it is now, even in peace time. General Beauchamp Walker, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, says that the greater part of the German officers are worn out and used up after twenty years' service, partly from work, but as much, we may suppose, from *ennui*.

In the absence, then, of the special causes which operate in France and Germany to stimulate the flow of promotion, it appears certain that the needful result can be secured for our army only by enforced retirements, or by holding out inducements to retire, or by a combination of the two. The employment of the first means only, to say nothing of its harshness, would have involved a distinct breach of faith, and was not to be seriously thought of. When, therefore, purchase was abolished, a large increase of charge for pensions was seen by every one conversant with the matter to be inevitable; and for Mr Trevelyan to allege now, as he does in his speech of the 6th August, that the army reformers of his school would never have saddled the country with a burden of eight millions to abolish purchase unless they had been confident of being able to reduce the army expenditure, as a consequence of that measure, betrays, to say the least, an ingenuous simplicity. These gentlemen might and should have known that the cost of abolishing purchase was merely a beginning of the outlay—an outlay to which the late Government committed their successors as distinctly as if they had got them to put their

names to a promissory note. Fortunately the Royal Commissioners recognised this, or else their labours would have been in vain; and the wisdom and moderation of their proposals are sufficiently attested by the general approbation accorded to them. They have tried to combine in one just mean the system of enforced retirement with inducement to retire voluntarily. Whether, indeed, they have hit on exactly the right mean, can only be ascertained by the test of experience. In order that their scheme should be perfectly successful, the inducements they offer for voluntary retirement should be just enough, and not more than enough, to prevent the compulsory clauses from coming into effect. If it turns out that no compulsory retirements have ever to be enforced, the inference would be that the retirements were needlessly liberal. If, on the other hand, compulsion has to be frequently put in operation, then a mistake will have been made on the side of parsimony. Time only can determine this point. It seems probable, however, that with officers serving in India, whose pay while there is large in proportion to the retirements offered, the compulsory clauses are likely to come not unfrequently into operation. The artillery, too, will probably come under their operation; but still more the engineers, the majority of whom are serving in India, and for long periods, and whose emoluments, while so employed, are large in comparison with the retiring pensions. The effect of the Warrant on the artillery and engineers is, however, too complicated a thing to do justice to here; we will merely observe that the tendency of the measure being, perhaps rightly, to take away from those branches any advantages they might have possessed over the rest of the army, it

will not be surprising if the competition for Woolwich should in consequence be found to fall off still more than it has done already.

And while fully appreciating the general merits of the new scheme, so far as it relates to the line and cavalry, we may still be permitted to question some of the detailed conditions. Of these the five-years rule for lieutenant-colonels seems the most questionable. The object of it is, of course, to give a certain amount of promotion in the regiment; and it certainly does insure one step every five years. But this amount is perfectly infinitesimal, in itself, in its effect on the lower ranks of the regiment: while it seems very likely that the tendency of the rule will be absolutely, to retard promotion on the whole, rather than expedite it; because the certainty of succeeding to the command of the battalion in a fixed time, the duration of which is known beforehand, will afford the major, who otherwise might be disposed to retire, a strong temptation to hold on. Consider, too, how unequally the thing will work. Take the case of a man fortunate in promotion, and rising to the command of, say, a cavalry regiment in sixteen or eighteen years. This young colonel—who, if otherwise efficient, is the very man to keep in the army—will have to go on half-pay at forty, to be succeeded perhaps by a much older man. Surely the needful security for getting efficiency would have been sufficiently met by fixing a maximum limit of age for regimental duty in any rank, say fifty or fifty-two, for all and every grade. With a rule of this sort, by which the man at the top must be below a certain age, the condition of the other ranks might be left to adjust itself. Such a rule would not give, on the whole, an older set of officers

than will the Warrant as it now stands, while it would act much less harshly. It would certainly admit the possibility of occasional majors and even captains of fifty; but if they choose to stay, why should they not be allowed to do so? Middle-aged regimental officers are by no means the worst. Take the Rifle Brigade, for example, in which promotion has of late been very slow, and which has several captains of forty and over. These men are the cream of the army; and provided the supply of generals and colonels efficient in point of age can be secured by a general rule, it is a great pity such men should be driven away.

It is to be regretted, also, that the opportunity afforded by the Warrant was not taken to recast entirely the rules for regulating the establishment of general officers, the present organisation of which is open, in our view, to grave objection, although on entirely different grounds from those put forward by Mr Trevelyan. He denounces the establishment as excessive, and disproportioned to the wants of the army. And so, no doubt, it is. A list of general officers, of whom only a very small fraction is ever employed, must clearly be redundant. But then Mr Trevelyan overlooks the fact that the establishment is practically a retired list for the large majority of those borne on it—a retired list, the promotions in which, carrying no pay, are virtually honorary. Mr Trevelyan thinks the list is excessive, and should be reduced; and so do we—but on administrative grounds, and not with a view to economy. The reduction would have to be compensated for by a corresponding increase of the retired list, if the effect on promotion is not to be disastrous; so that the saving Mr

Trevelyan professes to claim for such a measure would be purely illusory. Indeed it has to be observed that the present arrangement is an economical rather than an extravagant one for the State, since the rate of a general's unattached pay is smaller than that of a retired officer of the same rank. The real objection to the present arrangement—to which, however, must be allowed the merit of giving a large selection for general officers' commands—is, to our thinking, that the prospect which it offers of succession to so large a list acts as an inducement to men to hold on to the service, and so tends to retard rather than advance promotion. It would be in every way an improvement if the list, instead of being merely reduced to two hundred, or any such number, were to be limited to the number of commands actually to be filled, with a small margin comprised of the officers who had served for a tour of command, and had not yet retired. Such an arrangement would have the effect of greatly enhancing the consideration attaching to the position of a general officer, which would then come to signify the fulfilment of important functions, instead of being, as it is now, the result of mere seniority, and usually a virtual retirement. Simultaneously with such a change, the number of commands for general officers should be increased, especially in India, where many of the existing brigade commands are so important as fully to justify their being held by major-generals. The Indian plan, a heritage from the pre-Mutiny days, of giving all but a few commands to colonels with the temporary rank of brigadier, was rendered necessary in former times by the extreme age of the Indian generals, so that out of a very large establishment it used to

be difficult to find even half-a-dozen efficient for duty. But the new regulations, which provide that no man shall be eligible to attain to this rank after the age of fifty-five, would quite fall in with the proposed change; and if it be objected to on the score of expense, as regards commands at home and in the Mediterranean, a corresponding saving could easily be made by reducing some of the superfluous colonial commands now kept up—as, for example, at Ceylon, where the garrison appears to consist of a battalion of infantry, with a couple of batteries of artillery, this tremendous force being commanded by a major-general. At Hong Kong, where the garrison is of about the same strength, and the West Indies, garrisoned by a solitary negro battalion, general officers are still in command. At the Mauritius, by the way, there is a colonel on the staff, assisted by a brigade-major, to look after a battery of artillery,—and a colonel of engineers; who comprise the collective military establishments of the colony. All these commands appear to be provided with a full retinue of aides-de-camp, assistant military secretaries, and so forth, on about the same scale as is allowed for a German army corps. The late Government undoubtedly did a good thing in withdrawing our scattered garrisons from the colonies, and concentrating our small army at home; but in withdrawing the troops, they forgot to bring back the commanders as well. The retention of these commands serves no useful purpose; the holders of them are gaining no experience of a sort to qualify them for command either in peace or war; and the abolition of them would admit of establishing the Aldershot command on the footing of regular army corps without additional ex-

pense, and of giving a complete staff of brigadiers to the large garrisons at Gibraltar and Malta—arrangements both of which are much required.

We referred just now to the rule which, when it comes into full effect, will limit the qualifying age for promotion to general to fifty-five years. This rule, which has been interpolated by the War Department, is by far the most important of the additions made to the original proposals of the Royal Commission. The weak point of their scheme was, indeed, their mode of dealing with the course of promotion after the lieutenant-colonel's completion of his five years in command of a battalion. It is true that they provided for reducing the time for working through the colonels' list from thirteen years—the average rate at present—to eight years; but even this is much too long a time for a man to be absent from military duty, retaining a right to promotion to general, and to return to a command. It is impossible to say beforehand what will be the exact effect of this new fifty-five years rule, but it is certain that it must reduce this period of waiting very much further. Assuming—what seems probable—that the rate of promotion in each rank will be regulated in future very much by the limits of service which involve compulsory retirement, then an officer will usually get the command of a battalion at the age of forty-seven, and give it up at fifty-two, when, therefore, he will only have three years to pass as a brevet colonel on half-pay before getting his promotion to general. At this rate it would be difficult to find enough men for the brigade depots, and other posts for which brevet colonels are wanted. If, however, regimental promotion turns out to be faster than this,

then the time passed as a colonel will be longer in proportion. But with this drastic remedy provided against the ills of senility in the army, the question perforce arises whether the other compulsory clauses for the lower ranks are any longer necessary? The truth is, that this clause, which looks as if it had been inserted at the last moment as an afterthought, is about the wisest condition in the whole warrant, and if hit upon sooner, might well have taken the place of several conditions in it which now appear to be superfluous. With this condition governing the promotions to major-general, and the removal of all general officers of seventy from the active list, and perhaps a further proviso added that no regimental office should be held after fifty or fifty-two, the reasonable flow of promotion would seem to be sufficiently provided for; and as it is undoubtedly the compulsory clauses affecting majors and captains which will cause most hardship, it may be hoped that the War Office will eventually see the way to getting rid of them.

One more point has to be mentioned. It seems to have been generally overlooked, yet is perfectly clear, that the Warrant is essentially adapted only for a state of peace. It is quite inconceivable that the army should take the field with the clerks at the War Office watching from a distance all the officers engaged before the enemy, to pounce upon every man, whatever his rank, and strike him off the list as soon as the day comes for the completion of the prescribed limit of service. Imagine the feelings of an officer, say a captain of just twenty years' service, in expectation of being told off for an assault, who knows that if the assault comes off to-morrow he will be competent to take share

in it; but that if it should happen to be put off for a day longer, he may be killed the day after he has been gazetted out of the army. The five-years rule for lieutenant-colonels will equally be found impossible to work. Not to mention the transparent absurdity of removing the efficient commander of a battalion in the middle of a campaign, just when his services are invaluable, how is the working of the rule to be arranged in less obvious cases? A regiment is ordered on foreign service, either at the beginning of or during a campaign; the lieutenant-colonel wants a few weeks to complete his five years,—is he to take his battalion out to the scene of action and come home again by himself, or should he retire at once and let the senior major succeed him? Is that the view of duty which the regulations of our army should be made to favour? The answer is obvious; all these compulsory clauses will have to be suspended, not only in the event of a great war, but even whenever a single battalion is sent on one of those little expeditions, often inglorious and obscure, but still of

a kind to try the quality of British officers and men as severely as grander operations, which make up so large a part of the military history. It can hardly be said, therefore, that finality has been yet reached in the matter, when we see that these elaborate rules, which are intended to have so important an issue on the fortunes of individuals and the welfare of the army, will be found wholly inapplicable at the very times when the rules of promotion and retirement become of the highest importance. And it may be well urged on those who are responsible, that when the time shall come for introducing those changes of detail in the Warrant which, in ordinary course, are sure to be needed before long, they should consider whether a more radical modification cannot with advantage be made in the direction of greater simplicity, somewhat on the lines here indicated, so that the Warrant may become what it ought to be, a code adapted to regulate the promotion of the army in war as well as in peace.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder."

MY bairn, we aince were bairnies,
 Wee gamesome bairnies twa;
 We creepit into the hen-house,
 An' jookit under the straw.

We craw'd like the cock-a-doodles—
 An' to hear us the passing folk
 At ilk "kickericoo" wad fancy,
 It just was the bantam cock.

The kists in the yaird we papered,
 And made them bonnie and crouse,
 An' we dwalt there, we twa thegither—
 The laird had nae brawer house!

An' aften the neebor's auld baudrons
 Look'd in for a mornin' ca',
 We made her our bobs and curtsies,
 And snoovelin' speeches an' a'.

"An' how hae ye been? an' how are ye?"
 Was aye the o'erword when she came;
 To mony a queer auld tabby
 Sin' syne hae we said the same.

Whiles, like auld carles we sat, too,
 And oh! what gran' sense we talk'd then,
 An' bemoan'd us, how things were a' better
 In times when oursels were young men.

How love, an' leal hearts, an' devout anes
 Had flown frae the warld clean awa';
 How the price coffee stood at was awfu',
 An' gowd no to come by ava'.

They are gane, thae ploys o' my childhood,
 An' a' things are gangin, guid sooth!
 The gowd, time itsel, and the warld,
 Love, faith, and leal-hearted truth.

"Sie haben heut' Abend Gesellschaft."

THEY have company coming this evening,
And the house is ablaze with light ;
Up yonder a figure in shadow
Sweeps past by the windows bright.

Thou seest me not,—in the darkness
I stand here, under thy room,—
Still less can'st thou see the darkness
Is shrouding my heart in gloom.

My dark heart loves thee, adores thee,
It loves, and it breaks for thee,—
Breaks, quivers, wells out its dear life-blood,—
But all this thou dost not see !

"Die Jahre kommen und gehen."

YEARS come and go ; generations
Are perishing day by day,
But the love that my heart aches with,
It never will pass away.

If once, but once, I might see thee,
And sink on my knees at thy feet,
And, dying there, dying might tell thee,
"I love thee, I love thee, sweet !"

"Die Schönes Fischer-Mädchen."

MY bonnie blithe fisher-maiden,
Row in your boat to the strand,
And come and sit down beside me,
And chat with me hand in hand.

Rest your dear little head on my bosom,
And be not so frightened, child ;
Every day you trust without thinking
Yourself to the ocean wild.

My heart is quite like the ocean,
It has tempests, and ebb, and flow ;
'And fine pearls lie there a-many,
Down, down in its depths below.

"Am fernen Horizonte."

ON the verge of the far horizon
 Stands the town with steeple and tower,
 And it looks like a shape of cloud-land
 In the dusk of the twilight hour.

A damp breeze ruffles the ash-grey
 Lake, as along we steer ;
 The beat of the boatman's oar falls
 Slow, like a dirge, and drear.

The sun flashes up for a moment,
 Just one, ere it sinks below,
 And shows me the spot where I lost her,
 My darling one, years ago.

"Die Nacht ist feucht und stürmisch."

THE night, it is damp and stormy,
 Not a star in the sky to be seen ;
 The forest boughs creak all round me,
 I wander in silence between.

From the lonesome lodge of the huntsman
 Far flickers a feeble light ;
 It shall not beguile me to it—
 On the place there's a kind of blight.

There the blind grannie's sitting, I warrant,
 In the rusty leathern chair,
 Speaking never a word, like a statue
 With settled and stony stare.

To and fro strides, cursing, the forester's
 Son with the caroty pate,
 Flings his rifle down in the corner,
 And laughs with the rage of hate.

The bonnie young wench is spinning,
 Fast fall her tears on the flax ;
 And whimpering, close to her feet creeps
 And nestles the old man's Dachs.*

* The small quaint-looking dog, with a fine head and feet of the turnspit type, which is common in Thuringia and elsewhere in Germany.

"Die Jungfrau schläft in der Kammer."

THE girl is asleep in her chamber,
The moon looks quivering in ;
Outside there is humming and strumming,
As of tunes when the waltzers spin.

"I'll look out of my window, and see who
Is disturbing my rest there below."
And there stands a skeleton fiddling,
And he sings, as he jerks his bow :

"Once you promised to dance as my partner—
You broke your word ; and to-day
There's a ball going on in the churchyard,
We'll dance it out there—come away !"

The voice strikes home to the maiden,
It wiles her out at the door ;
She follows, as, singing and fiddling,
The skeleton strides on before.

It fiddles, and skips, and cuts capers ;
Clap, clap ! go its bones ; and its skull
Keeps gruesomely nodding and nodding,
In the eerie moonshine dull.

"Du hast Diamanten und Perlen."

PEARLS hast thou and diamonds, dearest,
Thou hast all that men hold in store ;
And eyes, never maiden had finer,—
Sweet, what dost thou wish for more

To those wonderful eyes of thine, sweet,
Whole torrents of song I pour,
That shall make their renown immortal,—
Sweet, what dost thou wish for more ?

With those wonderful eyes thou hast made me
Ache to my very heart's core ;
Yes, won and completely undone me,—
Sweet, what dost thou wish for more ?

“Das Herz ist mir bedrückt und sehulich.”

My heart is sad, with sore misgiving
I think of days of “auld lang syne ;”
The world was pleasant then to live in,
And folks were neither fast nor fine.

But everything is out of gear now,
Such push and struggle, care and dread ;
Of God on high we have no fear now,
And down below the devil’s dead.

And things look crumbling all to ruin,
So bleak, so dismal ; were it not
For here some billing, there some cooing,
What would there be to live for—what ?

“Und wüssten’s die Blumen, die Kleinen.”

If the little flowers knew how deep
Is the wound that is in my heart,
Their tears with mine they’d weep,
For a balm to ease its smart.

If the nightingales knew how ill
And worn with woe I be,
They would cheerily carol and trill,
And all to bring joy to me.

If they knew, every golden star,
The anguish that racks me here,
They would come from their heights afar
To speak to me words of cheer.

But none of them all can know ;
One only can tell my pain,
And she has herself—oh woe !—
She has rent my heart in twain.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. V.

THE misfortunes which gathered about Russia in the early days of August grew only darker and thicker as the month waned, and at the coming of September her affairs looked still more gloomy. And by this time a remarkable change had taken place in her mode of proceeding. She was no longer rushing forward regardless of all risk, and trusting implicitly to the apathy of her opponent. The seven-leagued-boot practice was very abruptly abandoned; whether because the legs could not stand the pace, or because of a late awakening of prudence, none could tell. But for some reason she became suddenly intent on concentrating her forces, showed a disposition to torpor, and was as willing to wait as she had been before impatient of delay. As the Turk had never moved but in response to her goading, there was fair ground for presuming that if she chose to leave him unmolested he would doze away through an indefinite period, and not get up till he felt the prick of a bayonet. Therefore she gathered her army together, and determined that there should be a lull in the war, until she could receive the reinforcements which she now found to be necessary before she could carry out her plan of invasion.

But it was not only in the Russian army that a change was observable. As in those metamorphoses where enchanters have ere now delighted to make a cobbler and a king change places—bestowing on the one the characteristics which had belonged to the other, and *vice versa*—so the energy which the Russians so unexpectedly lost was transfused into the hitherto lethargic Turks, who began to exhibit

some vitality; who rather inclined to take the initiative and provoke a slothful rival; and whose exploits, executed or anticipated, became now the themes of journalists, and furnished new ideas for politicians.

Both parties seemed to have become suddenly sensible of the positions in which they stood. The Russian commander opened his understanding to the fact that his army was standing amid very dangerous circumstances, and that it depended upon his antagonists more than on himself whether he might pay a heavy penalty for the imprudence which had brought it to that pass. He saw himself crippled, straitly bound in by rows of enemies, unable to make the only effort that could free him from his embarrassment. The Turkish general perceived at length that the result of a series of blunders on both sides had been to place the invader much at his mercy. The situations of his fortresses (erected by much longer-sighted officers than he or his colleagues) had led him to station his forces on lines from which he must have an immense advantage over a weakened and hesitating enemy, provided only that his own troops would act in a manner becoming the occasion.

The cause of the sharpened perception on both sides was undoubtedly the defence of Plevna by Osman Pasha at the end of July. Until the force under Krüdener,—a gallant force, beyond all contradiction,—trooped away, baffled and fearfully reduced after that remarkable action, that tropic of the war, the Russian belief had been—at any rate the Russians had acted as if they believed—that no ceremony was necessary with the Turks; and

that whether encountered according to, or in defiance of, prudential maxims, the latter must go down before Russian skill and valour. But after that event the reflection could not fail to present itself, that every Turkish post around contained a possible Osman, and a garrison that might prove as difficult of repression as the heroic unspeakables who forbade the taking of liberties with Plevna. A most unpleasant reflection it must have been; for just at that time it was necessary to sweep away a few of these Turkish posts in order that the great invasion might proceed according to programme. The illusion that Turkish positions could be walked over at pleasure was completely dissipated. The dread of Turkish forts, which immediately succeeded to the utter contempt of them, was also perhaps excessive, but it was real; and a quite new article of Russian faith was, that no more assaults should be attempted until there should be at command such a preponderance of force on the side of the assailants as should make success certain. Consequently, a suspension of active operations was decreed until large reinforcements could be brought up from home. It does not appear that at this stage of the war any apprehension was entertained of the Turk taking the initiative. Provided the invader was content to remain supine, the invaded would not break the quiet of the theatre of war. This error, too, was about to be rudely corrected; but, for the present, it induced the conviction among Russians, and among many beside them, that the campaign would be uneventful until all should be in readiness for the curtain to rise on the invader's second act. Already, before any serious reverse was experienced in the field, Russian expectations must have undergone most pitiable disappointment.

The invasion had come to a stand. The immediate object of the great Russian army was no longer hasty conquest of territory, but defence of its own positions. The delay involved, of course, the probability of discontent, sickness, and depression among the troops. Four months of war had passed, and not only had Russia not won a great battle, but she was compelled to three or four weeks of inaction during summer, only hoping that she would be allowed to remain inactive, and being as anxious now for what Falstaff called an *interval* as she had been before for shooting the rapids. Her chance of ultimate success was not gone, but here was evidence that she had not understood nor provided for the undertaking in which she was engaged; and, of course, confidence receded from her both at home and abroad.

Upon the Turks, happily for them, the defence of Plevna also made an impression, though none could have dared to predict that it would do so. They perceived that it was possible to check the giant with whose bulk and big assemblance they (and others beside them) had been so overcome. They perceived, also, what a marked effect such a check had on the giant—how, instead of being to him but a bruise or a scratch, it seemed to stun him and make him cower. Inspired by these new ideas, they at length began to act as if they had some plan, and as if they had become alive to the many advantages of position which they enjoyed, and to the chances which offered of their being able to threaten, and perhaps to interrupt, the enemy's communications. The Turkish generals in Bulgaria were not quick in taking the offensive, but they were known to be preparing for enterprise; while Suleiman Pasha

on the south of the Balkans was already distressing Gourko's troops. As we explained last month, Osman's exploit at Plevna greatly assisted Suleiman's efforts, by causing Gourko to abandon his Roumelian posts, in order that he might secure his line of retreat over the Balkans. For three weeks after the great day at Plevna, Gourko was withdrawing into the mountains, while Suleiman, moving warily, was trying to find him. It was difficult to follow the movements of either general, the notices of them being infrequent and uncertain. Suleiman for some time did not know where Gourko lay, and was under the belief that he was first in this pass, then in that, and at last that he had evacuated the mountain passes and fallen back towards Tirnova. Correspondents and readers were as uninformed as was Suleiman about what Gourko's force was doing. Gourko himself was reported to have left his command, and to have gone to Russia on other duty; but his troops remained among the mountains, and were heard of very distinctly later on. In the meantime the Russians attempted to take Loftcha, and again received a rebuff.

About the middle of August, it became known that the column which had been General Gourko's was in the Schipka Pass, and intended to hold it. Suleiman was said to have crossed to the north side by the Hainkoi, and to have formed a junction with Mehemet Ali. But this last information was incorrect; for, a week later, all the world was advertised that Suleiman had attacked the Russians in the Schipka with great fury. This attack was the beginning of a series of active operations on the part of the Turks, who were at length alive to the impolicy of remaining passive while the Russians were waiting for reinforcements. It was

believed by many that the three Pashas—viz., Suleiman, Mehemet Ali, and Osman, were operating in concert. If so, their joint action was very imperfectly accomplished; but it is doubtful whether they were acting for any common object, and not unlikely that each was separately moved to take the offensive, the moving in any direction of the two generals north of the Balkans being quite a new occurrence. The point to be noted is their disposition to move at all at the right time. The Russians were in no condition for brisk encounters; the expediency of advancing against them was manifest, and the question was, whether they would ever see their reinforcements, for there was a possibility of the Turks cutting a large portion of them off from the Danube. Thus, although the Turks had been very tardy in using their opportunity, it was at length apparent that the Russians were not to be allowed to strengthen themselves without being, in their interval of weakness, pressed with some vigour, if not with great strategical skill. The taking of the offensive by the Turks towards the end of August marks another turning-point in the campaign. They did this too late, and they did not at last do it in the most effectual manner. Yet their doing it at all changed for the present the prospects of the war, and showed how little good management had, from the first, been required on their part to enable them to stem an invasion which seemed, every now and then, to be breaking down from inability to sustain its own weight, and which had not inherent vigour to bear up against a sagacious and persistent foe.

The Schipka Pass, a name which will be very familiar in men's mouths for some time to come, is a transverse chasm in the Balkans.

A part of the breadth of this chasm is sufficiently whole and regular from end to end to carry a road practicable for heavy carriages. This road-bearing strip is, in its approach to regularity of surface, very unlike the other portions of the chasm, or the peaks and ridges which form the chasm's sides, for these are all exceedingly rugged and broken. Right and left of the strip the chasm falls away in rifts and rocks most wildly mixed. The breadth of the chasm is as variable as everything else about it; and the heights which bound it are heaps of irregular ground. The road is very tortuous. Sometimes the heights jut out and approach it closely; sometimes they recede, and leave the chasm of considerable breadth. Owing to the jagged and torn character of the chasm generally, there are places in it very near to the road which cannot be seen from the road; and, of course, the flanking heights see very much of the chasm generally, and particularly of the road, which has fewer inequalities to shut it out from view. Lateral valleys indent the overhanging heights, and wind round some of them, so that such a force as may move without a road, and over difficult country, can leave the pass by one opening and work back to it by another. Some spaces on the mountains are thickly wooded; and as earth-works were continually raised by both sides, we may infer that there is ground sufficiently soft to yield to the intrenching tools—*i.e.*, that it is not all bare hard rock. It is possible for men to scramble about some intricacies of the chasm to right and left of the road, and also to scramble on to the flanking heights in places. It is also possible to raise guns on to the heights. To have free use of the road, therefore, during hostilities, it is necessary to

hold not only the strip of ground on which the road runs, but the heights to right and left which command the chasm. From the village of Schipka on the south to the Karaula Khan on the north of the range, is about seven English miles, and the pass extends along the greater part of this span. The chasm is nearly a mile broad in some places; in others, it is not more than 300 yards. It will be remembered that the Turks abandoned some redoubts in the Pass at the time when General Gourko drove them out of it; and now the Russians, desirous of keeping open this way into Roumelia, had intrenched themselves at convenient stations in the chasm; but from want of numbers they had been unable, or from want of foresight they had neglected, to occupy or bar the commanding heights, so that the enemy might not seize them, and so overlook the road and the redoubts. Accordingly, when Suleiman Pasha made his attack on the Pass, he, coming from Schipka, endeavoured to work along the heights past the Russian positions, with the view of at last commanding the road at a point between them and the Russian stations to the north of the mountains. If he could have done this, there was no need of his capturing the redoubts one by one, because he would have cut off the whole force in the Pass from communication with their friends; and, if he could have maintained the blockade, must soon have brought them to the point of choosing between starvation and surrender. The Russians understood his game, but were unable to prevent him from prosecuting it while they remained within shelter of their works—he being in greater force than they, and also on higher ground. Their only chance of thwarting him, therefore, lay in coming boldly out and dislodging

him from his most advanced positions—and this they constantly did. Thus, though Suleiman was in a general sense the assailant, it constantly happened that at particular points of vantage the Russians made attacks on him, to prevent his extending along the heights.

We trust that the above paragraph gives some idea of the kind of struggle which went on in the Schipka Pass; and now we will try to pick out from the daily accounts, and to put in due sequence, the incidents of that remarkable struggle.

On Tuesday, August 21st, Suleiman, at the head, it is said, of 40,000 men, marched up from the village of Schipka and assailed a Russian intrenchment. The telegrams of the period—though some of them are particular in giving Suleiman's force—are silent as regards the strength of the Russians. The correspondent of the 'Daily News,' who professes to give information derived from Russian staff-officers, declares that the defenders at the first were no more than 3000 men strong, with forty pieces of cannon; also, that there were no supports nearer than Tirnova, which was fifty miles away. If this be correct, the difference of force in the two armies was enormous.

The first attempt of the Turks appears to have been to dash directly at the Russian position, and to carry it by a *coup de main*. They set on it with extreme bravery, but were encountered with bravery as great. A series of desperate hand-to-hand attacks was only so far successful that the Turks forced the enemy from their outer line of shelter-trenches. The Russians claim to have resisted ten assaults on this day—a herculean exploit for so small a garrison. Indeed, as we know already the quality of the troops which Suleiman commanded, we require a little explanation in

order that we may understand how this handful of men could escape being walked over, earth-works and all, by his host. But it is likely that the breadth of the position was such as would only allow of a small number attacking at one time—so that the Russians may not in any attack have been engaged with a force equal to their own. Yet this consideration detracts but little from the merit of the resistance; because, if Suleiman could not advance at once with an overwhelming front, he could make each successive attack with fresh men, while the stubborn Russians had hardly a relief of soldiers through all these ten assaults! The fighting was continued far into the summer's night, with no other result than has been stated. The Turks are reported to have lost a great number of men, which no doubt they did; the Russian loss is put down at 200.

On the succeeding day, Suleiman seems to have rather agreeably surprised his enemy, for he kept up a musketry-fire without delivering an assault. For all that, he wasn't a bit discouraged, as was afterwards made plain. He was taking steps for making his approach with skill as well as impetuosity, and for turning the whole position. He put six siege-guns into batteries on the heights, and opened some trenches for the shelter of his men. Thus prepared, he recommenced his operations at eight o'clock on the morning of the 23d. The Russians had by this time been reinforced, or it would probably have been all over with them. They were pressed hard enough as it was. The Turks were not only attacking them in front and flank, but some Turkish battalions were working past their position with the intention of closing round its rear. The fighting again

was fierce; but so near was the Turkish general to entire success, that he telegraphed to Constantinople to announce that the enemy was completely surrounded, that his retreat upon Gabrova was commanded by the Turkish arms, and that next day the decisive assault would be made. Suleiman left out of his account one contingency, and that one came and disappointed him. Near about the time of sending off his telegram it must have been, and while he was in the act of completing his closing movement and making sure of his prey, that a Russian reinforcement under Radetsky arrived, having made one long march from Tirnova. These did not lose a moment in assisting the defence. The Russian artillery came into action as soon as they could find a favourable position within range, and commenced belabouring the Turkish batteries on the heights. The riflemen and other infantry marched up the road in defiance of the Turkish fire, which they no doubt got pretty hotly, began to fight without a moment's rest or refreshment, and so just averted the catastrophe that was impending; that is to say, they just prevented the Turks from closing on the rear of the Russian position. But Sulei-

man at the end of the day still retained his points of vantage, and there could be no safety for the Russians as long as he should do so. The night was therefore one of intense anxiety.

Let it be here remarked that Suleiman in his telegram, besides counting on success too securely, was mistaken as to his having complete command of the road. He had certainly not such command as sufficed to prevent reinforcements from coming up to the enemy. Again, the march of the Russians from Tirnova was most creditable, reminding one of General Craufurd's march to Talavera.* The infantry men were, for conveyance, mounted on troop horses, and so brought up far less fatigued than if they had marched. We have read censures on Suleiman for not being quicker; but, really, he seems to have been as quick as was possible. It is only one way of looking at the matter to see that Suleiman was balked just when on the eve of success. Another view is that the Russians, by leaving the men in the Schipka so far from supports, were within an ace of losing some thousands of their troops. The blunder of the leaders was cured, and only just cured, by the energy of the

* It may be a convenience to our younger readers, who perhaps are too busy with other things to study these old stories, if we transcribe from Napier's 'Peninsular War' the account of this march. It is as follows:—

"General Robert Craufurd reached the English camp with the 43d, 52d, and 95th or rifle regiment, and immediately took charge of the outposts. These troops, after a march of twenty miles, were in *bivouac* near Malpartida de Plasencia, when the alarm, caused by the fugitive Spanish, spread to that part. Craufurd allowed the men to rest for a few hours, and then, withdrawing about fifty of the weakest from the ranks, commenced his march with the resolution not to halt until he reached the field of battle. As the brigade advanced, crowds of the runaways were met with, and those not all Spaniards, propagating the vilest falsehoods: *the army was defeated; Sir Arthur Wellesley was killed; the French were only a few miles distant*; and some, blinded by their fears, affected even to point out the enemy's advanced posts on the nearest hills. Indignant at this shameful scene, the troops hastened, rather than slackened, the impetuosity of their pace; and, leaving only seventeen stragglers behind, in twenty-six hours they had crossed the field of battle in a close and compact body, having, in that time, passed over sixty-two English miles, and in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight upon his shoulders. Had the historian Gibbon known of such a march, he would have spared his sneer about the 'delicacy of modern soldiers.'"

soldiers who made that splendid march.

The first object of the Russians on the morning of the 24th, was of course to dislodge the Turks from their commanding position. Radetsky commanded now a strong force, and at daybreak he made a most furious and gallant onslaught on the Turkish position to the Russian right. The attack was met as bravely as it was given. Suleiman, far from yielding ground, tried still to make way on the flanks and enclose his enemy. His men descended into a valley with the purpose of crossing to a peak further to the Russian rear, and in this valley met the force that was on its way to dislodge them. The fight accordingly began in the hollow, and was there maintained with the greatest fury. The Turks got into a beech-wood, which afforded them some shelter; but the Russians for long were on bare ground, where they suffered terribly. Further reinforcements kept arriving for the Russians, all of which had to make their approach through a fearful musketry and artillery fire, but which did nevertheless push their way to the field. The fighting continued with unabated firmness up to noon, the Turks not having relinquished their idea of taking more ground to the Russian rear, and the latter working into the wood, hoping to overlap, and so stop, the advance. The combat being hid in the wood, the artillery from without did not dare to fire, and the whole work was thus left to the rifles. With all this long morning's fighting and slaughter little progress had been made on either side. But in the afternoon the Russians, who had been receiving reinforcements all day, made another attack on the other side of the wood, at the same time putting more energy, if that were possible, into the original attack from the opposite side of the

valley. For this second assault the Turks were quite prepared, and they met it, as it came on, with a murderous fire of artillery and small-arms. The battle swayed to and fro for long, the issue remaining exceedingly doubtful, until at last the Turks, hard pressed, yielded some ground, but not the whole of their position. To dislodge them entirely, a third attack was needed, and it was made. The Russian general headed it in person, and, under stress of the three attacks, the Turks withdrew from the commanding peak from which they had advanced in the morning, having first retired their guns. This was done by two o'clock, but later on in the day the Russians attacked again, and cleared some more ground on the flank of their position. Russian reinforcements kept arriving all the time that this terrible fight was going on. One Russian general was reported killed, and another wounded.

With the action of this day the crisis seems to have passed, although, for days after, the fighting was reported to be going on with as much fierceness as at first, and with fearful loss to both sides. They fought by night as well as by day, giving each other no respite—not so much as would suffice to put their dead out of sight. The air was poisonous from the putrid bodies; the Russian general gave as his reason for not attacking on one occasion that the smell was too sickening to face. Privation of every kind seems to have been endured there, and a bull-dog tenacity exhibited on both sides, the accounts of which cause continual regret that soldiers who possess such splendid qualities should be so indifferently led, and that the valour of brave men should not be in the highest degree utilised, and the useless effusion of their blood avoided. There was reason to be-

lieve that no substantial advantage was gained by all this fighting. The Russians, believing their position in the Pass to be safe, withdrew some of their troops after a few days. Suleiman repeatedly telegraphed news of advantages which he had gained; but the Russians maintained their hold of the Pass; and after a little while the attention of the European world was attracted towards the acts on another stage. On the 28th August, the Russians confessed to having suffered a loss in the Pass of 98 officers and 2633 men—an estimate probably much under the mark. Taking it as accurate, and ascribing an equal loss to the Turks, we have 5462 as the loss in eight days.

Suleiman has been almost universally blamed for devoting his time and the lives of his excellent soldiers to the clearing of this Pass, when he might have rendered essential service in joining Osman, or even Mehemet Ali, by another route across the Balkans, and leaving the Schipka to Russian possession until such time as, by the action of the Turks farther north, the recall of the detachment from thence should be unavoidable. If we do not heartily join in this criticism, it is not because we can show it to be wrong, but for these reasons: 1st, That we do not know the whole of the circumstances; 2d, That the Turkish method of conducting war is essentially different from that taught in most European schools, and yet, perhaps, not badly adapted to the materials with which, and the circumstances amid which, the Turks make war. It is an indubitable fact that, as this war has proceeded, Turkish soldiering has been rapidly rising in general estimation. At the beginning it was thought to be of the very lowest quality; it has since had considerable success both in Asia

and Europe. It is possible that we have not yet been allowed to see the whole of its merit.

As the Schipka struggle subsided into a chronic condition there was no lack of incidents elsewhere to engage the attention of observers. From the middle of August tentative affairs, originating from both sides by turns, were reported all round the line of outposts from Plevna round by Loftcha, Selvi, and Drenova, and from Osman Bazar to Rustchuk by Eski Djuma and Rasgrad. The Russians were supposed to be feeling about to assure themselves that all was safe, and that the war would wait while they were getting their strength up; but the restlessness of the Turks was attributed by observers to a desire to take advantage of the Russian weakness, and so try conclusions with the enemy in a very earnest way. There can be no doubt now that the Turks were then bestirring themselves for decisive action. They were a good while in making up their minds to it, and struck very late; nevertheless they did something of a kind to display their energy, and did not do it badly.

Mehemet Ali's force (of which nobody seemed to know the numbers) lay nearly upon a circular arc, receding as far as Eski Djuma and Rasgrad. The chord of the arc ran straight from Osman Bazar to Rustchuk, which along the greater part of its length corresponds nearly with the valley of the Lom river and with the highway. Mehemet resolved to advance to the river, which was indeed to threaten the whole line of Russian positions from Tirnova to Pyrgos; and he accordingly, on the 30th August, advanced from the neighbourhood of Rasgrad upon some villages on the bank of the Lom, and on the same day three columns, under his orders, advanced on the same line farther south. He was altogether successful. His

northern attack under Nedjib and two other Pashas took the Russian general, Leonoff, by surprise. The latter, however, fought desperately, and made a gallant stand at one of the villages on the Lom, which was several times taken and retaken. The Russians were at last driven back on the village of Karahassan, and the contest seemed at an end; but the Turk had allowed a pause only while the three columns above mentioned effected a turning movement, which being complete, the Russians were beaten out of Karahassan and across the river. Before they evacuated the village they set it on fire, but did not by that means prevent the assailants from securing a large booty. Four guns, several thousand muskets, a quantity of ammunition, and an immense number of greatcoats and other stores, fell into the hands of the victors. The fugitive Russians are said to have thrown away their knapsacks. The Englishman, Baker Pasha, distinguished himself greatly in this action. According to the correspondent of the 'Standard,' the Russian loss was eight superior officers, a large number of inferior officers, and about 2600 men; that of the Turks was 158 killed and 523 wounded.

The battle above noted much improved Mehemet Ali's position, as he now threatened the new bridge or ferry at Pyrgos, and the whole line from Sistova to Tirnova. It was expected day by day that the Russians would mass troops in his front; but there was no news of this having been done. Indeed, as soon appeared, the Russians were intent upon other enterprises, and, once more trusting to Turkish slothfulness, neglected their communications in the hope of wiping out the stain of their defeats at Plevna and Loftcha. Whether this strategy was to be successful or not, it was unjustifiable. In war, if in any enterprise,

the difference between the greater and the less ought always to be kept in view; and a general has no right at any time to pursue a minor advantage, when by doing so he runs a great risk of having his communications cut. His gain would be but loss if it should result in his being severed from his base.

Before we follow the Russian movements, it may be well to note that, a day or two after Mehemet Ali's successful action on the Lom of the 30th August, the Roumanian army, said to be from 26,000 to 30,000 strong, passed into Bulgaria by a bridge which they had themselves constructed at Korabbia to the west of Nicopolis. Their prince had been appointed to a high command in the combined Russian and Roumanian armies, and he did not fail on this occasion to issue one of those inflated proclamations, the folly of which no experience seems to point out to emperors, kings, and princes. The ridicule which had followed the Russian proclamations in Armenia and Bulgaria ought to have operated as a caution, but it did not. The Roumanian army, having entered Bulgaria, advanced in the direction of Plevna, and co-operated with strong bodies of Russians who were now advancing against and endeavouring to surround Osman Pasha's army. The Turks were unable to reinforce the latter; but there were two chances of his being relieved from the pressure of his foes. One was that Mehemet Ali, operating swiftly and vigorously on the Russian communications, might draw off some of the force before Plevna; the other was that Suleiman, relinquishing his tedious warfare in the Balkans, might make a north-westerly advance and succour Osman. Both these expedients were so obviously proper, that it was a universal marvel why neither of them was followed. Of course the Turks must have known

as well as any of their critics how valuable at this moment would have been either of the movements which we have named. The fashion has been to censure them mercilessly for losing these opportunities; but, as they have not yet said a word in explanation of their conduct, the censure may prove to have been undeserved.

While we were scanning curiously the effects and rate of Mehemet's progress, rather sudden intelligence arrived of the capture of Loftcha on the 3d September by the Russians. The large reinforcement afforded by the Roumanian army in the western quarter of the theatre of war emboldened the Russian general to assault Osman Pasha's positions without waiting for further reinforcements from home. The attack was managed secretly, and probably took the Turks by surprise.* By accounts from Constantinople less than 8000 Turks were assailed by 40,000 Russians; but the special correspondent of the 'Standard' reported that the Russians numbered about 26,000 with cavalry, and 90 guns in addition, while the Turks were about 15,000 in all.

The attack was begun early in the morning by artillery, which for several hours continued to rain shot and shell from surrounding heights upon the redoubts which formed the principal strength of the Turkish position. The practice is reported to have been very good, and the little garrison is said to have been much distressed by it. A little before noon two of the principal redoubts were simultaneously assailed by infantry, and

both of them taken after very severe fighting. There still remained one formidable redoubt, but that could not long hold out after the fall of the others. A tremendous fire was opened on it early in the afternoon, and continued for some hours, after which the third redoubt also was taken. There was, however, no surrender. The Turks retired in good order, and protected the retreat of the Mussulman inhabitants. The Russians gave their own loss in this affair as 1000 men, and claim to have buried over 2000 Turks. Osman appears to have left Plevna at the head of a strong force with the intention of succouring the Loftcha garrison; but, on hearing that Plevna itself had been threatened immediately after his departure, he returned in haste,—and thus Loftcha was left to its fate.

This victory came very seasonably to the Russians; for to them the campaign had been particularly barren of achievements, and we had for some time past been hearing of Turkish activity, and of the successes of Mehemet Ali on the Lom. The equinox was approaching, and the consequences of allowing the winter to overtake them while so little of their enterprise was accomplished, were no doubt perceived by the commanders. Reserves did not come up rapidly; but the Prince of Roumania was willing—nay, some said anxious—to take an active part in the war,—and Russian pride stooped to accept the assistance which in the commencement of her invasion she had put from her as an incumbrance. As she was certainly prudent in thus acting,

* Since writing the above we have learned from a correspondent of the 'Edinburgh Courant,' whose letter was published on 21st September, that not only were the Turks surprised, but, if they had not kept a most villainous look-out, they might have had a great advantage over their adversary. He says: "Had Osman Pasha's Circassians been a little more vigilant, they might have made this a perilous game for Imeritinsky to play. The Russian camp was actually pitched within shelling distance of the Turkish redoubt on the extreme left. Nearly 20,000 infantry lay all day in the hollows, with but a few field-guns to protect them."

we will not speak so severely as some of our contemporaries have done of this tardy condescension. The mistake was in the haughty refusal of proffered help at first, not in taking it now that it was manifestly advisable to finish the war if possible before the depth of winter. The moral we would draw from this fellowship with Roumania is, not so much that Russia's pride has had a fall, as that Russia can put her pride aside when she sees that circumstances require her to do so. And we apply the reflection in considering the chances of Russian interests urgently requiring peace. Over and over again we have been told of the impossibility of Russian honour brooking any arrangement whatever while the object of her invasion remained unaccomplished. We incline to think that, as in the case of the Roumanian contingent, Russian pride will give way before the strong necessities of the empire, and accept a disappointment as soon as it is clear that there is no alternative but so to do. As to the behaviour of Roumania, that is another question. She has probably made a mistake; but, as we have before taken occasion to observe, her case was peculiarly hard. Europe, which was bound to advise and help her, stood persistently aloof, and allowed her to be invaded. She was compelled to choose her own course of action. To make a prudent choice was most difficult. Little by little she was drawn into the struggle; and, having already incurred all the penalties of rebellion, a small temptation, probably, was enough to make her invade Turkey. Her unhappy lot should teach us to appreciate more justly than we have been accustomed to do the general action of the States of Europe. Since it has been patent to all the world that Russia might possibly come short of her object in this war, the advocates of

the "bag and baggage" solution have been comforting themselves with the assurance that Europe will put down the unspeakable whether Russia may do so or not. The sooner they disabuse themselves of such a fancy, the better. It becomes every day more doubtful whether such a thing as European concert is possible. Nobody knows this better than the Turk himself. Should he make good his resistance to this invasion, he will not be easily frightened by anything that may be threatened in the name of Europe, but probably request any Power that may gainsay his proceedings to come out into the arena and try a campaign with him. We do not know of any Power that is likely to do this, and we know of one Power that certainly will not do it. Roumania seems to have an uncomfortable presentiment that Turkey, if victorious, will be left pretty much to her own devices; for her Prince, in a second proclamation, urged her to assist in the destruction of Turkey, that she might escape the vengeance of the victorious Turks.

If it be true (as we suspect it is) that Russia has been losing men in unusually large numbers by disease, there is another good reason why she should call upon Roumanians, Servians, Greeks, or any allies that she can get, to assist her in bringing the war to an end;—a good reason, too, why the last two States should pause a while before plunging into a war wherein their side is by no means certain to be victorious. Lapse of time, unassisted by the enemy, seems likely to bring Russia to a stand-still; and if, in addition to the effects of time, the Turks continue to improve as soldiers, it may be anything but advantageous to be of the invading party.

It was generally understood that the taking of Loftcha was but the

prelude to an attack on Plevna, for which great preparations were being made—and rightly so; for after the conspicuous failure which had been made before that place in July, it would have been better to leave it unmolested than to attack it again without the strongest presumption that success would attend the effort. But, short as was the interval between these two swoops upon Osman Pasha, who seemed especially devoted to ruin, an action occurred intermediately elsewhere which was of sufficient importance to make a notice of it necessary, before following the course of events to the westward. Mehemet Ali made another advance towards the Russian line of communications after a battle in which he was victorious, on the 5th September. He is by the Russian official account represented to have used fifteen battalions, eighteen squadrons of cavalry, and twenty-three guns; while the enemy had but five battalions, eight squadrons, and guns in proportion. Even if this be correct, it casts a stigma upon the Russian conduct of affairs, because they allowed themselves, in an important position, and at an important crisis in the war, to be greatly outnumbered. It appears that the Russians, advancing from some heights which they occupied near Kasalevo on the right bank of the Lom, began the fight; and the fact of their being the aggressors goes to prove that they did not know in what force their adversary was. They were warmly received by the Turks, who repelled the attack, and drove them back to their position on the heights. But the latter having been drawn into the field, were not inclined to stop here. They summoned up such reinforcements as lay near, and then attacked the heights, which they carried gallantly after a long struggle, forcing the invaders down into the valley, and finally across the river.

Again a considerable booty rewarded Mehemet's soldiers. The Turks admit a loss of 600 men, and claim to have inflicted a much greater loss on the enemy. The Russian retreat was towards Biela, and the effect of the victory was to give Mehemet command of much of the country between the Lom and the Jantra to the northward, and to open Biela to his attack. A glance at the map will show that, in these circumstances, it was necessary for the left of the Czarewitch's army, which had heretofore been advanced along the Danube close up to Rustchuk, to withdraw so as to be clear of the Turkish right. Thus the Russian communication by way of Pyrgos was interrupted; so that Mehemet had already begun to straiten the invading army, and would certainly, if he should again advance, most seriously interfere with its communications. For some reason or other he was not proceeding rapidly; but his advanced parties were now on the road leading from Rustchuk to Biela, not more than ten miles from the latter place, and not more than twenty-five miles from Sistova. Supposing him able to beat again the enemy in his front, he would be at a bound on the most important of the Russian communications. It is always matter of uncertainty when a Turkish force may gather itself together for a spring; and therefore it was foolhardy neglect on the part of the Russian commander-in-chief to be attending with more earnestness to anything than to Mehemet's advance. Nevertheless he was content to leave a comparatively weak force to confront Mehemet, and to devote his main energies to the taking of Plevna, where he hoped to overwhelm Osman with a crushing defeat. Now it was clear that, if Mehemet should act suddenly, he might do the Russians a mischief which the possession

by them of Plevna would in no wise counterbalance.

It was announced that the long-threatened attack on Plevna began on Friday the 7th September. Urgently as succour was required, none had reached Osman up to this date. Mehemet's advance had not been sufficiently vigorous to draw away the Russian forces to the eastward. Whether they acted wisely in leaving his advance substantially unchecked is a question to which we have endeavoured to reply above; as a matter of fact, they did leave him to advance, and concentrated their attention on Plevna. Suleiman, so long looked upon as the hope of Islam, lingered in the Balkans and made no sign. Osman, the man whose indomitable resolution had turned the tide of the whole war, and allowed Turkey to scramble to her feet once more, was left unaided, and apparently uncared for, to bear the brunt of the coming storm as he might. And, whatever bitterness of desolation may have oppressed his soul, he addressed himself like a hero to the apparently desperate duty which fate had assigned to him. We do not pretend to know nearly what his force was; but all accounts made it much less than that of the united Russians and Roumanians by whom he was beleaguered. One account said that he had 80,000 against 120,000; another, that he had 60,000 against 80,000. He had his defences, too, which he was reported to have materially strengthened since Krüdener's attack; but, after the best estimates that could be made of the chances of both sides, it remained the universal opinion of Europe that he was devoted to destruction. The only question was whether he and his gallant force were to be utterly crushed and to go into captivity; or whether, after the fiery ordeal, he was to draw off the shattered remains of

his army, and find shelter and the opportunity of refreshment in some post remote from the theatre of war.

The Russians were in no hurry this time to make the attack *à vive force*. They began with an artillery-fire at pretty long range, having established their batteries on heights surrounding the town during the night between the 6th and 7th. The assault was, however, ordered for the 8th. It is presumed that the effect of the artillery-fire did not answer expectation, for it was continued throughout the 7th and 8th, and still the *coup de main* was not attempted. This delay in the capture was the more untoward because the operations were being pressed forward under the august eyes of the Czar himself, for whose accommodation a stage in view of the field was erected. Some position, not very clearly identified, was said to have been captured by Roumanians on the 9th; and the valour of these soldiers so impressed the Czar that he sent forty crosses of the Order of St George to be distributed amongst them. Their success, whatever it was, does not seem to have led to much further advantage, for we next heard of the Russian batteries shifting their positions so as to obtain a better command; and although the capture of three or four "important positions" was announced to have taken place from day to day, yet the assault, which was to have been given on the 8th, had not taken place on the morning of the 11th. We were told that the village of Grivitza was taken, and the way thus opened into Plevna; yet, spite of the open way, the Russians did not go in. One may guess from the long postponement, and the continued attempts to overwhelm the place with artillery-fire, that the more the assailants looked at the work before them, the less they liked it. Os-

man had, to say the least of the matter, kept them at distance for more than twice the period that they bargained for. Once more Russian calculations had been inaccurate, and the toughness of Plevna must have already caused considerable anxiety, seeing that the troops detained before it might suddenly be required elsewhere. None knew at this time what margin of ammunition and stores the Russians had allowed themselves on which to sustain the prolonged fight; and of course it began at last to be doubted whether the attacking force would be able to endure through a more protracted struggle. Osman, whether with or without hope, resisted gloriously once more, displaying a constancy by no means useless, whatever was to be the result of this particular action. He was vindicating the character of his people; showing Europe the moral of the fable about "the sick man;" convincing the invaders that some victories may be only a degree better than defeats. As regarded time, the Russian attack was already a failure.

We were informed by the correspondent of the 'Daily News' that the Russians had sent a corps to the south to stop attempts to relieve Osman from that quarter; also, that the division at Loftcha and Selvi was in contact with the force before Plevna. Indeed it is plain that the Russian commander knew how much he had staked upon this cast, and did what he could to insure a victory.

By the 11th September the weather had changed; the nights had become cold, and rain was falling. The capture, which had been intended to signalise the Czar's birthday, could not be accomplished on that auspicious date. This, and many another notable circumstance, show clearly that the Russians had

reckoned on a much easier piece of work than they now found before them. On the 11th the Czar left the camp before Plevna and retired to headquarters; but not until after several attempts to storm some of the advanced redoubts had been made under his eye and had failed. This is the sum of what had happened; but the words which we have used give but small idea of the events of that day, which really witnessed some of the most terrible scenes of war that have been since the world was made. The carnage was so fearful that it makes one sick to read of the exploits, the interest of which is nevertheless so great that the page of the correspondent fascinates in spite of its horrors. Till now the world has not known what it was doing when it was bringing firearms to such a degree of efficiency. But at length the knowledge has come out; these murderous passages before Plevna give it in characters of fire. The one point which seems most to have impressed all the correspondent eyewitnesses alike, and which has driven them all from the use of work-a-day language into tropes and similitudes to express their ideas of it, is the appalling power of modern musketry fire. One compares the sound of it to the continued rolling of a drum; another speaks of the mass of it as "a throbbing furnace;" and a third says it was like electricity. They completely do away with the old idea that a rush in the face of small-arms was a sort of lottery out of which many would escape unharmed, while some few would meet with death or wounds from it. They have taught us that men defending a position against attacks from without are able absolutely to annihilate their assailants—to bring them down to the last man! The whole area in front of a work of defence can now be literally swept

with bullets, so that no man can succeed in crossing it. The utmost that is possible may not always be done; but as to what is possible we have frequent evidence from the events of this 11th September. "Their scaling-ladder parties were killed to the last officer and man," writes the 'Times' correspondent, in describing an attempt of the Russians to carry one of the redoubts. In another part of his communication he says that the assailants were mowed down by hundreds. The 'Standard's' correspondent speaks of General Skobloff's brigade of the 16th division as almost annihilated. After extracting this evidence one perceives, with many a shudder, what sort of duties these attacks were, and can better imagine the character of the entertainment which was provided for a barbarian autocrat on his birthday.

Dangerous as the assaults are shown to have been, the soldiers of the Russian army were brave enough to attempt them, not once nor twice, but frequently, during the day, and always without success, and with fearful loss. It is difficult to discover from the accounts how many forts were attacked, or how many times any one of them was attacked; but up to near dark the Russians did not desist from rushing upon what was little other than certain death. They were received everywhere with the same withering fusillade. Their dead and wounded covered the slopes. As fresh troops came up from the camp they met the ambulance-waggons bearing away hundreds of their comrades shot and stabbed, mutilated, writhing in agony; and yet they did not flinch. Through this fiery day they never hesitated to advance once more as long as there remained a chance of success. Nor was it the Russians alone who

braved death in the open. When the stubborn Turks were left for a brief space unassailed, and they saw an opportunity of clearing their flanks in some sort, they sallied unhesitatingly, and became the assailants.

Night fell at length, and, as it was thought, put an end to this unparalleled strife, wherein, God knows, both sides had done and suffered sufficiently for one day's account. The Czar, as has been mentioned, came down from his platform and withdrew himself to Poredim. The correspondents betook themselves to what rest they could find after the exciting and rainy day. The Turks, glad no doubt of a short cessation of their exhausting labours, had most of them retired from the redoubts, which had been all day long objects of such fierce attack. It was then that during this lull, and in the darkness, the indefatigable Russians determined to make one more dash at the forts. They made it, and with success. They claim to have captured two redoubts on the Loftcha road, and the Grivitza redoubt, which, occupying a prominent position, and having an extensive command, was no doubt an important work, though it is doubtful whether it can with propriety be called the key of the whole position, as some have styled it. The Turks, caught off their guard, are reported to have abated nothing of their indomitable resolution. The report was that, few as they were within the works, they resisted just as if they had been able to hold their ground, refused to give or take quarter, and fought till they were all killed! This is the feeling that Russia, by her intrigues and her aggression, has generated in the breast of the Turk. It may yet cause all her machinations to recoil on her own head!

Not long were the Russians

allowed to remain in possession of the forts which they had so cleverly and so pluckily won. With the daylight the valiant Osman was stirring himself again, and chafing at the ill fortune which had caused such prizes to be taken from him. Not for an hour did he acquiesce in the loss. His men were pressing forward with sunrise on the 12th, eager for the recapture. Five times they essayed the adventure, and were driven back. The sixth attempt replaced them once more in possession of all the posts which they had owned when the attack on Plevna commenced. At least this was the report of most of the telegrams. There was no special mention of the Grivitza redoubt, so that we were left in some uncertainty as to whether that had, or had not, been retaken; for its first capture was considered of such importance by the Russians that they might have been expected, if they had lost it again, to have given the misfortune a paragraph to itself.

Thus the greater part, if not all, of the advantage obtained in five days had been lost again on the sixth day; and the dreadful slaughter and the wearing toil had so far brought the Russians nothing, though it can by no means be said that the actions were without result. As we have many times explained, the invasion when not advancing must be losing way. And immense in every way must have been the Russian loss from this hitherto unsuccessful attempt upon Plevna. Their killed and wounded cannot have been much under 10,000 men, or one-tenth of their whole force before the place. Carnage on such a scale has hardly been known before. The Grivitza fort, after it fell into the assailants' hands, was said to have been inspected by the English military *attaché*, Colonel Wellesley, and to have been found

quite full of dead Russians and Roumanians. Such havoc, followed by only disappointment, would dispirit and demoralise the best troops that ever bore arms; and, bearing in mind what we said last month concerning the *morale* of the Russian army, we cannot doubt that the effect of this attack has been most unfavourable; and we cannot hope that the troops will continue to behave as well as on the occasion of the first assaults. Indeed it seemed hardly fair and hardly wise to try them farther immediately. Again, the time expended before Plevna by the Russians had been turned to account by the enemy elsewhere. Mehemet Ali had certainly been taking advantage of the long occupation of so large a force in the attack, and been making farther advances upon the communications. The expenditure, too, of ammunition and stores in this unsuccessful essay must have been serious to a belligerent whose supplies had been, at the best of times, hard enough to bring up, and now, with straitened communications, must be doubly hard to replace.

On the same day whereon we were informed of the recapture of the forts at Plevna came news of the evacuation of Ardahan, in Armenia, by the Russians. This minor fortress was their first and greatest trophy. Their withdrawal from it indicates the approaching termination of hostilities in Asia Minor for the season. The war there has been unprofitable and inglorious to Russia. There have been frequent small encounters in the neighbourhood of the frontier line; but these have not been in themselves remarkable, neither have they affected the general condition of the campaign. After four months of warfare in Armenia, the Russians are no nearer to their object than they were at the beginning.

This matter is certainly secondary to the great contest which is proceeding in Europe; still it is not insignificant, but will be found to be of some moment when men's thoughts shall be diverted from particular actions to the general results of the year's campaigns.

Nearly everything went well with the Turk up to the 15th August. The drop of bitter in his cup was in Montenegro, where the force which Suleiman Pasha had left behind him proved insufficient to cope with the insurgents from many districts, who took this opportunity of gaining some successes. They captured the stronghold of Nicksics, and claimed to have obtained several small victories. These rebellious states seemed to have framed their calculations on the basis of only one event being possible from this war. There has been no jot of prudence observable in any of their proceedings. They are exhausting themselves now, in the hope that when Russia has finally triumphed, some aggrandisement may be accorded to them. But if Russia should not triumph, who will befriend them then? The Powers of Europe, perhaps. Not so; the Powers of Europe will not act together, and will not concern themselves about these rebels. These last will have to encounter the vengeance of victorious Turkey, and the sooner they realise that fact the better for them. They have been recklessly heaping up wrath for themselves against the day of wrath, and nobody can pity them when that day comes.

With the above exception, the affairs of Turkey had been improving during the whole month. Her troops would justly and naturally gain heart from the bravery and achievements which had brought them glory from so many quarters. The clouds which so long had lowered upon them seemed almost ready to disperse, and leave glorious

summer. If Plevna should once more repel the foe, as seemed not unlikely, there was a fair chance of the Ottoman armies obtaining possession of the right bank of the Danube. Even if that consummation should not be immediately obtainable, they had lately so improved their position and straitened that of their enemy, that the latter might be compelled to recross the river into Roumania. Taking the worst view of the situation, and supposing that Plevna would fall, still the Turks would reap great glory from the gallant defence, and perhaps not be very seriously damaged by giving up the position. At this period it was evident, from the tone of the press, how much the Turks were creeping into favour with mankind through their heroic resistance; and how general the impression had at length become, that a Turkish success on the whole war was not only possible, but equally probable with the triumph of the other side. The telegrams from the field of Plevna were watched with the intensest anxiety. It was possible that the most important crisis of the war had been reached. That a crisis of some sort was occurring, none doubted.

For two days after the recapture of the redoubts the great fierceness of the struggle before Plevna was suspended. The artillery of the attack kept up a more or less vigorous fire, to which the guns of the place replied somewhat lazily, giving the idea that ammunition was being husbanded. On the 14th, however, a furious attempt was made by the Turks to retake the Grivitza redoubt. The contest, after lasting three hours and a quarter, ended in the failure of the assailants.

Both sides appeared now to be much exhausted, and the accounts of the fighting at Plevna (except such as turned out to be fabrications) were few, and, by comparison

with the telegrams of a few days back, tame. On the 18th the Roumanians made an attempt to capture a redoubt, but with no better fortune than before. A very momentous decision had to be made by the Russian commander, and it behoved him to lose no time in deciding. Either he must abandon the attempt to take Plevna for the present, or he must set about the capture on a plan totally different from that which he had at first adopted. If he chose the latter alternative, he must see his way to procuring a considerable accession of force, and to devoting many days to the enterprise. We scarcely hope to know the course he may prefer before we go to press.

Their defeat at Plevna was not the only disaster which befell the Russians at the end of this week. On the 14th, their forces, to the number of 34,000 with 64 guns, attacked, at Sinan, Asaf Pasha, who had a much weaker force. Asaf during the encounter was reinforced by Salut Pasha, took the offensive, and routed the Russians with great slaughter after ten hours of fighting. This would seem to have been a very serious engagement. It was remarkable that every item of news received about this time (16th September) was unfavourable to the Russians; being in that respect in strange contrast with the news of a few weeks since, which told of nothing but Russian successes. The great Russian victory which was to be the prelude of peace had yet to be won.

There came, however, at last a piece of intelligence which told in favour of the Russians. Suleiman Pasha, about the 15th or 16th, had made a furious assault on Fort St Nicholas, in the Schipka Pass. He had commenced it with a heavy artillery-fire, and followed that up by a general attack. As had happened once before, he assumed pre-

maturely that he was victorious, and sent off a telegram announcing his success, which the Porte had afterwards the mortification of contradicting. The Russian telegrams do not admit that he took the fort at all, while the Turkish affirm that he held it five or six hours. Both agree in showing that he did not continue to hold it; and that his attack, which had lasted five days, had not altered the position of either side, while the glory of it was altogether with the Russians. The latter reported a loss of 100 killed, including an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and 19 officers and 400 men wounded. The Turks probably lost a larger number. Reinforcements, we are told, were being sent off to the Russians in the Pass, which would diminish to some extent the force in front of Osman or of Mehemet, and so be of some assistance to the Turks.

We are left in doubt as to the time which Suleiman may yet remain in the Schipka Pass; but it is reasonable to suppose that he may at length cease from these apparently useless struggles in the Pass, and feel himself at liberty to operate in Bulgaria. Should the Russians be still before Plevna at the time of his moving, the state of the campaign, as it has been seen by English readers and writers, would certainly seem to require that he should march in that direction, and set Osman free and reopen his communications. This once accomplished, a junction of the two with Mehemet Ali could scarcely be prevented; and this junction, according to what we can see of the campaign, would in effect close all the Russian communications in some way. Either the army of the Czarewitch would be driven from its hold of the Danube, or it would be held in check by part of the Turkish army, while the other part would enclose the force now before Plev-

na, and all to the south of Biela. If this should happen, the end of the war could not then be far off. But simple as all these movements may appear to us while we sit looking over our maps, there may be many good reasons, of which we are allowed to know nothing, why the Turkish generals may not be able to act as we indicate. Supposing that they cannot do the worst that can be imagined, there is much reason to believe that they will drive the Russians to quit Bulgaria before winter; and to do that may cost them (the Russians) dear. The twenty bridges, of which we wrote in our last Number, would then be found not at all too many.

Indeed, those who are more anxious for an end of this bloody and unprofitable war than for great advantage to either belligerent, will probably attain their wishes if Russia should now be so broken that she cannot continue the war except by ruining herself. She is one of the last Powers in existence that would be likely to ruin themselves for an idea. As we have already hinted above, we should expect her, on being convinced that she could not profitably succeed at present, to get out of the quarrel in the way most to her material advantage, putting up with the loss of honour and *prestige* as the smaller loss of the two, although to her certainly a great loss. The question will be whether she will part with the *prestige* which may some day be recovered, and secure such substantial good as may remain to her, or whether she will dissipate her substance in the vain pursuit of what has become an impossibility. There can be no doubt as to what duty would demand from her in such a case; and we have but little doubt as to how she would act.

Again, it seems a very generally received opinion that the Czar and his Imperial family could not re-

appear in Russia except as conquerors; but we have never understood why. Of course we know that advantage would probably be taken of a failure in arms to rouse the discontented parties against the Government; but these malcontents, there is reason to believe, are but a minority of the nation. Probably the great body of the Russian people, when once convinced that the war could not be successful, would hail the return of peace, even on humiliating terms, with relief and satisfaction, and be in no humour for initiating new difficulties by changing the reigning dynasty. As to there being a difference between the Emperor and his people generally about this war or its results, there is very little reason for one to blame the other. They went into it one and all together, though not perhaps all with quite the same motives. They all expected success, and they will all have been disappointed. It was not a sudden expedition into which they could possibly have been entrapped, but an undertaking for which they had been preparing for years—the people more zealously than the sovereign, if the accounts given to us were true. The whole nation being thus alike guilty of this dreadful struggle, they will surely not attempt to revenge its failure as if it had been but an unpopular war, waged to gratify Imperial ambition! No; we don't accept half this "tall" nonsense about what Russian honour will demand. Russia, when the necessity arrives, will submit to it just as other nations must; and therefore it is that we think the decided failure of Russia more likely than any event at present to be looked for, to terminate the war.

We wrote somewhat earnestly above concerning the modern firearms with which such effectual defence can be made as had taken place

at Plevna, but we said then but little of the strange people in whose hands the rifles have proved so formidable. As all of us know, the best weapons are worthless except there be stout hearts and sure arms behind them. Then surely we must admire not only the cool valour, but also the skill, which the Turks have manifested throughout this terrible attack. It has been said of them that they are ready-made soldiers, and recent events go to prove that they are so. A most moderate amount of drilling, or of any military instruction, we may be sure that they have received, and yet how splendidly they have used their weapons! The defences of Plevna, too, at which we presume they all laboured, what efficient works they are! When we thus see men who have been picked up suddenly under pressure of an invasion, turning their hands so readily to hard and skilled work, and behaving so well as these men do, we must feel conscious that we have done them as a people cruel injustice. That may not be altogether our fault; but we certainly owe them some amends. They surely will no longer be looked upon as a set of useless miscreants undeserving of so much ground as they can set their feet on, and to be disposed of according to the will of their foreign neighbours. Nay, we think we may assume that that idea has been given up by every generous mind in Britain. That the Turk has been most shamefully governed we do not pretend to doubt. But the unfortunate manner in which he has been treated only increases the marvel

that we find him to be what he is. We strongly incline to the opinion that he will be better governed if he should bring his country safely through this war. Indeed it is difficult to suppose that even the ruling Turks will not be anxious to develop the resources of the empire, if they should get the opportunity.

It may occur to some of our readers that, as the Turk has to-day a very good idea of how to defend himself against Russia, he would probably have made as good a defence, or a better, twenty-five years ago, if he had been left to his own resources. We know that he was not put to the trouble of resisting Russia, because France and England took the principal weight of that business on their shoulders, and he was cunning enough not to distress himself when he found two friends ready to do so for him. That propping up of a supposed invalid, who was quite able to stand on his own legs, appears now to have been a blunder, and the cause of it is not far to seek. It was committed by a Cabinet of which Mr Gladstone was a leading member.* Happily for us, we have men of a different character at the helm now, but for whom we should certainly have been dragged into the contest on one side or the other.

Nothing could be more surprising than the exhibition of military capacity which the Turks have suddenly made: may they not, under the pressure of necessity, give evidence of an unsuspected ability in civil matters? "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

It is a truth worthy of remark, and on which Europe generally may

* We remember that when the "atrocities" meetings were in full swing last year, a constant attendant (a Mr or a Dr Allen, if we remember right) always reminded his friends, if they got very enthusiastic about Mr Gladstone, that that right honourable gentleman had led the country into the Crimean war, and put it to the useless expense of a hundred millions sterling. A true and most appropriate reminder it was!

be congratulated, that, in this present decade, wars of aggression and spoliation have been unsuccessful. Only seven years ago, the cry of *à Berlin* startled the nations, and raised the liveliest apprehensions in every breast. The object of that war was to wrest a certain territory from a neighbour who had been long in peaceful possession. There had been no quarrel, no injury, between the belligerents. Lust of annexation alone impelled the aggressor, who, nevertheless, made throughout the war a continued exhibition of his unfitness for the task which he had undertaken, and who finally fell into the pit which he had dugged before another, and had to yield two fair provinces to the conqueror. Uninstructed by the lesson herein offered, another would-be plunderer started into activity, only five years later, and began to lay his trains, which, after two years of alarm and detriment, resulted in war, and now the cry was *à Constantinople*. This has proved as unlucky a war-cry as was the other. There is but little chance now of the attainment of his end by the invader; and there is more than a mere chance that wanton aggression, and the disturbance of the peace of Europe, for selfish ends, may be punished in the second instance as severely as in the first. Once more *on m'a trompé* is the bleat of the plunderer-in-chief, as he sees his doomed bands destroyed one after another. If he had known that his intended prey was valiant and so cunning of fence, he would have seen him damned, we may be sure, ere he had challenged him.

But if he had attended to higher considerations than the strength or weakness of his victim, he would have been spared the humiliation and damage which now only too plainly impend over him. Is "poetical justice" at length to prevail in real life? Is right to triumph over might; and shall the device of the destroyer recoil ever on his own head? If these questions cannot freely be answered, we can at least say that, according to our experience, tyrants are not encouraged to boast themselves that they can do mischief; and that the battle has not been to the apparently strong, either when he has drawn the sword with a light heart, or when he has with much counsel "prepared a destiny" for his prize.

The slaughter during the past month has been so immense, the strategy has been so faulty, the result of all this fighting and carnage has as yet been so indecisive, that many of those who fomented the war a few months ago must, in their hearts, bitterly repent that they gave it the least countenance. The horrors and other evils of it are assured and of enormous magnitude, while the prospect of any eventual good is becoming daily smaller, and likely to disappear. How comforting is the thought for England that her Government decidedly refused to countenance the invasion, and have held her guiltless of all participation in this gigantic iniquity! May we hear before another publication is due that the fortune of war, or the aroused conscience of Europe, is stifling the horrid struggle, and hurrying it to its close!

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MINE, IS THINE.

PART V.—CHAPTER XVII.

WE must now borrow the wings of Cosmo Glencairn's fancy, and fly back to the Lake of Como, where the golden summer days passed pleasantly and peacefully for the occupants of the Villa Bianca; so pleasantly, indeed, for Lord Germistoun—who was hard to please—that, as the period of his tenancy drew to a close, he began to turn scowling glances on the mountains of the Engadine, and to use language of bitter scepticism about Gull and the rest of the faculty, *apropos* of his approaching sojourn in the Alpine paradise. "Empirics and blunderers—all of them!" he would grumble. "Because it is the right thing for Sir Peter Rabbits to go to that detestable place" (Sir Peter was a civic dignitary whose "case" had been mentioned as having points of similarity to his own), "why should it be the right thing for me? Monstrously improbable that my organs could ever have resembled those of an alderman, even before he had bedevilled them with gross living and

Guildhall banquets! Name of Rabbits, too! Preposterous!" But, after all, this constituted a grievance without which his life would scarcely have been in order.

Pleasantly, too, the days passed for Esmè—all unconscious of the influence she was exercising over the lives and destinies of others—happy in fancy-free meditations and in pursuits congenial to a graceful and cultured mind. The weather continued to be faultless; the sun shone every day in a cloudless sky, but the mountains lent themselves to nature's pleasant conspiracy, and sent down light airs, that came tempered from the abodes of snow, to fan the favoured district. As for the Ravenhall party and Tom Wyedale, the delights of the place were not so patent to them. Poor Mrs Ravenhall! long, long ago had the bloom of young enthusiasm for anything in this weary world been brushed from her *blasé* spirit; the voices and the aspects of external nature had no message and no meaning for her. But her

walk and conversation were so artificial, that it came like a second nature to her to simulate whatever for the time being seemed to pay; and thus to all her little circle she was untiring in her raptures over the lake and its environs, which, from morn to night, never ceased to be "quite too divinely lovely and enchanting," to say the least of it.

The few people whom she knew at Cadenabbia were impressed with this. It showed, they said, such freshness, simplicity, and soul; for here was a lady, ordinarily involved in the turmoil of the great world of fashion, retiring without regret from its seductions, at the call of duty, and finding more than consolation in the sweet teachings of the beautiful and the sublime. All this factitious enthusiasm was focussed upon Esmè, into whose confidence and affections it was her design to penetrate; and since it appeared that freshness, simplicity, and soul would be the proper "wear" under the circumstances, she thus masqueraded accordingly.

Esmè was rather perplexed by it all, and even, at times, a little bored, when she would say to herself, with unconscious truth and humour, "I wonder why Mrs Ravenhall seems to think that *I* must take it as a personal compliment when she says anything pretty about the scenery?"

Of course, the whole thing inexpressibly bored Mrs Ravenhall herself. Her heart was far away in the crush and scramble of the London season. She was missing everything; she was not being seen at the right places; she was losing ground, perhaps—even, perhaps, being forgotten. The Honourable Nora Hackbut, who contributed Anglo-Continental gossip to one of those weekly papers which are so frank and so exhaustive in describing

the private lives and doings of even trivial people, did, indeed, let the world know what Mrs Ravenhall was about, and what a high opinion she had of the beauties of nature; but this could not compensate for a dreary blank in the 'Morning Post,' where Mrs Ravenhall's place knew her no more.

Nor did these vexatious circumstances by any means exhaust the list of Mrs Ravenhall's trials. She was somewhat in the position of a manager of amateur theatricals, who, besides composing the piece and playing a part in it himself, has to fulfil the combined duties of stage-manager and prompter—now hustling a sluggish member of the *corps* on to the stage, now suggesting a "cue" to the forgetful, and at times even dashing "on" in person to supply the place of an absentee. Her *corps*, it will be observed, was divided into conscious, and unconscious, *dramatis personæ*; and the former—her husband and brother—had to be constantly instructed, cajoled, and stimulated in private,—so that, with the additional necessity of keeping the whole company in good-humour with each other, her trials were heavy and incessant. If one of them, even, would have heartily co-operated, it would have been different; but not even Tom, for whose benefit the whole thing was devised, could be got to do so—he was sluggish and procrastinating, and, indeed, played his part in a way that left much to be desired.

As to Mr Ravenhall, whose rôle was almost a negative one, he gave her continual trouble. He very soon grew tired of the place, and, being indifferent to Tom's interests, could not see why his convenience should be sacrificed to them. Hence he became very restive, and anxious to move on, which involved yet other calls on his wife's powers

of stratagem. His wish to escape was, perhaps, not to be wondered at; for, independently of everything else, his relations with Lord Germistoun soon made his position somewhat irksome. The bluff member for —— had, in truth, been utterly cowed by the noble lord. At first, things had gone very smoothly between them, for Ravenhall, laying his wife's precepts to heart, carried himself deferentially in the presence of the autocrat, who, mindful of his gallant promise to Mrs Ravenhall, and moved also by propagandist considerations, was studiously temperate in sentiment and courteous in tone to Mr Ravenhall. His wife had spoken of the "struggle" going on in his mind—implying that the contest lay between Reason and Radicalism; and the keen old partisan felt that a little tact and diplomacy might be well bestowed in settling the "struggle" in favour of Toryism and Truth. Lord Germistoun, by the by, occasionally rather mystified Mr Ravenhall by subtle allusions to the "struggle" in question, for Mrs Ravenhall had not revealed to her husband the existence of that phase of his own consciousness; but his stupidity guarded him from untoward discoveries, and things went on serenely for a time.

The characters of the two men, however, made it impossible that they could long do so. Mr Ravenhall was one of those people who must either trample, or be trampled, upon; and being misled by Lord Germistoun's unexpected complaisance and moderation, he presently began to recover his self-assurance, to lose his deferential tone, and even to develop very decided symptoms of bluffness. Lord Germistoun, with a hawk's eye for all this sort of thing, noted the change resentfully; but, in consideration of the "struggle," was able to sub-

due the feelings of the man to those of the partisan for a little. There are limits, however, to all human endurance; and it is equally certain that, in this country, the majority of men will much more readily endure a strongly-expressed dissent from their views, as to principles merely, than as to the personal qualities of this or that party leader whom they follow or oppose.

The principle and the measure may be amicably discussed by the week; but when the Man is introduced, the hour of explosions has arrived. Lord Germistoun's politics were strongly flavoured with the personal element; so were Mr Ravenhall's.

And thus it one day befell that the latter, finding himself in a mixed company, and stimulated by the presence of an admiring constituent, ventured to speak reckless words in eulogy of a great leader, as to whose character—whether purely diabolical or altogether saintly—a keen controversy then raged; whereupon Lord Germistoun forgot all about his gallantry, and the propaganda, and the "struggle," and made short work of the eminent man and his rash disciple. Mr Ravenhall, alluding to a recent speech of his hero's, had affirmed that "there was no disputing *that*, at all events;" and added some bluff remarks about "malignant stupidity," as distinctive of all those who might think otherwise, not only on this point, but upon the general question of the great man's perfection. The words were not addressed to Lord Germistoun, but they reached his ear, and he at once came into action.

"Let me beg you, then, Mr Ravenhall," he said, "to write me down 'malignant and stupid.'"

"No, no, Lord Germistoun! no, no!" laughed Ravenhall; "we all know *you* are too clear-headed

a man to differ with what I have just said."

"I protest, sir, your test of clear-headedness *astounds* me—it really does. As to the—the individual of whom you speak, I differ with you to this extent, that I think if he were expelled from the British realms—and with every circumstance of ignominy—it—it would be a fortunate circumstance for the realms, sir. What?"

"It would be a black day for England when that took place; and in the depths of your heart, I am convinced you agree with me."

"Now, isn't this a great deal too monstrous? What the dev—, how, may I ask, do you venture to assert that my words and my real sentiments are at variance?"

"Pooh! pooh! pooh! my lord, you take the matter too strongly. I merely mean that I am sure there is room in your mind for admiration of a man's intellect and uprightness, apart from political considerations. That man gives a tone to public life——"

"Yes, he does—a tone of political recklessness and effrontery; and, let me tell you, there is no room in my mind for anything but abhorrence of a traitor."

"Oh! ho! ho!"

"Ah! but it isn't 'oh! ho! ho!'"

"Traitor, Lord Germistoune? you'll scarcely make that out, I take it."

"Yes, sir, I *said* 'traitor'—and I'll swear to the word, if you please—a traitor whose intellect is perverted, whose uprightness robs us piecemeal of the constitution, tampers with the coronation oath, filches and perverts the Prerogative, sacrifices every conviction to self-interest, and—and—oh! by the Lord Harry, sir! your boldness in speaking of this man as *not* a traitor, passes my comprehension."

Ravenhall was white, partly from

anger, partly from consternation; but he was not going to cave in, before a constituent, without another struggle.

"Come, Lord Germistoune," he said, rallying his courage, "let us speak as common-sense patriotic men of the world, and——"

"I should be glad to hear you in that vein, Mr Ravenhall—monstrously glad."

"And make allowance for differences of judgment, temperament, and so forth."

"No; I will make no allowance for iniquity, however it may be begotten."

"These are hard words, but hard to prove, I fancy. If I chose, I might say some hard words about a certain great man on your side who——"

"Now, Mr Ravenhall, if you think I am going to bandy *tu quoques* with you, you are mistaken. Legitimate argument, conducted in a temperate tone, I always court; puerilities of this sort I am in the habit of resenting as a personal affront. I simply repeat that the man you speak of is a traitor and—and a disgrace; and there is no kind of sophistry that can disturb the facts which support my definition. There! enough of him."

"There is one thing about him——"

"I distinctly decline to discuss him any farther; and, for the future, you will greatly oblige me by avoiding the subject. It disgusts me."

Lord Germistoune looked so awful, and so aquiline, and rapped his words out with such forcible intonation, and with such an air of uttering axioms, that Ravenhall fell before him mute, prostrate, and permanently cowed—shunning intercourse with him for the future as much as possible, and, when in his company, observing, as a rule, a rather sullen silence.

And all this gave grievously superfluous trouble to his wife, who, in her ignorance of the passage of arms which had taken place, went on wasting a world of diplomatic *finessae* and vigilance in hope of promoting more intimate relations between Lord Germistoun and her husband, and thereby of lightening her task of diverting the attention of the former from her serious manœuvres.

It was, of course, Mrs Ravenhall's grand object to bring Esmè and Tom into contact. To "do things together" was therefore her constant aim. But there is not much to be done at Cadenabbia beyond its delightful *spécialité* of floating about on the lake, and indulging in the poetry of idleness; and this did not favour her schemes, which pointed to a good deal of *tête-à-tête* intercourse between the young people. She liked to do things which involved loitering in quiet places, where the party might, insensibly as it were, separate, and Tom and Esmè, without perceiving how it came about, might drift away in company together. Her ingenuity in devising pretexts for such excursions was really wonderful. One day it was "such a dear little road-side shrine" she had heard of as really remarkable if you looked into it, which they had not yet done; another, it was a picturesque old woman, of whom dear Lord Germistoun *must* make a drawing for *her*; or a church deserving of a similar distinction, or a tree, or a cow—no matter what the object, or how commonplace, for she always contrived to invest it with some imaginary interest, which caused the pilgrimage to be made, and gave point to it. Then she would set Lord Germistoun to his task, and remain beside him, full of interest, query, and suggestion; while Tom and Esmè naturally moved

about, or went away together to search, at her suggestion, for some mythical point of view affording scope for Esmè's sketching powers. The two young people soon got on terms of friendly intimacy; for Tom was extremely frank, cheery, and amusing, and Esmè's unconsciousness of the plot which circled round her was not disturbed by any aggressive action on his part. In fact, he was much more at ease with her in a *tête-à-tête* than when with the rest of the party, which, considering he was a suitor, was exactly what he ought not to have been; but, in truth, it was his sister's presence which mainly reminded him of the part he had undertaken to play. His state of mind about the whole matter was very ambiguous. He did not quite know *what* he wanted. He was perfectly certain, of course, that he would like Miss Douglas's fortune, and that the state of his affairs made such an acquisition desirable. Moreover, when his mind turned upon his financial troubles, it did, in some mysterious way, take comfort from feeling that there was, in *possible* reserve, this *possible* something—this off-chance—upon which he might *possibly* fall back, and perhaps successfully. But his heart was untouched; he had no turn for matrimony; he was sadly deficient in those arts which his sister believed him to be practising; and he shrank from the disturbance and opposition which he knew must arise, even were he successful with the lady herself. So he drifted on, procrastinating and temporising, forced to deceive his sister as to his real relations with Esmè, since a knowledge of them might probably have led her to throw up the game which he was not helping her to play, but which he could not bear to abandon—as a last resource, which might come in usefully some day or other.

Now and then, indeed, when the post had brought him some desperate menace from a creditor, and when his sister had improved the occasion with urgent rhetoric, he would make some quaint, spasmodic approaches to the subject with Esmè; but they were so clumsily made, and so adroitly withdrawn, that they passed altogether unobserved and unsuspected.

Mrs Ravenhall, of course, catechised him often and searchingly; and since, to a certain extent, she regulated her tactics towards Esmè from the impressions she received from him, she was often in a state of mystification which gave rise to cross-purposes.

"Another day gone, Tom," she would say, "and what progress?"

"Well, it is difficult to say, Lucy."

"But *some*?"

"Oh yes, I think so."

"You are getting to like her very much?"

"Very much."

"Now, be frank with me; do you observe any change in her manner?"

"Ye-es, a decided change, I should say."

"Is it at all fluttery when you are left alone together, or when you meet?"

"Rather fluttery."

"And you adapt your manner, I hope?"

"Oh yes; I flutter too."

"Be serious. I sometimes think your manner is a little too familiar and easy. Avoid that. If you loved the dear girl as she ought to be loved, there would be no familiarity."

"Well, you know, we *are* getting pretty intimate; we couldn't well help it—thanks to your management."

"Ah! but you mustn't be intimate. Check that sort of thing at

once. It kills sentiment. And there ought not to be too much conversation. It is, of course, unnecessary to say how fatal your ordinary style of rattle would be. If her manner is fluttery, the time for constrained silences ought to have arrived. Encourage them, by all means. Never interrupt them, except by an incoherency. Think of your debts—anything that will keep you quiet and sadden your face. By the by, what *do* you talk about?"

"Oh, the usual thing."

"Do you mean what is usual between people who are falling in love with each other?"

"Of course."

"And what is that?"

This was a poser, but Tom brazened it out.

"Why, hang it, Lucy," he said, "you've been in love yourself, I suppose! at least you seem to know all about it; so surely you must understand what I mean."

"Well, perhaps. I can't say honestly, Tom, that I observe any symptoms in Miss Douglas."

"But you know how women dissemble before each other."

"True; and she has natural self-control. Her manner is, of course, *totally* different when you are by yourselves?"

"Oh! *totally, totally*," which was so far true that, on these occasions, Tom was livelier and made her laugh more.

"Well, I hope things are progressing; but you mustn't lose time. I should say you might bring matters to a crisis within the month."

"Wouldn't that look rather bold and over-confident?"

"Delays are dangerous: if you don't, you must follow them to the Engadine."

"I was thinking it would be better to put it off till the end

of my visit at Dunerlacht. There would be more delicacy in that, I think." What Tom *did* think was, that he would at least make a certainty of his shooting.

"If the state of her mind is what your account implies, it won't do to delay long."

"Oh, perhaps I am over-sanguine! possibly I exaggerate."

"Well, you must be guided by circumstances, and keep your eyes wide open. I wish Frank didn't abhor the old gentleman so dreadfully. You can't conceive what difficulty I have in keeping him here. That is one reason why you should hasten matters. If *we* go, where will you be?"

"Where, indeed?" said Tom; but the ready answer suggested itself to his inner mind, "At Homburg within eight-and-forty hours."

Mrs Ravenhall having thus put Tom through his facings, would occasionally go over to the other camp, and while she played a *coup* or two for her brother, endeavour, from the other point of view, to discover how the land lay. To Esmè she was in some respects incomprehensible—without the key to her plot it could hardly be otherwise, act she never so adroitly; but her unfailing geniality and kindness of manner were sufficiently attractive, and she was sure of a sincere welcome, on her frequent visits.

"Here is the tiresome, gossipy old woman coming again to worry and interrupt you, dear Miss Douglas," she cried, as she entered Esmè's room, on one of these occasions, towards the close of the Cadenabbia campaign, and when Mrs Ravenhall began to think that she must intervene more actively herself. "But I hope you are not too busy—I hope I am not too dreadfully in the way?"

Esmè reassured her on these heads, and she went on to propose

the inevitable expedition; "but," she added, "it is not for a common reason I propose it to-day; and since Lord Germistoun is not busy—for he is walking on the pier—and since you are always so sweet and good, I am sure you will oblige me, if you can."

"Oblige, Mrs Ravenhall! of course I shall be delighted to go with you—I always am. Where do you think of going to?"

"Ah! I *have* got a little gem for Lord Germistoun, about five miles down, on the Chiavenna side. But, to be quite frank with you, I have a selfish object—yes, quite a selfish object—in proposing an excursion to-day. To tell you the truth, I am miserable about my brother Tom. He is so depressed and low. He will admit nothing; but I can't bear to see the dear fellow suffer. So I wish to distract him, if I can—to take him out of himself; and I think, if we can get him to go with us, we cheerful people ought to be able to do him some good among us."

None of Love's ensigns displayed themselves in Esmè's face, but she expressed all due sympathy for Tom, and asked simply what was wrong. That, Mrs Ravenhall said was what she could not make out; but his depression had existed for some time, and was increasing; and probably Miss Douglas had noticed it? But Esmè could not say she had, by any manner of means. "He has given you no hint," said Mrs Ravenhall, "that there is something preying on his mind, you are certain?"

"Most certain; and surely it is most unlikely he should have spoken to me about it."

"I don't know about that. I *do* know that he has a strong feeling of sympathy and *rapprochement* with you; so I thought he *might* have made you his confidant, though he

admits nothing to me. But he has said nothing?"

"Nothing. By the by, he sometimes speaks with a good deal of anxiety about a horse which he is interested in, for some race; perhaps he has had some bad news about it."

Mrs Ravenhall's face fell, and she replied, "Oh dear, no; he makes no secret to me of any trouble of that sort. This is something far, far deeper." Furtively scanning Esmè's face as she spoke, and seeing no desired change in it, she said to herself, "If this is dissembling, she dissembles skilfully; and dissembling it must be, unless Tom is deceiving himself, which, in his calm state of mind, is not likely." Then she went on to say, confidentially, that they must extract Tom's secret from him, if possible. "You will help me, will you not, my dear Miss Douglas?"

"I? Oh, Mrs Ravenhall, I don't see how I can possibly do that. I think it would be——"

Here Esmè paused, and Mrs Ravenhall thought her manner and expression more satisfactory.

"At all events," she said, "you will help me to try and cheer him, I know."

The idea of that rattling talker and *farceur* requiring to be cheered made Esmè smile; but as he *might* be depressed in private—must be, indeed, or his sister could not be so concerned about him—she laughingly said that she would heartily co-operate. "I daresay," she added, "he is only bored. It must be dreadfully dull for any one of his tastes, down here, with none of his usual pursuits, and no congenial companions. Probably the best advice we can give him is to go away."

"Probably," thought Mrs Ravenhall, "this is a feeler."

But here she was rather in a logi-

cal difficulty; for, having just stated that Tom was excessively unhappy, it was hard to affirm (which she would have liked to imply) that all his happiness centred in Cadenabbia. She could not do this, or even throw out any broad innuendo as to the attractions which the place had for him, without showing her hand, which, sorely hampered as she was by her ignorance of the exact relations existing between Tom and Esmè, she could not venture to do. So she merely said, with some *intention*, that she felt certain "*that* would not meet the difficulty, but, rather, aggravate it *materially*."

And then she went on in a side-strain, *apropos* of Esmè's allusions to Tom's tastes and pursuits, to suggest that, in reality, his soul soared above the vulgar pastimes of his coevals, to which he merely addicted himself from the disgust incidental to a *carrière manquée*; moreover, that the underlying vein of thoughtfulness and earnest feeling which he undoubtedly possessed, was concealed by the *mauvaise honte* and artificial cynicism so constantly to be observed in the Anglo-Saxon when disappointed in his loftier aspirations. In fact, she gave quite a romantic colour to Tom's pigeon-shooting, polo-playing, and race-frequenting propensities—winding up with a firmly-expressed conviction that from them he might be satisfactorily retrieved by the *right influence*, if only it could be brought to bear upon him; for, "Ah, dear me," she concluded, with a deep sigh, "it doesn't bear thinking of! It is the sorrow of my life; and I *had* such hopes of him! We all had. Yet I can't bring myself to despair. No. I constantly say to myself, 'Under tender and noble influences, what might not that gifted creature do, even yet!' for he is full of heart

and sympathy. Well, well ; forgive me for boring you. Dear Tom is so very much to me, I forget myself when I begin to speak of him."

Mrs Ravenhall did this passage excessively well, and Esmè's kind heart was touched for the "sorrow of her life." It was impossible, indeed, that Esmè should not feel a little perplexed about this strangely unobtruded side of Tom's nature, but it could not be altogether imaginary ; and, in any case, Mrs Ravenhall's anguish was obviously sincere, and to be respected.

On the morning of this expedition the sorrowing sister had discovered her "gifted" brother gazing in some consternation at a sheaf of newly-arrived duns, and had, then and there, well battered him with counsel, suggestion, and reproof as to the progress of his suit ; and after the start, while the party were still together, she was so observant and manœuvring, and so plied Tom with secret telegraphy, that for once he really became conscious, constrained, and silent, thus favouring the recently-coined theory of his depression. Then, when Mrs Ravenhall's tactics had ripened for the separation of the party, she contrived to whisper Tom, before he and Esmè sauntered away, "Just continue as you are doing ; be low, be depressed, but, at the right moment, *empressé* and earnest. I have paved the way for you, I think." These words of wisdom Tom did not long bear in mind, but presently fell into such wild spirits, and rattled away so continuously, that Esmè, thinking partly of Mrs Ravenhall's revelation, partly of Tom's recent eclipse, and having no reason for constraint with him, laughingly congratulated him on the recovery of his spirits. "Recovery of my spirits !" he cried, and then (remembering his sister's words, and suspecting some move of hers to

which he ought to play up), "ah !—ahem ! did you think I was out of spirits ?"

"Oh yes ; your gloom was quite tragical, and visible to every eye."

"Ah ! perhaps ; I didn't think it would be observed. I'm sorry it was. A man ought to conceal these things—to—to wear a mask, and that kind of thing."

"I think it is very hard, when one is really bored, to conceal the fact."

"Well, it is ; but I ought to have concealed it."

"I was right then ; I knew I was. You *are* bored with this place, and I think it is very natural."

"Bored ?" cried Tom, aghast at his clumsy *lapsus*, "of course I didn't mean that. I meant low, depressed."

"Which you are ?"

"Yes, now—now you press me ; I must admit that I am—horribly so."

"But yet not bored with this place ?"

"No ; I never was happier than I am here."

Esmè laughed. "What a very curious state of mind to be in !" she said.

"Isn't it ?" said Tom.

"Horribly low and depressed, yet never happier—all at the same time ?"

Tom was not so logical as his sister : besides, he had a dim notion that this was the normal phase of a lover's mind ; so he stuck to his paradox, trying to look lugubrious, with fun threatening to break out in his eyes and all over his face.

"It is impossible, then, for your friends to know whether they ought to congratulate or condole," said Esmè, demurely, humouring his whim, and expecting a *dénouement* in connection with Tom's ever-execrated banker and some turn of fortune on the turf.

"Ah !" said Tom, "I wish I knew which they ought to do."

No one could tell them except yourself."

Here he was, up at the very point, long before he meant it; whereupon, immediately, great consternation fell upon him, so that he swerved, and adroitly added, "Of course I don't mean *you* specially, but you or some other tremendously clever person, who understands metaphysics and that kind of thing."

"Really, Mr Wyedale, I wonder what you will credit me with next? Metaphysics! I don't think I even quite know what the word means."

"Oh, neither do I, for that matter; but it's a good big word, and means something wise."

Esmè laughed, and said, "Well, I don't think I need go very deep into metaphysics to discover what would be a remedy for that part of your state of mind which is not 'exquisitely happy.'"

"A remedy? What is it?"

"Some pigeons to shoot, for one thing."

"Well, the place would be more endur—would be the better for something of the sort."

"Or a polo-ground."

"Ah! *if* we had some polo."

"Or a race-meeting, within reach, now and then."

"Don't tantalise me, Miss Douglas."

"And a few sympathetic men under sixty, to talk to and play tennis with."

"Oh yes; the men here *are* maddeningly old and stupid. They can do nothing. They break one's heart."

"Exactly; in other words, you are severely bored."

"No, no, no."

"Oh yes, you are; and, strange to say, I can suggest an alleviation to you, which I don't think you

have discovered for yourself. Giuseppe, our chief boatman, tells me there is splendid sport to be got here in spearing trout at night in the lake—what they call 'burning the water' in Scotland."

"You don't say so!"

"Giuseppe does."

"And—and large trout?"

"Gigantic, according to Giuseppe."

"And how do they work it?"

"Ah! I must refer you to Giuseppe for the particulars."

"I can't tell you, Miss Douglas, how much obliged I am for the hint. I'll get at Giuseppe this very afternoon. I'll try conclusions with the trout before I'm a day older. There's really no sport much better. That *will* be something to do at last." And so, forgetting his sister, matrimony, depression, and all the real business of the hour, he rattled away upon the intoxicating subject, till, coming abruptly upon the rest of the party, he stopped short and pulled so long a face—remembering how hopelessly he had broken down in his duty, how far he had wandered from the prescribed path—that his sister almost feared she read in his guilty features the announcement of his rejection.

From all this it will be seen how little Esmè's unconsciousness was to be wondered at; what a waste of power was involved in poor Mrs Ravenhall's sleepless exertions; with what poetic justice nature, working through Tom's natural instincts, buried her intrigues, for the present at least, in bathos; and how little cause, for the present at least, Cosmo Glencairn had to torture himself, as he often did, about the rival who had communicated his designs with such offensive *nonchalance*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The month drew to a close at last, and Mrs Ravenhall had the mortification of feeling that the campaign in which she had displayed so much strategy was perhaps, at best, only a drawn one. Misrepresent as he might, Tom could not point to a single position of advantage which had been gained. He could only keep on reporting, like the telegrams from despairing armies, "the morale of the troops is excellent," "the situation is easier," "the definitive blow is postponed for strategic reasons," and so forth. All was cruelly vague and unsatisfactory; and from the opposite side no cheering symptoms came to the anxious eye of her who conducted the siege operations. It was hard to draw off now—with nothing to look forward to but a renewal of the campaign in a new field, under circumstances that could scarcely be so favourable, and when her own supervision might not be available.

She was at her wits' end about Tom. She wished him to go on to the Engadine, and at least preserve the *status quo*; but Tom was obstinate. He wanted a rest, a change from this *toujours perdrix* of ladies' society, polite small-talk, boredom, dissimulation, and physical inactivity. But he put it otherwise to his sister, asserting (and this reasonably) that in her absence the field would not be conveniently open to him; also, that a little absence often did good—making the heart (as he was instructed) grow fonder; and lastly, that he had a presentiment that the thing would be done at Dunerlacht, and nowhere else. It was hard, he added, to fight against a presentiment—which Mrs Ravenhall felt to be true, when, as in this case, it merely signifies an

obstinate resolve; so she was reluctantly obliged to give way before it. And what was Tom going to do now? Tom's heart was already beating high with the thought of Homburg. The siren-song of "*faites le jeu*," the "innumerable" crisping of *billets de banque*, the diapason of shovelled gold, was sounding in the ear of his fancy; but it was part of the matrimonial scheme that he was to appear *rangé*—so he said he required bracing, and would go to bathe at Biarritz or Ostend for a month. In this melancholy way matters stood, when, two days before the break-up of the party, Mr Ravenhall, who had been detrimental all along, at last came in useful; for his wife, on returning from a long excursion that afternoon, found him in a high state of fuss—his portmanteaus packed and in the hall, and he himself fuming at the non-arrival of the steamer which was to convey him on the first stage of his journey to London. Mr Ravenhall, be it known, had come away from Parliament without "a pair," and on that very forenoon he had received telegram after telegram from Hustler the Whip, imploring him, in agitated terms, to return on the instant; for, two nights thereafter, the Opposition—"strong, united, and jubilant"—were going to "try a fall" with the Ministry, which was shaky and despondent, and required every vote which could be scraped together, if it were to be saved at all.

"So I am off, of course," said Ravenhall, "to save Ministers."

"And what am I to do?" asked his wife.

Mr R. had not given her a thought; but, as he rushed to the steamer which now came up, he said that she might do what she

liked—that was to say, come home at her leisure, securing the escort of Tom; and so went on his way.

What, then, was she to do? It was grievous to miss a season; but to go back to London when two-thirds of it was over, to set the machinery of season-life agoing when the rest of the world were beginning to think of the wind-up, was by no means remunerative—and, in this case, there was a special reason against it. Her resolution was taken at once. She would “go home by the Engadine,” with Tom as escort, and linger as long upon the way as seemed advisable. Had not Ravenhall given her *carte blanche*? Without a word, therefore, to Tom, she went straight to the Villa Bianca; and relating how her husband had been suddenly called home on “urgent business,” she explained her new plan, which she thought would be quite delightful, were she only convinced that the prospect of her continued society would not be irksome to the Germistounes. Nothing could be more flattering than their response to this: and what, they asked, of Tom? Tom, his sister said, would accompany her; it would be a *delight* to him; the poor fellow had been quite *dismally low* about the break-up of their charming little coterie! And when Tom’s accession had been also hailed with kindly acclamations, she went into the plans for the journey; and, in a few minutes, it was arranged that they should travel together, and, “to prolong the enjoyment, and make quite a picnic of it,” start for Chiavenna on the following afternoon, sleep there, and make their way over the Maloya Pass next day. With all details cut and dried, Mrs Ravenhall then sought her brother, to communicate what she called this “rare stroke of fortune.” Strange to say, the “poor

fellow” heard of Fortune’s bounty in a spirit of utter thanklessness; for he fell into a violent passion, and protested, in most unlover-like language, against being “swindled” into further association with the *objet aimé* for the present.

“But,” urged his sister, “they are so pleased you are coming—quite in ecstasies.”

“Gammon!” cried Tom, whose faith in “ecstasies” the events of the month had crushed—“ecstasies be hanged! They are thrown away, at all events, for I’m not going. There!”

“Now, Tom, do be reasonable.”

“No, I won’t. I’ve been in the mill long enough. I’m off to Ho—— to Biarritz. I require bracing. Health before every consideration.”

“But what am I to say to them?”

“Exactly what you please.”

“But I’ve pledged you.”

“That is your affair.”

“And who is to take care of me?”

“Again your affair.”

“And all our schemes?”

“All *your* schemes may slide. I’m dead tired of them.”

Here was ingratitude, base and brutal; but Mrs Ravenhall knew that Tom’s wrath was ever evanescent, and his nature kindly—so she turned away very silently to the window, applied her pocket-handkerchief *very* furtively to her eyes, and gave a *very* little sob. There was pathos in the silence, and dramatic power in the suppression of the tear and the sob. Few men—not brutal—can resist this sort of thing: Tom was beat at once. “Come, Lucy,” he said, “I didn’t mean to be so harsh; but it is hard on a fellow, admit that.”

“A great deal harder upon me,” replied Mrs Ravenhall, with her back still turned and a *tremolo* in

her voice. "See what I've been doing and sacrificing for you; and this unkindness the only return!"

"Well, I *am* a brute, but I'm sorry for it."

"And you'll go?"

Tom had felt from the first that this was a foregone conclusion; but he replied, "If there *is* no help for it,"—adding, with a sudden flash of the predatory instinct, "if I can *get*, that is to say; for unless you pay my hotel bill, I'm afraid the manager may be rather pressing in his invitation to remain."

His sister reassured him on this head, and pointed out that, when such a stake was at issue, a little money was of no consideration. This healthy financial sentiment opened up to Tom a new field of auriferous possibilities, which helped to console him, though he continued all day sufficiently "low" and "depressed" to have covered himself with distinction in the most protracted "love" scene with Esmè.

The next afternoon saw them on board the steamer for Colico. Lord Germistoun and his daughter were very sorry to go; and the retainers of the Villa seemed very sorry to part with them, thronging to the pier with bouquets and benedictions, and breaking out into a choric song of love, admiration, and regret as the vessel moved away. This, as the words of their little hymn implied, was a tribute to the sweet English girl whose gracious ways and fair Madonna face had captivated the simple folk. His lordship, however, took it all as for himself, stiffly raised his hat, and observed to a bystander that he was gratified; also, that these were a goodish kind of poor devils, who lied and thieved like fury, but had an eye for a gentleman when they saw him, and knew how to treat him. Mrs Ravenhall was only too

thankful to turn her back upon the lake; but she was still "before the footlights:" so when they left it and drove away to Chiavenna, she kissed her hand sentimentally to the last of it, and murmured, "Lago, mio! mio bel lago, addio! Ci bisogna partire! ma i nostri cuori staranno sempre con te!"

And Lord Germistoun, gallantly affecting to catch her enthusiasm, waved his hat in the same direction, and cried in the same melodious tongue, "Addio, bel lago! La signora sene vada, e con lei tu perdi la tua più cara bellezza!"

And Esmè laughed and said—

"Al rivederti, bel lago!"

And so they all said "good-bye" to the lake, in its native language—all except Tom, by the by, who was still "low," and who said nothing, but looked as if he never wished to see its waters again; and so the curtain fell upon beautiful Como.

Pleasant is the route through the Val Bregaglia, by which Italy speeds her parting guests, and sends them upwards from her summery plains to the solemn haunts of winter. Upon the massive crags that overhang the way, the South still spreads her mantle of deepest foliage, whose exquisite verdure is blended from the green of the chestnut, the walnut, and the oak. Thickets of shrubbery clothe the levels in dark luxuriance, relieved with flashes from the rhododendron's bloom; there are glimpses of sward still enamelled with souvenirs of the Land of Flowers; even the boulders which have tumbled to the river-side have brought their gala covering of wondrous mosses, purple, amber—a wealth of indefinable colour—which tells no tale of winter. The Maira, fresh from some glacier up above, meets the tender grasses and the flowers upon her margin, and checks her

haste. It is still the Land of Summer, and the Val Bregaglia will summer it with every art, as long as may be.

But we go on and up. Here is Castegna, and we are across the frontier. Farewell to Italy! On we go and up, through gradual transformations. We begin to miss the walnut-leaf; we lose the chestnut; we pass through galleries of unclothed rock. Over the dark crests of pine and alpine cedar, flashes from sunlit snow-peaks begin to reach us. The Maira is a torrent now, sometimes a waterfall. The alpen-rose and heather nestle on her rough banks; the mountain-ash trembles over her angry tumult. On we go and up, with a sudden steepness of ascent. Suddenly a mist falls around us—a cloud. We hear the jingling of the horses' bells and the roar of a waterfall; we feel by the angle of the carriage that the gradient increases; and though we can see nothing, we know that we are breasting the western face of the MALOYA. The mist lifts, and, behind, we have a dream-like glimpse of far-away plains sleeping in the sun—Elysian—beautiful exceedingly; and below us, in the foreground, a deep, dark, piney gorge, whence, in a ghostly column, the spray of a cascade rises up, quivering with the voice of its hidden waters. Down comes the mist again; nor does it rise till, the horses springing forward in their supreme effort, we suddenly find ourselves upon the level, and everything is clear again. We are in the Engadine. We stand on the edge of an upper mountain-world—on a plateau 6000 feet in height, where the great mountain-peaks separate themselves at last from the family chain, and, rising up to heaven in sublime loneliness, assert their magnificent individuality.

By this route, and with some

such experiences, the combined party made their way from Chiavenna to Maloya, much favoured by the weather. Then, after a brief halt, they continued their journey to St Moritz, through the unexpected green pastures and by the blue waters of the Upper Engadine, where everything is so unexpected and strange—where the air is so still and the woods so songless, and everything wears such an impress of solemn pensiveness, it would seem as though some awe from the near presence of the mighty hills saddened the valley, or the weight of their pine-clad feet oppressed it with too sore a burden. The day was waning when they started from Maloya, and when they left the Silser-see the sun's last rays died on its quiet surface. Up in mid-heaven the rose light still bloomed on the peaks of the Julier and Bernina; but twilight deepened apace as they drove swiftly down the valley, so that when they reached Campfer the last of the after-glow was fading from Piz Languard, and they entered St Moritz in the dark. Up to a certain point things had gone most satisfactorily *en route*. Tom had rather a bad time of it, to be sure; for whenever Esmè remarked on anything in the shape of a plant or a flower by the wayside, his sister, finding telegraphic measures vain, frankly ordered him to descend and secure the specimen—and as Esmè's botanical sympathies were quick and wide, his exits and entrances, notwithstanding her protests, were incessant. Nor when he had half filled the carriage, and escaped to the *banquette*, under plea of smoke, did he find sanctuary there, being perpetually harassed by his sister's parasol arousing him to some bit of scenery which Esmè admired, and which he was consequently assured was "quite in his style."

There is a good deal of labour and sorrow in the conduct of a courtship at best, when all the *petits-soins* are inspired by the heart of the suitor, and Tom often felt that this "machine-made" wooing was becoming perfectly intolerable; and over and over again, on this day, he bitterly compared himself to a barrel-organ, whereof the grinder was Lucy, who, with no fear of the police before her eyes, was grinding his works to destruction. Lord Germistounne had begun the morning "gouty," by which euphemism (strongly recommended for use in families) he described a general fractiousness of temper and desire to put every one else in the wrong; so that the prospect of the journey was not lively. But suddenly remembering that he had unlawfully partaken of Chiavenna beer the night before, and deciding that Stefano, the courier, was in some mysterious way responsible for this infraction of medical ordinance and his master's *malaise*, he packed his "gout" neatly up in half-a-dozen sentences of malediction, flung them on his scapegoat's back, consigned him to the arch-brewer of all mischief, and, thus relieved, became as pleasant and ungouty as need be. Nothing could be neater than his gallant little speeches to Mrs Ravenhall, or more graceful than his patronage of the scenery, or apter than his remarks, botanical and geological—nothing, at least, according to Mrs Ravenhall, and even Tom (when not engaged in rooting up something tough and bulbous by the roadside), for Tom was still the faithful *claqueur* of the proprietor of the "best mixed shooting in Scotland." And then, his lordship's anecdotes! so racy! so full of sarcasm! so interesting! If they were old, they were "historically instructive;" if their satire clung, like yew's roots, round dead men's bones—well, it

served the bones right; for Lord Germistounne was great, and wise, and infallible—when Mrs Ravenhall was his prophet. So things went cheerily and well, till they were more than two-thirds up the Pass. But neither the temper of a gouty noble nor the weather of an Alpine pass can be depended upon. A little thing will disturb the equilibrium of either. It became suddenly rather chilly, and there was a check in the flow of Lord Germistounne's converse. A haze came over the sun; it became chillier. Lord Germistounne began to look a little dangerous—to put his ears back, as it were. Symptoms of an impending mist showed themselves; Lord Germistounne shivered angrily, and was pulling his plaid tighter round him, when his arms dropped, and, glaring with all his eyes at the second carriage which followed close behind, he almost screamed—

"By heavens! the HOUND is actually *drinking* before me—me!—in my very face!"

And there, sure enough, was Stefano, seated in the *banquette*, positively refreshing his inner man from a flask, in the august presence of his employer! "A d—d low Neapolitan lazzarone" drinking (with gusto too!) "in the whites of the eyes" of the Right Hon. Archibald, Viscount Germistounne, Baron Dunerlacht, K.T., and a Baronet! If ever there were a provocative to "gout," here surely it was. His lordship succumbed to it instantly. The *cortège* was halted on the edge of the precipice with some difficulty, and even peril, and the courier, being extracted from his perch, was "brought up," and received such a *warming* about "roistering ruffianism," and "brutal, mutinous insolence," as would have closed the mouth of a timid courier against *schnaps* for the remainder of his days. Then the flask was

confiscated, and its contents poured as a libation to the infernal gods, whom Lord Germistounne had continuously invoked during the "incident." But this time the ebullition brought no relief; the scapegoat went in vain to the wilderness, and Mrs Ravenhall's blandishments fell flat,—for the mist swooped down and wrapped them in its cold wet blanket, so that the thin blood of the old man had need of all the fire of his anger to keep it on the move at all. There was, fortunately, no lack of this stimulant. If Sir William Gull had, with devilish art, concocted "this accursed cloud," and conveyed it through the air, and caused it drop on the Maloya Pass, so as to meet his noble patient there, he could not have been held more personally responsible for its existence. Awful superlatives were tacked to the doctor's name, about which his lordship even condescended to the vulgarity of a ferocious jest, averring that the eminent man might justly adopt the habit of the clan patriarchs, and bestow it on his Engadine followers, who had fully earned the distinction. Even Alderman Rabbits came in—as a sort of accessory—for the tail of the storm, and the most ungenerous strictures were passed upon his interior. Nor did matters greatly improve when they emerged from the cloud and found themselves upon the plateau of the Engadine. The whole thing was pronounced to be a mistake, if not a swindle; the air would give a seal bronchitis;

the levels about the river and lakes looked malarious enough to kill herds of the strongest elephants. Scenery? there *was* no scenery; it was an infernal desert invented by the doctors as a sort of theatre for empirical practice. "Let them," he cried, "make their experiments on aldermen if they please; they may vivisect Sir Peter Rabbits if they choose—probably they couldn't do better; but it's monstrous that a really valuable life should be tampered with by the scoundrels." He was in the state of mind which prompts the "Tax-payer" to write to the 'Times;' and perhaps he might have done so had it *not* been the habit of the "tax-payer," and if he had not regarded *l'organe de la cité* as the root of all national evil.

Few places in Europe are more loved by its visitors than the Engadine, many of whom regard it with a kind of bigoted enthusiasm which will scarcely allow that there can be any qualification of the praises due to it; but even these will, *perhaps*, admit that, at first (*only* at first), there is a certain dishevelledness—a general happy-go-luckiness—about the hotels, to which one requires to get accustomed. At all events, they will be quite able to conceive that a man arriving in the dark, and in Lord Germistounne's frame of mind, might very probably not be soothed by his first impressions even of the Hotel "Zur frohen Aussicht" at St Moritz.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was dark when the party arrived. All the guest-world were at "evening-meal," and all (the few) waiters were feeding them—the porter even assisting. Thus, when the Germistounne equipage clattered

up, there was none of that rush and *élan* of welcome which, at smaller altitudes, greet parties less illustrious. All the shouting, and jingling, and cracking of whips was met with a bathos of darkness and

silence. Only after a very prolonged ringing, did a leisurely form, with a shaggy head, and its hands very deep in its pockets, lounge to the door. This was the landlord himself, at that time a worthy Switzer, with the fear of God, perhaps, but certainly not that of man, before his eyes; and who—being a republican, or rather because his hotel was always full, and because a contract price is equally valuable, be it paid by peer or proletarian—had no sort of leaning to a lord, but rather contrariwise,—the servants of the noble being often troublesome. This individual, then, remained at the top of the steps, leaning against the door-post, and making no sign whatever.

“What does it mean? what the d—l does it all mean?” shouted Lord Germistoun; “where are the people? the servants? the landlord? the—speak to that man, Stefano! speak to him—if he *is* a man!” Stefano reascended the steps, and a low, sleepy, growling sound ensued, on the part of the man, which was presently interpreted to his master by Stefano, to the effect that the growler *was* a man, that he was also the landlord, and that he too, wished very much to know “what it all meant.”

“Tell him,” cried Lord Germistoun—“tell the idiot that we want rooms, and our luggage taken down, and—and what people usually want at hotels.”

“Tell him,” replied the growler, “that he can’t have rooms here.”

“Then I’ll go straight to the mayor!” shouted his lordship, springing to his feet. Whereupon the growler announced that *he* was the mayor, and ready for him and all comers. “Then, by the Lord Harry, I’ll go to the president of the district, wherever he is!” But there was no checkmating the monster—he was also president of the

district! Great heavens! here was a pretty pass! Lord Germistoun had got beyond the law, or rather he found all its machinery concentrated in the hands of a brutal pluralist, who would certainly not use it against himself. What was to be done? All kinds of vituperation and menace fell upon the growler as spray upon an iron-bound coast. Eventually, in some of his capacities, he might probably lock his lordship up for inciting to a breach of the peace; in the meantime, he rather seemed to enjoy the fun of the thing in a dim, ruminating way.

Things were in this state of deadlock when a smart and intelligent young woman, who proved to be the landlord’s daughter, appeared on the scene, and who, receiving nothing from her father but an unintelligible grunt in answer to her inquiries, tripped impatiently down to the carriage, and asked the pleasure of the party, and their names—on hearing which she gave a cry of astonishment, assured them their rooms were reserved and ready, rushed up-stairs, tolled the bell, dashed into the house, cried shrilly for the attendants, and, when she had put everything in train, turned upon her father sharply, and asked him, as Lord G. had done, “What it all meant?” To which, in the same grim monotone, he simply replied, “They didn’t tell me their names. They only said they wanted rooms. Am I a prophet?”

And this is the kind of thing that did, and may perhaps still, occur in the Engadine; but, after all, it is only the people’s way—only their way—which, of course, makes it as right and pleasant as possible. The poor old lord was really quite crushed by this last scene. The terrible immobility of the landlord had been too much for him, after the trials and fatigues of the day; and he went to bed

entirely subdued, and without a word of bitterness, save the remark that an egg, which he had encountered at supper, was sufficient to "account for everything—almost everything;" the exceptions being, perhaps, the mysterious clemency of Providence, which could permit the continued existence of the growler, and the savagery of a political system which could place him in a double-seated curule chair.

The Engadine, as has been said, enjoys an affection on the part of its visitors which is quite enthusiastic. Some give all their love to Pontresina, others to St Moritz, others to Campfer, others (the sybarites) to Samaden; and, among the partisans of each, there is often hot contention and dispute. Yet, as against an outsider, all true Engadiners will sink minor differences, and "go for" the Engadine, the whole Engadine, and—it would almost sometimes seem—for nothing but the Engadine. Well, it cannot be said that their enthusiasm is much misapplied, for it is a goodly and a glorious region—Lord Germistoun's first impressions notwithstanding. The air alone makes the region unique. Is there anything like it anywhere else? so dry, elastic, and champagney? The *genius loci* may be solemn and pensive, but we laugh at him; we defy his contagion, breathing this brave atmosphere in the brave summer time. You seek delight in the glories of nature? in vast expanses of mountain panorama, in the splendours that dwell about the world of snow-field and glacier? Elsewhere you may purchase fleeting glimpses of these, with toil and weariness of the flesh. But here, at ease, on a high green oasis, in the midst of the glittering ice-world, you can watch, like a lotus-eater, the restless phenomena of light and colour, which dream over it in tender

ripples, or surge across it in gorgeous floods, incessantly, from the first streak of dawn till the after-glow has faded from the tallest summits. And here, without effort to distress the feeblest, you can reach points where all the Alpine world lies before you—all the giants of near and far, from the Tyrol to the Oberland, from Palü to Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn. And if you are muscular and ambitious, and wish to enjoy, with vast ranges of vision, the "swagger" of braving crevasse and avalanche, *circumspice!* many of the highest and severest mountains in Europe are beside you; you are half-way up them all, and thus can achieve your objects and earn glory at, so to speak, half-price. Here, then, living in neighbourly intimacy with mountains and glaciers, young, old, lusty, feeble, athlete, and sybarite, can all taste the best delights of the high mountain life, each in his own way and degree. Yes, it is a goodly place. The splendid air, the noble scenery, the sound sleep, the conscious bound into a new vitality, after the languor of the plains—all these things are good; but, behind these positive delights, a negative advantage gives them exquisite point—there are no tourists here. The tidal wave of noisy vulgarity and brutal selfishness which swamps Europe, "affronts" the desert, and "puts a girdle round the earth," does not rise to these altitudes. We are beyond the zone of Cook and Gaze. Let us not pause to consider how it is so. Let us speak with bated breath, lest Jones and Robinson reflect, and mischief rise in the heart of Brown. Let us be simply thankful for the mystery, that in these pleasant places they are not.

It might have been expected that Lord Germistoun would not remain to appreciate the delights of the locality, and that earliest dawn

would see him and his suite flying in the direction of monarchical institutions. But, strange to say, when he came down in the morning, whether it was the magic of the air already, or of a wonderfully sound sleep, or what not, his tone was temperate in the extreme. "We must try the place for a day or two, at all events," he said. He did not even allude to the landlord. Indeed, the relations between these two remarkable men were very singular from first to last. Manœuvres were of course resorted to, to keep them apart. Still, Lord Germistoun could not be kept from going occasionally for his letters to the bureau, in a corner of which the landlord was habitually ambushed; thus they would meet from time to time. Could it be that the imperiousness of this republican pachyderm to Lord Germistoun's wrath and general augustness paralysed the latter by its utter novelty, and so quelled him? Certain it is that no further "scenes" occurred between them.

As soon as his lordship's eye fell upon the landlord, his back would stiffen, his nostrils dilate, and he would breathe short. As soon as the landlord beheld his lordship, he would rise slowly from his chair, with *his* back very much in the air, and his hands very deep in his pockets, and his eyes very much fixed upon the noble lord, and thus remain—alert, and, as it were, ready to spring—until the latter marched warily out of the room, with the cautious dignity of a large dog retiring from the presence of another large dog who looks as if he "meant business."

But the existence of the landlord did no particular harm. The place *was* tried for a few days, and it suited. The air and the waters were all that could be desired; the hotel was comfortable; the food

was respectable; my lord's appetite immense. There was no talk of moving. Gull was rehabilitated, and the name of Rabbits was not heard any more.

As yet there were few English in the place; but the foreign visitors were plentiful, pleasant, and *comme il faut*. There was a charming contingent of high-bred Italians at the hotel, and some official Prussians—all padding and bureaucratic *morgue*, but of much distinction; and several Russian princes and princesses, with that duplex air of pleasure above and plot below—which, by the by, is not likely to be so effective hereafter as heretofore; and, among all these, there were several persons of real eminence in the world of statecraft, diplomacy, and fashion. At once Mrs Ravenhall let loose all her tentacles into this shoal of eligibles, and had captured at least half-a-dozen distinguished "friendships" in a week. Poor woman! after all her vicarious love-making, she had certainly earned some relaxation. Who could grudge it to her? And here it was for her, as she best loved to take it. Lord Germistoun, too, was pleased with the society, particularly with its diplomatic and political elements; and the society received him with distinguished consideration.

He was always fond of political talk, and it was his foible to believe that he understood the foreign policies of all nations—even of England. So he posed as a statesman here, and harangued at large, occasionally being kind enough to explain the drift of treaties and memorandums to the men who had devised them. "I have been a Minister myself," he said, and they all called him "Excellency." One observes that people with far fewer advantages—with less voice, less presence, less money—will always find a gallery for their prose and

their platitudes if they only assert themselves; and Lord Germistoune was quite the centre of a little peripatetic *salon* down at the Kurhaus, of mornings. There he walked about, dropping words of wisdom, in the intervals between the prescribed tumblers. The air about him was foggy with turgid sentences, of which one continually caught such fragments as—"I told Beust very distinctly that I could not sanction——" "Cavour, who was a charlatan, implored me——" "Buol knew what my distinct opinion of *his* policy was——" "Louis Napoleon frequented my society at that time, and took my advice; if he had continued to do so——" &c., &c. People listened to all this respectfully; how much they swallowed, is another question. "Que diable!" said Prince Latschki to an American friend, "I have turn that old man inside out in five minutes. It is a shell! Void! Pah!"

It is probable that Latschki expressed a pretty general sentiment, but it was certainly not the sentiment which met his lordship's ears and eyes; and he was delighted with every one, especially with himself. Mrs Ravenhall's "weather eye" was, notwithstanding other allurements, by no means neglectful of the young people. The Engadine seemed full of promise for her projects, at first. Here there was no call to rack the brain in devising expeditions, and excuses for them. There was something of the sort to be done every day in the week, without apology, and, indeed, almost *de rigueur*. These excursions are usually made in large parties, involving many vehicles, so that a very little generalship enabled her to make such travelling combinations as suited all her purposes. To one carriage she would invariably "detail" herself and Lord Germistoune, with some gentleman

who would amuse and flatter him; and, for fourth, the lady of distinction whose "friendship" she happened to be *stalking* at the time. In another conveyance Esmè and Tom would find themselves *vis-à-vis* with a neutral matron and some strangely unattractive old man,—generally Schnoll, the German publicist, a dungeon of learning perfumed with garlic—or Angus Slorach, the Edinburgh metaphysician, who had one eye, reckless ways of snuffing, and an intolerable fund of anecdote about the late Dr Chalmers. Tom sometimes grew restive about these old men, inquiring bitterly *who* on earth the late Dr Chalmers was, and *why* on earth he should be disinterred for his benefit.

Things, however, seemed to go along pretty satisfactorily. Tom's occasional bulletins were as rosy as need be; and being, from various reasons, less searchingly verified than hitherto, they passed muster, and Mrs Ravenhall was tolerably content for a time. But matters changed. For it chanced that there was in the hotel a certain young Count Roderigo Fori, of monstrous fascinations, with large, lustrous, and tender brown eyes, and a tenor voice that had simply no right to be off the stage,—a youth, indeed, "framed in the very prodigality of nature," and dressed by Poole; and this splendid creature, who had no doubt desolated many female hearts before, introduced grievous care and agitation into the soul of Mrs Ravenhall. And it also chanced that there was sojourning there a certain young American damsel—not beautiful, as it is the delightful habit of her young *compatriotes* to be, but endowed with that kind of wit and *espièglerie* which is calculated to fascinate *that* kind of young bachelor who, as a rule, sharpens his face against female allurements. And this Miss Krupper—in full,

Eudoxia G. Krupper—to whom Mrs Ravenhall had never done any harm—beyond never looking at her—yet cast upon that lady the curse of the sleepless eye. For, if the alluring Count had only had the sense to fall in love with Miss Krupper, all might have been well; or if Miss Krupper had followed her national instinct in favour of a coronet (even when it only exists in the imagination of the nobleman or on his cigar-case and pocket-handkerchiefs), and cast her glamour over Count Roderigo, things might still have been supportable. But this regrettable Count fell desperately in love, or seemed—for these Italians are nice, but—well, fell in love with Esmè; and “that impossible” Miss Krupper fell in love with, or at least did her best to throw glamour over, Tom Wyedale. And these two tragical threads of circumstance interweaving, presented themselves almost simultaneously to the observation of Mrs Ravenhall, and wrought her woe. The party in the hotel spent their evenings together in the common drawing-room—for they were, on the whole, of the same *monde* (except, perhaps, Miss K. and her mamma); and, since there were many Italians among them, much music was made. Roderigo was the musical star; for his playing on guitar and piano were worthy of his performances as a tenor, and he had such a dramatic method of singing and playing—such a way, as he sang, of fixing his beautiful eyes, with passionate intensity, on some inanimate object, and then gradually shifting his gaze to the face of some pretty woman, on whom it would rest in pathetic dreaminess during his tenderest phrases—that he was justly the object of admiration, and in perpetual requisition, particularly among the pretty women, of whom there was abundance. Esmè’s sing-

ing was also justly admired; but since her playing was unequal to it, what more natural than that so apt an accompanier as the Count, should be ever ready to assist her? And thus they were brought together, and Roderigo very soon began to favour Esmè with a monopoly of the dreamy gazings above recorded.

About the same time, the charming young man developed a strong partiality for Tom’s society, frequenting it so assiduously, that where Tom was, there, too, generally was the Count, or thereabouts. Thus Mrs Ravenhall’s scheming in favour of her brother had a reflex action in favour of his new friend, who was almost as much in Esmè’s society as was Tom—except, indeed, when the latter shared the happiness with Herr Schnoll or Dr Slorach. But let us be just. The Count’s affection for his English friend must have been, in part at least, independent of the *arrière-pensée* of access to Miss Douglas. Otherwise why should he have invited him, night after night, to his rooms, when all the world slept? He certainly did so, and Tom as certainly went; and, since it would have been but dull work for two young fellows to sit doing nothing, could anything be more natural than that they should trifle with a pack of cards? And although the Count was (he said) a perfect noodle at *écarté*, could anything be more in keeping with a chivalrous nature than that he should hospitably engage his guest in a game to which he was partial, being, indeed, favourably known in connection with it at “The Turf” and similar literary institutions? And if he won? Well, chivalrous conduct *sometimes* has its reward, and the battle is not *always* to the strong; so that Mrs Ravenhall need not have been so very bitter against Roderigo, *apropos* of his

little *soirées*—all about a trumpery three hundred sovereigns too! which paltry sum she had to pay for Tom in a fortnight—Tom having “no effects,” and debts of honour being “the very devil.” Mrs Ravenhall *was* perfectly blind to the romantic element in the incident, and thought, and said, quite dreadful things about the amiable young nobleman.

This, however, was comparatively a trifle. The Count’s daylight conduct became markedly aggressive. Fellows of this sort are no laggards. At all the excursions, he was at Esmè’s side from the moment of debarkation, fetching and carrying, bounding up steep rocks for flowers and what not; anticipating every want; prostrating, worshipping, wriggling like a spaniel, with the eternal look of a spaniel’s devotion in his beautiful brown eyes. Every night, at music, the *intention* of his singing and his dreamy gaze became more pronounced. One night the wretch even ventured on a serenade with his guitar: but here justice overtook him; for, mistaking Lord Germistoun’s chamber for Esmè’s “bower,” he had not achieved the second verse of “Com’ e gentil” before the window was thrown up, and he was ordered, in the most unfeeling terms, to stop “that infernal caterwauling, and be off about his business.” Another day, Esmè having remarked at dinner that she did not possess a specimen of the *edelweiss*, at breakfast-time next morning she found a bouquet of the same upon her plate, with the legend attached to it in Italian, “A PRESENT FROM THE DAWN! CULLED THIS MORNING AT 11,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA BY FORI.” Dr Slorach swore to several people who had observed the tender incident, that he had seen the “whupper-snapper” buy it in the market-place ten minutes before, and was in a mind to expose the imposture; but he

didn’t: so that the imaginative Count scored the feat to his credit. All these extravagances of worship were lost upon their object. Esmè admired the young man’s singing, and thought him very good-natured but supremely ridiculous, and treated his arts of devotion as the mere stock-in-trade of an Italian youth of artistic proclivities. Don’t let the profane thought that she flirted with him enter any one’s mind. Any repudiation of the sort on her behalf is indeed unnecessary; for it is obvious that the smallest sign from her would have brought the Count to a prompt declaration. Between the tender thought and the earnest glance and the burning word, there are but short intervals with combustible gentry of the Fori type.

The ordinary “Mees Anglaise” might—probably must—have succumbed at once to his wiles and graces; but Esmè was not an ordinary “Mees Anglaise”—which, of course, Mrs Ravenhall knew; still she could not know how completely the Count, so to speak, missed fire. Great, therefore, was her dismay. That wretch Tom could not be roused by her to a sense of the peril. “Do you wish me,” he asked, “to shoot the fellow, before he has given me my revenge and you have got back your money?” and instead of being alarmed, went and straightway fell into the toils of E. G. Krupper, and flirted with her—for he *could* flirt with a certain kind of females who amused him and took all the trouble off his hands—and was seen lurking with her in the verandah at the back of the hotel, and on the terrace, in the suggestive gloaming; where Mrs Ravenhall, with her own ears, overheard “the artful minx” confide to Tom that she had 8000 a-year!—“what they *always* say,” Mrs Ravenhall afterwards assured Tom, “and which *always* turns out to mean, in green-

backed dollars; worth about sixpence apiece or so. So don't you go and add madness to folly." Tom, too, addicted himself yet the more to the society of his friend the Count; and, instead of manœuvring against him, seemed to be for ever playing his game. The thing could not go on long. Mrs Ravenhall was getting quite thin, and had no heart for her own little pursuits. But the crisis came. A party was organised for the Morteratsch glacier. Tom and Esmè were, as usual, to share a carriage with the metaphysician and the old Baroness Blinkenschwag. But, by the fiendish arts of Miss Krupper and Roderigo working upon, and through, Tom, the plan was upset. The doctor and the Baroness were beguiled and diverted to alien vehicles, and Esmè found herself driven rapidly off with the three conspirators, unchaperoned, before there was time for inquiry or remonstrance. They were ahead of the rest of the party: and when Mrs Ravenhall arrived at the scene of the picnic, the spectacle which met her eye was, Tom and Eudoxia huddled together, like a pair of love-birds, and sharing one plaid (for your glacier gives a chill to the air); and, at a little distance, the Count, posed as William Tell, on the edge of the ice-cataract, and singing divinely to a group of maidens below, in the centre of whom was Esmè, focussed, of course, by the dreamy gaze of the songster. This was altogether too much. The cup ran over. Mrs Ravenhall resolved now to make short work of William Tell, and to be quit of Eudoxia. For the return journey, she very demonstratively took Esmè into her own carriage, and manœuvred her off the ground, almost before Roderigo was aware of the change of programme. When he *did* make the discovery, his face was a sight to see. Tom roared out laughing. Eudoxia openly made

merry at the poor wretch, and tendered him bantering advice, which he rashly took *au sérieux*; for he ran after the carriage and hurled a little farewell bouquet of thyme into it, but, missing his mark, smote Viscount Germistoun, K.T., on the nose withal—and *that* was pretty nearly the last of the Count. The throwing of the bouquet at all was a liberty—the accident that it impinged upon his lordship's nose was an outrage. Lord Germistoun and Mrs Ravenhall both felt this,—especially Mrs Ravenhall, who took the incident as the text for a discourse, commenced then, and afterwards finished in private with Lord Germistoun.

This bore on the innate depravity of Italian counts in general, who were often impostors, wearing aces in their sleeves, as necessary accessories of raiment; who were usually connected with the "CAMORRA," and *always* heiress-hunters. The application of all this to the luckless Roderigo took place on their return home. "I never liked the man, dear Lord Germistoun. His eyes are quite enough for me, and I *do not* like his companionship for my brother. He has begun to get money out of poor Tom, who is *so* trusting; and I can't stand *that*." The recollection of the Count's little *soirées* and their financial aspects, as affecting herself, gave great intensity to this passage. "In short, I really must get Tom away from his influence." Then, with exquisite tact, and speaking as an old and fondly-devoted family friend, she gradually insinuated that there *was* danger for "that sweet unconscious child." She had seen, she said, things—atentions—which had made her *reflect*. Her eyes, sharpened by womanly tenderness, had noted the wolfish ways of Roderigo. Speaking *as* a woman, she felt that the Count might gain a *deplorable*

influence over *any* woman. He was horribly magnetic and glamorous; and, being in *absolute want*, there was little doubt that he meant to bring his magnetism and his glamour, and all his other diabolical properties, to market here, and was, in fact, doing so now. No doubt Esmè was so superior, so very superior, she—still, as a matter of parental principle—— But there was no need to argue the point. Lord Germistoun's soul was in arms at once. The bare idea of such a monstrosity as that this—this hound should lift his eyes to *his* daughter, had never occurred to him. He towered, in his arrogance, above such a suspicion. The giant walks with his nose in the air, and trips over the mole-hill. But—

once suggested! *Donnerwetter!!* Well, he did exactly what Mrs Ravenhall intended. He had his bill and ordered a chaise for Pontresina, as did Mrs Ravenhall and Tom; and, with bag and baggage, the combined party thither shifted camp. "There is too much sharpness in the air of St Moritz" was his lordship's explanation of the move to Esmè. The last object they beheld at the hotel was Rodrigo's green and chapfallen face. His sympathetic southern nature told him exactly how matters stood. He saw them go, without an *œillade* for Esmè, or a bouquet for her father's nose. With a solemn sweep of his Tyrolese hat, he bade adieu to Love and *écarté* and a thousand golden dreams.

CHAPTER XX.

Cosmo Glencairn did not remain very long at Edlisfort, after his memorable interview with his father; he returned to town, and, while all the world made holiday, lived a hermit's life in his chambers. Now fully resolved on a parliamentary career, he plunged into certain ponderous lines of reading which bore on the political science, or manfully explored the dreary literature of blue-books for instruction upon special subjects. Everything about his political life was to be honest, solid, complete. On no half-knowledge were his opinions to rest—from no vague opinions were his political actions to flow; and, since he proposed to himself not the stationary see-saw of a hobby-rider, but keen participation in everything, it will be seen that his earnestness promised to be a hard taskmaster. All measures for the restoration of Phil Denwick to a well-ordered life were put in train; there was no difficulty about the money, which was to be forthcom-

ing in the beginning of autumn; and at that time Phil himself was, according to agreement, to commence his period of probation and practical instruction in Mr Hopper's office. In doing what he was undertaking to do for Phil, Cosmo wished really to benefit his friend—not merely to extricate him from his present penury, but to make his life stable; so that his bounty carried with it the benevolent condition of work. Phil's gratitude was unbounded, and it would have been a hard condition to which he would not have subscribed to show it, and to please Cosmo. But, indeed, the idea of work—suggesting, as it did, everything that was the converse of his late miserable experiences—was welcome for its own sake; and he, like Cosmo, sprang forward to anticipate it in preparations. Hopper was most affable to the prospective shareholder, let him know what to study in the meantime, and how to set about it; and Cosmo sent him out of town to a quiet place by the

sea, where he devoted himself to mastering the theoretical mysteries of commerce and the *arcana* of the iron-trade. So Phil, living cleanly with the parson of the parish, who was an old Cambridge chum, was a reclaimed prodigal, for whom the swine of Leicester Square and their husks and other abominations were only an evil memory or occasional nightmare. Mr Glencairn, indeed, shook his head rather violently over that part of the plan which involved Phil's future admission to the hierarchy of the Company; but, on Hopper assuring him that the probation was to be stringent, and that the prospect of Phil's qualifying was almost *nil*, he said he "was glad to sanction an arrangement which might benefit his dead friend's son,"—which Mr Hopper assured him was most magnanimous, and exactly like himself—in fact, "quite." And everything for the present was comfortably settled, as far as Phil's affairs went. Cosmo had returned to town in the early days of June, and, in seven weeks thereafter, Parliament was prorogued: for as yet there were no "Obstructionists" to paralyse the Legislature and befriend the grouse; and the noodles who addressed the House and wasted its time, could then only be counted by the dozen, instead of, as now, by the hundred. So that her Majesty was able to dismiss her faithful Commons for the recess, on the 20th July—which is not like to occur again, unless some one can invent a gag for Jawkins, M.P. And during these weeks, and now, Cosmo was on the *qui vive*; for the incumbent nurse of the "healthy local interest" of the borough of ——— was expected to resign. And Cosmo had prepared an address for the electors, and written speeches, and studied the local maggots of the borough, and, in short, armed himself at all points for the electoral campaign. Phil Denwick, who

came up to see him now and then, used to assist at private rehearsals, when, after listening to the flowing periods of his friend's speeches, he would take up the rôle of a "heckler"—which is the Scotch name for the political excrescence who puts questions to the candidate at political meetings, and who, although always the shallowest dunderhead in the assembly, yet, by dint of not knowing what he is talking about, and of not being able to display even his ignorance in any sort of grammar at all, can undoubtedly trouble and mystify and exasperate a candidate, and is therefore dangerous, and to be considered beforehand. Phil could imitate the ways of this monster, and heckled to perfection; but, on such occasions, Cosmo always passed with flying colours, and was, *nem. con.*, declared to be a fit and proper person, &c., &c.

Alas! it was all premature. The member for the borough changed his mind. "Circumstances," he wrote to Mr Glencairn, "had occurred which made it his bounden duty to remain stanch to his post;" and so, though Mr Glencairn was resolved that his "post" should not continue stanch to the honourable gentleman any longer than *he* could help, there was nothing for it, at present, but to await the general election, which could not be distant.

This was very trying to Cosmo, under all his circumstances. In the first place, he was feverishly anxious to begin. Dim, in the far distance, but overtopping every other motive, there was a light to be reached, and not even to have started in its direction was distressing. Then the near prospect of the contest had naturally brought its preoccupations, besides specially stimulating his studious energy in fields which are sometimes of no great interest in the abstract. And

now, in the reaction from this, he lost, for the time, that vantage-ground from which he had been able to discipline his love, and once more, at times, became a sport for "the tempest of the heart," with its ecstatic contemplations, its agonies of longing, and those cruel lulls of blank despondency which are the cruellest of all to bear. At such times it was in vain that he invoked Ambition, Duty, Manhood—in vain that he nerved his resolution, and tried desperately to immerse himself in the dry routine of study. Sentences, read and re-read, conveyed no impression. Subtle spirits of the air filched the thoughts from the words, or interwove them with strange fantasies, or flashed the image of a haunting face over the meaningless page, or overwrote it with a haunting name in the splendour of prismatic colours. These spirits come in a note of music, in a sunbeam, in a breath of meadow-fragrance. There is no exorcism that can prevail against them. In truth, the burthen of his love was over-great for him, now that he had lost the assistance of that spring of a present excitement which derived its virtue from the hopes with which it was connected. This being gone, spirit and flesh alike began to cry out for relief. And a desire to see Esmè again, to hear her voice—but even only to see her, to be near her, though she should be unconscious of his proximity, to breathe the same air, to look at the same mountains, to establish between him and her *some* chain of association, however faint and visionary,—this pathetic desire became more and more clamorous, and grew daily to be less resisted. And a longing for a freer air than this of the town fell upon him. Here he began to feel stifled, cramped, and jaded. He would have the quickening breezes of the north; he longed for the hills and the heather, and

the clear streams, and space, and freshness, and movement.

"I require a change," he said to himself. "I am overworked; but my preparations are well advanced; and, let an election come when it may, I am ready: so that I can afford a change; it will not do to be over-trained when the time arrives. I must go away for a change; the question is, whither?" In such prosaic words of feeblest self-deception did he put the case to himself. Yes, he required a change—a change from this twilight life of separation; and the question, "Whither should he go?" was answered by his yearning for the Highland hills, where he knew that she now must be.

But how? whither *exactly*? under what pretext?

It had got to this approach to the concrete, when, one fine morning in the beginning of August, the eminent Mr Snowie of Inverness, whose wintry name has sunny associations for all northern sportsmen, waited upon Cosmo at his chambers.

"Just to see, Captain, before I leave town, if we can't even yet come to an arrangement about Finmore. It's still open; full of birds; never was a finer season; pity to lose the chance; cheap, too." Thus Snowie,—and exit in ten minutes, with a look on his face which told that Cosmo's questions, "How? whither *exactly*? under what pretexts?" had found an answer which was entirely satisfactory to the worthy agent at least.

No one would for an instant venture to stigmatise Mr Snowie as a poetical character; but on this occasion it appeared to Cosmo that

"A Voice
Went with him, Follow, follow! thou
shalt win!"

Let all true-hearted readers hope that the voice *did* say so, and may not prove an impostor.

A RECENT VISIT TO MONTENEGRO AND ITS CAPITAL.

WE had long wished to visit Montenegro, a country with whose history we were familiar, and in which we had taken a deep interest. It was originally known as the independent principality of Zeta, the name of the river which descends from Herzegovina, past Niksich, and, leaving the present Montenegro territory near Spush, continues its course until it reaches the northern end of the Lake of Scutari, into which it flows. When the last of the Czars of free Servia, the unfortunate Lazar, fought the disastrous battle of Kossowo against the Turks under Sultan Amurath in 1389, the Prince of Zeta sent some of his own troops as auxiliaries; and, after the overthrow of the Servian host, its shattered bands retreated to the safe recesses of the Tchernagora or Black Mountain, which, known under the name of Montenegro since the time when the Republic of Venice asserted her supremacy in Dalmatia, became the home of these Servian fugitives. There, mingling with the native race, they have, for four centuries, resisted every effort of the Turk to conquer the country, and remain now, as they were then, a free Christian people, though surrounded on all sides, except where the narrow strip of Dalmatian coast forms their frontier on the west, by the formidable hosts of Turkey.

But our object is not to relate the history of this gallant race of mountaineers, but to describe briefly our visit to their territory, and their little capital, Cetinje.

We left Trieste, in one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, on a Saturday afternoon, and reached Cattaro on the following Tuesday, towards evening. In passing, we

may mention that this line of steamers is exceedingly good and well found in everything, with comfortable cabins and a very fair *cuisine*. One great advantage to the traveller to whom the coast of Dalmatia is new, is that the steamer stops, generally for two or three hours at least, at all the principal ports, and thus enables him to see the objects of interest which each place contains. By this means, both in going and returning, we had a good opportunity of exploring Pola, Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, and Ragusa, besides other places of less note. Pola is on the coast of Istria, and is reached just before crossing the mouth of the Gulf of Fiume, or the Quarnero, as it is called. Since Austria lost Venice she has made it her chief port and naval arsenal in the Adriatic. It is a magnificent harbour, completely sheltered from the wind, and protected by frowning batteries. We saw there nine or ten Austrian ironclads, one of which had been launched only the day before. The town was *en fête*, as the heir-apparent of the Austrian throne was paying it a visit. But the chief interest of Pola to us were its Roman remains. The town is of great antiquity, and according to the fable of tradition, was founded by the Colchians who sailed in pursuit of Jason to recover the Golden Fleece which that chieftain carried off accompanied by the runaway Medea. It was conquered by the Romans, B.C. 178, and a colony was founded there, known as Pietas Julia. The arena or amphitheatre is a striking object on the left hand as you enter the harbour. The outer wall is in excellent preservation, and the whole of the ellipse is perfect in form;

but the interior is wholly dismantled, and there are no remains of seats, as in the Colosseum, and the amphitheatres at Nismes, Verona, and Capua (now called Santa Maria). The contrast between this gaunt and venerable relic of antiquity, with its gaping windows and time-stained walls, and the bran-new white buildings of the Austrian marine which approach close to it, is too glaring and almost painful. To the credit, however, of the Government be it said, that the monuments of antiquity in Dalmatia are carefully guarded by railings or low walls, to prevent their ruthless spoliation by the Vandals of the present day.

But Pola yields altogether in interest to Spalato, which contains the remains of the famous palace of Diocletian. The Emperor built it as a place of retirement after he had abdicated the throne, nine years before his death, A.D. 305. He ransacked the East and West for embellishments with which to adorn it; and when in all the glory of completion it must have been a right royal residence. It was in the form of a square, each side a quarter of a mile long, with a gate on each, one of which was called the *Porta aurea*, and another the *Porta ænea*. In the centre was the Temple of Jupiter, or Diana—for antiquarians dispute about the title—for many centuries since used as a Christian cathedral, of octagonal form, with eight columns of porphyry and granite crowned with Corinthian capitals. Round the building, above the pillars, and below the *tufa* dome, are figures in *basso relievo* representing a stag-hunt, and now called the *Caccia di Diana*, whence probably the idea arose that the temple was dedicated to Diana. When we were there divine service was going on; and

the effect of the music of the organ, the rich dresses of the officiating priests, the incense-caskets swung by the acolytes, and the sonorous chant of the liturgy, all seen and heard in "the dim religious light" of the old pagan temple, was striking in the extreme. In the top-most gallery, just below the cupola or dome, there is a curious phenomenon. If you whisper a few words in a hole, they are distinctly and loudly heard on the opposite side. At a little distance from this temple there is another, generally called the Temple of *Æsculapius*, now used as a chapel. But there is good reason to believe that this was the mausoleum of Diocletian; and in the centre, within a stone enclosure which is still there, was found a richly-sculptured sarcophagus, which is supposed to have contained the ashes of the deceased emperor. We believe the sarcophagus itself is now in the Spalato museum; but at all events it exists, and one of its sides represents the hunt of the Calydonian boar by Meleager and his companions. The roof of this little temple is extremely beautiful. It is formed of sixty-four *tablettes* of stone or marble, exquisitely cut, and as fresh and perfect as if they had been chiselled only yesterday. An account of the palace of Diocletian was published in the beginning of the reign of George III., and dedicated to that monarch, by the distinguished architect and Scotchman, Adam. It is a large quarto volume, but is now extremely scarce, and only a very few copies are known to exist. But by far the best and most exhaustive description is one that was printed, but, we believe, not published, in Trieste in 1855 by Professor Dr Francesco Lanzá, which we have had the advantage of reading. It is accompanied by plans and elevations,

and is full of learning and ingenious criticism. We would willingly avail ourselves of the information it contains to give much fuller details if the limits of our space allowed; but we must hasten on.

In approaching Spalato (*S(acrum) Palatium*) from the Adriatic you are told that you see the Temple of Diocletian before you; but you look for it in vain. The fact is that the western wall, or rather series of pillars facing the sea, has for centuries been occupied by houses, and all you see from a little distance is a line of wall with a great many windows. The interior of the palace became the original town of Spalato when the inhabitants of the neighbouring city of Salona, in the year A.D. 640, fled from the barbarian hordes of Avari, and took refuge within its walls. It is now so completely filled with houses and narrow streets, that it is impossible, without an experienced guide, to have any idea of its plan, or extricate the old Roman remains from the mass of modern building with which they are incorporated. We did not visit Salona, for we had not time; but we may mention that no place in Dalmatia has yielded richer antiquarian treasures. It is three miles from Spalato, between the sea and the mountains, and is of great antiquity, for it withstood the attack of the Consul Cæcilius Metellus, B.C. 117. It is now a mere village; but the plain around is covered with Roman remains, and the museum at Spalato is full of them. A few days before our arrival a bronze figure of a youth in the attitude of a quoit-player was dug up at Salona in a state of perfect preservation. A German from Vienna who happened to be on the spot purchased it, and he told us he gave for it a thousand

florins. We should think this an uncommonly good speculation if the figure turns out to be as good a specimen of art as the well-known *bettende Knabe* at Berlin, which was found in the bed of a river, and is valued at an enormous sum.

From Spalato we sailed westward to the island of Lissa, where, in the waters between it and the island of Lesina, the naval battle was fought in 1866 between Austria and Italy, in which Austria was victorious. The town of Lissa is a poor little place, not much better than a village. On the right hand, entering the harbour, there is a church and a cemetery, where a monument, with a finely-sculptured lion on the top, very much like Thorwaldsen's lion at Lucerne, commemorates the names of the officers and sailors who fell in the engagement. But a more interesting object to an Englishman is a small cemetery on the left hand, close by the water-side, where rest the remains of our own countrymen who died during the period when the English fleet lay there in 1811 for the purpose of blockading the coast of Dalmatia.

The steamer does not enter the harbour of Ragusa, as it is not large enough, but stops in that of Gravosa, which is less than two miles distant, and separated from Ragusa by an intervening ridge. Here, at Gravosa, we first met refugees from Herzegovina—men, women, and children, in their picturesque costume. The women wear on their heads a red cloth cap with a flat top, from which gracefully hangs over their shoulders and backs a white mantilla. Most of them wore white trousers coming down to their ankles, with an open white shirt or *capote*, and a red girdle round their waists. Such a dress, when new and clean, is extremely pretty; but these poor crea-

tures were in wretched poverty, and their garments were generally tattered and dirty. Many of them had come from Montenegro to get the dole of meal supplied by the Austrian Government, which they carry to their families in heavy loads upon their backs across the mountain-tracks, which we will describe by-and-by; and to travel as far as Ragusa and return to Cetinje requires a journey of six days. Ragusa is a clean cheerful town, and its streets are paved, like those of all the towns in Dalmatia, with square blocks of limestone, perfectly smooth, which would excite the envy of a London parish vestry. Here we took a boat and visited the beautiful little island of Lacroma, a mass of trees and flowers and tropical plants. It was purchased by Maximilian, the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico, and brother of the present Emperor of Austria, who intended to convert the old convent in the centre into a magnificent palace; but the works had barely commenced before he was taken prisoner and shot by the revolutionary leader Juarez. The property was then sold for an insignificant sum, and now belongs to a Viennese, who wishes to sell it, and asks the price of 100,000 florins. At present the old convent, or rather so much of it as remains, is occupied by the English consul, Mr St John; and it is certainly a most charming residence. There is a wilderness of beautiful and shady walks, commanding lovely views of the Adriatic and Dalmatian coast, and the highest point is crowned by an Austrian fortress. The cells of the monks have been converted into small rooms, and the corridor is hung with pictures and prints collected by Maximilian. Many of the latter are English, for which he had a great fancy. To

any one who has sufficient means, and likes a delicious climate and lovely scenery, we would recommend the purchase of Lacroma for a summer and autumn residence.

At Ragusa we took on board a motley crowd of passengers; insurgents from Bosnia, Turkish soldiers from Arabia, and some Austrian soldiers. The insurgents were all armed with daggers and loaded pistols in their belts. That they were loaded we know, for we examined them; and one of the Bosnians, a boy of fourteen, showed us with some pride the long loaded pistol he had. A Serb on board asked him to prove to us that he could read; when he thrust his hand deep into the rough bag which is the common haversack of these countries, and pulled out a New Testament in Slav, from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and read a few verses out of the Acts of the Apostles. It was curious to see how the insurgents fraternised with the Turks in the steamer, lighting each other's pipes, and amicably smoking and talking together. I found on inquiry that they all understood Turkish.

About ten miles south of Ragusa lies Ragusa Vecchia, the ancient Epidaurus, one of the oldest of the Greek colonies in Illyria. In the year A.D. 639 the Avari utterly destroyed it, and the inhabitants fled to northward, and built the comparatively modern town of Ragusa, which they gradually fortified with the strong walls and bastion that still engirdle it. Soon after leaving Ragusa we reached the entrance to the Bocche di Cattaro—a magnificent sheet of water which, with many turnings and windings, stretches inland as far as Cattaro, at the foot of stupendous limestone mountains, which rise above it like a steep colossal wall. On the left, not far from the entrance, there is

a narrow strip of level land called Sutorina, which is the only part of Herzegovina that touches the coast. It was lately taken from the Turks by the Montenegrins; and we saw the flag of Prince Nicholas, red with a white cross, flying on the fortress that stands close to the shore. We then stopped at Castel Nuovo, built by Turtho I., king of Bosnia, in 1380, and for many years the capital of Herzegovina, until the whole country was conquered by the Turks; and after many vicissitudes it became, like the rest of Dalmatia, part of the dominions of the House of Austria. Its old walls have been much shattered by an earthquake, and some of the massive towers have sunk at a considerable angle into the ground, and look, like the leaning tower of Pisa, ready at any moment to fall. Passing Risano, the old Roman Rhazinum, on the left, we reached Cattaro in the evening, from which we were to proceed on our mountain journey to Cetinje.

Before, however, we bestride our mountain pony to climb the limestone rocks, we will say a few words about the general character and features of the Dalmatian coast, along which we have for four days been sailing. Dalmatia was known to the Romans originally as Illyria, and some of their best troops were here recruited when it became subject to their sway. The range of the Dinarian Alps and their subsidiary offshoots traverse it from north to south, at varying distances from the coast. In these mountains several rivers rise, and force their way through deep gorges to the Adriatic. In some of the valleys there are lakes, the sides of which are surrounded by marshy land, and there are many fine waterfalls. But the most magnificent of all, and, indeed, the most magnificent in Eu-

rope, is that formed by the river Kerka, close to Scardona, a very ancient town, eight or nine miles distant from Sebenico. The Kerka rises in the Dinarian Alps, to the east of Knin, a town not far from the Turkish frontier of Bosnia, and, receiving the affluents of the Butishnica and the Chikola before it reaches Scardona, leaps down from its rocky bed into a fearful chasm, and then pursues its course to the sea, which it reaches at Sebenico. We have seen Niagara, and we always thought that it was the King of Waterfalls; but we have heard those who have seen both dispute its supremacy with that of Scardona. The whole of Dalmatia is a mass of limestone rock, known as *pietra dura*, or *pietra bianca*. Between the mighty Dinarian range and the Adriatic there is, along the whole coast, a series of swelling hills, scantily spotted with verdure, formed by a kind of scrub, and here and there planted with vines and olives. It is well known that some of the best vines grow in the stoniest places, where there seems to be no soil capable of giving nourishment to the root. This is the case at Bordeaux, and the same occurs in Dalmatia. The wines are excellent. The best in Istria is a strong red wine called Refosco; and the best in Dalmatia, to our taste, is Maraschina (Marashino is the *liqueur*), of which the principal manufacture is at Zara, where we tasted a bottle, which we were assured, on authority that we had reason to believe trustworthy, was one hundred years old! It was as soft as velvet, and, whatever its age may have been, was undoubtedly delicious. All along the coast are scattered innumerable islands, some of which, as Brazza, Lesina, Lissa, Curzola, and Meleda, are as large as, if not larger than, the Isle of Wight;

but they have very few inhabitants. Most of the others are not inhabited at all; and these have almost all the same form—namely, that of a rounded *mamelon*, rising like paps out of the sea, very thinly coated with what at a little distance looks like a clothing of moss. We may mention that the long narrow island of Meleda has been supposed by Dalmatian authors to be identical with the Melita on which St Paul suffered shipwreck on his way to Rome; but we must leave Malta to settle the question with her Adriatic rival. It deserves notice that the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, who was the companion of St Paul, says,—“But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in *Adria*.” Now Malta is certainly not in the Adriatic, and Meleda is. The coast is indented with creeks and harbours, generally land-locked, where the little towns stand, completely sheltered from the wind. On our return voyage, as a heavy storm was approaching from the north-west, when we were near Sebenico, we ran for shelter into the bay of Capocesto, and there lay snugly for some hours until the weather became clear, and the moon shone. There is an active trade kept up from town to town by small sailing-boats, with huge sails, often painted with gaudy colours. We saw one which was covered from top to bottom with the figure of a centaur. But the chief supplies come from Trieste, and are brought by the Austrian Lloyd steamers, whose return cargoes, however, are generally very light, consisting chiefly of wine, oil, and wool. The dress of the Dalmatian peasantry is by no means so picturesque as that of the Herzegovinans and Montenegrins; but still far more so than anything we see in England. The universal covering

of the men is a little red cap, worked with black embroidery round the edge, which just fits the top of the head; and the women wear red jackets, open in front, with their bosoms covered by a white kerchief or chemise. The population of Dalmatia is about 450,000, and of this it is said that fully 350,000 are what is called “*Analfabeti*,”—that is, they can neither read nor write. Certainly it is high time that the *Volkschule*, of which there are now 300 in the territory, should bestir themselves.

But we are now at Cattaro, a dirty little garrison town in the form of a triangle, the base of which is at the foot of the mountains, and the apex at the harbour. It looks as if it had been squeezed there into the smallest possible space. Behind it the old walls climb the mountain-side in a triangular shape, enclosing above the town nothing but a wide space of barren rock, for the town itself lies, as we have said, entirely at the foot. We knew that we must ascend that steep and lofty mass of limestone barrier, over which lies the path—we should be entirely misleading if we called it a road—to Montenegro. But where *was* the path? We scanned the mountain-side in vain, but except for a short distance above Cattaro could see no sign or trace of it. The fact is that it is so narrow that its manifold zigzags can only be distinguished from below by a practised eye, and it seemed as if we were about to try and perform the impossible feat of riding a horse up a colossal wall which is nearly perpendicular.

The first thing to be done is to procure a horse, or rather a pony, for the average height of a Montenegrin steed is about fourteen hands. These are generally found waiting outside the Fiumera Gate, so called from the torrent of that

name which descends from the mountain in a deep and gloomy gorge. Here, on a level space of ground, sheltered by a few trees, is the market of the Montenegrins, who bring their scanty produce from the interior, and dispose of it in exchange for such articles as they require. We were accompanied by two Germans, whose acquaintance we had made on board the steamer, and who, like ourselves, were bound for Cetinje. We engaged three horses, and a Montenegrin to carry a large travelling-bag, which we had very unnecessarily filled with things for which we had really no use, including a dress suit for the Court at Cetinje! Almost universally women are employed to carry the traveller's baggage across the mountains, and it is perfectly astonishing to see what loads they take upon their backs. We were glad, out of our respect for the sex, to secure a Montenegrin man for the purpose—who, according to the custom of the country, hoisted our heavy bag upon his shoulder and stepped gallantly forward up the path. No Montenegrin male will ever carry a load upon his back but always upon his shoulder, while with the women it is the reverse. We have often read descriptions of this mountain-path between Cattaro and Cetinje, but all that we have seen, except one by a Servian writer, fall short of the reality. We will try and do justice to its demerits in some little detail. It ascends the mountain behind Cattaro by a series of zigzags, which, as far as the Austrian frontier extends, may be pronounced tolerable. A carriage-road—the first ever heard of in Montenegro—had been commenced before the present war broke out, but since then nothing has been done on either side. Instead, however, of the old bridle-

road, which is shorter and steeper, and leads right up the gorge through which the Fiumera flows, and is still used by the Montenegrins for themselves, their mules, and their horses, a new one has been made; and this, though horribly bad in most parts when it leaves the Austrian frontier, until it reaches the top of the mountain, is an improvement on the ancient path. When, however, you get into the Montenegrin territory above, you begin to realise the dangers of the road. It is at every step full of sharp rocky points, over which your horse has to step as carefully as a cat walking over broken glass, and there is no parapet or balustrade to save you from the precipice in case of a fall, to say nothing of the certainty of broken bones if your little steed makes a false step and stumbles. The horse that carried one of our German friends did fall when we were not far from Cetinje, and he was severely hurt in the ankle. But how shall we describe the view as, having mounted upwards for some time, we turn round in the ascent and look in the direction of the Adriatic? At our feet, as it were, but really at a great distance, lies the Fort of San Giovanni, and below this Cattaro. The ships in the harbour, into which you fancy you might almost throw a stone, look like cock-boats; and the people walking on the beach are no bigger than flies. Our eye wanders over the high rocky mass, crowned by a fortress which separates the Gulf of Cattaro from the sea, and in the distance glitter the blue waters of the Adriatic. On our right the Kerstatsch mountain rears its lofty head; and on our left the Lovtschen, separated by the gorge of which we have already spoken. Behind us is the shoulder of the mountain, which we must cross

before we begin to descend to Njegosh, the first Montenegrin plain or valley to which the traveller comes. We have never seen it noticed that there is a remarkably fine echo from the mountain on the left when you have climbed about two-thirds of the ascent; and it is quite worth while to give a loud shout and hear the sound sent back across the deep and yawning gorge. But if the ascent is difficult and dangerous, what shall we say of the descent into the interior? The path seems to grow worse and worse; and you can do nothing but commit yourself to the care of Providence, and put your trust in the sure-footedness of your horse, which walks down the rocky staircase with marvellous adroitness and care. The Montenegrin horses are shod with round shoes, hollow in the middle, and quite smooth. It seemed to us that this increased the danger of slipping on the bare rock on which they are constantly stepping; but anything like projecting nails would be much worse, for they would be liable to catch the points of rock, and trip up the foot. One source of inconvenience, if not danger, is the meeting of strings of mules and horses laden with goods, which turn up on all parts of the path. The packages project over the sides of the animals; and sometimes you can hardly give them a berth wide enough to escape a collision, which would almost certainly cause a tumble; and we need hardly say that a tumble there is a very serious matter. The mules especially are sulky, obstinate brutes, that seem seldom disposed to get out of your way.

At last Njegosh appears in view, a wide, open plain, surrounded by barren rocks, and containing several small scattered villages. Patches of maize and pota-

toes here relieve the sterility of the scenery; and as we approached the first village, or rather group of stone cottages, we saw the Red Cross flag flying on a low building which is now used as a hospital for the wounded. It is difficult to describe the impoverished appearance of the district; and yet here is a house, which is partly hid in the distance by some trees, where the present Prince of Montenegro, Nicholas I., was born. We drew the rein at a cottage which, we believe, in courtesy is called an inn, and were furnished by an old woman with some wine and bread. As we sat on the stone bench beside the door, a group of Montenegrins gathered round us; but, unfortunately, they could only speak Slav, and an acquaintance with that language is not amongst our accomplishments. Amongst them was the captain of the district, a fine old chief, with a long *chibouque* in his hand. They were all fully armed, and had a most martial appearance; but we smoked together quietly the pipe of peace. We then stepped across to the hospital, and visited the wounded men, most of them from Niksieh, which had just capitulated. A young Russian doctor, assisted by three Russian *sœurs de charité*, or "deaconesses," as they are called, attended to their wants; and everything was clean and comfortable. The worst case we saw was that of a man with a broken back; but this was caused, not by the casualties of war, but by a fall from the rocks. One man begged us to give him some tobacco; and when we filled his pipe, he kissed our hand with great fervour. This is the Montenegrin way of expressing gratitude; and we have often been thus rewarded by both sexes.

Leaving Njegosh, we proceeded on our way, and had to ascend a

steep ridge to the right, and then began rapidly to descend. But, in fact, it was a succession of ups and downs the whole way; and often the shelving channels in the rock formed acute-angled troughs, into which the horse had to step, with his hoofs supported, not by the ground, but between the two sloping sides, so that there was imminent risk of slipping. Every now and then we came to a kind of hollow basin, surrounded by limestone rock, the bottom of which contained a patch of maize or potatoes; and there was throughout our whole journey a considerable quantity of stunted ash, whose green leaves were a refreshing contrast to the aridity of the jagged and sun-blistered limestone. Often we were obliged to dismount, for it was too dangerous to ride; and even our guides advised us to do this, fearless as they are, and confident of the sure-footedness of their horses. From some of the loftier heights to which we had to climb on the tortuous path, we had capital views of a great part of the territory of Montenegro, and we can only compare its aspect to what we might imagine the waves of the ocean would be, if, during some terrific storm, they were suddenly petrified. Everywhere you see nothing but sharp or rounded peaks and serrated ridges—and the land seems the picture of barrenness and desolation. One cannot help wondering why the Turks should so long have coveted the possession of such a territory, which really can add little or nothing to their resources. We can only attribute it to the lust of conquest and unconquerable hate of the *giaour*, who has dared to edge himself in, as it were, between Turkish Bosnia on the north, and Turkish Albania on the south, and presents to the enslaved subjects of the Porte the

dangerous attraction of a free Christian community at their very doors. But *Lis est de paupere regno*. As we approached Cetinje we caught a splendid view of the Lake of Scutari, about thirty miles distant to the south, glittering in the evening sun. The northern part properly belongs to Montenegro, but since the war it has been practically in the hands of the Turks, who keep an armed steamer on its waters. Not far from this we met a cavalcade of wounded men mounted on horses, on their way to the hospital at Njegosh. Most of them had been struck in the hand or arm, but some were wounded in the head and had bandages over their foreheads. Our guides now exclaim "Cetinje!" and we see at some distance below a flat plain, with a few scattered cottages at the southern extremity. We can hardly believe that this is the capital of the country, for it looks more like a poor Scotch or Irish village, to which, in fact, owing to its low whitewashed houses, it does bear considerable resemblance. It is really a modern town, if the term town can be applied to it; for until the time of Danilo I., the former Vladika and uncle of the present Prince, Cetinje consisted of only a monastery or convent—of which we will speak hereafter—and a few huts. At present the number of houses, we believe, is less than two hundred. When we reach the plain, two miles and a half long, we come, to our inexpressible relief, to something like a decent piece of road, the first we have seen since leaving Cattaro; and after plodding along it for nearly half an hour, enter the one street of which alone Cetinje can boast. At the further extremity stands the *locanda*, an inn, supported by a subvention from the Prince, of the cleanliness of which the less that is said the better.

We had a letter of introduction to Prince Nikita, or Nicholas as we call him, but unfortunately he was absent with his army at Niksich. The Princess also had just left Cetinje, and was staying at the house of her father some distance off, so that we had no opportunity of seeing Montenegrin Court life; but, thanks to the kindness and attention of M. Duby, a Genevese gentleman, who is the Prince's secretary, we were able to turn our visit to good account. The residence, or Palace, as it is called, is, in the exterior, something like a large country-house, and is entirely devoid of ornament. It is surrounded by a wall in which there are two doors, one on the north and the other on the south side, and at each of these stands a sentry, which is the only sign of royalty about the place. There are no gardens or pleasure-grounds. Nothing but a flat meadow beyond the southern wall, which we believe does belong to the "palace," but which would hardly keep a couple of English cows more than a week. The interior, however, of the building is comfortable, and well furnished in the Italian style. While we were at Cetinje it was undergoing a complete renovation, and workmen were employed in painting and papering the rooms. This residence was built by the present Prince, and the former one is now used as a hospital. It is a long low building of only one storey, and was called Biljar, from the circumstance that it was, at the time when Peter II. was Vladika, provided with a billiard-table, which was quite a novelty in Montenegro. It has something of the appearance of a barrack, and is surrounded by a wall with four doors. But the residence of the old Vladikas, or Prince Bishops of Montenegro, was the convent at the foot of the rocks,

on the south-western side of the plain. Even this convent is not the original residence, for that was destroyed by the Turks in 1714, on the last of the only two occasions when they have been able to penetrate to Cetinje. We saw a few loose stones which now mark its site, for even the ruins have disappeared. *Etiam perière ruinæ.* The present convent is built against the face of the rock, and is the only edifice in Cetinje that has a medieval look. It is occupied by the Metropolitan Bishop and the Archimandrite, and one monk. We paid a visit to the Archimandrite, the Metropolitan being unwell, and had some interesting conversation with him. He is a tall thin man, fifty years of age, with a long grizzly beard, and has a singularly kind and courteous manner. He received us in a plainly-furnished room, not larger than a good-sized cell, and regaled us with wine and coffee. While we were sitting with him a young man came into the room in full Montenegrin costume, with its gay colours, and we took him for a soldier, but to our surprise found he was a deacon and intended for the Church. Amongst other things the Archimandrite told us that the clergy in Montenegro hardly ever preach; and he could give no satisfactory reason for this, but said that the practice was discouraged by the ecclesiastical authorities. We asked him about education, and he said that very few of the adult population could read or write; but a large school had lately been established at Cetinje for the better class of young women, and instruction was going on there until the present war broke out. The building is now occupied by the Russian staff of doctors and Sisters of Mercy. Three of the five daughters of

Prince Nicholas are being educated at St Petersburg. The only son and heir-apparent is a boy of ten years old—and his two other sisters are at Cetinje under the care of a Swiss governess. We did not see the Princess, Milena Petrovna, but procured a good photograph of her, which shows that she must be strikingly handsome; and in default of personal observation we will quote a description of her written by a German some years ago. He says: "In her beautiful, highly attractive, and perfectly regular features, the Servian type is unmistakable. Her large brown eyes have that moist, glimmering brightness which in Europe I have only seen in Servian eyes. This expressive beauty of the eyes consists in their form and their long dark eyelashes, as well as in the peculiarity of their glance. Her hair was rich and dark, rolled in bands at the back of the head, and covered with a black gold-embroidered veil, which hung down over her beautiful shoulders. The splendid Montenegrin costume—red, encircled by a broad girdle flecked with gold—showed to the greatest advantage her well-proportioned figure; and a gown of dark-brown silk reached from her waist to her feet. I was dazzled by her blinding beauty, and must confess that never in Western or Eastern lands have I seen a lady of such splendid and attractive beauty." The Prince is thirty-seven years old, and succeeded his uncle, Danilo I., in 1860. Danilo was murdered at Cattaro as he was going to take a bath on the shore, by a Montenegrin who had been exiled, and who came from Constantinople for the express purpose of assassinating his sovereign. He shot him on the 13th of August 1860, and was executed by the Austrian Government. Near the convent, on a

rocky eminence, stands a low round tower of solid masonry called Tabia, to the inside of which you mount by a wooden ladder placed against the side. It is crowned by a large bell supported on a framework of wood. It is a mystery to us how such a weight as this bell, and other heavy articles of furniture which we saw in the palace, can have been transported from Cattaro to Cetinje over the horrible road, which is generally so narrow that not more than two can walk abreast. They certainly cannot have been carried on the backs of women—and, of course, anything like a carriage on wheels is out of the question. You would be more likely to meet a cart in Venice than in Montenegro. This tower used formerly to present a ghastly spectacle, for round it were ranged the heads of Turks slain in battle by the Montenegrins, and for generations it had been the custom to keep these horrid trophies bleaching there in the sun until they rotted and dropped off. But nothing of the kind has taken place for the last thirty years, and the practice may be considered entirely at an end. The only sign of war in the tower now is a beautiful Turkish cannon—a field-piece—which lies peacefully on the ground inside. While we were there gazing on the scene around—for from no point is there a better view of Cetinje and its plain—we heard the sound of a woman weeping and wailing as if her heart would break. We looked, and saw her sitting on a rock, under the scorching sun, with her face buried in her hands, and an old sack or garment of some kind spread out before her. She was a Herzegovinan woman, and looked the picture of misery. Perhaps she was thinking of her husband slain, and her home destroyed, and her

children starving. We could not help likening her to Rizpah the daughter of Aiah who "took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." We got down from the tower and approached her, and gave her some silver, for which she kissed our hands with devout gratitude. Unfortunately we could not understand the cause of her grief, as she spoke in Slav. The number in Montenegro of the poor Herzegovinan fugitives, and those from the confines of Albania, whose houses have been burnt by the Turks, is said to be at least 50,000, and yet the whole native population does not exceed 197,000 souls. They are in a state of utter destitution, and are supported by the charity of the Austrian Government. Tickets are given to the women—the beasts of burden in this country—who have to go as far as Cetinje, and even Ragusa—the latter journey requiring six days to go and return, and receive their sacks of meal, which they carry home on their backs to their starving families, by the rocky path over the mountains which we have already described. We passed numbers of them on our way, heavily toiling up the steep ascents, and many of them carried loads which we could hardly lift. But they were cheerful and good-humoured, and on no single occasion did they attempt to beg—although they gladly accepted the trifle of money that we offered. Some of the poor children of the fugitives have lost their fathers and mothers, and a kind of baby-farming has been established at Cetinje, where such families of orphans are committed

to the care of Montenegrin mothers. We saw numbers of children running about nearly naked, which, as the weather was hot, did not much signify; but when winter comes on, their sufferings from cold will be severe. No greater boon could be given by England than a supply of clothes; and we found upon inquiring that the best things to send would be cotton shirts, wide drawers, and linsey-woolsey cloth.

There are two large hospitals at Cetinje, and two tents used for the same purpose. The whole arrangements are under the superintendence of M. Wassilichtchikoff, a Russian gentleman of good family and independent means, who devotes himself to the work of humanity with a zeal and disinterestedness which are beyond all praise. We accompanied him over the hospitals to see the wounded, of whom there were 220 in Cetinje. Most of the men had been struck by balls in the arm or leg, and in general they were doing well. The *physique* of the Montenegrins is so strong, and their vital force so great, that comparatively very few die under their wounds. We saw, however, one fine fellow, a captain, in the last agonies of death. He had been shot in the stomach, and his cure was hopeless. Seeing most of the sufferers lying with their heads completely covered by a blanket, we thought that they were dead; but we found that it is the custom of the Montenegrins always to sleep with the coverlet drawn over the face, no matter how hot the weather may be. Russia has sent the surgeons, and supplies the medical wants; but with the terrible drain upon her resources, owing to the war in the East, it is impossible to say how long she will be able or willing to continue her help, and aid from England would be an act of charity, which would

be sensibly felt and most gratefully received. And we think that, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the politics of the Eastern Question, there are few who would grudge pecuniary assistance to relieve the wants and sufferings of an heroic and Christian people, extremely poor, who have for centuries maintained their independence against all assaults of the Mohammedan hosts.

We have mentioned that the plain of Cetinje is about two miles and a half long—possibly a little more—and its average breadth is less than a mile. It stretches from north-west to south-east, and the capital itself is at the south-east extremity. The plain is perfectly flat, and no doubt has formerly been the bed of a lake. But what became of the water? for there is no apparent outlet in the rocky limestone range that surrounds it, as a frame surrounds a picture. Curiously enough, there are two small holes in the ground under some trees to the south of the Residence, which communicate by a subterranean passage with the Lake of Scutari, distant fully thirty miles. The story goes, that when there has been much rain the water disappears through these holes; and that branches of trees thrown into them at Cetinje have been found floating on the lake. The Archimandrite showed us another hole in a cavern, which is used now as a cellar in the convent, through which even the waters of the Adriatic had been known to force their way—much to the detriment of the wine, we should think. The ordinary supply of water is from cisterns in the meadows; but in a very dry season, as the last has been, it sometimes fails, and the inhabitants are obliged to bring their supply from a distance of two miles. The south-

ern end of the plain, where Cetinje stands, is the prettiest part of it. It widens out into a curvilinear shape, and the rocks are covered with trees and bushes, which are very refreshing to the eye. Far off, on the north-west, is seen a lofty mountain crowned by a low tower, which has just the appearance of a cap. This is the last resting-place of a former Vladika, whose express desire was to be buried there without any sepulchral monument or inscription. The view from it dominates over the whole of Montenegro, and on a clear day the coast of Italy can be seen. A place of more lonely isolation it is impossible to conceive.

We need hardly say that there is no stirring movement of life at Cetinje—at least there was none when we were there—but the great majority of the men had gone to the frontier to fight against the Turks, so that we did not see it in its normal condition. The whole population, however, does not exceed 600; and in the rest of the plain there are perhaps 1500 more. We used to sit at the door of the *locanda*, gossiping with Servian journalists and war correspondents, and watching the women at their various avocations. We never saw anything of the contempt with which it is said that the Montenegrin man regards the Montenegrin woman; but it is undoubtedly true that on her falls all the heaviest share of labour, both in the house and in the fields. It is hardly true to say of this primitive people—

“For men must work, and women must weep;”

for the men do not work, and the women do not weep, but accept their lot with resignation and cheerfulness. And to give some idea of their Spartan courage, we will relate the following anecdote.

Four Montenegrins, accompanied by their sister, a maiden of twenty-one, were passing along a mountain-path near the frontier, when they were seen by seven Turks who were lurking near. The path was so narrow that the Montenegrins were obliged to walk in single file, with a precipice on their side. The Turks fired, and the foremost brother fell dead, while the second was dangerously wounded. The other two returned the fire, and killed two of the Turks; and the wounded man was able to support himself against the rock, and shot down two others when he himself received a fatal ball. His sister then seized his gun, and loaded and fired with her two surviving brothers, until one of these fell dead from the enemy's shot. Another of the Turks had in the meantime been killed, and the two survivors now rushed upon the single Montenegrin and attacked him with their swords. He killed one of them with his axe or dagger, but being overmatched was himself slain. There now remained alive only one Turk and the maiden. For a moment she hesitated, and then in a beseeching attitude made signs that she begged for mercy. The Turk approached, and offered her her life on condition that she would yield to his desires. She seemed to consent; but the moment he came close to her she snatched out her dagger and plunged it into his side. The Turk, though mortally wounded, had sufficient force left to wrench out the weapon; and he came staggering towards her, when, exerting all her strength, she seized him in her arms and flung him headlong over the precipice.

The Montenegrin men are tall, broad-shouldered, and well shaped. One of our guides was at least six feet three high. They wear the national

cap, of black silk on the outside, with a red flat top, on which are worked the letters H. I., which stand for Nicholas I., for the H in Slav represents N. These letters are surrounded by a semicircle of gold lace surmounted by a cross. It is not so smart in appearance as the Dalmatian cap, of bright red, with black embroidery, worn jauntily on the side of the head. The dress is usually a white *capote*, reaching to the knees, with a belt full of pistols and daggers, and blue trousers fastened at the knee. The rest of the leg is covered with a white stocking, made of coarse flannel, at the back of which runs an embroidered line. The shoes are sharp-pointed, like canoes, laced in front with leather or string. A complete Montenegrin suit costs about £20; and when we expressed our surprise that they could afford such a sum, we were told that a dress will last a lifetime. They are all extremely courteous, and we hardly ever met a Montenegrin who did not put his hand to his cap and slightly raise it—a salutation which we took good care to return. Of course, in speaking of the character and habits of the Montenegrins, we cannot pretend to know them ourselves, for our visit only extended to a few days; and we bear in mind the old story of the traveller, who, when he first entered France, finding that the chamber-maid in his inn had carrotty locks, put down in his note-book—“*Mem.* The women in France have red hair.” But we have read much about them, and, from a general concurrence of testimony, we think we may say that they are not only an extremely brave, but a sober and honest people. Their food is of the simplest kind, and drunkenness is entirely unknown. Their wine is rather sharp, and is much improved by a little water; but a good deal

of it may be drunk without affecting the head. Before the time of Danilo I., we believe they were rather addicted to marauding and robbery; but he promulgated a new code, and punished offenders with exemplary severity. It has been said that before he died a purse of gold might have been left on one of the mountain-paths, and no one would have attempted to take it. The effect has been to change the character of the nation in this respect, and we believe they fairly deserve the title of an honest people. But war has a demoralising effect; and we were told that lately symptoms have appeared which show that Montenegrin principle, as regards the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, is not quite so strict as it should be. We took some pains to ascertain from good authority whether there was any truth in the stories about their cruelty to wounded Turks, whom the fortune of war put into their hands, and we were glad to find that they are false. A Montenegrin neither gives nor expects quarter when fighting against his hereditary foes. When he strikes down his antagonist in the heat of battle, he will kill him outright; but after the battle is over, and the wounded are lying on the field, they are safe from outrage. When Niksich lately capitulated, after a siege of two years, the wounded Turks were placed in the Montenegrin field-hospital, where they now are, and are attended to with as much care as the Montenegrins themselves. And here we may, in passing, mention what may explain the cause of the mutilation of *dead* bodies of their enemies by the Turks. It is a general belief amongst Mohammedans, that those who present themselves at the gate of Paradise maimed or disfigured, can only be admitted after a long and weary

time of waiting. Hence their great aversion to the amputation of a limb, even when it is necessary to save life. Yriarte, in his interesting book, '*La Bosnia e l'Herzegovina durante l'Insurrezione*,' mentions that when he accompanied a Turkish column in Bosnia, and some of the soldiers were wounded in a conflict with the insurgents, no limb could be amputated by the surgeons without a tedious inquiry as to its absolute necessity, and permission by the military authorities, before which sometimes the patient died. And he furnishes the explanation we have given. We should suppose, however, that this feeling is not allowed to have any practical effect in the way of the surgeons of the Red Cross who attend the hospitals and ambulances in Bulgaria, where the war is raging.

While we were at Cetinje, we took a walk which gave us a magnificent view. Leaving the town behind us, and turning our steps to the south-east, we crossed the flat meadows, and went up the rocky path that leads to Rjeka. Of it we only say that it is neither better nor worse than the path between Cetinje and Cattaro, which means that it is as bad as possible. By carefully picking our way over the projecting stones and sharp points of rock, we reached the top of what we may call the pass, and were well rewarded for our trouble. We could not actually see Rjeka itself, for it is hid in a hollow some six or seven miles off, but we made out its position; and in the distance lay the Lake of Scutari, glittering in the sun, with the Turkish citadel at the southern extremity, barely visible to the naked eye. All around us were the rough serrated ridges of limestone, which form the general characteristic of Montenegrin scenery; and far off across the Zeta valley, to

the east, rose the lofty mountains of the Brda, pronounced Breda, which are richly wooded, and abound in game. Here are bears and wolves and chamois; and the Prince—who is, however, not much of a sportsman—sometimes goes to Brda to indulge in the pleasures of the chase. We could see where the Zeta, coming down from Niksich, flows into the Scutari Lake; and to the south-east were the mountains that mark the end of Austrian territory and the commencement of Albania.

The chief wants of Montenegro are acquisition of fertile territory and the possession of a port. There are not more than six level plains worth mentioning in the whole country—those of Cetinje, Njegosh, Crmnica, Grahovo, Zeta, and Rjeka—of which that of Zeta is the largest. There are numbers of little hollows, like basins, at the bottom of which potatoes and maize are cultivated; but most of them are extremely small. Water is scarce; and sometimes, when the wells fail, cattle are driven to the higher parts of the mountains where snow lies in hollows, and this is melted and given to the beasts. Sheep and goats, and horses and mules, constitute the chief stock; but we saw some pigs which were uncommonly like wild boars in appearance, and we kept at a respectful distance from them. As may be easily supposed, the products of Montenegro are very few: hides, wool, honey, and insect-powder! constitute, we believe, the principal articles of export, and these find their way to Cattaro for shipment. At the close of the great French war the port of Cattaro belonged to Montenegro; for, in return for the assistance she had rendered to England during the operations on the coast of Dalmatia, we gave it over to her; but when peace

was concluded, it was agreed that Austria should possess the territory that had formerly been the dominion of Venice in Dalmatia, and as Cattaro was included in it, she claimed Cattaro, and the Montenegrins, to their great disgust, were obliged to surrender it. We do not think, however, that the mere possession of a port without some addition of territory would be of much consequence. We have already mentioned that the Montenegrins have lately taken from the Turks Sutorina, which is part of Herzegovina, and is on the Adriatic, at the entrance of the Bocche. It is at the mouth of a valley which seems fertile; but we suspect that Austria has no intention of allowing Montenegro to keep it, for she is very jealous of any intrusion of a foreign port on her Dalmatian coast. We believe that it would be a wise policy to annex the whole of Herzegovina to Montenegro, for the people strongly sympathise with each other, and disturbances there are sure to find an echo in the Black Mountain. And whatever be the issue of the present war, the course of events will have tended to knit more closely than ever the Herzegovinans and Montenegrins in bonds of union. But, looking at the question not in a political but an economical point of view, we doubt whether Herzegovina would add anything to the prosperity of her neighbour. The character of the region is much the same in the two countries, and an addition of so many more square miles of mountain and rock would be of little material advantage. But the quarter from which Montenegro might obtain solid and lasting advantage is the Turkish territory in the south, including the Lake of Scutari and the port of Antivari. There is fertile land there, which is just what

Montenegro needs. Whatever be the issue of the conflict now raging between Russia and Turkey, some change in the present distribution of political power and territory in the East must take place; and we should think that Turkey herself would find it to her interest to keep Montenegro quiet. This she will never be, so long as she has to struggle for bare existence, and has no means of developing even such resources as she possesses. The Porte has for centuries attempted in vain, in successive struggles, to destroy her independence; and we may hope that it begins to see the futility of sending its troops to be shot down and slaughtered by the mountaineers, who, availing themselves of their rocky fastnesses, are determined to maintain their freedom or perish to the last man. At all events we trust that when the great European Powers meet again to settle the Eastern Question, the interests of this little State will not be forgotten. Hitherto it has looked upon Russia as its chief, if not its only, friend, and Russia has perhaps had interests of her own which made her not unwilling to keep it as a thorn in the side of Turkey. But this, if to last for ever, would be a miserable destiny,

for thereby education and civilisation are indefinitely thrown back. With quiet, good government, and elbow-room, Montenegro would attain a prosperity she has never known. The romance of her history might be less, but this she might well exchange for solid, substantial comforts, and the alleviation of much poverty. She could hardly turn her sword into a ploughshare, for there are no fields to plough; but there are many peaceful pursuits she could follow; and almost anything, except slavery, is better than a constant state of armed existence, which develops some virtues, but arrests the progress of humanity.

We need not dwell on the incidents of our return journey. We were obliged to telegraph to Cattaro for a horse, and reached it after a ride of seven hours. We ought rather to say a ride and walk, for we were obliged constantly to dismount, and had not descended far on the mountain-side that looks down on Cattaro when, warned by a stumble of our horse, we got off and led him the whole of the rest of the way, preferring fatigue under a broiling sun to the chance of a broken leg.

DEMOSTHENES.

Τίς οὕτως εὐήθης ἐστὶν ὑμῶν ὅστις ἀγνοεῖ τον ἐκείθεν πόλεμον δεῦρο
ῆξοντα, ἂν ἀμελήσωμεν;—DEM., *Olynthiac I.*

SONNET I.

A GRIM Power in the north rose up, and spread,
Slowly at first, then as a forest-fire
Gnaws its way on through reed and fern and briar,
Till round huge tree-trunks, like an ocean red,
It billows, and the stained sky overhead
Is filled with lights of ruin, marching nigher—
So the war-flame crept forward ; yet fools said, *
It has so far to come, it needs must tire
Long ere our homes are reached. Eat, drink, and play !
So those who ruled, as we rule now, the seas,
The men of Athens, prattled in their day ;
Yet one true seer rebuked that reckless ease,
(Oh that the Death-king, from the Death-world grey,
For us would raise him up) Demosthenes !

SONNET II.

He, prophet-like, beheld the coming years
As from a tower, and to the crowd below
Spake ever of that keen unresting foe ;
But, prophet-like, he spake to heedless ears ;
“ As if the men of Macedon were peers
To us,” they cried ; “ you ask us to forego
Music and dance—the comedy that cheers,
The tragic song that sheds a deathless glow
Round old heroic names—only to check
Some inroad on the barbarous wilds of Thrace.
Such triumphs weaken—then let Philip wreck
His fortunes, grappling there with endless space ;
He will not set his foot upon our neck ;
For loved Athene guards her dwelling-place.”

SONNET III.

So that wild Thrace—the Turkestan of old—
Teaches Emathian peasants how to fight ;
Not in philosophy take they delight,
But better than all Stoics, heat and cold

They bear unmoved—and die when they are told :
 Till all their king had learnt—to the full height
 Of Art, and Theban* discipline, they hold.
 Soon a huge army towers in all men's sight,
 A dull mass of barbarians, yet trained true
 In the whole skill of Hellas—More than all
 Against the over-civilised and few,
 From their rough hills they gather strong and tall,
 Couch longer lances, bursting armies through ;
 And face the battle like a living wall.

SONNET IV.

But yet that pass by the Thessalian sea,
 Where the three hundred gave their lives away,
 Stands fast, and bars the conqueror's destined way.
 So long as Athens guards it jealously
 Philip is checked, and trembling Hellas free :
 But the great God of Delphi joins the fray,
 Apollo tells mankind, " They come for me ;
 I summon Philip,†—Philip must obey."
 No love of native land—no thoughts of what
 The hour at hand may bring, are lawful now ;
 As for the impious Phocians, spare them not,
 They must be crushed—what can it matter how ?
 On Philip, as God's instrument, the lot
 Has fallen—join with him to strike the blow.

SONNET V.

" True, Philip may have erred ; but now at least
 Avenger of Apollo, and attired
 In the bright robes of zeal, like one inspired,
 He moves to war—a dedicated priest.
 We cannot aid the Phocians—they have ceased
 To rank with men—our ears and hearts are tired
 By selfish talks of Attic interest—
 The God—the God—on monsters that are hired
 With his own wealth against his shrine to fight
 Vengeance must sweep—and those unspeakable
 Rebels who hate the Lord of life and light
 Must perish. Philip's holy sword works well :
 With his most virtuous efforts now unite."
 These pious words from our good Phocion fell.

* I need scarcely say that Philip, when young, was carefully instructed in the art of war by Epaminondas.

† Philip was appointed commander, by the intrigues of his partisans in Greece, against the Phocians in the so-called sacred war, and again against the Locrians of Amphissa, who were supposed to have also incurred the wrath of Apollo somewhat later.

SONNET VI.

And so at length, of help and hope bereft,
 Phalæcus,* having wasted all his gold,
 And caring little what it was he sold,
 To the fierce Macedonians open left
 Thermopylæ, the Dardanelles of old—
 What recked he of the path by which he cleft
 His way to safety? Thus then, uncontrolled,
 Philip, after long cat-like creepings deft,
 Rose up erect *within the Pass*—and smiled. '
 Can Athens win from that hard hand release?
 No. 'Twas too late. Soon, with free blood defiled,
 There fell on man what Phocion called a peace,
 When Pindar's house looked round on ruins wild
 At Thebes—and dim shames veiled the "eye of Greece."

SONNET VII.

Then, whilst the Son of Ammon from the west
 Swept like a proud wave, which the earthquake pours
 From the vext sea high over wasted shores,
 Hellas sank down, and moaned in gloomy rest—
 Her place in history gone. Yet underprest,
 Demosthenes, a quenchless spirit, soars
 Towards Freedom's star—still hoping for the best—
 He trusts in Time—in Space—in private hate—
 He trusts that Death may open wide her doors
 To let the Titan conqueror through—and then,
 As the huge sceptre drops (a load too great
 To be upreared by hands of smaller men),
 Greece may once more rise mistress of her fate,
 And Honour's voice be heard on earth again.

SONNET VIII.

Alas! the dry-rot of the heart spreads wide,
 If noble zealots yet for freedom yearn,
 Lost opportunities can ne'er return:
 Though the great savage crowned and deified,
 At Babylon may sink to dust, or burn
 Like common men, the harsh Fates have denied
 To those in whom all loftier thoughts have died
 The power to call them back at will, and learn
 To wear the mighty armour of the Past
 On shaking limbs, with spirits shrunken low.

* Phalæcus, the last general of the Phocians, unable to defend Thermopylæ without ships, and being abandoned by Athens, delivered it up to Philip on certain terms.

One poor defeat* has scattered them as fast
 As clouds before the driving north wind go ;
 And the strong man sees certain death at last
 Before him—half rejoicing it is so.

SONNET IX.

From Great Poseidon's altar looking back
 Through the long years, his work to him seemed good.
 There was no spot upon the solemn track
 That lay behind ; yea, though the air was black
 With cloud and tempest not to be withstood,
 His Past lay safe from thunder, and endured
 With grander immortality than aught
 That shines round conquering footsteps drenched in blood.
 Once more he foiled in thought the fierce attack,
 And to his lips the oath that sent a thrill
 Through Time, and liveth yet in light, was brought.
 True then, that God-like utterance is true still.
 Ay, let Antipater the body kill,
 He cannot reach the soul, or gain the end he sought.

SONNET X.

Yet this man,† the mean Roman satirist,
 In most unroman temper, meanly blames,
 Because, forsooth, a few short years were missed.
 Ay, if all higher hopes had been dismissed,
 If on enslaved Olynthus, wrapt in flames,
 He had looked calm, with ruthless eye, and hissed
 Each orator who urged his country's claims,
 He might have witnessed new Olympian games
 Ruled over by some man of Macedon.
 He might have culled his olives, pressed his wine,
 Seen savage spears around the Parthenon
 (Good Phocion looking on) drawn up in line—
 With Issus held for Salamis divine,
 And Gaugamela mocking Marathon.

SONNET XI.

But he preferred to go : then Demades,
 Fingering his Darics—Phocion good, misguided
 By self-deceiving virtues—both derided
 The man who gave up health and wealth and ease,

* Crannon—a trifling battle in itself, but sufficient to dissolve the Grecian confederacy against Antipater.

† Juvenal.

Yea life, for Athens. "This Demosthenes,"
Sneered the base rhetorician, "slow, one-sided,
Although he drained his heart to win and please,
Could never speak with power off-hand as I did."
So passed they careless on, as if the spark
Of that bright life had but gleamed forth and gone,
Devoured, like summer lightning, by the dark.
Yet other thoughts perchance were theirs anon,
When Demades, that rash, ill-fated clerk,
From his own letter* shrank—aghast and wan.

SONNET XII.

Perchance a death sought nobly, and sustained
By golden thoughts and sacred memories,
Seemed better than the one which caught him, stained
With treason to his race, and black engrained
To the heart's core—More than Demosthenes
By all his rapid eloquence, his lies,
His unabashed self-seeking, has he gained?
No; vile in vain, by a worse fate he dies.
And what of Phocion? let us turn away,
Nor watch how public hatred, like a fire,
Roars round the man delivered as a prey
By those he leaned on—to the crowd's desire.
He tried to save his country, we will say,
"By Virtue," but what Vice wrought ends more dire?

F. H. D.

* A letter from Demades was forwarded to Antipater, which he made him read, and then sent him to execution.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN SOLDIER AND NOVELIST.

A CHANGE has come over the gorgeous East of poetry and fable. India has been transferred from the regions of romance to the realms of fact. Genii and fairy have fled their favourite haunts, invaded by the railway engineer or the telegraph constructor; the mines of Golconda no longer pay the cost of working; and the Pagoda-tree has been stripped of all its golden fruit. Imagination can no longer afford to luxuriate in dreams of splendour easily compassed and of wealth lightly won by an Eastern career; and in India, as elsewhere, the only talisman that can now compel success is the talisman that is forged of brains and the sweat of the brow.

A link between the past and present of India forms the subject of the memoir* that lies before us. India, of all countries, was the land where the adventurer might hope to make his way. As Mistress Tear-sheet says of the title of captain, the term "adventurer" was an "excellent good word before it was ill-assorted;" and the men who under that designation sought a career amid the eventful changes that the rise of British power was working among the kingdoms and states of India, had nothing but their necessities in common with the class to which the epithet nowadays appertains. As Mr Henry Reeve tells us, in his modest and delicate introduction to the memoirs of his kinsman, Colonel Meadows Taylor was one of the last of those Englishmen who, going out to India

to seek his fortune, rose, by sheer merit and perseverance, to a distinguished position in the administration of the country. Such incidents were not uncommon then. The times presented splendid possibilities to any man who possessed the courage and resolution to turn them to account. The conquest of new territories, and still more the settlement and consolidation of these annexations, needed the services of the best men that the Indian Governments could procure. It was not a time to trust to routine, and to superstitiously inquire whether a clever officer who could keep a native court well in hand, or break in a wild district to the requirements of law and order, had passed through the second birth of Haileybury, or was only an "uncovenanted" *Sudra*. Political necessity compelled recourse to natural selection; and men like Meadows Taylor, who had started without the heritage of place and promotion, often found themselves called upon to fill the chief places in the front ranks of action. Changed circumstances and organised government have restricted the cases in which similar careers are now possible; but the moral which we draw from the life of Colonel Meadows Taylor is, that ability and zeal are not to be lightly set aside, even though they may not be tied up in red-tape or stamped with the magic impress of the "covenant." Doubtless the ranks of the "competition wallahs" contain many men who, under the old close system, would have gone out

* The Story of my Life. By the late Colonel Meadows Taylor, Author of 'Confessions of a Thug,' 'Tara: a Mahratta Tale,' &c. Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface by Henry Reeve. In Two Volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1877.

to the East as adventurers—and Indian administration is benefiting by the energy which these have infused into its service; but there is still a large class of officials who, like Meadows Taylor, find that their position as "uncovenanted members" offers an insuperable obstacle to the adequate recognition of their work.

One is tempted at first to think that an objection similar to that which forbids a lawyer to make his own will, should prevent a novelist from writing his own life. The one is less concerned about giving clear expression to his intentions than in providing for the impression which he desires to produce on the judicial mind. The other, it might be supposed, would have less in view how he best ought to present himself to the public than what the public would think of him thus presented. In either case the aim is likely to be at indirect effect, and an element of distraction interferes with the reader's judgment. In the case of the novelist, moreover, there is a danger that his powers of imagination may be employed in creating too favourable an ideal of his life in the minds of those who read his autobiography; and there have not been wanting instances where this temptation has proved too difficult to be resisted. On the other hand, when we are assured of the author's singleness of purpose, the confidence which autobiography establishes between writer and reader makes this the most instructive and charming species of memoir. When a man sets before us the story of his life, lays bare all the springs of action, and makes us the confidant of his hopes and fears, his character must be indeed uninviting if we cannot respond to his advances with some cordiality; and where the autobiographer possesses, like Colonel Meadows Taylor, an

upright character and a lovable disposition, he readily asserts for himself a place in the intimate circle of our ideal friendships.

No novel that the author of 'Tara' ever wrote has a more romantic interest, or is more diversified by picturesque incident, than Colonel Meadows Taylor's "Story" of his own life. That quick artistic perception which formed his most marked endowment, served, however he was engaged, to signal out the ideal from amid the grosser realities of life. The moral conveyed in the pretty old story of 'Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of Seeing,' is well illustrated in this record of his experiences. Where less gifted officers would have found only dry drudgery among a rude and uninviting race, indisposed to make any response to his efforts for their advancement, and inhabiting a barren territory, with a repellent climate, Meadows Taylor luxuriated in a mass of schemes for improving both the people and their country, and extracted from his work a satisfaction that completely sweetened his toil. In his little principality of Shorapoor he was not only now a police magistrate trying theft and highway robbery, then a civil engineer planning roads and building tanks *without* the theodolite that the Government could not afford him, but he was also a *preux chevalier*, riding about to relieve distress and redress wrong, and exercising feudal supremacy over the turbulent Beydur clans of the "Twelve Thousand." And to his natural sense of the beautiful and the picturesque he was ever adding such auxiliaries as the acquisition of music and painting could supply—arts self-learned amid the distractions of hard work. It is not strange, therefore, that a mind thus constituted and equipped should have seen the brighter and more attractive side of nature where

prosaic observers would have failed to find anything to arrest their attention.

Meadows Taylor's career was in every way a romantic one, and his was just the mind to enter fully into its enjoyments. Born in 1808, of parents who, though well connected and persons of culture, were in narrow circumstances, he began life with a very imperfect education, and with prospects that could not have been attractive to an aspiring mind. We have pleasant glimpses of his home-life—of a mother's tender and pious influence, and of a father's care to develop nobility and manliness in his son's character. But the scene soon changes to the hard drudgery of a Liverpool warehouse, where young Taylor found himself articulated for seven years, to copy circulars and check boxes as they passed through the Customhouse. It was "a hard life," he tells us; and it is not wonderful that the uncongenial work, and the still more undesirable companions, should soon have made it intolerable. After this, the offer of a position in a Bombay merchant's house, with the prospect of an eighth partnership, must have seemed to open up the direct highway to wealth. India was India then. The age of the Nabobs had not yet passed away, and England was familiar with men who went out to Bengal without a penny and came back in comparatively few years to buy boroughs by the half-dozen, and to order "more curricles" to convey their guests home from dinner. Besides, Meadows Taylor had other grounds for anticipating success in the East. His mother had a cousin high in the Bombay Civil Service; and whatever faults were laid to the charge of Indian officials, neglect of the claims of kinship had never been among them. And so, in 1824

we find him on his way to Bombay by the tedious route round the Cape of Good Hope, studying Hindustani as a relief to the building of airy castles upon the foundation of the house of Baxter. But these edifices received a rude shock when he landed in Bombay and saw the position into which he had dropped. "Baxter's" was merely a large store, "a Europe shop," and his situation there effectually interposed between him and the social consideration which his connections would otherwise have entitled him to claim. The house, too, was not in a sound condition, and the eighth share upon which he had built so many hopes seemed likely to prove a delusion. But he kept his misgivings to himself, and bravely comforted his friends at home by writing heartily of his new prospects. It must have been a hard struggle for the boy—for he was little more—to keep up heart in those days. In a foreign land, with all his airy castles lying round him in ruins, away from the sympathy and counsels of his friends, without money and with the vaguest prospects of employment, the wonder is that he had courage to face the difficulties which beset him. But that amiability which never ceased to conciliate friends for him all his life through, was already interesting others in his fortunes. His cousin, Mr Newnham, then chief secretary to the Bombay Government, was naturally anxious to rescue his kinsman from the "shop;" and through Sir Charles Metcalfe, then Resident at Hyderabad, a commission was procured for him in the Nizam's army—an irregular service, which had been the nursery of many excellent soldiers. This was the turning-point in Meadows Taylor's life. His previous schooling had been a rough one, and might have had baneful effects upon a

youth of less spirit and principle; but in his case his early hardships and adversity only served to supply an element of strength to his character which stood him in good stead all through his after-life.

The career offered by the Nizam's service was strictly local and limited. Meadows Taylor could hope to participate in none of the splendid prospects which the extension of territory was opening up to the civil and military officers of the Company. The social position, the pay, privileges, and pension of the Nizam's officers, were on the whole inferior to those under the Company. British rule had been firmly established all over the Deccan, and there would be no likely recurrence of the chances which the Nizam's troops had enjoyed when fighting in subsidiary alliance with the British forces. The *morale* of the Hyderabad service was not held in very high esteem, and its members were more or less at the mercy of an intriguing native court, that was always out at elbows. Meadows Taylor joined the Hyderabad 6th at Aurungabad, and began to apply himself diligently to the mastery of his military duties, and to the acquisition of oriental languages. He was fortunate in meeting with brother officers who could both counsel and assist him in his efforts to push himself forward. His perseverance speedily reaped its first reward in the command of a Light Company, and in an interpretership, the stepping-stone to staff employment. His fluency in the languages brought him to the notice of the Resident, whom he was selected to accompany on a tour through the Nizam's dominions. He was now beginning to mount the ladder, making sure of every step in his ascent—evermore looking upward to see what he could next lay hold by. But his position had its difficulties; for there were few quarter-days in the

Nizam's service, and an appointment in Civil employ, for which the Resident had designated him, was disallowed by the Government at Calcutta. He filled several subordinate offices, which were open to the staff; but whatever his work was, it was done with thoroughness and zeal. His *forte* lay in civil administration; and though doubtless he would have proved a creditable enough commandant, his peculiar capacity for cutting out work for himself could have found but little scope when cramped by contact with military organisation. Some of his relations, with whom he maintained a steady and affectionate correspondence, rather disliked his entrance into the profession of soldiering; and his grandfather, a clergyman of the Established Church, entered his protest "that it was against the laws of God that men should deliberately slay their fellow-men; and what would my feelings be if I had to kill a man (though he might be a black one) with my own hand!" "My dear mother, however, encouraged me to persevere diligently in the career I had adopted; and her counsels had most weight with me, and her words went straight to my heart."

It is a pity that Meadows Taylor has not left us a picture of Hyderabad society in those days. From other sources we know that it must have been a strange mosaic. Europeans and natives mixed with a freedom, and on an equality, that were not to be found save in the native capitals. Marriages were not unfrequent between the two races; *liaisons* the rule rather than the exception. The Palmers, who were then the Rothschilds of India, possessing great influence in native counsels all over the Deccan, were still dominant at Hyderabad. There must have been old relics of the French *régime*, the survivors of the mercenaries, with a goodly

sprinkling of adventurers, Portuguese and Eurasians. Here is the picture which Meadows Taylor gives us of one of the Nizam's Portuguese officers, not less remarkable for its quaintness than for the catholicity of the original :—

"This Major Freeman was a strange character. When his wife was very ill, a religious friend offered to read and pray beside her; but he declined, saying, in his broken English, 'My dears friends, I do not want yous. I'se got Catholic priests, they prays for my wife; Brahmins makes *jāps* for my wife; Gosains sits in de water for my wife; Mussulmans fakeers makes prayers for my wife; I prays myself for my wife. Little of alls is best, dear friend.'"

We may safely take Major Freeman as the type of a large element in the society of the Nizam's towns at the time when Meadows Taylor first entered the service; and though fastidiousness might perhaps have cavilled at the mixture, he seems to have carried away from it a kindly appreciation of the better side of native character, and to have got rid of the suspicion and prejudice which too many English officials carry into their intercourse with the people of the country.

The first piece of congenial ferment that fell to Meadows Taylor's lot was an assistant-superintendency of police in one of the western districts of the Nizam's dominions. "Now," he cries, exultingly, "at last I was free! literally my own master!" His charge was the fine old feudal country lying to the north of the Bhima, and between Puraindah and Hyderabad, studded with ancient towns, most of them walled, and fortified after a fashion, and all suggesting old historic memories of Muhammadan and Mahratta chivalry. The old Hindoo town of Tooljapore, nestling in a green ravine, and with its famous shrine of Bhowani,

which Sivajee held in such high reverence, was one of his central stations, and especially dear to him, we may suppose, from the loving descriptions of it which he so often introduces into his fictions. Round him were the valleys that sent out the famous *mawulees*, the dalesmen of the Deccan, who formed the flower of the troops that had rallied round the *juri putka* (the Mahratta *oriflamme*) of Sivajee and the Peishwahs. The old Mahratta spirit was not yet extinct in the men who moved about him. Some of them would have fought in that last battle hard by Poona, when their Peishwah Bajee Rao sat high up in the temple of Parbuttee, and saw his men pour out against the English like "the bore in the Gulf of Cambay," only to be hurled back again in ruin and confusion. The country was full of romances of the race—of the exploits of the old chieftains, the companions-in-arms of Sivajee and Rughoojee Bhonslay. The people, when they met at evening under the village *peepul*-tree, would still sing such stirring ballads as the disguised clansman hummed under the windows of Trimbukjee Dainglia in his prison at Tanna :—

"Behind the bush the bowmen hide,
The horse beneath the tree;
Where shall I find a knight to ride
The jungle-paths with me?"

There are five-and-fifty coursers there,
And four-and-fifty men;
When the fifty-fifth shall mount his steed,
The Deccan thrives again."

And Meadows Taylor had this advantage over many of his compatriots, that he knew the language of the people, and could talk to them without the aid of a middleman, who only too often finds it to his profit to make misrepresentations to both sides. From his first appearance among the people, he seems to have had the art of conciliating their confidence, and the even rarer

faculty of being able to manage them in his own way, without having to resort either to cajolery or to coercion. It is common enough for Englishmen to exact respect and implicit obedience, but the instances are few in which they succeed in evoking enthusiasm from the native masses. Meadows Taylor seems to have possessed this power in as marked a degree as Herbert Edwardes or John Nicholson; and again and again we find the crowds meeting or following him with spontaneous shouts of "*Mahadeo Baba ke jey*" (victory to the child of Mahadeo). And in this case it was no empty outburst of adulation, but a loyal tribute to the kindly interest and the unceasing efforts which he was ever showing in behalf of their welfare.

About this time the revelations which Sleeman's investigations had brought to light regarding the practice of Thuggee astounded even those of our countrymen in India who had obtained the deepest insight into the workings of native society. Captain Meadows Taylor, shrewder than most officers, had, from his own independent inquiries, satisfied himself that there was a widely-organised conspiracy against human life at work, even before Sleeman had fathomed the full depths of the mystery. Thorough measures were at once taken for tracking and breaking up these gangs of secret poisoners all over the country; and Taylor, among others, threw himself heartily into the work. "Day after day," he says, speaking of his duties in 1833, "I recorded tales of murder which, though horribly monotonous, possessed an intense interest; and as fast as new approvers came in, new mysteries were unravelled and new crimes confessed." It did not fall to his lot to reap the rewards which Sleeman and others received for their labours in the extirpation of

Thuggee; and though he felt sore that his own penetration had escaped acknowledgment, yet he was destined to have his name connected with the Thugs in a fashion that was not less permanent. An article on Thuggee, written by him about the year 1833, was shown to the late Lord Lytton, who at once saw the scope which the terrible doings of the confraternity presented for the imagination of the novelist, and suggested that Captain Meadows Taylor should turn his local knowledge of India to account in writing a romance on this subject. Soon after this he began the '*Confessions of a Thug*,' which were penned after an enforced return to regimental routine had drawn him away from his pleasant and useful career in the districts.

"I had never attempted any work of the kind before, and I found it intensely fascinating—the work seemed to grow so rapidly in my thoughts and under my hands, and I enjoyed the sensation ardently. I remember giving the first few chapters to one of my brother officers to read, and his constant demands for 'more,' and his perpetual scoldings for my 'laziness' in writing 'so slowly, were accepted by me as a high compliment."

On his way home to England in 1838, while lying in the Malta lazaretto, he gave Mrs Austin the three volumes of MSS. containing the "*Confessions*" to read on her way to England; but "they were first scored through with knives, then smoked with sulphur till the ink turned pale, and finally delivered to her by means of a pair of long tongs through a narrow slit in the grating."

The "*Confessions*" were as great a success as any author could have desired for a first novel. Its subject was sufficiently attractive to the home public at that time to make his book be readily bought up, and he had the gratification of being

told that the Queen had become interested in the work, and had desired to have sheets sent to her in advance of the ordinary publication. A profound impression was created through his exposure of the diabolical contrivances by which the victims of Thuggee were allured to their doom—of the subtlety, almost passing human conception, by which snares were set for the murder of any one whose death had been determined—and of the incredible extent of country over which the body had pushed its ramifications. It was easy for Captain Meadows Taylor to invest his tale with all the interest of reality, for he had himself penetrated deeper into the secrets of the Thugs than any other European, Colonel Sleeman, perhaps, alone excepted; and in the “Confessions,” facts are so mixed up with touches of the novelist’s art, that it is difficult to discover where truth ends and where imagination begins. Many of the most striking episodes are, we know, little more than a simple repetition of facts brought to light in the course of Captain Meadows Taylor’s own judicial inquiries; and not a few of the leading characters, such as Cheetoo, Peer Khan, and Ameer Ali, owe their strength to their close resemblance to actual originals. Looking back from this lapse of time to the “Confessions,” and comparing it with the efforts of a more matured genius which Meadows Taylor put forth at a later period of his life, we are not conscious of the same literary power that shows to such advantage in ‘Tara’ or even in ‘Ralph Darnell.’ Perhaps it is that the art of the story-teller is entirely thrown into the background by the exciting character of his narrative, and that we are hurried through the book by a cumulating series of sensational occurrences without any sense of assistance from the author’s literary

skill. But there were features in the “Thug” which distinctly marked it out as the foundation of a new school of Anglo-Indian novel-writing. With hardly an exception that merits our notice, all previous Indian fictions had been cast in accordance with the pseudo-oriental taste of the times, of which ‘Lalla Rookh’ presents a ready illustration, and which Thackeray has so happily burlesqued. Captain Meadows Taylor was the first to aim at a higher ideal, and to successfully attain to it. He sought in Nature herself the highest realisation of art, and trusted to the fidelity of his descriptions and to his knowledge of the Indian character to excite interest and sympathy in the minds of English readers. Perhaps he was too sanguine in expecting a generous response to work cut out upon such severe lines; perhaps he, in his unconsciousness of the difficulty of swaying the literary taste of the time, played a hazard that, struck by a less powerful cue, might probably have proved a losing one. At all events, we think ourselves justified in attributing the success of the ‘Confessions of a Thug’ less to the literary workmanship which it evinces, and less to the public’s appreciation of those artistic merits which the book unquestionably possesses, than to the horrible fascination which the wholesale system of secret assassination was able at the time to exercise upon men’s minds.

Thus launched on his literary career, Meadows Taylor at once took his place as a foremost authority on Indian questions. The reviews opened their columns to his articles, his publishers pressed him for an Indian historical novel to follow up the success achieved by the “Confessions;” and ‘Tippoo Sulstaun’ was produced during the remainder of his European furlough. It bears the marks of haste; and

while the period of Tippoo is worked into an admirable setting of fiction, and while the novel enters into the spirit of Muhammadan chivalry and "derring-do" with a heartiness that we scarcely find elsewhere outside of the pages of Sir Walter Scott, the vein of interest which it strikes is slight and not very well sustained. Indeed, Captain Meadows Taylor had to contend here, as he afterwards had in his novel of 'Seeta,' with a feeling which, as we shall subsequently see, militates seriously against the success of that work.

The brief, bright English holiday soon passed over, and the attractions of Gore House and Lady Morgan's *soirées*—pleasant enough reunions doubtless, though the wits made fun of them at the time—had to be exchanged for the hard work and sorry prospects of the Deccan; and, soon after his return, his long connection commenced with that native State where, though its independence has perished, and the old line of its princes has been swept away, the men still tell tales of "Taylor Sahib," and the women sing his praises as they grind the corn for the evening meal. The story of his life at Shorapoor occupies what some may consider to be a disproportionately large space in these two volumes; but no romance that Meadows Taylor has written is more interesting than the history of his management of that principality, with its Messalina Ranee and her plotting paramours; the poor young Rajah, whose short life is invested with such melancholy interest by its termination; Pid Naik, the regent of the State, and uncle of the chief, who has an eye to the succession, and who sees in Meadows Taylor the chief obstacle to his plans; the Court parties, and the quaint life in the feudal town; and the dangerous Beydur clans of the "Twelve Thousand," whom the tact and courage of the Resi-

dent transformed from his deadly enemies to his enthusiastic supporters. Captain Taylor's position at Shorapoor was a most troublesome one. Not only had he to contend with the separate intrigues of the regent and the Ranee, to guard the State against the exactions of the Nizam's Government to which it was tributary, to work its revenues out of debt, to establish courts to settle the land, to keep the clans in check, and to make roads, but he had to explain and vindicate his position to the Supreme Government, which, looking with an eye of narrow jealousy at a "local" officer occupying the high position of a "political," was disposed to be captiously critical with the proceedings of an administrator who had not the sanction of the "covenant" to warrant him in making himself useful and energetic in his charge. His supersession by an officer of the Political Department was determined on by the Government at Calcutta; and the action of the India House in vetoing his removal constitutes one of the most creditable instances on record of the interference of the Court of Directors with the freedom of the local administration. He was fortunate, too, in having at Hyderabad a Resident so capable of appreciating his services as General Fraser, who so long and so honourably represented the East India Company at the Nizam's Court. But for his support and sympathy, there can be little doubt that Meadows Taylor must have given way before the combination of difficulties, local and political, which he had to face in his management of Shorapoor.

Our space forbids us to gratify our inclination to give some of the more interesting episodes in Meadows Taylor's Shorapoor career in his own words; but we cannot forbear extracting the following passage,

which has a curious connection with the history of the Rajah. The scene took place in 1847, at a time when the Ranees's mischief-making propensities were rendering her expulsion from the State a subject of serious consideration:—

"About this time I had a very strange interview with the Ranees. She had been ailing for some days, and reports were rife as to the cause of her illness, which were disgraceful enough. However, she sent for me early one morning, having, as her servant said, passed a sleepless night, and being very much excited and troubled in her mind. As soon as I had taken my breakfast I went to her. I found her lying on her bed in her private room, seemingly very restless and in pain, moaning incessantly, but apparently dozing. I sat down in the outer room, as I did not wish to disturb her, and the little Rajah came to me crying bitterly.

"She is going to die, she says," he whispered. "She has abused me shamefully. She says I am not my father's child, and bade me go away. Where am I to go to? What am I to do? Indeed I am so frightened, and you are the only one I can look to. I have hidden all her shame and my own, and this is too much! I fear for my life!"

"I comforted him as well as I was able, and told him I would bring his mother to reason if I could, and that if he really continued frightened, he should come to my house or go to the cottage at Bohnal. As we were speaking, I heard the Ranees call loudly—

"Is he come? Is Taylor Sahib here?"

"I went in at once. She was still excited, and her breathing seemed oppressed. I really thought she was dying, and she complained of being 'all on fire inside.' I had brought a small bottle of sal-volatile with me, and asking for one of her silver drinking-cups, dropped into it what was requisite; and when one of her attendants had added water, she drank it up, and fell back upon her pillows. After a time she roused herself, and desired one of her servants to go for the *Purohit*, or family priest.

"I am dying," she said, "and must tell you all. You are the head of the family and the State, and should know everything."

"When the priest arrived—a man I knew very well, as he was always in attendance, and one of the professors, as it were, in the Brahmin Sanscrit College—the Ranees told him to bring a certain box which contained the secret papers of the house; and when he had brought it she unloosed the key from a necklace she had on, and bade him open it. The man demurred.

"These papers have never been seen by any one but my lord the Rajah, who is gone to heaven, yourself, and me. No one else knows of them," he cried; "why should you show them to Taylor Sahib?"

"The Ranees sat up straight in her bed, and glared at him. I had never seen such a look on any human face before.

"Do as you are told," she cried, savagely; "what is it to you what I do?"

"The *Shastree* trembled all over, and without speaking, he unlocked the padlock and opened the lid. The first thing I saw was a roll tied with red silk.

"Tell him first about that," said the Ranees, and fell back again.

"It is not fit you should hear it," said the *Shastree*, who spoke both Mahratta and Hindostanee fluently.

"It is the Rajah's horoscope which I wrote. The moment he was born I noted the time, and the conjunction of planets, and the result was bad."

"Yes, it is bad!" cried the Ranees, seizing my arm, as I was sitting on the ground by her bedside—"it is bad! All that concerns that base-born boy is bad! Why did his father die? Why did I not strangle him with my own hands rather than let a wretch like that live to be the ruin of the State? Yes! he is fated to die in his twenty-fourth year, and I shall not see it! I am dying myself, and you English have made him secure to glory in my death! Ah, yes! he will die before he is twenty-four complete; we, my husband and I, sent that paper to Nassik, to Benares, and everywhere that there are wise Brah-

mins ; but they all returned the same answer. He must die in the twenty-fourth year after birth. Is it not so, *Shastree*? Did we not spend a lakh of rupees over this, and it availed nothing?" and she stopped for want of breath, her eyes flashing with excitement. "Is it not so? Tell the truth!"

"You speak truth, lady," said the *Shastree*, who was sobbing. "It is only the truth, Taylor Sahib; I have tested all the calculations and find them exactly conforming to the truth according to the planets. The Rajah is safe till then; but when that time comes, how, I know not, but he will surely die. He will never complete his twenty-fourth year! never! never!"

"No!" cried the Ranee, interrupting him—"he will not live; he is the last of his race. He will lose his country, and all the lands, and all the honour that the Sumusthan has gained for five hundred years. Would that he were dead now, the base-born dog and slave!" and then she uttered language that I dare not write.

"I was obliged to rebuke her sternly, and threatened to go away if she spoke so again; but she cried the more,

"Slave! slave! I wish he were dead, and the State safe! It might go to you—to the English. I would give it freely, now—now—but not to that boy! Listen! never go from him until he is dead—then take the whole yourself. Behold, I give it to you, and the *Shastree* is witness I give it to you and your children—they shall have it. O Taylor Sahib! you have been as a father and mother to me, and I have often used you very ill. I am a wicked woman, and deserve punishment; but listen to me—forgive me! Never leave that boy, Enketappa Naik, till he is dead, and burned like Pid Naik—will you promise me this? I am dying—dying!" she paused for breath, and went on.

"Now I have told you all the secret I had in my heart, do not tell it to any one till he is dead; do you put your hands upon my neck and swear this."

"I promise you I will not," I said, "on the faith of an English gentleman," as I put my hand, with the *Shastree's*, on her neck.

"Enough!" she cried, "I am content.

Do not suppose I am mad or excited, I am quite myself, only for the pain I suffer. I do not think you will care about the other papers; they are some of the Emperor's grants to our ancestry, and there are some foolish letters from chiefs in the Mahratta country, asking my husband to rise with them against the English; but he was too wise to do that."

"I will seal up the box in your presence and that of the *Shastree* with the State seal," I said; "and I will add my own seal when I reach home;" and to this she agreed.

"I sent for the seal, and the priest and I sealed up the box. There was no one else present. I had desired the Rajah to go to his lessons when I went to his mother, so he was in his private apartments. The women in attendance had been dismissed by the Ranee, so that no one could have heard what passed. I showed the Ranee the box sealed up.

"That will do," she said; "keep it now yourself; it is safer with you, whatever happens, than with me. Now, I am very weary and would sleep. Do not think ill of me; but I have only told you the truth before God! I have given you much trouble in coming here to-day—now leave me."

To reach the sequel of this incident, we must skip over the lapse of ten years. Meadows Taylor had done his work in Shorapoor; the young Rajah had been placed in the management of his State, made prosperous by the labours of the Resident, and had entered on the enjoyment of the accumulated savings of his minority; Pid Naik and the Messalina mother had both gone to their places. But in the allurements of the arbitrary life of an irresponsible prince, and in the flat-teries of the parasites who infest the native durbars, the young Rajah forgot the good counsels of Meadows Taylor and the promises he had made to him; and during the darkest period of the Mutiny, while his early protector was "holding on by the eyes" in Berar, the prince was

listening to the counsels of the disaffected intriguers of the Southern Mahratta country, who persuaded him that the British *raj* was broken, and that it would be his own fault if he did not participate in the redistribution of territory that would take place as soon as the Feringhees were driven into the sea. The result was sad enough for the poor young prince, as it was for many another misguided chief who had listened to the lying promises of the emissaries of Delhi and Lucknow. When Meadows Taylor next came back to Shorapoor, the Rajah was a prisoner in the main guard of the Royals at Secunderabad, and British troops were in possession of his town. Thanks to his efforts to extenuate the conduct of his pupil in the eyes of Government, there appeared to be a chance of the clemency of the Crown being extended to him.

"A few hours after my arrival in Shorapoor the old Brahmin priest came to me privately.

" 'Do you remember, Sahib,' he asked, 'what I once told you, and what the Ranee said when we were with her at her bedside?'

" 'Perfectly,' I answered; 'you said the Rajah would not live to complete his twenty-fourth year, and that he would lose his country.'

" 'Yes, Sahib,' he went on; 'part of the prediction is already fulfilled, and the rest will surely follow—it is quite inevitable.'

" 'Do you think the Rajah knew of the prediction?' I inquired. 'If he did, it may have made him reckless.'

" 'I do not think he knew it,' replied the old priest; 'for the last time I saw the box it was in the treasury, with the seals unbroken, as you left it.'

" (Captain Wyndham had secured the box, and kept the horoscope with the rolls of calculations as a curiosity, not knowing their purport.)

" 'We cannot say,' I continued, 'what may yet happen; the proceedings are not over, and the Resident and I are both determined to save the Rajah's life if we can.'

" 'It's no use, Sahib,' returned the *Shastree*, shaking his head mournfully; 'your intentions are merciful, but you are helpless before his fate. He will die—how, we may not see; but he must die—he cannot live. You, Sahib, and I, are the only two living that possess this secret, and you must be so good as to tell me directly you know his sentence. I cannot believe that the Government will spare him. I firmly expect that he will be blown away from a gun.'

"When the Resident's letter came, I sent for the old *Shastree* and read it to him, and also my own strong appeal in reply. 'I hope the Rajah's life is now safe,' I said. 'Listen to what I have written. The Governor-General, who is kind and merciful, will scarcely refuse this request, supported by the Resident.'

"The old man shook his head sadly. 'Till the last day is passed to which the calculation extends, I have no hope,' he said; 'it cannot be wrong, and but little time remains. It grieves me, Sahib, to go over the figures again, but the present aspect of the planets is very calamitous to the Rajah, and all through next month the combinations show extreme danger. We cannot help him, and you have done all you could; you can do no more—only wait.' So we did, anxiously."

At last the decision of Government came, and it was found that full weight had been given to Meadows Taylor's pleading. The Rajah, sentenced to death by court-martial, was to be let off with four years' incarceration in a fortress, where he was to enjoy the society of his family and the attendance of his own servants; and a promise was held out of the ultimate restoration of his territories, if his future behaviour should merit such an act of grace.

"I sent off at once for the *Shastree*.

" 'Listen,' said I, 'to the gracious and merciful determination of the Governor-General. The Rajah's life is safe; and if he is quiet and steady for four short years, he will regain his State! What could be more considerate or more lenient? What becomes

now of the prophecy? This letter proves it is false.

"‘I wish I could think so, Sahib,’ he sighed, ‘and that my poor young master were really safe; but, alas! he is in the greatest danger. Nay, it seems closer than ever now; but we shall see, Sahib. Sometimes a merciful God puts away the evil omens just as the fulfilment of them is imminent. I will go and tell the Ranees this good news. I only wish the time were past, and that I could be happy in it too.’”

One would have thought that the Rajah was thus wrested out of the hands of destiny, and that the evil influences which regulate a Hindoo’s horoscope had been baffled at the very instant when they seemed most certain to prevail. But mark the issue:—

“It chanced to be a day set apart for the arrangement of yearly allowances and gifts to Brahmins, and all the chief Brahmins were present, and the old *Shastree* among them. Several were seated at the table with me, assisting me, when suddenly I heard the clash of the express-runner’s bells coming up the street. I thought it might be some message from Linscoogoor, or some new arrangement for the Ranees’ departure. The runner entered the palace court, and his packet was soon in my hands. It contained a few lines only, from the Resident:—

“‘The Rajah of Shorapoor shot himself this morning dead, as he arrived at his first encampment. I will write particulars when I know them.’”

“My countenance naturally changed; and the old *Shastree*, who was beside me, and had been reading over Sanscrit deeds and grants to me, caught hold of my arm, and, peering into my face, cried, almost with a shriek—

“‘He’s dead! he’s dead! I know it by your face—it tells me, Sahib, he’s dead!’”

“‘Yes,’ I said, sorrowfully. ‘Yes, he is dead; he shot himself at the first stage out of Secunderabad, and died instantly.’”

Then ensued a sad scene of weeping and wailing; and one of my friends in the adjoining room, hearing the tumult, rushed in, crying, ‘Thank God, you

are safe! I feared something terrible had happened. Why are these people so agitated?’

“‘It is terrible enough,’ I answered. ‘The Rajah has shot himself, and the news has just come by express.’”

“‘Ah!’ said the old priest, as soon as he could speak, ‘he could not escape his fate, and the prophecy is fulfilled.’”

“It was, indeed, a strange accomplishment of the prediction. In a few days more the Rajah would have completed his twenty-fourth year; and now he had died by his own hand!”

Apropos of this story, we may remark a rather curious feature in Meadows Taylor’s character, which he shares in common with many men of the highest order of imaginative genius—an accessibility to aught that savours of the supernatural. This was also a characteristic of Scott; and it comes out so strongly in Meadows Taylor’s memoir, that one cannot pass it over without notice. There are several instances of events curiously coinciding with the calculations of his own horoscope, which an old Brahmin had cast for him, that seem to have made a deep impression upon his mind; and he tells a weird story of his own experience, which we cannot question any more than we can explain. After the loss of his wife, his lonely work in the jungle made him bitterly sensible of the want of domestic society; and his mind had been repeatedly turning towards a lady to whom in early life he had been fondly attached, and whom he now thought of asking to share his exile. It was while these thoughts were at work that the following incident took place:—

“One evening I was at the village of Dewar Kudea, after a long afternoon and evening march from Muk-tul, and I lay down very weary; but the barking of village dogs, the baying of jackals, and over-fatigue and heat prevented sleep, and I was wide awake and restless. Suddenly—for my tent door was wide open—I saw the face

and figure so familiar to me, but looking older, and with a sad and troubled expression. The dress was white, and seemed covered with a profusion of lace, and glistened in the bright moonlight. The arms were stretched out, and a low plaintive cry of 'Do not let me go! do not let me go!' reached me. I sprang forward, but the figure receded, growing fainter and fainter, till I could see it no longer, but the low sad tones still sounded. I had run barefooted across the open space where my tents were pitched, very much to the astonishment of the sentry on guard; but I returned to my tent without speaking to him.

"I wrote to my father. I wished to know whether there was any hope for me. He wrote back to me these words: 'On the very day of the vision you describe to me, — was married.'"

A singular story, but one that we should hardly have thought of quoting if we were not strongly convinced that the nervous impressibility of temperament to which it bears witness had a good deal to do with Meadows Taylor's literary powers.

It is easier to begin than to leave off quoting from a book that is so full of interesting episodes as the 'Story of my Life;' and to it we must refer the reader for much that we would have liked to extract regarding his good work in Shorapoor, in the western ceded districts, and in Berar, which he kept in hand during the Mutiny. He himself gives very full details of his official work. Indeed, the chief fault we have to find with his memoir is, that it sets forth the official side of his life with too great minuteness, and at the expense of much that we would have liked to learn regarding his personal and literary history. His work in the districts was no doubt admirable, but it was only a drop in the ocean of good services which hundreds of other officers have rendered, and are still rendering, to Indian progress, and of which the

recollection speedily passes away, "*quia carent vate sacro.*" There was this, however, notable in Meadows Taylor's case, that he not only did do his utmost to serve the people, but he strove at the same time to qualify himself for putting forth better efforts on their behalf. Thus he taught himself civil engineering, and its applications to canal and road making, with such success, that not only was he able to construct many useful works in his districts, but his capacity was recognised by a diploma from one of the chief professional institutions in Britain. And what enabled him more than any other qualification to discharge his duties with advantage to the Government and to the people, was his power to lead as well as to command the native masses. In those dark days of the Mutiny, every officer who possessed personal influence with the natives was an object of suspicion to his countrymen; but it cannot be said of Meadows Taylor that the dignity and honour of the British Government ever suffered in his hands, as it had done in the hands of some of his pro-native contemporaries. His claim upon native consideration was founded not less upon the personal kindness and courtesy which he employed in his dealings with them, than on the firmness with which he asserted the paramount interests of British supremacy.

Although the transfer of the Nizam's Contingent to the Indian army had entitled Meadows Taylor to the position and privileges of a British officer, promotion did not keep pace with his services. He had been too heavily handicapped by his position as a "local" officer to get up in time to the winning-post. His life in the East had extended over fully two generations of Anglo-Indian society; and there were few of his contemporaries that

had gone through more harassing and exhaustive work. His constitution had suffered severely; and although he had the chance of a more lucrative appointment than had ever before come in his way, he was obliged to take sick-leave to England, and he left India in 1860 amid the kindly farewells and good wishes of all its natives with whom he had come in contact.

Anglo-Indians often live two lives; and Colonel Meadows Taylor, having finished one eventful career, was now to begin another, by the work of which chiefly his name is destined to go down to posterity. He had all along kept up his literary habits by corresponding with the 'Times,' and, we believe, as a frequent pamphleteer; and now the memory of successes achieved long years before pointed out a way to the employment of his leisure. The 'Thug' and 'Tippoo Suldaun' were both almost forgotten, or at most read only by Anglo-Indians, when he again came before the public with 'Tara;' but the merits of this tale were readily recognised, and it at once took its place at the very head of Indian fiction. There are few questions of literary merit less disputable than that 'Tara' is the best Indian novel that has yet been produced; and the position of succeeding writers in the same field has very properly been determined by the approach which they have succeeded in making to it as a standard. The conception of 'Tara' was in every respect a happy one. The rising of the Mahratta clans against the Mussulman kingdoms of the Deccan is one of the most picturesque events in Indian history; and there was no writer better qualified than Meadows Taylor was, by his knowledge of Maharashtra and its traditions, to do justice to the tale. "The fire had lit the hills," as the Mahratta slogan goes; and under the ruddy glare, streaming

far and wide from the fortress-crowned mountain-tops of the Western Ghats, we see the Muhammadan chivalry of Beejapore in a life-and-death wrestle with Sivajee and his chieftains. It was no easy task to graft such a plot as that of 'Tara' on to the historical possibilities of the period; and making due allowance for the inconvenient distractions arising from a crowded canvas, the attempt must be pronounced a near approach to success. It has been objected that the part allotted to Tara the Moorlee in the plot of which she is the heroine, is too slight in proportion to the interest which centres round her. It must be borne in mind, however, that the conception of a heroine is the most serious difficulty that meets the Indian novelist at the commencement of his work. In a society where the free intercourse of the sexes is forbidden, and where children are wedded shortly after they come into the world, it is not easy to find a suitable pair of lovers, apart from the obvious difficulty of sketching out for them a course which, without running smoothly, will lead to happiness at the end. The choice of a virgin widow, such as Tara the Moorlee, is therefore quite a natural one; and in her, Meadows Taylor has given us a beautiful picture of a pure and noble-minded native girl, which, we are fain to believe, is not wholly ideal. The devotion of Tara to the terrible "Mother" at Tooljapore is not incongruous with the feelings of a gentle and pious Hindoo girl; and there is a fine spirit of sacrifice brought out in the way in which she, pure and unblemished, takes her stand among the degraded ministrants who dance before the shrine of Bhowani. The author has done no more than justice to the strong natural affection of the Hindoos in the stress which he has laid upon the love existing between

Tara and her parents—a love which still wields a paramount sway upon her will, after she had devoted herself to the Mother of Tooljapore, and even after Afzul Khan has substituted in her heart an earthly for a heavenly affection. The religious impulses which lead Tara first to devote herself to Bhowani, and then to accept *suttee* in preference to the love of Moro Trimmul, are not spasmodic outbreaks, but an integral part of the spirit of a girl nurtured with such an example before her eyes as Sita, the wife of Rama, the pattern which most commends itself to the imitation of every worthy Hindoo woman.

The historical part of 'Tara' is made to overshadow the ideal in a way that at first suggests violence to the unities of fiction; but that is in reality only due to a correct appreciation of the requirements of the Indian novel. And that the story gains in strength and vividness by the introduction of such historic characters as Siva-gee, Tannajee Maloosray, and Moro Trimmul, must be at once obvious to the reader, even although he may detect that the novelist is moulding these personages after an ideal of his own, rather than in accordance with the facts which are related of them. The realistic effects which marked 'Tara' were easily compassed by Meadows Taylor. He knew every foot of the country over which its action extends, every rivulet and glen, every tower and temple. It was the same country as, some five-and-thirty years before, he had entered, exulting in his escape from the routine life of Hyderabad; and that the local charm which he then caught remained unbroken by other scenes, every page of 'Tara' bears witness. That the book has many faults when judged by the strict canons of criticism, we readily admit; but as a graceful romance of Indian life, displaying

great constructive powers in overcoming the obstacles which Hindoo society presents to the development of love and the realisation of the picturesque, as well as a mastery of the native mind such as no other Anglo-Indian writer has ever displayed, we know of no picture of Indian life that we would care to place in the same category with 'Tara.'

A series of such romances from the pen of Meadows Taylor would have done for India and its races what Sir Walter Scott's novels did for Scotland and its Highlanders. But he was never again destined to touch the high mark that he had reached with 'Tara.' His intention had been to illustrate in three novels the three great turning-points in modern Indian history. 'Tara' had set forth the Mahratta rising; 'Ralph Darnell' belonged to the era of Plassey; and 'Seeta' was a romance of the Indian Mutiny. The trilogy is seldom a success in novel-writing; and in this case its two latter members rather weakened than strengthened the impression made by the first. Away from the Deccan, that minute personal knowledge of the country and people which constituted one of the marked elements of his literary strength failed him. He made the mistake—a mistake hardly any Anglo-Indian writer or reviewer manages to evade—of supposing that the same castes have necessarily the same ways and customs in all parts of India. His Bengal Muhammadans were the Mussulmans of the Deccan; his Hindoos of Upper India were simply Mahrattas speaking with a strong Hindustani accent. In both novels we note many passages of powerful writing, and we find the plots handled with all the old skill which he had displayed to such advantage in the "Confessions;" but for all that, the effect is not attained. Apart from his want of local knowledge of

Northern India, and the natural mistakes into which he was consequently led, there is a mixed interest in such tales as 'Tippoo Sultan,' 'Ralph Darnell,' and 'Seeta,' that makes it rather difficult for us to fall entirely into the spirit of the plot. It is seldom, even in fiction, that an attempt to fuse the European and the native interests succeeds; and in endeavouring to work out an identity of feeling and sympathy between characters so widely separated from each other by race, by religion, and by all sorts of social obstacles, we feel that Meadows Taylor is offering violence to prejudices which people are not lightly prepared to part with. We simply mention this as an explanation of the reason why critics in general will rate these books at a lower estimate than 'Tara;' but no one will be so ungenerous as to overlook the fine play that is given to feelings as wide as human nature itself in the latter of these volumes. 'Tara' is our first love, and we cannot lightly yield her place to another, else we know no picture of the Hindoo girl so pure, so lovable, and so attractive as that of Seeta, the Brahmini widow.

It is with regret that we close our notice of Meadows Taylor's Indian novels without being able to say something of his last work, 'A Noble Queen,' which, though it has been well received in India, has not yet been issued in an accessible form in this country. In that story, where he goes back to the Deccan and the old cities of Beejapore and Ahmednugger, which he knew so well, he would once more find firm footing, and would have another opportunity of turning his great storehouse of personal experience to good artistic account. Of the literary work in which he was busily engaged from 1861 to 1874, we have but little to say. He wrote much; and when people write much,

they cannot always write well. But whatever work Meadows Taylor did, was thoroughly and conscientiously done, and with a single eye to the interests of the land he loved so well. His last years were spent in writing this "Story" of his life; and we do not think he has left us, among all his other works, a more interesting legacy. Nor is the bequest impaired by the fact that a daughter's painstaking care and devotion have stamped a filial impress upon the form in which it is presented to us. The history of a career so checkered and eventful as that which he had gone through at home and abroad could not but have been interesting, whoever had written it; and when we have so accomplished a narrator lingering lovingly and with a proper pride upon the deeds of his young days, and renewing his age as he warms at the recollection of how he had kept the clans of the "Twelve Thousand" in check, or had "held on by his eyes" in Berar while British power was struggling for life or death north of the Nerbudda—when we have such an autobiographer, it would be superfluous to say that the book is pleasant and entertaining, and that the interest is scarcely allowed to flag from first to last.

A Companionship of the Star of India came to him in his last years—a tardy official acknowledgment of services which had long before met with general recognition. Whether it was his official or his literary services to India that were thus honoured, we cannot say; but in either capacity, apart from the other, he had well deserved the decoration. His gratification was enhanced by the information that his name had been specially selected by the Queen herself—a fact which deserves to be recorded in these days when loyalty lies but lightly upon some men's minds. The Crown can never cease

to be the fountain of honour so long as it is able to discern good and faithful services which have yet failed to catch the more immediate notice of its Ministers.

Once more Meadows Taylor visited India and the scenes of his former labours before the story of his life was finally to be brought to a close for him. Accompanied by the daughter whose delicate and feeling account of his last years fitly closes the memoir, and leaves a most pleasing personal impression on our minds, he went out to Bombay at the commencement of the cold weather of 1875, and spent the winter at Hyderabad. Had he been spared to write them, what interesting impressions of this visit might we not have expected! Fifteen years had not obliterated his memory among the natives of his old districts:—

“Some came from long distances, only to see him,” says Miss Meadows Taylor, “to touch his feet, or bring their simple offerings of fruit, sugar-candy, and garlands of sweet jessamine; and it was very touching to see the love and reverence the people bore for him. One, a native of Shorapoor, told him how the people yet bewailed his loss, and how the women yet sang ballads to his honour as they ground their corn, and related stories of him to their children. He seemed so essentially the *people's* friend; and that his memory and his deeds lived still in their hearts, was evident to all who saw the manner of their coming.”

Broken in health as he was, and more than half blind, we still find him determined to spend what strength was left him writing a series of letters on the advancement of native literature and education. His views upon these points, especially upon the introduction of a healthy literature into the Indian vernaculars, would have been of great interest; and we know no fact more indicative of the lack of

literary enterprise among the natives than that such a work as ‘Tara’ should remain untranslated into the languages of the country. But the ability was not equal to the will; and he had hardly reached Mentone, on his homeward journey, when he sank to rest, “peacefully and painlessly,” says his daughter, on the 13th April 1876.

His last request was an ambitious one. “I hope,” he says, “that I may be thought of as one who strove to do his duty.” No one that reads the ‘Story of my Life’ will grudge Meadows Taylor the benefit of this wish. By his own exertions, by his personal worth, and, above all, by high principle and pure aims, he had raised himself from obscurity, in spite of the barriers which the routine of the Service placed at every stage of his progress, to the front rank of Indian officials. No doubt events had made openings; but what man in ten, with the same obstacles to overcome, would have had the courage to take advantage of them? In comparing his career with those of others whose deeds bulk more largely in Indian history, we must bear in mind that while most of them have had their work cut out for them, he had himself to rough-hew his own course; and if his lines had fallen in places where his work was brought less prominently into relief than the services of his more distinguished contemporaries, there is the more need that, now when it is put before us, it should meet with a generous recognition. It is with no wish to anticipate the verdict of the public upon the ‘Story of my Life,’ but rather to give expression to the feeling with which every reader will lay down the book, that we take upon us to say that Meadows Taylor “strove to do his duty,” and did it.

RIDES THROUGH ASIA.

CAPTAIN BURNABY is as prompt in decision as he is resolute in action; and his visit to the Sultan's Asiatic dominions was even more seasonably timed than his 'Ride to Khiva.' It is true that in the former case attention had been freshly attracted to the encroachments of the Russians on the Khanates of Central Asia; and the interest attaching to a march in the track of their columns might be measured by the official difficulties they multiplied in the way of the traveller. But in his ride through Asia, from Scutari to Batum, Captain Burnaby saw the Turks at home on the eve of the fierce impending struggle, whose end or consequences it is impossible to forecast. He had ample opportunities of judging of the spirit that animated them; for he mixed and conversed freely with all classes, from the Pachas in command of provinces and army divisions, to the villagers who housed him for a night, or the followers who attended him on his wanderings. He met men of every race and religion, from the warlike Kurdish chiefs and exiled Circassians, to the Armenian and Jewish traders whose chief care is to get rich. And almost everywhere he was received with cordiality and a singular absence of reserve. The Russians had done their best to balk his objects. They had watched his movements suspiciously, and repeatedly tried their utmost to detain him. Finally, they had succeeded in effecting his recall by diplomatic pressure exercised at our Horse

Guards. With the Turks his way was made as smooth as might be. Warned by disagreeable experience, he had thought it safer to write to the Turkish ambassador in London, inquiring whether there were objections to his proposed journey. By return of post he received a courteous reply. There could be no objection to any Englishman going where he pleased in the Ottoman empire, and he would find the ordinary Foreign Office passport amply sufficient. And so it proved. Wherever he went he found the authorities more than friendly; and although at that time the Turks were the object of most hostile criticism to three-fourths of Europe, they had no concealments from their inquisitive visitor. As they showed him their fortresses and their soldiers, and even gave him the entry to their prisons, so they freely discussed their administration and their relations with the subject races. They threw no obstacles in the way of his associating with the Christian notables, and listening to complaints which were often calumnies. As to themselves, they proved that a Briton has no monopoly of grumbling; nor did they take any pains to throw veils on abuses which they either condemned or defended, as the case might be. No doubt Captain Burnaby's sympathies were broadly with them, nor did he make any secret of his wish that England might come to their assistance. But as to maladministrative details, or their military shortcomings, no one could be more bluntly outspoken

On Horseback through Asia Minor. By Captain Fred Burnaby, Author of 'A Ride to Khiva.' 2 vols. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. London: 1877.

A Ride through Islam; being a Journey through Persia and Afghanistan to India. By Hippiusley Cunliffe Marsh, Captain 18th Bengal Cavalry. Tinsley Brothers. 1877.

than he ; and it is to their credit that they respected in the infidel the quality they exhibited themselves. We can only say, that had we been in Captain Burnaby's place, we fear we should have been tempted to have made things more pleasant, and to pay more prudent regard to the susceptibilities of our hosts. But the success that crowned his expedition is a proof that among the Turks, as elsewhere, honesty is the best policy ; while his readers have the satisfaction of being assured that his narrative is absolutely reliable. And considering that he visited districts and cities whither no European had preceded him for years before, the temptation to overcolouring his pictures to his liking might have proved irresistible to a less conscientious partisan.

No doubt, owing to existing circumstances in the East, the chief value of these volumes is political. But nothing can be more entertaining than this narrative of travels through a picturesque and remarkably interesting country. The volumes abound in exciting incidents, in vivid descriptions of scenery, in lively sketches of life and manners. From his start through the mud in the outskirts of Scutari to the descent of the rapids of the Tschoroch river to Batum, with the exception of short halts in the cities, Captain Burnaby was always roughing it, and occasionally in actual danger. The season of the year was against him. The beginning of his leave fell in the middle of November, and so he had to make his journey in the winter. The tracks that could scarcely at any time be called roads had been swamped for the most part in seas of mud. The streams that shrink in summer into the bottom of their rocky beds had swelled into raging torrents. They had to be crossed either by flooded fords, by dangerous ferries, or by dilapidat-

ed bridges that were scarcely more safe. Latterly, as he penetrated into the highlands of Circassia, he found the winter in full rigour. As a man who had faced the blasts of the steppes, and stood the intense bitterness of the northern deserts, he makes comparatively little of his sufferings from cold. But we may conceive what it must have been to plod on from dawn towards dusk, through the gathering snow-drift, that possibly concealed abysses ; or to have to dismount repeatedly to set the baggage-animals on their feet again, and to readjust the buckles of the loads with benumbed fingers. His long journey was a daily lottery, where an occasional interval of repose and even luxury interrupted the course of hardships and anxieties. Sometimes the weary party would struggle of a sudden out of the mud on to a fragment of magnificent causeway leading to an imposing bridge of masonry that landed them again in the wilderness. But more frequently he had reason to be thankful for a roof of any kind, though he had to share its shelter with a happy family which comprehended the cattle and the poultry of the owner. The fare was coarse and sometimes scanty, and the chances of a warm supper more than problematical, when he had groped his way, after nightfall, into some village of mud, either drenched to the skin or chilled to the marrow. No wonder that his health gave way at last, as did the strength of his English servant—indeed the marvel is that they held out so long ; and it says much for his determination that he persevered with his original plan, when he must have been sorely tempted to reach Kars by the shortest cut, or even to turn aside and take shipping at some port on the seaboard.

His style is clear, bright, and

simple; and he has the valuable gift of reporting conversations so as to give you a very graphic notion of the interlocutors. We fancy we can see the self-important Pacha, swelling involuntarily in the consciousness of his despotic authority, while he is at the same time frank, urbane, and condescending; the stately Circassian chieftain, who is chivalrous to his friends and relentless to his enemies—who would make war in the fashion of his fathers, and regards everything as fair in the way of retaliation; the fanatic Mollah, who, with all his fanaticism, is by no means deficient either in information or logic; the Turkish officer, often dashing and gentlemanly enough, but who knows that promotion goes by favour, and who never by any chance neglects an opportunity of imploring the patronage of the illustrious stranger; the much-enduring soldier of the line, who takes it as a matter of course that his pay should be thirty months in arrear, and who submits to a thirty hours' fast as an inscrutable dispensation of Allah; the Christian trader, who murmurs and complains, and admits that things might be very much worse, consoling himself for his political subjection by his satisfaction at his material prosperity; the peasant, who, although he never looks beyond the day, is just as patriotic as those men in higher places who have everything to lose by Russian subjugation, and who goes off to the army without a grumble when the Padishah sends to requisition his services; finally, and chiefly, his personal attendants—the Turk, Osman, Osman's successor, Mohammed, and his own soldier-servant Radford—who goes working with the Mohammedan like a pair of ill-mated dogs in couples, now quarrelling and now making it up. It is impossible not to be struck by the

shrewd political perception of many of these Turkish gentlemen, who took a far clearer and more comprehensive view of the situation than some distinguished Western statesmen and publicists. Much of what they then said or predicted reads now like commonplaces, simply because it has since been so generally recognised. They never for a moment believed in the Conference. They knew that Russia had been intriguing in Bulgaria to provoke the Christian *émeutes* and deeds of violence that must necessarily lead to baleful reprisals. They read the false character of Ignatieff, and deplored that fatal influence over the Sultan which persuaded Abdul Aziz to repudiate the debt and play the game of his inveterate enemies. As for the war, they all wanted it; for they saw that it must come sooner or later—and better soon than late, considering the preparations on either side. With regard to its upshot, opinions widely differed. Some expressed confidence in ultimate victory, some had fully discounted defeat; but all were assured they would make a gallant fight for it, and trusted that allies might come to the rescue. As for Captain Burnaby himself, from the first he made no secret of his belief that Turkey must succumb; nor did anything he subsequently saw of its soldiers or its defences lead him to modify that opinion. And it is significant that so shrewd and friendly an observer should have been so entirely deceived, in common with the rest of the world, as to the rallying power in the constitution of the invalid.

His first care at Constantinople was to provide himself with a servant and horses. The servant who presented himself to be hired looked better than he turned out; the horses turned out better than they looked. He tried the last on

a piece of ground near Pera, which seemed to have been either a cemetery or a stone quarry.

"'There are a great many stones,' I observed.

"'All the better, Effendi,' was the reply; 'we shall ride over a number of stones on the way to Kars, and a little sooner or later for the horses does not make much difference.'"

The best of the Turkish dealer's nags was barely fourteen hands high, terribly out of condition; and, as Radford remarked contemptuously, "This 'ere horse will never carry me; he ain't got no shoulders." But, shoulders or no shoulders, as he pulled under Radford's eighteen stone, Captain Burnaby bought him for the severe journey. A second animal was a roarer; but as he was sound, and the marching would be slow, he also was passed. A couple of others were added; and forty-one Turkish pounds, though only two-thirds of what the seller demanded, does not seem to have been an exorbitant price. The troubles with them began in the crossing to Scutari. A tremendous explosion scared the passengers. Captain Burnaby hastened to the lower deck, and there he found one of the horses on the ground with Radford seated on his head, while Osman had hold of another, which was lashing violently out at the panels of a carriage. The Turk, as Radford explained, had been "a-praying by the side of the paddle-boxes, and not taking any account of the animals." The little black had stamped on a cartridge-box and sent some of the cartridges off, when "Hosman left off praying and began to swear." However, things calmed down after a bit, and then, with as little delay as possible after landing, they took their departure for the interior. That first start from Scutari was ominous of experi-

ences that became only too familiar. The shades of night were falling already, but the traveller's leave was limited, and he had no leisure to delay. As they were passing the well-known cemetery which is so picturesque an object from Pera, they found the highroad a foot deep in mud. Suddenly a noise broke in upon the silence; again one of the horses was making play with his heels. It was the former culprit Obadiah, whose pack-saddle had turned again, and who was kicking himself clear of his load. The gun-case was sent flying in one direction, the case of cartridges in another; while the chest of sugar had broken open and its contents were scattered in the mud. They had been moving along the narrow footpath in single file, and the muddy road lay some feet below them. The other baggage-beast took alarm, slipped down, and tumbled over the bank upon his back, burying the remainder of the luggage in the filthy slime. Obadiah followed suit, having shaken himself clear of his encumbrances; but he cleverly picked himself up none the worse, and galloped away into the darkness, never to be heard of again. So that there was nothing for it but to sit down among the wreck, and wait for assistance to be fetched from Scutari. Radford smoked his pipe philosophically, and said nothing further after he had finished abusing Osman; while his master, too, began drawing on the store of resignation which was the indispensable provision for his journey among the Moslems.

At the town of Ismid he had the first opportunity of hearing something of intelligent native opinion. The Pacha spoke French fluently, and Russian as well; he had picked up the latter tongue during a residence at the Turkish consulate at Odessa, where he had learned like-

wise to detest the Russians heartily. After remarking that Mr Gladstone hated the Turks quite as cordially as the Russians did, he inquired—

“‘Has he many friends in Parliament?’

“‘Yes; but not so many as formerly; his conduct about this Eastern question has drawn away some of his most influential supporters.’

“‘Well, at all events if there is war, please God we shall be allies.’

“‘Please God we shall,’ I replied, devoutly.

“‘You know,’ he continued, ‘that we are much stronger than people in Europe believe. We can put an army of 700,000 men into the field.’

“‘Praise be to Allah!’ interrupted an elderly Turk, who was squatted on the carpet, at the same time gravely stroking his white beard.

“‘Why is it that the people in England hate us so much?’ inquired the Pacha.

“‘Partly on account of the excesses of your irregular soldiers in Bulgaria; but mainly because you repudiated your debt. How should you like to have lent money, and then receive no interest?’

“The Pacha laughed.

“‘Yes, you are right. It was a great mistake. But that was all Russia’s fault. Her agents brought about the revolution in the Herzegovina. Her functionaries encouraged Sultan Abdul Aziz in his extravagance, and were the main cause of the debt being repudiated. They thought they would make us unpopular with England, and they were very right in their conjectures. There is plenty of wealth in Turkey,’ he continued. ‘If it were not for the impending war, we could pay some part of our interest now; but Russia will never let us be quiet. She compels us to keep up a large army. Her agents bring about massacres of Christians, and set the whole world against us.’”

We have quoted the account of this interview at length, not that there was anything very original in the remarks of the Pacha—although, as we have observed already, at the time when he spoke, some of the

ideas he expressed so confidently were only beginning to dawn upon our Western intelligence—but because it reflected the tone of opinion that everywhere prevailed through the Anatolian pachalics, where no one appears to have entertained the slightest doubt as to the cold-blooded treachery of the Russian policy. It is conceivable that, as a matter of fact, the Turks may have been wrong in identifying the Czar and his more responsible advisers with the adventurers and agents of secret societies who were pulling the insurrectionary wires beyond the Danube, although their presumptions have been marvellously confirmed since by the despatches of English consuls and diplomatists. But it is certain that their settled conviction on that point went far towards assuring the successes they have achieved. They were being forced into the field, and they felt that they were to fight for existence. Nothing short of speedy and decisive victory could save them from being crippled by slow degrees, and once effectually crippled, they would be ruthlessly proscribed. Religion or Fanaticism conspired with the instincts of self-preservation; for if the Sultan never formally proclaimed the religious war, the Russians did their very best to awaken religious animosities. So, from the highest to the lowest, the warlike Moslems were being wrought up into that resolutely reckless frame of mind which makes brave men the most formidable of enemies.

This Pacha of Ismid had expressed the feelings of his caste, and shortly afterwards Captain Burnaby had an opportunity of listening to the ideas and apologies of some of the much-abused Bashi-Bazouks. He overtook a troop of these men who had been ordered home in disgrace; and a wild and motley company they looked,

equipped and armed according to their fancy. Their sashes were stored with primitive weapons. The guns they carried were old Tower muskets or flint double-barrels converted to percussion. Their horses, though shaggy and under-sized, seemed hard and "fit" after severe training. The rugged riders were mostly Circassians; they were fresh from the massacres in Bulgaria, and made no secret of it. One of them who could speak Russian, was expressing his indignation at being sent back.

"'Did you kill many women?' I inquired.

"'There were some killed,' he replied. 'It was a pity. We were sorry for it; but what would you have our men do? Some of their own mothers and sisters had been ravished and then butchered by the Russians.'

"'Have any of your relatives been treated in this way?' I inquired.

"'No,' he said; 'but in a village not far from Gumri some horrible cruelties have recently taken place; many women and children were slain, and all because they wished to leave Russia and go to Turkey.'

"'If my mother or sister had been killed, I should not be particular as to how I avenged her,' he continued. 'These cowardly Russians set us the example.'"

Nor was it only the rude rank-and-file of the Circassian irregulars who held such language. Later in the journey, in the town of Tokat, Captain Burnaby received a visit from a distinguished chief who had headed a band of exiles from the Caucasus, and had since made himself immensely popular with the Turks. Osman Bey was a fine manly fellow, whose manners were as prepossessing as his looks. He invited the Englishman to his house, where he had a party of his countrymen to meet the stranger. The talk turned naturally on the war. Captain Burnaby had just left the Caimacan or Turkish Gov-

ernor, who had declared that it must be fought out to the end; that the troops were marching cheerfully without any prospect of pay; that for himself, he would sell his watch and everything else he possessed to raise funds—that everybody else must do the same. Partly from gratitude, partly from revenge, the Circassians were even more enthusiastic.

"'Shall you all go to the front?' I inquired.

"'Yes, every able-bodied man among us. We do not pay any taxes to the Sultan; he gave us our land, and we owe him a debt of gratitude. Not only that,' continued the speaker, and at the same time drawing a long keen knife from his sash and flipping his nail against the blade, 'but we shall have an opportunity of cutting a few Muscovite throats.'

"'I hope you will not kill the women and children,' I observed.

"'We shall do as the Russians do, and as they have always done,' observed my host, grimly. 'They have killed our old men, cut to pieces pregnant women, and have tossed the children on the bayonets, while the soldiers have satisfied their lust upon our wives, and burned them to death afterwards. Well, if they do the same thing now, we shall follow the example set us, and shall continue doing so, until England or some other Power interferes to save our countrymen from the devilish tyranny of these Muscovite butchers.'"

Osman Bey proceeded to relate a circumstantial story of the massacre of seven hundred families by the Russian troops, who had been sent after them to stop their peaceful exodus. The other Circassians sitting by confirmed his account of these horrors. It may be said, of course, that these men deliberately lied, and it is likely enough that they exaggerated. But Captain Burnaby can quote in his appendix the report of a British consul to show that children and pregnant women actually had been slaughtered by the Russians; nor need any one

who has read Mr M'Gahan's account of the atrocities of the Khivan campaign, question the substantial truth of the Circassian's narrative. As the old proverb says, "Two blacks do not make a white;" but it is clear that the Russians had little to say if the wild warriors they had driven from their homes waged remorseless warfare on their side, and, infuriated by the recollection of their wrongs, retaliated for the Caucasus in Bulgaria. The Tokat Circassians had to own, at the same time, that all their countrymen were not of one mind; and they confirmed the statements of some of the frontier governors, who said that even then the Russians were intriguing and bribing in their pachalics. In the territory it had annexed, too, the conquering race followed the policy of sowing dissensions by promoting men of the humblest station to the posts that had hitherto been filled by the chiefs. And it must be confessed, that to a certain extent they acted politically; for although it is true that their tyranny and wholesale expulsions largely recruited the Sultan's light cavalry, yet, on the other hand, they had effectually weakened the fighting strength of their new subjects in the Caucasus, so that the rising which Ismail Pacha of Erzerum foretold, and to which he attached supreme importance, turned out a failure instead of a success.

Captain Burnaby was at the important city of Angora when the news arrived there of the proclamation of the Constitution. There was no great difference of opinion as to the prospects of parliamentary government. An intelligent young Bulgarian merchant, who spoke English perfectly, at once pronounced the Constitution impracticable, defining it as a quantity of promises which the Government would never fulfil. On the part of a Bulgarian Christian that

was natural enough; but it is remarkable that the best-informed Turks themselves underestimated the parliamentary aptitude of their probable representatives. For practically, not a few of "the members of the House" showed an independence and a natural genius for deliberation and criticism which did them the utmost credit. "The Parliament is possible in theory, but impossible in practice," remarked Suleiman Effendi, Captain Burnaby's host. "We require more liberty, but this must be a question of time. We must educate the people, and teach both Christians and Mohammedans that a difference of opinion in religious matters is not a question about which men should quarrel." In touching on the religious question, of course he hit upon the element that must work most powerfully against the consolidation of the empire. All Captain Burnaby has to tell us goes to show that the Christians in Asia Minor, at least, had little reason to complain of any lack of toleration. But contempt for their creed is deeply rooted in the dominant race—the habit of long subjugation has had its usual demoralising effects—so that there is reason for the dislike with which they are often regarded, and the course of education is likely to be tedious that will teach the *true believer* to treat them as his brothers and his equals.

The son of the Pacha of Angora was a favourable specimen of cultivated young Turkey. He was only twenty; he had been brought up in the East, but he had been educated by a French tutor, and he spoke French fluently. He had a well-selected library, containing many scientific books; and "was much better informed than nine Englishmen out of ten who have been to a public school and have taken their degree at the univer-

sity." He likewise was of opinion that the constitution was premature, and predicted that the imitation of English institutions must prove a failure. The English vice-consul agreed with him. He said that both the electors and their probable delegates were only half educated; that improved communications ought to precede a constitution, so that the people might educate themselves by moving about, and thus get rid of some of their prejudices. *Apropos* to this young gentleman, Captain Burnaby gives an illustration of the genuine generosity which is one of the most engaging qualities of the Turks, as contrasted with the superb courtesy of the niggardly Spaniard, who will place his house with its contents at your disposal, and grudge you a glass of sugared water. He had chanced to admire a history of the Ottoman empire which was on the young Bey's book-shelves. As he was on the point of leaving Angora, a servant arrived from the palace carrying the book in question, charged with a message intreating his acceptance of it. As it was in ten bulky volumes, he was constrained to decline; but the circumstances showed that the Bey meant the gift in earnest to a man whom he would never meet again—not as a mere matter of ceremony. As for Turkish hospitality, that was invariably lavish; and we have a lively account of a great dinner-party given at Angora in the stranger's honour. The series of culinary surprises, ringing the changes from flesh to fish, from soup to pastry, from sweet to sour, is arranged at the discretion of the cooks, and baffles even the experience of *habitués*. As you help yourself from the common dish, you need do little more than seem to taste it; but it is well that those State entertainments should be few and far between, since otherwise no

liver could stand them. Even on ordinary occasions, however, there is a variety of *plats*; and Captain Burnaby got so habituated among the Turks to playing a waiting game, that the first time he dined with a Persian he rose from table half starved, having let the fowl in which he should have "seen his dinner" be carried from the board almost untasted.

Apropos to poultry and the commissariat department generally, it cannot be said that Captain Burnaby was lucky in his Turkish servant. Osman came much nearer to what is popularly supposed to be the type of the Greek or Armenian, though in his bearing he was imposing enough, and in fact carried dignity into swagger. It is true that he was hurriedly engaged in Stamboul, "without a character;" but he proved to be a thief, a liar, and a hypocrite. Then he provoked the ire of Radford, his fellow-servant, by perpetually falling on his knees; and yet it struck that sharp trooper that, in spite of enormous stable expenditure, the horses were in wretched condition. Any sensible man who travels in strange countries must make up his mind to be pillaged; but Osman abused the privileges of roguery. He had not only charged for his measures of barley at six times the market price, but he had starved the beasts until travelling became more of a toil than it must have been in any case. He would shake his head, and observe, with sublime audacity, that the horses were enormous eaters, when their sunken cheeks and sides gave him the lie direct. He reminds us of Ruxton's inimitable Mexican attendant in the 'Travels in the Far West,' who made that "voracious little mule" the scapegoat of his unconscionable swindling. We are only surprised that Captain Burnaby stuck to

Osman for some time after his eyes had been opened by a Polish engineer whom he met at Yuzgat, and who pointed out that he was paying a shilling apiece for fowls when the market price in these parts was three-halfpence. We may presume, however, that as an observer of character, the plausible rascal amused him; and indeed Osman's defence was ingenious enough when he was taxed with wasting the tea and sugar. "Effendi, I like tea, I like sugar; but what I like most of all is to hear my lord's liberality praised. Whenever I am drinking tea and the village people see me putting much sugar in my glass, they honour me. In this manner they honour my lord." Possibly such touching devotion was appreciated; at all events the inevitable explosion did not come off, until Osman was caught levying a heavy commission on the *bak-sheesh* he had been intrusted with for a brother believer. But the stanch devotion of his English follower made Captain Burnaby comparatively independent. Radford was one of those men whose sole idea is blind obedience. He never reasoned upon an order, although he had an abundance of independent common-sense. The only time when he showed a will of his own was in refusing to be invalided when sinking under his illness; and he took extraordinarily shrewd views of things in general, and of the Mohammedans with whom his duties brought him in contact. Some of his quaint and amusing remarks are by no means the least valuable part of the volume, and one in particular goes to the very root of the Moslem victories that have astonished Europe. He spoke out sententiously when his horse had come down with him for the fifth time on a most diabolical road. And be it remembered, that he him-

self as an Englishman was a model of pluck and phlegmatic impassibility.

"That cemetery in Constantinople where we tried the 'orses were a bad place for riding, but it was nothing to this. Mohammed, he don't seem to take any account of it whatever. I never see such fellows as these Turks; they don't seem to be able to muster a grumble amongst them, no matter what they have to undergo! Why, sir, some of them soldiers as we saw at Sivas had not received a day's pay for twenty-five months, and they seemed quite content and happy like; while as to rations, it is true that the men fill themselves to bursting when they have the chance, but when they have to go without their grub, they don't grumble! I wonder, sir, what our soldiers at Aldershot would say if they had not received a ha'porth of pay for two years, and had to march sometimes from morning to night with nothing inside them save a whiff of tobacco!"

It might be assumed that the Turks, like other people, were more patriotic in their words than their actions. But at Tokat Captain Burnaby had a striking proof to the contrary. "Look at these men, sir," said the observant Radford; "they don't look as if they liked going as soldiers; bless my heart alive, if they ain't a-crying!" And his master, looking round, saw some thirty or forty men, exceedingly woe-begone in aspect, and actually dissolving in tears. He rode up to them and asked them if they were afraid of being killed. "No," was the unanimous answer; and then they burst out with their grievance, hoping that the highly-honoured foreigner might help them. They desired to march with their comrades in a battalion that was just on the eve of departure. But the hard-hearted major declared that his ranks were full, and absolutely declined to take them. A good-natured captain did his best to

console them, promising that they should go with the next detachment. And on only one occasion did Captain Burnaby remark a different spirit; and then, some men came whining to him, pleading that they were married, and praying for his intercession that they might be left behind. As may be supposed, with the war spirit that was in the ascendant everywhere, they did not take much by their motion. On their wishes being transmitted to the officer in command, he ordered them promptly off in the pursuit of glory.

Issek Pacha, governor of the important city of Sivas, was a typical official of a class that is more common in Turkey than is generally supposed. Far from being a penniless and unconscientious adventurer, bent upon making the most of a brief tenure of office, he was immensely rich, and a great landed proprietor. Captain Burnaby heard a couple of good stories about him. One of them told how he had been tricked out of a beautiful yacht by a political enemy. The yacht in question was lying in the Bosphorus, when the Sultan saw and happened to admire it. "It is the property of Issek Pacha," said the Grand Vizier; "but he has sent it here to be placed at your Majesty's disposal." "Write and say I accept it with pleasure," was his Majesty's gracious answer; and the document embodying the Sultan's thanks was the first intimation of the transaction to Issek. Again, a "voluntary" benevolence was being levied in his *vilayet* for war purposes. Ten thousand livres had been subscribed, and the money was remitted by the Pacha. An answer came, thanking him for his gift, but intimating in a postscript that when his people had sent in their contributions, they were to be forwarded straight to Constanti-

nople. There was no help for it; the hint was taken; and the governor had to pay the £10,000 (Turkish). Probably the Pacha resented this piece of forced generosity; but his voluntary munificence was very great. Far from squeezing his pachalic, he had expended large sums on public buildings, and at the time of Captain Burnaby's visit was erecting a mosque which, it was estimated, would cost him £40,000. The Armenians professed no liking for him; but so far as Captain Burnaby could gather, the chief reason of the dislike was their finding him inaccessible to bribery. It was very clear that their co-religionists elsewhere were in the habit of calumniating him groundlessly. Captain Burnaby had heard from the Armenians of Angora that the prison at Sivas was filled with Christians. Accordingly, he made a point of inspecting it, and found the doors thrown open to him, though he had given no notice of his intentions. Among 102 prisoners, only six were Christians. It was flattering to the good behaviour of the Christian community in Sivas, but it confirmed his previous suspicions as to Christian veracity. And he remarked, by the way, that the jail allowance was by no means scanty; while the ease with which the captives might have escaped, had they pleased, argued that they were tolerably satisfied with their condition.

It was on the march from Sivas to Erzerum that the travellers got fairly into the snow, and had to face the full fury of the winter. Issek Pacha had warned him of what he must expect, insisting on giving him an escort of Zaptiehs, who would be necessary to dig out a path. The Pacha said he had been nearly frozen to death himself, in spite of his furs, while passing from Kars to Erzerum during the

Crimean war; while several of his soldiers had died, and more than half of them had been frost-bitten. Accordingly, as Captain Burnaby entered the mountainous country, he found that the snow had been falling heavily through the night. Progress was more than difficult, until at length they found a firmer footing upon the frozen surface of the upper slopes. Here is his picture of the wintry landscape:—

“The scenery was very picturesque as we gradually climbed the steep. The bushes and pine-trees which studied the mountain's sides were wreathed in flossy snow; crags of all shapes and colours glinted out above the pale white carpet. A thick veil of azure clouds hung on the peaks of the distant hills; then, gradually dispersed by the rising sun, it broke into a hundred different forms, and, ascending higher in the sky, opened out the mountains to our vision. Layer upon layer of seemingly ever-ascending ranges barred the way in front. They sparkled beneath the rays of the golden orb. They flashed and glittered like the billows of the mighty deep. The village at our feet disappeared in the distance; shrubs and such like traces of vegetation were now no longer to be seen. We had arrived in the midst of what seemed to be a vast white ocean. The intensity of the light created a kind of mirage along the surface. The various crests and ranges seemed to rise and fall. They became more wave-like than before. Not a living thing was in sight save ourselves. Ever and anon a boom as of thunder announced the fall of the avalanche.”

There the raptures of the entranced admirer were abruptly interrupted. He lay beneath his horse, which was kicking on its back, while the four hoofs were madly pawing the air. He had strayed a foot or two wide from the path into a loose snow-drift, and he was warned that the treacherous covering might be spread over a bottomless abyss. Meanwhile the snow-storm had recommenced, and the

Zaptiehs threatened to mutiny. It was only by menacing them with his pistols that he persuaded them to persevere; the party pushed forward in Indian file, and once the whole of them wandered from the track, and only regained it by careful footing. When the descent on the other side led them down again into the mud, their exhausted animals were nearly brought to a standstill; and one of the baggage-horses would have been left behind had they not succeeded in unloading and distributing his burden. It was after such a wearing day as that, that the rough night-quarters must have been inexpressibly trying. The villagers of Yarbusan were rich in cattle, and the uncleaned streets were so like the Augean stables, that “if a farmer wished to pay a visit to a neighbour over the way, he simply tucked up his dressing-gown under his armpits, took off his slippers, broad trousers, and stockings, then committing himself to Providence, he would wade through the dirt to his friend's house.” Naturally the interiors of the dwellings were as foul and odoriferous as the thoroughfares, while they swarmed with lively and ravenous vermin. Nor were the half-baked cakes and the oily soup that were served by way of the evening meal calculated to recruit exhausted nature. But fortunately Captain Burnaby appears to be a water-drinker, and may consequently be more independent in such circumstances than most people.

At Erzingan he had a remarkable conversation with the Civil Governor. Formerly that gentleman had been in command at Widdin, and while there his Zaptiehs had arrested a Russian. On the person of the prisoner were found most compromising documents, showing that he was an agent of one of the secret societies formed for fomenting dis-

turbances in Bulgaria. The documents bore the names of some very high Russian functionaries, and they were promptly forwarded to Constantinople. But these were the days when Ignatieff was all-powerful with Abdul Aziz. No notice was taken of the captured despatches, but shortly afterwards the zealous Governor was transferred to the wilds of Asia Minor. This Pacha spoke with the utmost confidence as to Ignatieff being at the bottom of Turkish repudiation. "They are very clever, these Russian diplomats," he continued, "and however poor Russia may be, she has always enough gold to sow the seeds of sedition and rebellion in her neighbour's territory. You will find this out for yourselves, when she touches your Indian frontier." It is noteworthy that, at Erzerum, the more famous Ismail Pacha held almost precisely identical language. "The Russians are nearly as poor as us," he observed; "but they have enough money left for the purposes of intrigue. If the war breaks out, it is not at all improbable that they will bring about a massacre of Christians in Asia Minor. Some of the Kurds would obey any order they might receive from St Petersburg."

We need not wonder that Ismail and Mukhtar Ghazi found it impossible to control their Kurdish auxiliaries after the outbreak of the war. To men charged with the defence of the frontiers of the empire, it must have been an intense relief in the first place to find that the wild horsemen were professedly on the right side, instead of rising in concert with the Russians to redress grievances real or imaginary. Even those wandering Kurds, who are to be met with in the heart of the settled country—in the province of Angora for instance—make a point of eluding the visits of the tax-

gatherer by packing up and taking refuge in the mountains. The keeper of a caravansera, not far from Arabkir, told Captain Burnaby that they did precisely as they pleased in the surrounding country, keeping the inhabitants in terror for their property, if not for their lives; while from their natural strongholds on the borders of the desert they set the frontier garrisons actually at defiance, and some of the more powerful chiefs make it a point of honour not even to pay the semblance of a tribute to the Porte.

The Turks have made an excellent fight of it; but all Captain Burnaby observed at Erzerum confirms what we know of their neglect of common precautions, even after they were fully alive to the emergency. We have heard a great deal, since the tide turned unexpectedly before the latest disaster, of the strength of the natural positions in Armenia. But at that time the authorities and many of the officers were fully alive to the possibility of a Russian advance on Erzerum. They were aware of the vital importance of the chief passes which led to their capital, yet they were only talking of arming them with redoubts—some time or another. The outlying works of the town itself were within 1000 yards of the houses on the Ardahan side. Every one will remember how very long afterwards the formidable Krupps, which had been ordered for the fortifications there, were still encumbering the wharves of Trebizonde; and, at the time of Captain Burnaby's visit, when reconnaissances were likely to be of the utmost importance, there were said to be only 400 horsemen on the frontier. The cavalry he saw in the Erzerum barracks were smart; and, notwithstanding forced marches, there were no sore backs

among the horses: but the infantry drill was very slovenly, and the men fired in haste without taking aim. Probably with these calm orientals that fault is quickly corrected by experience,—at all events, the fire that swept the slopes before the trenches at Plevna, and in the Shipka Pass, showed few signs of being hurriedly directed. A million of Turkish pounds had been spent on Erzerum—wasted, in Captain Burnaby's idea, as the place was defenceless on the Ardahan side, if assailed by a resolute enemy. That was also the opinion of Fezzee Pacha (General Kohlmann), a Hungarian veteran who had renounced his faith and served with the Sultan since the revolt of Hungary.

Ismail Pacha did his best to dissuade Captain Burnaby from pushing forward to Kars. It was a fourteen days' march through country infested by the Kurdish horsemen, many of whom were in the pay of Russia. Besides, it was more than likely that the snow would have blocked the passes. It would have been well for him in this instance had he taken the Pacha's advice; although he would never have accomplished the journey at all, had he listened too easily to well-intended warnings. Both he and his servant Radford were suffering from sickness; yet he resolved to proceed. Accompanied by the Van postman he pushed on a day's journey to a village, where he made the acquaintance of an agreeable Turkish officer. From this village a more circuitous road to Van branched off through the lower districts by the way of Bayazid; and as they were storm-bound the next day, and the mountains were often impassable for weeks, they determined finally to make the detour. Even on that route they found the village of

Daha choked with caravans from Persia, and with travellers who had been unable to force the passage. But the next morning a grand effort was made. All the force of the caravans turned out, with the whole inhabitants of the village. The strings of camels came to a standstill before the snow-barriers; one of the beasts was buried over his shoulders. Then the Kurdish chief made the Persians withdraw their camels and set his own people to breach the drift. One of the men would ride up and charge it, and then back out of the hole he had made, leaving another to take his place. By this original adaptation of the snow-plough, they clove a passage with extreme difficulty; and it was no very easy matter following in the track of the pioneers, since the slightest deviation to right or left involved a plunge over the saddle-bow and slow extrication.

Of Bayazid, which was so lightly lost by the Turks, so gallantly defended by its little Russian garrison, Captain Burnaby writes, quoting Major-General Mackintosh, that there is no place that is strategically of greater importance in the whole of Western Asia. It not only commands the Euphrates valley, but seals the most formidable passes into Persia and Kurdistan. Yet, though a level road led thence to Erivan, where the Russians had a great force of artillery, the whole armament of the Bayazid defence was a couple of light mountain-guns; and the officers then in garrison were prepared for nothing but retreat.

The road from Bayazid to Van lay through villages inhabited by the Yezeeds or devil-worshippers, and passed partly within the Persian frontier. The Yezeeds, like the other natives, were hospitable, but their hovels were far from inviting. Their religion is founded on fear in

place of love; and they worship the Spirit of Evil because they believe he has the disposition to injure them, while the Spirit of Good is benevolently harmless. The priests of his Satanic Majesty are treated with extraordinary reverence, and have even more influence with the fair sex than the clergy generally. When one of these wandering devotees makes his appearance in a village, the inhabitants parade their wives and daughters for his inspection. The lady he honours with his passing attention is either held sacred and set apart, or else she returns to her relatives. But in the one case or the other she is treated with respect for the rest of her days, and loaded with valuable presents. Captain Burnaby made the acquaintance of one of these reverend gentlemen where they chanced to share the hospitality of the same roof, and he was by no means favourably impressed. It was otherwise, however, with the daughters of the house. Unprepossessing and even repulsive in his manners as the sheikh was, "they followed him about like spaniels, and vied with each other in obeying his commands."

Captain Burnaby's chief object in visiting Van was to verify certain statements made to him by Christians elsewhere, and which had obtained almost universal credence among them. It was averred that the Turkish soldiers had fired the Armenian bazaars, which had been destroyed with their rich contents. A million of Turkish pounds would not cover the loss, and a fifth of that valuation was said to have been looted in specie. Complaints, with claims for compensation, had been forwarded to Constantinople, whence a commissioner had been despatched to Van to examine into the truth of the statement. The affair appears to have been thoroughly and

honestly sifted. When the victims were examined separately, it came out that the total amount they claimed was under 96,000 livres. The official set down the damage at a quarter of that sum; and Captain Burnaby, who examined the scene of the conflagration, was inclined to concur in the commissioner's estimate. As for the accusation brought against the troops, it was dismissed after a searching investigation. It might be supposed that the commissioner was prejudiced, or instructed to shield them; but he brought them to a test that ought to have been tolerably conclusive. They were ordered to march to Erzerum on a few hours' notice. They were halted outside the walls, and their baggage searched. But although they had been charged with pilfering largely, no plunder was found in their possession. The facts of this case are worth referring to, since they show the real value of many of the circumstantial stories that have been so industriously circulated to the discredit of the Turks.

Although he had cleared up to his own satisfaction the question he came to settle, Captain Burnaby had reason to regret that he had not taken Ismail Pacha's advice, and followed the shortest road to Kars. He had fallen ill, like his servant. He was suffering from a violent attack of dysentery, which the rest in Van had failed to alleviate. So he decided to push on, and try a simple diet. It was a long and rough march to Kars: the road crossed more than one mountain-ridge, and there was no better halting-place to break the journey than the Yezeed or Armenian villages, where he could count upon nothing but milk and rice. We can fancy the effect on a feverish invalid of long chilly days passed in the saddle, while suffering from

a depressing complaint and enfeebled by a lowering regimen. Even had the fever suffered him to sleep, a quiet night was impossible: the hovels where he found shelter were close and intolerably filthy; and when he tried to isolate himself from the vermin on the floor, they came tumbling down upon him in showers from the ceiling. In one of the Armenian villages his servant remarked to their host, "There are many fleas. My Efendi cannot sleep." "It is true," replied the other; "but there are by no means so many here as in a Kurd village a few miles distant. The Kurds have been obliged to abandon their village in consequence of those insects. They have had to live in tents for several months past." And unfortunately at this particular village the traveler had been utterly prostrated. On dismounting, he had staggered into the hut, to throw himself helplessly down by the fire. He sent for a Hungarian surgeon, attached to a regiment in the neighbourhood. The doctor came, stethoscoped the patient, shook his head, said it was a bad case of rheumatic fever affecting the heart, and prescribed some medicine, which he promised to send. That evening the sick chamber was even more unpleasant than usual. It was snowing heavily: so the proprietor sealed the hole over the chimney with a heavy stone, and drove in two or three buffaloes to join the cows in possession. The invalid had eaten nothing for two days; but now he sank to sleep from sheer exhaustion. When he was awakened by one of the cows licking his hand, he felt himself decidedly refreshed. But it was only very slowly that his appetite returned, and several days had gone by before he found himself strapped to the Turkish saddle, and once more upon the road to Kars. The crisis was past, and

thenceforward he rallied; but we may believe that it must have been a very near thing indeed.

He found the works at Kars generally in fair condition, and tolerably well armed. There were no intrenchments connecting the redoubts, but the officer conducting him took pains to explain that as the ground was frozen hard in the meantime, their construction was delayed till milder weather. But he describes the sanitary condition of the town as equally disgraceful and dangerous. The soldiers seemed to have no notions of decency, and the civil authorities declined to clean the streets, as that was obviously the duty of the military department. Cold as the weather was, the hospitals were full of cases of typhoid fever. Captain Burnaby spoke very plainly to the Civil Governor, and then the doctor accompanying him remarked on the terrible consequences of a visit from the cholera. "If God wills it, there will be no cholera," was the reply. And on Captain Burnaby insisting that a similar argument should induce them to disband the armies they were mustering against the Russian invasion, the pious Turk merely rejoined, "Allah is all-powerful. He knows everything that has happened and will happen. We are all dust in His sight. If we have the cholera at Kars, it will be the military Pacha's fault."

The Pacha who commanded at Ardahan when it was captured by the Russians has been sent, we believe, before a court-martial, on an alternative charge of incompetence or treachery. What Captain Burnaby tells us of the fortress goes far to acquit him of anything worse than the proverbial dilatoriness of his countrymen. "The site," says Captain Burnaby, "is a bad one for defensive purposes." The roads leading from the Russian frontier stations are carried over command-

ing eminences which dominate the Turkish lines. The only defences on the western side were some earthworks hastily thrown up, only 800 yards distant from the town, and at that time unarmed. The strongest of the forts in the *enceinte* was commanded by a height which the Turks had neglected. Captain Burnaby pointed this out to an officer of engineers, who rejoined that "Inshalah," the hill, should be fortified in the spring. Whether it was subsequently fortified, we know not. If not, then the key of the place lay all ready to be seized by the Russians. But indeed the governor expressed no hope of being able to make a creditable defence. Had he had his way, he would have fortified positions nearer to the enemy's frontier; but the time for doing that had already gone by.

At Ardahan Captain Burnaby disposed of the horses that had carried him so well over 2000 miles; and the Circassian he dealt with had certainly a bargain when he bought the four for £7. Considering the nature of the country they had traversed, and the amount of mountain-travelling they had done in the depth of their winter, their stamina must have been even better than that of their master, who did once come near to breaking down. The long ride ended in a perilous row. Hired horses carried them from Ardahan to the place of embarkation on the rapid Tschoroch river, which they descended in safety to Batum and the Black Sea, having run the gauntlet of its rocks and its rapids.

All that Captain Burnaby tells us confirms us in the opinion we have always held, that the Turks in Bulgaria and Armenia have been fighting the battles of British India. Had Russia had the brilliant success she anticipated, the fame of it would have spread through Asiatic bazaars in every city from the Caspian to

the Hooghly. After the experiences of the Mutiny time, we need hardly doubt that we could have held our own in the end either against open violence or intrigue. But unquestionably we should have done so at the cost of a heavily increased expenditure; and any material disarrangement of the Indian budget would in its turn be fruitful of discontent, which might probably end in disturbances. As it is, and whatever may be the future course of the war, the gallant stand of the Ottoman soldiers has changed our position materially for the better. We have not yet even seen the beginning of the influences of the change in Central Asia, where the Turkomans, who were so recently slaughtered and disarmed, are still held in check by formidable forces. But we may be sure that the Ameer of Afghanistan would be making himself even more disagreeable, had the headquarters of the Russian armies been advanced to Adrianople and Erzerum. We believe that the Government has been wise in scrupulously abstaining from intervention. The culpable and short-sighted leniency of the Turkish authorities towards the perpetrators of atrocities which may have been committed without their sanction in moments of well-grounded panic, has gone far to deprive them of the countenance they might otherwise have hoped to have obtained. Although the gallantry of the Turkish patriots has gained on our sympathies as the shamelessness of the Russian pretexts has been exposed, the English as a nation are by no means disposed to respond to Captain Burnaby's closing appeal, and again draw the sword for its former *protégés*. But should the recent reverses in Armenia be repaired, we may hope that our Ministers will be alive to the wisdom and justice of seeing that the Turks are not depriv-

ed of the fair fruits of their desperate defence, by the pressure of unfriendly Powers willing to salve the pride of the Romanoffs. Those who have no desire to deal fairly by the Moslem, ought to be made to understand the concern of British interests in the pretensions that, should she be baffled, Russia is most likely to advance.

Although Captain Marsh's ride through Islam has only now been published, it preceded that of Captain Burnaby by several years. Nor did the track of the one traveller anywhere touch that of the other. Captain Marsh began very nearly where Captain Burnaby left off, disembarking at the port of Poti, on the Russian side of the frontier. Thence he passed by Tiflis through Russian territory to Baku on the Caspian. He commenced his ride through Islam at the Persian village of Ezzeli, on the south-western shores of the sea; skirted to the southward the mountains of Elburz; and after a short sojourn in the immediate environs of Teheran, made his way to Herat by Meshed, and from Herat to the Bolan Pass and our posts on the Indus. We may presume that he has been tempted to publish by the events that are attracting all eyes towards the East. And the tardy appearance of this book is seasonable, although probably it has lost something by delay. We have no liking for a traveller who is prolix, but at the same time, the skeleton of facts ought to be covered by a sufficiency of light incident and lively description. Captain Marsh is somewhat too matter-of-fact, which is the more apparent since his title provokes a comparison with Captain Burnaby's spirited and entertaining narrative. He seems to have reverted, as an afterthought, to notes which he had hurriedly jotted down under unfavourable circumstances, and to have refrained from relying on his

memory to take any liberties with details. At the same time, he deserves equal credit with Captain Burnaby for pluck and resolution; indeed he deliberately faced a more terrible risk than any that was run by the other traveller, when he trusted himself, without protection, in the country raided by the Turkomans. But the very meagreness of his narrative is a voucher for its scrupulous exactness; and, in the course of his ride, he interviewed certain personages who have figured almost as conspicuously in Asiatic politics as any of the Pachas who entertained Captain Burnaby.

In Captain Burnaby's conversations with the Turks, when casting their eyes about everywhere from Kashgar to Tunis, we find them speculating repeatedly on the chance of their obtaining assistance from Persia. Captain Marsh fully confirms all we have learned from other sources of the utter decay and disorganisation of that once formidable Power. Its territory might possibly serve as a useful base of operations; but, from an offensive point of view, it is practically impotent. It may be presumed that the "crack" regiments were kept on duty at the capital. But the ragged soldiers on guard at the gate broke down in a conscientious attempt at saluting the English visitor. What struck him most at first sight was their marvellous uniform of pink. It appeared that the Shah's taste in colours is capricious; and when he fancies he can improve the appearance of his troops by a change, he orders their cotton garments to the dyers. His army is strong on paper; but Captain Marsh doubts whether 15,000 men could be mustered for any emergency. As for weapons, the men are generally armed with smooth-bores, and many of them with flint-locks. Under the superintendence of some European officers, European drill is caricatured.

The defences of the capital are its walls of mud, with a rude ditch, which was hastily scooped out in the great famine of 1870, and chiefly paid for by the English relief committee. Perhaps, however, the military weakness of Persia could be better judged of at Meshed and in the exposed provinces beyond. Meshed is the seat of the government of the well-known Prince Moorad Mirza, who has the reputation of being the best soldier and ablest statesman in his country, and who is supposed to be flattered and honoured in consequence by the suspicions of his relative and master, the Shah. But Captain Marsh had an opportunity of inspecting the park of artillery, of which the Prince seemed to be proud. The guns were small, and of all sorts and sizes, "with rotten carriages that could not have stood any very hard work." "The soldiers were a slovenly lot—worse than at Teheran—with badly-kept arms."

The Prince himself—"a small man, rather fair, dressed in European trousers and frogged military frock-coat"—was extremely cautious, but appears to have been more curious than communicative. He confessed the lawless condition of his province, by asking his visitor how he dared to venture through it alone. And Captain Marsh had a disagreeable warning of the dangers in store for him, in the shape of three dead Turkomans who had been crucified against a wall, with wooden tent-poles driven through the hands and feet. Moorad Mirza hardly even professes to keep order in the districts that lie towards the Afghan frontier; and the villagers have either to fly before the Turkoman marauders, or defend themselves as best they can by turning out their irregular levies. But should an unlucky Turkoman be taken alive, he is inevitably executed with horrible tortures, being

not unfrequently flayed alive and left to expire at leisure. It was through the country ravaged by these terrible marauders that Captain Marsh had to ride to Herat. The Prince gave him an escort of ragged irregulars, who dropped off before he had gone very far, and thenceforward he had to rely upon involuntary "volunteers" from the villages, until finally, at the most perilous part of the road, he found himself accompanied solely by his servant. For a flying column of the Turkomans had pushed its way towards the south, and the fighting forces of the peasantry had mustered to intercept it on its return. Thanks to their marching powers and the rapidity of their movements, these Turkomans must be most formidable neighbours. Their horses, we are told, are specially trained for those expeditions on short allowance of food and water; but when once at work, they are freely fed on a compound of barley, maize, and sheep's fat, on which they can do their hundred miles a-day, keeping it up for many days in succession. As the fate of their captives is either death or lifelong slavery, the prospect of playing hide-and-seek with these Turkoman war-parties might have given the bravest man some tremors. The thickly-wooded banks of the river that separates Persia from Afghanistan are noted places for the ambuscades which are set to cut off the caravans. Captain Marsh and his escort actually saw the fresh traces of fires in recent camping-places; but fortunately they passed the debatable belt in safety, to the surprise of the Afghans in garrison at Herat.

At Herat Captain Marsh made the acquaintance of Yakooob Khan, the spirited son of the Ameer of Cabul, with whom his father has foolishly chosen to quarrel. Yakooob has shown much of the dash and military talent of his yet more

famous namesake, Atalik Ghazi. He received Captain Marsh with extreme hospitality and kindness, and assigned him snug quarters close to the palace, with a guard of honour to keep off intruders. Yakoob has a pleasant, intelligent face, and impressed his visitor very favourably. He was more frank than the Persian Prince Moorad Mirza, and made no scruples of going into his family politics. He said, what we may believe to be the truth, that he was his father's very loyal servant, but that mischief-makers had bred discord between them. Even Lord Mayo's attempts at reconciliation had failed. "I know," he added, "that the very fact of my speaking to you in your language will be reported at Cabul, and will be put down to me as hatching some intrigue against my father." Captain Marsh, as we have said, thought highly of the young Sirdar, and urges that our Government should make a friend of him in time. At present he is well-disposed to us, and eager for our countenance and friendship; but should he come to believe that his advances are neglected or slighted, he may prove a most bitter and dangerous enemy. Captain Marsh had intended to visit Cabul. But at Candahar, to his bitter disappointment, he received a polite message from the Ameer, intimating that, in the disturbed state of the roads and capital, the English officer would find it more safe to proceed direct to India. Captain Marsh complains that he owed the disappointment to the unfriendly offices of the British Government in India, who had answered in reply to the questions of the Ameer, that the officer in question was not travelling either with Government permission or knowledge. Be that as it may, there was nothing for him but to submit.

Captain Marsh winds up with some remarks which are appropriate and interesting, now that we have unpleasant rumours of difficulties with the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Khan of Khelat. He inclines to the apprehension, which strikes us as by no means illusory, that the evidences of unsuspected vigour in the Turkish empire may excite our Mohammedan subjects in Hindustan. He argues that, "to preserve internal progress and tranquillity in India, we *must interfere* in the policy of Persia, Afghanistan, Kashgar, and the small States north of the Oxus and Indus, to the exclusion of Russian interests, *prestige*, or intrigue. But to accomplish this, we must remain within our present boundaries; any annexation on our part will undo the effects of the last twenty-five years. Ever since the Cabul campaign, we have been endeavouring to allay the fears of our jealous neighbours by not advancing our frontiers under any circumstances. If we follow this policy, we shall be acting consistently, and with greater freedom be able to extend our interests economically and politically, without encountering the hostility of our Mohammedan neighbours. With these views, I consider the occupation of Quetta by our native troops as a false move; but if they were withdrawn, and a political officer be established permanently at the Court of the Khan of Khelat, we should enjoy all the advantages of a spirited move without any of the drawbacks."

We fear that the latest accounts from the Bolan Pass show only too clearly the sagacity and sound sense of these closing sentences. The question is, whether it is not already too late to withdraw, without incurring the reproach of timidity, the troops we have rashly advanced.

THE POLITICAL RESULTS OF THE WAR.

MORE than half a year has elapsed since the commencement of hostilities between Russia and Turkey—that dreaded encounter which all the statesmen of Europe deprecated as the sure forerunner of an almost universal war. Down to the Conference at Constantinople which immediately preceded the invasion, the great Powers unanimously recognised the principle of the territorial integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire as the best security for the peace of Europe. They had embalmed it in treaties; and during all the troubles of insurrection, intrigue, and massacre, unanimously proclaimed it as the basis of every endeavour to restore the tranquillity of the East. The reason was obvious. Whatever may be the evils or the crimes of that empire—and it is far easier to exaggerate both than to weigh them relatively to those of its neighbours—it stood, in the opinion of all Governments, between its subject races and the fearful misery incident to a race-struggle and a religious war, between Europe and political complications of no ordinary magnitude. If the Ottoman empire was doomed to destruction, and its vast provinces to partition—or if the problem was at last ripe for solution, by what political arrangements its fall should be succeeded—hardly any man outside the charmed circle of Panslavist intriguers and Liberal pamphleteers regarded the immediate prospect in view without dismay. Those at a safe distance from the scene of the impending strife, or from official responsibility, clamoured that the unspeakable Turk should set his face eastward, and that his authority should be finally extinguished in three important

provinces. It was far easier said than done. The Eastern Question is not so easily settled.

The events of the last six months have shown that the military power of Russia has been grossly exaggerated; while, on the other hand, the "Sick Man" has proved that his death-struggles will alone be a formidable impediment in the way of redistributing his territory. That in itself is a satisfactory result of the war, as far as it has gone at present. The general sympathy felt by all classes in this country for the Turkish cause during this sanguinary strife, has been dictated by genuine admiration of a most gallant defence, and an equally decided repugnance to the spirit of lawless aggression which produced the intrigues of 1876 and the war of 1877. That sympathy has, no doubt, found exaggerated expression in some of the Turcophile organs; but their language has been moderation itself compared with that of their rivals, who detect humanitarian motives in every single proceeding of Russia, and, like the 'Spectator,' inconsistently divide their comments between abuse of the hopeless incompetence of the Grand Dukes, and applause of the noble sentiments which warp their military judgment. But, setting aside all sympathies and antipathies of any kind, the most interesting speculation, to our minds, is, What prospect does the course of recent events hold out of the fearful misery of this atrocious war being soon brought to an end? and what security may there be in the future against its recurrence?

From that point of view the result of recent military operations has been extremely satisfactory; and if the con-

test has been rendered inevitable by the political condition of the Continent—if, the treaties of 1856 having lost their restraining force by reason of a general indisposition to enforce their policy, Russia and Turkey, left face to face, were bound to fight it out,—it is of the utmost importance to the future peace of Europe that the advisers of the Czar should have been thus roughly awakened to the risks and difficulties of their policy. Nor is it of slight importance that the Turks should have had to pass through this terrible ordeal of blood and iron. The desperate tenacity with which they have fought, and the tremendous efforts which they have been compelled to make to maintain their existence as a nation, have, we trust, roused them to a sense of the perils in which their misgovernment and perpetual violation of the true spirit of their treaties of guarantee eventually place them. It is impossible that either the Russian or the Turkish nation can have passed through this tremendous struggle without its reacting with an all-powerful influence on the spirit, the character, and the institutions of each. If it tends to curb the ambition of the one and cure the oppression of the other, it will have done much to settle the great Eastern Question. It has certainly inspired the Russians with greater respect for their foe than they have ever had before; and that itself will in the long-run prove an effective guarantee of tranquillity in the East. It will also have roused the whole Turkish race to the necessity of providing for the prosperity and good government of provinces which they pour out their life-blood to retain. If they are finally victorious, or if the campaign becomes a drawn battle, the Panславist conspirators of 1862 and 1875 may find their occupation gone.

They will have lost all influence with the Muscovite rulers, and all power to excite disaffection and insurrection in provinces of the Turk. That will be one fruitful cause of misery and oppression removed. The supineness of the Ottoman Government, though it has been consistent with extortion, and has occasionally been roused to acts of barbarous cruelty, has, at the same time, allowed the spread of education, religious toleration, and the growth of considerable material prosperity. We trust that the renovated energies of the Turk, which have extorted the admiration and respect of Europe in the field, as they had previously done in diplomacy, will lead him to vindicate his place in the family of European nations by a vigorous reform in his system of administration.

Some such conflict as that which we have just witnessed was necessary before the tranquillity of the East could be permanently secured. The integrity and independence of a Mussulman empire, which hangs on a guarantee given by divided Christian Powers, depending for its validity entirely on their disposition at any given time to unite in giving it effect, is one thing; the integrity and independence of the same empire, maintained by the strong arm of its Government, by the valour and resources of its people or dominant caste, is a very different affair, and one much less likely to invite aggression and provoke internal conspiracies against its existence. The former was the result of the Crimean war; and as Europe wisely considered that it could not afford to renew a struggle of that character every twenty years in order to ward off remote dangers, the Turk has this time been left to defend himself. The war which followed has thus far settled nothing; it has merely shown that the integrity of the Turkish empire has,

contrary to the expectation of All the Russias, something else to rely upon than the treaty of 1856. And it more and more assumes a close resemblance, except with regard to the scale on which it is conducted, to the war between Turkey and Servia: it is fought out under the eyes of Europe; the Powers will claim a voice potential in the settlement which is to follow; neither side will be allowed, even if it is able, to pursue its successes to the extent of endangering the permanent interests or the security of its neighbours. What can a war of that character really settle? The only hope is, that the antagonists will separate with a mutual respect for each other's prowess, resolved not to renew the struggle. That hope bids fair to be accomplished; and all other advantages to be derived by the combatants from the war must be of the indirect kind which often flow from the stern correctives of blood and iron.

It needs but to recall the circumstances of the Crimean war and the treaty of Paris in order to estimate the political significance of the present struggle. France and England assumed that the Turk was unable to defend his empire, and voluntarily took the defence of it out of his hands. His apathy and indolence never objected—his pride was satisfied by the scrupulous recognition of his sovereign dignity; but the inevitable consequences were, that his inability to cope with Russia, and his subjection to the tutelage of Europe, were assumed as established facts by everybody but himself. The position was an anomalous one, and exposed the Government at Constantinople to increasing difficulties. For twenty years the Turk has been lectured and threatened, but it has been impossible to make him believe

that the maladministration of his provinces has been *bonâ fide* the real subject of contention. He has seen Russian provinces far worse governed, and nothing has come of it. Besides, badly as his provinces were governed, he knew, and Europe admitted, that they were not deteriorating, but, on the contrary, were gradually though slowly improving. Accordingly, with, as the event has shown, considerable shrewdness and knowledge of his neighbour's dispositions, he borrowed money and organised his defensive forces both by land and sea. The necessity for that policy must have been early brought to his attention. The fate of his empire has been frequently treated as a mere question of European diplomacy, and at last—the cruellest cut of all—was regarded as the stalking-horse of English party politics;—certain Liberal leaders being equally indifferent as to whether the burial of Dissenters or the ejection of the Turk formed the most convenient device for re-organising their scattered followers.

For instance, hardly was the peace of 1856 concluded—which, it was well understood, was only extorted from Russia by the united efforts of France, England, and Sardinia, aided at the last moment by the threats of Austria—than the Russian Government sought to recover its *prestige* in Europe. It is not surprising that the means adopted were directed exclusively towards the great Powers; and then the position of Turkey was tacitly assumed to be that of a somewhat helpless victim secured from a happy despatch solely by the treaty of Paris and the existence of such political considerations as might from time to time serve to insure its vitality. If Napoleon desired, for his own purposes, to court a good understanding with the Czar, the condition of the Sultan's empire

was a safe ground for the interchange of diplomatic amenities. Under the influence of such sentiments it happened that hardly had two years passed away before French vessels were despatched to menace the Turkish coasts. After that, the Servian Prince was dethroned, and the union of Moldavia and Wallachia effected. By 1860—when France had incurred the suspicions of Europe, and the Western Alliance had been dissolved—Russia again felt strong enough to invite a reconsideration of the treaty of 1856; and in two years' further time began an insurrection in Herzegovina, which Lord John Russell in a memorable despatch denounced as a Russian conspiracy. The defeat of Austria, first at Solferino and then at Sadowa, tended still further to weaken the restraining force of the treaty; while Sedan and the repudiation of the Black Sea clauses were only neutralised in their injurious consequences by the formal and earnest confirmation of the treaty effected in London in 1871 by the Government of Mr Gladstone. But Panslavists and Russian statesmen, alike convinced of the weakness of Turkey, were not slow to profit by the changed circumstances of Europe. Bulgarian committees at Bucharest and other places along the Danube, sat to provoke disturbances and agitations, which might, in the increasing complications of the West, be expanded into a more formidable movement, aimed at the power and the existence of the Government at Constantinople. Notwithstanding the Paris Conference of 1869, the universal belief was, that in spite of the last warning of the Emperor Nicholas, Russia would, as soon as Turkey was fairly isolated, assume the offensive. Fuad Pasha had quitted life, declaring in his last words that the great Ottoman empire was in danger.

After pointing out the inevitable and approaching conflict between France and Prussia, he declared that only a Bismark in Russia was needed in order to change the face of the globe—or, in other words, abolish the Ottoman empire. As soon as the neutrality of Great Britain could be securely reckoned upon, Russian action was precipitated. The war, however, has taught us that no Bismark has yet risen in Russia, and that the military power of the Turks is at least so far adequate to the occasion that the invader, with every choice of time and opportunity—with every preparation successfully made to weaken and isolate his foe, concentrate his own efforts, and march to the attack—bitterly repents the task he has undertaken, and finds that the whole resources of his power will be strained to prevent humiliation and disaster. Whatever may eventually result from this war, this bitter lesson has been learnt already; and unless the Turkish empire ceases altogether to exist, its relations henceforward to its Northern neighbour cannot fail to be effectually improved thereby.

Then comes the question, What is the political value of this new fact—the power of the Turks to maintain, irrespective of its guarantee, the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire? First, we may regard it in reference to the policy of the war and the aims of Russia; next, as it affects the relations of the Turkish Government to its subject races in Europe, to England, and the other guaranteeing Powers.

With regard to the war, it was undertaken, in the words of the Czar in his original manifesto, out of "respect for equity and our own dignity," because the Porte has refused "any effective guarantee for the security of the Christians." That refusal "placed us under the

necessity of resorting to the force of arms." Prince Gortschakoff's Circular was to a similar effect. He declared that unless the Porte deferred to the wishes and advice of Europe, and guaranteed reforms, the only alternative was "to try and obtain by force what the unanimous attempts of the Cabinets failed to obtain by persuasion." Russia undertook the task, because the "peaceful development" of her interests was "seriously impeded by the permanent disorder of the East." "Not to conquer, but to defend our down-trodden brethren, and to vindicate the faith of Christ," was the language of the Grand Duke Nicholas's war proclamation. The vagueness of these projects cannot fail to be remembered now. Well might Lord Derby point out that material obstacles had been placed in the way of the Porte's carrying out the wishes of Europe. The Protocol, moreover, had admitted its good intentions and noted its acceptance of the policy proposed. But "the presence of large Russian forces on the frontiers of Turkey, menacing its safety, rendering disarmament impossible, and exciting a feeling of apprehension and fanaticism among the Mussulman population," was an insuperable impediment in the way. That the policy of Russia has been hostile to the peaceful development of the provinces, that it has promoted disaffection and retarded rather than encouraged improvement, is very generally believed by those most conversant with the subject. Warlike measures displaced reform possibilities the moment that the Russian forces were mobilised. And the difficulties of arranging mutual disarmament were added to the existing complications. From that moment the hand of the Sultan was paralysed; and the Czar had practically undertaken, with or without

the approval of the Powers, to substitute his own authority in the disturbed provinces by force of arms, with a view to insure their better administration. The result of the campaign hitherto, is at least a strong condemnation of the undertaking, and of the measures which led to its adoption. It has enormously increased the miseries of the inhabitants, and aggravated beyond measure the difficulties of providing for their good government, into whosoever hands that task may fall. The schemes of the Russian leaders have been as carelessly and inefficiently concocted and executed as the policy which dictated them has been self-seeking and lawless. It was a policy which even its complete and rapid success would have failed to justify, but which its ignominious failure, even though it be for a time, must brand with iniquity and heartless cruelty. The most enthusiastic partisans of the Cossack can hardly pretend to argue that the substitution of his form and practice of government for those of the Turk, are blessings worth the price of this fearful bloodshed, devastation, and debasing savagery which have horrified all Europe during the last few months. The war is assuming more and more the character of a war of extermination and deadly hatred. Will the passions which it deepens and perpetuates smooth the way to reforms, give effect to the wishes of Europe, or promote the "peaceful development" of Russian interests? Instead of there being any chance of this war conducing to the avowed objects for which it was undertaken, they have long ago been laid aside. A series of defeats has made it necessary to satisfy what is called the "military sentiment" of Russia; and if the recent victory over Mukhtar Pasha will at all tend in that direction,

and facilitate peace, so much the better. It is well understood that the Russian people, and even the Russian Government, bitterly repent the policy they have pursued, and the scheme which they have taken in hand. Panslavists have lost all their influence; the once-honoured name of Ignatieff is associated with nothing but delusive information and general incompetence. But the moment that it became apparent that in lieu of a military promenade, ending in a reorganised administration and established order, there is a deadly war of extermination to be encountered with a military Power of no ordinary strength, the vague and indefinite objects originally in view—viz., the general welfare of the Christians and the general interests of peace—become absurdly inappropriate. Such objects must have long receded from Russian view. They disavow a policy of conquest; but will it be believed for a moment that the general welfare of the Christians and the general interests of peace weigh with them for one straw in the balance, as compared with the eager desire to retrieve, at all hazards to themselves, at any loss of human life, at any increase of human misery, their lost military *prestige*? To wade through slaughter to the establishment of local reforms, which can only be effected by time, patience, and constant moderation, is the ostensible task of Russia at the present moment. Its immediate aim is to satisfy its military sentiment by success; its only chance of doing so is by efforts which will weaken its power for half a century, and render it totally unable to make good any eventual acquisitions against the will of Europe. If the Turks in the end fail to make good the integrity and independence of their empire, there is still the conditional guarantee of

Europe in the background; and how will Russia, weakened and disheartened by a prolonged encounter, make good against the Powers any attempt to infringe the essential provisions of the treaty of Paris?

We do not agree in the crude conclusions of those who consider that time is necessarily on the side of the Power with the largest supply of men and money. The strain of this contest is, we should say, far heavier upon Russia than upon Turkey; and as the Turks retreat—assuming that they do retreat—that strain will be proportionately increased. Time is not on the side of the Power which has already shattered its finances and called out its reserves, which strikes at an enormous distance from its base of supplies, and whose successes will be followed by greater concentration of its opponents, and open up a vista of new and still greater efforts to be made. This war, if it goes on, will more and more become one of extermination and conquest, and will outrage the sentiments of humanity. There is absolutely no vindication of it to be pleaded or suggested. Assuming the intentions of the invader to have been as honest, as philanthropic and humanitarian, as the most deluded Russophile imagines, the inadequacy of the preparation, the careless confidence of success in an undertaking in which the alternative of failure implied an enormous increase to the miseries of the situation, call for the vehement reprobation of all. Even those who believe that insurrection and invasion were the only remedies for the disorders of the Turkish provinces, must admit, that upon general principles those extreme measures, in order to be justifiable, must be successful, and that the heaviest condemnation is accustomed to be meted out to those who undertake them with

a light heart. The greatest of all the "atrocities" committed during this unhappy business, has been the crime of those who fomented disaffection by organised intrigue, without the power of adding to the security of their helpless victims, or effecting any of the objects which they suggested as desirable.

Then, again, what light has been thrown during this war upon the real condition of those subject provinces which have been inspired with such exaggerated notions of a Russian protectorate? We have never denied the evils of Ottoman misrule, the tyranny and extortion which the Turks have practised. But as between these evils and those of Russian administration, and having regard to the intermediate consequences of trying to impose the one for the other—viz., the strife of extermination in some districts, the reign of absolute terror in others—we have deprecated undue exaggeration of disorders which time and statesmanship alone could remedy. For however great they may be, Turkish revenue-returns have shown that the wealth of the Christians, and their hold upon the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, have been steadily increasing. If brutal ignorance has prevailed, the Greek clergy were far more to blame than the Ottoman Government, whose sin was chiefly neglect. As far as Bulgaria was concerned, the Turks permitted and protected the establishment of schools by the missionaries, and stood between the Bulgarians and the tyranny of corrupt ecclesiastics. If horrible revenge were meted out to acts of hostility, the normal state of Turkey was one of comparative security to life and property. It is interesting to see how the real condition of the oppressed Bulgarians has affected the minds of their enthusiastic and imaginative

deliverers. On this point we have the testimony of Mr Giers, described by the well-informed 'Times' correspondent at St Petersburg (Oct. 5) as "a thorough Russian in spite of his German name, and certainly one of the most able and trustworthy of the Russian correspondents at the seat of war." Here is the evidence of this most impartial and trustworthy witness, which is extracted from the columns of the 'Times,' from No. 128 of the 'Sèverný Vèstnik':—

"The economic condition of the Bulgarians is so good, that we Russians can only envy them. Not unfrequently I have heard sighs of envy among our Cossacks and soldiers at the sight of the plenty which exists in the Bulgarian villages. There is land in abundance. The majority of the peasants have such a quantity of grain, that they can never reap and store it all in time. Labourers cannot be obtained even at a high price. The Bulgarian peasant almost never goes elsewhere to seek work, as the Russian is very often obliged to do. All remain at home, and find plenty of occupation. Being exempt from the military conscription, all the labouring population can be usefully employed. The stack-yards are filled with wheat and barley. Indian corn is grown in enormous quantities. Each one has his own vineyard. The gardens are stocked with pears, plums, cherries, walnuts, and apricots. Melons and water-melons are the most common fruits. Masses of mulberry-trees give the raw materials for silk. The flocks and herds are innumerable. Around each village you meet with thousands of sheep, pigs, long-horned cattle, buffaloes, and horses. Barn-door fowls and game exist in great quantities. In the villages there are such hosts of geese and ducks, that sometimes in the morning they prevent one from sleeping. As there are no railways and no industry, the natural products remain in the locality, and living is wonderfully cheap. At the sight of all this, our sceptics often ask, 'Where is the oppression and devastation about which so much was writ-

ten?' To this their opponents reply, 'The question is not about oppression and devastation; the thing is, that under Turkish rule nothing was safe from seizure by the Government, and from private appropriation.'"

Even allowing a great deal for exaggeration on the part of a writer who nevertheless believes in the remedies of Russian victory, there is enough in this description to bear out the tale told by the Turkish revenue - returns of the material prosperity which is compatible with Ottoman rule. There is, no doubt, the rapacity of the tax-gatherer and of the Greek priest to be satisfied; but still, if the above account approximates to the truth, the Bulgarians have had most inadequate grounds for wishing, if they did wish, their country to become the battle-field of a holy war. No doubt they merely contemplated a military promenade and a change of Government. But instead of an agreeable political excitement, their country has been afflicted with a most fearful scourge, which in any event will temporarily destroy their prosperity, and increase their grievances and miseries.

According to the same authority which we have just quoted, it was the ignorant peasantry, ready to fly from ills they knew of to other ills which they had no means of appreciating, who showed their sympathy with the Russians. "Instinctive faith in Russia and her mission of emancipation" seems to be denied to the more intelligent inhabitants of the towns. In Northern Bulgaria, in Sistova and Tirnova, the *petite bourgeoisie*, showed no enthusiasm, but remained passive, apathetic, and, after Russian reverses, positively unfriendly. In Southern Bulgaria an outburst of enthusiasm was quickly followed by the retreat of General Gourko and the establishment of a reign of terror.

From all this, we conclude that if the result of the war in establishing and increasing the authority of the Turks is the heaviest censure on the policy of the war, it is still more unfortunate as regards the subject races. Turkish misrule, mitigated by consular supervision on the one hand, aggravated by insurrectionary and foreign intrigues on the other, may possibly, after a short interval of massacre and atrocity, directly chargeable to Russian intervention, be followed by unfettered Mohammedan administration. If, on the one hand, there will be less of wilfully-fomented disturbances, now that the Slav cause has miserably failed, on the other there may be great and increasing difficulties in the way of applying diplomatic pressure and encouragement in aid of administrative reforms. The Turks, who at the late Conference gave abundant evidence that they had been tasking their energies to devise the means of restoring order, may in their turn prove as haughty and impracticable as Russia and the English Liberals showed themselves in regard to the projected schemes. A bad Government unsuccessfully imperilled and attacked, is rendered far stronger for mischief than it was before. Moreover, the tutelage of Europe, which was indirectly established by the treaty of Paris, and which, if proper measures had been taken during the twenty subsequent years, might have led to considerable improvements, is practically at an end. It may be that the presumed weakness of Turkey, coupled with the *lâches* of what we may call the more honest and well-intentioned of the guaranteeing Powers, was the parent of more political evils to Europe, as well as the subject races, than are likely to flow from a more established and recognised independence. Otherwise, if the result should be

to render the condition of the Christians more helpless and more hopeless, they have chiefly their friends to thank. The wild crusade against the Turks was preached without regard to the consequences, and without a notion of what should be substituted for their rule. The consequences, whether the Turk should be crushed or whether he should be victorious, were alike left out of consideration. Even now, in the midst of all the military carnage and political confusion which prevails, there is Mr Gladstone at Nottingham telling us that the famous Mr Carlyle, the famous Mr Freeman, the famous Mr Froude, the famous Mr Stubbs, and the famous Mr Green, are all of opinion that it is hopeless, wrong, and guilty to prolong the rule of Turkey. But will any of these "famous" gentlemen tell us how it is to be abolished, or what is to be put in its place. One and all, they are satisfied with airing their rhetoric against the acknowledged evils of Turkish rule. The result of the policy which meets with their short-sighted approval has been to inflame those evils beyond measure, to perpetuate them, and render the prospect of improvement far more remote, and the task of attempting it far more difficult. No one listens to these "famous" gentlemen now; events have discredited their political judgment altogether. Russia is now in a military position which is of great and increasing difficulty; for no sane politician would care to find himself between Plevna and the Quadrilateral, bound either to complete their destruction, or see the *prestige* and influence of his country, if not actually overthrown, at all events seriously diminished for half a century. Its moral position is far worse; for while the selfishness of its ambition has isolated it from Europe,

its cruel disregard of consequences is rendered far more conspicuous in the overwhelming misfortunes of its failure.

Then how are the relations of Turkey to the Powers affected by what has taken place? The independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, to all appearance, have been changed from a mere diplomatic expression to an accomplished fact. The tutelage of Europe has proved to be of no great service, and has bred ideas in the minds of the less prudent and self-restrained class of statesmen which have induced a sanguinary crusade. But, at the same time, it is well known that the influence of England, the authority of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and the results of consular supervision when adequately and vigorously exercised, have led to most of the improvements which during the last generation have been effected. It will be no small aggravation of the results of this war if Turkey, defiant and indignant, acts towards this country in a spirit of which Chefket Pasha's appointment to a high command in Bulgaria may be taken as a manifestation. That will be another proof of the wisdom of the proceedings last autumn, and the advantages of impulsive oratory. Yet, to take a common-sense view of it, what is the value of a political friendship, and what is likely to become of the influence attached to it, if at all critical moments the statesmanship of generations is paralysed by popular clamour? There is much justice in the reproaches of the 'Vakit,' in regard to the course pursued both by Austria and England on the Servian question; and if Servia should be guilty of the perfidy and treachery involved in a renewal of hostilities, there will be still greater ground for the complaints which are reasonably made. "Were it not for them"—*i.e.*, the

Austrian and English Governments—the Turkish writer says, “the Ottoman empire would have marched on Belgrade, and there have stamped out all further desire of creating fresh troubles.” He goes on to complain specially of Austria for having set free the hands of Servia, and thereby afforded the enemy a footing on the very line of retreat of Osman Pasha’s army. Austria, too, it is argued, prevented Turkish occupation of the Danubian Principalities, and has inflicted on Turkey more harm than she could have done by declaring war. The complaint is, that Turkey has sustained nothing but injury from her friends, who are all accused of looking for a division of spoil—Great Britain to the Straits, Austria to Bosnia and the Herzegovina. In short, the only friends whom Turkey, according to this writer, in her moments of exultation, is disposed to recognise, are the peoples, as distinguished from the Governments, of Hungary, France, and Germany. It is this temper, for which there is so much reasonable excuse, that is the worst outcome of the war and of the Turkish successes, so far as regards the prospects of the future. Added to that, is the increased intensity of hatred and animosity amongst the rival races which inhabit Turkish territory. The political value to Europe of Ottoman independence, if dominated by this impolitic and impracticable temper, is a subject which may well engross the attention of Austria and Germany. There are many indications that the unchecked successes of the Turk, and a complete humiliation of Russia, will be little welcome to those Powers, and injurious to the interests of Europe. But the prospect or the possibility of such a result brings us face to face with a totally different set of considerations from those which occupied

the public mind at the outset of this war, but which are nevertheless equally complicated and uncertain. We shall be as far off as ever from a settlement of the Eastern Question; and the prospect is one full of doubt and uncertainty. Although events have falsified general expectation, they are not likely to weaken the general resolution of Europe to remain strictly neutral. As far as this country is concerned, the policy of neutrality was generally and cordially accepted by all but the extreme Russophile party; and, to do them justice, they were more eager that the Cossacks should drive the Turks “bag and baggage” out of their territory than to undertake the task themselves. In the turn which events have taken, those British interests, which twenty years ago, under Liberal guidance, demanded the destruction of Sebastopol, are now found to be perfectly safe; and as far as our permanent policy is concerned—the policy of fostering the development of local liberty, and of restraining the excesses of Government within the limits of the Ottoman empire—that, in the event of too decisive victory on the part of the Turks, is likely to be as difficult of execution in the future as it has been shamefully neglected in the past. Next in importance to the failure of Russian aggression, and the vindication of the right of national self-defence, comes, with scarcely inferior interest, the successful establishment of local order and tranquillity. The Turks, in the event of absolute success, and in the absence of European intervention, will be uncontrolled masters of the situation, as regards the course to be pursued and the institutions to be adopted. That has been their aim throughout; but at the time of the Conference, even Midhat Pasha was willing to accept the co-operation and assistance of the Powers,

so far as was compatible with the independent sovereignty of the Sultan. He at that time went so far as to offer to submit even to an international commission, if at the end of a year of probation the Powers were dissatisfied with the Porte's execution of its projected reforms. We are far away now from the prospects of improvement afforded by the Ministry of Midhat Pasha; unless, again, general expectation should be falsified, as it possibly may be, and the Turks, having vindicated by force of arms their independence, or at all events their power to punish aggression, should vindicate also their right of government by the vigorous adoption of the new policy propounded by the growing body of Turkish reformers. But besides the probable postponement of all chance of bettering the condition of the disaffected provinces, there is still the fear of foreign complications, not perhaps so menacing as those which would inevitably have followed Russian aggrandisement, but still of a serious nature. Whether Serbia begins or provokes hostilities, the deadly nature of the issue which she will this time raise will spread the excitement and agitation of this sanguinary contest. If Roumania is also invaded by the Turks, as is not improbable, if the Russian line of communication is at all accessible, it will complete the strain upon the discordant elements of the Austrian empire. The Slavs and Magyars are wide as the poles asunder in regard to the direction of their sympathies in this war. The passions aroused are strong and violent, as might be expected from the close proximity of the scene of action. The Ministry of Austria, like the Ministry of England, guide their conduct solely in reference to the national interests; and these, no doubt, are in favour of localising

the war, and terminating it as soon as possible. But if the policy which dictated the Andrassy Note has not been laid aside, a complete Ottoman victory, unless followed by an almost miraculous development of the spirit of reform, would be regarded by Austria as a permanent source of disquiet.

Ten years ago Austria was willing to have joined Russia in applying very heroic remedies to the condition of the Turkish provinces, and in so doing to have gratified her own Slav population. Moreover, she would willingly have assigned a very considerable rôle to Russia, provided she could in some degree detach that Power from the German alliance. Relieved of the fear of Russian aggression, the difficulties of the situation would be considerably increased, as far as Austria is concerned, if the neighbouring provinces laboured under chronic discontent, and her own subjects shared the feeling. Yet, on the other hand, in the extreme case of Russia beaten and humiliated, retiring like France from the field of foreign politics, Austrian friendship would command a higher price at Berlin, and the Austrian empire would regain in Europe something of the *prestige* and power which she held before Sadowa. The Turkish difficulty, at all events, would remain; but in an age of great political surprises, it is permissible to indulge the hope that Ottoman victories might, in re-establishing Ottoman independence, go far to rouse the ambition of governing in a spirit worthier of civilisation, and more conducive to the prosperity of the empire.

It is Germany which has most to fear from the permanent weakening of her friend and ally; and in this point of view it must be remembered that, whether Russia succeeds or fails, she will inevitably be

weakened for some time to come, and her attention absorbed by the domestic questions, agitation, and changes which will be sure to follow. Four years ago, the assurance of Prince Bismark, that "he could not even admit the thought of ever being hostile to Russia," provoked the criticism that a few short years before, such an expression used by a Prussian Minister to the Russian empire, instead of being regarded as an encouragement, would have been deemed superfluous, if not ridiculous. The last few weeks have been still more significant of the altered relations of Prussia and Russia. It is given out that Prince Bismark will not allow Russia to sustain a humiliating defeat. Scarcely two years have elapsed since the Czar somewhat ostentatiously forbade the renewal by Germany of the war with France. It was said at the time that the German Chancellor, however readily he acquiesced, was mortified at the tone adopted. If so, his revenge has speedily arrived. Russia saved from humiliation at the hands of the Turk, because such was the will and interest of Prussia, is, indeed, a reversal of international relations since so comparatively recent an event as the death of Lord Palmerston. But however humiliating such a declaration may be, when made in the particular manner in which it found publicity, there can be no doubt that Germany cannot afford to lose the friendship of a strong and influential ally, and that the loss of the Russian alliance—or what would be the same thing, the permanent weakening of her empire—would be a serious disaster to the German people. Strong as Germany is, she is surrounded by powerful enemies. The forces of Roman Catholicism, exasperated by Prince Bismark's strife with the Vatican; the resusci-

tated power of France, inspired by the memories of Sedan; the influence of Sadowa upon the relations and resentments of Austria; the weakness of Italy; and the virtual withdrawal of England from all Continental strife which does not menace her vital interests,—are considerations which render the friendship of a powerful Russia of infinite importance to Germany. An absolute Russian defeat, which would leave Russia without eyes or ears for any foreign policy but that of recovering at some future time her lost ascendancy over the Turks, would at least deprive Germany, in any future war with France, of her most available security against Austrian hostilities. To Prince Bismark, we may assume, the humiliation of Russia would be much more unwelcome than any impracticable temper on the part of the Turks towards their subjects which might be inspired by any considerable victory. But even that would not be a matter of indifference. The disorders of Turkey are a standing menace to the peace of South-eastern Europe, the constant source of political complications, to which even the great military power of Germany cannot afford to be indifferent. France, on the other hand, has a direct interest, having regard to her relations with Germany, in the permanent weakening of Russia. There has never been any real cordiality between the French and Russian Governments since the Crimean war. For a few years there was the delusive appearance of friendship. But Prince Gortschakoff knew how to avail himself of Napoleon's advances and political aspirations, in order to recover the ground which his country had lost; and all pretence of cordiality was abandoned when the French Emperor interfered in the affairs of Poland. France, however, has for

the present retired from foreign politics ; but we take it, that her sympathies and her interests, so far as she understands them, are on the side of the Turks. Italy, probably, is of a different way of thinking.

Coming back, then, to the point from which we started ; while we think that recent events hold out ample security to Europe against a recurrence of this barbarous strife, and also against any dangerous alteration of the political *status quo*, we own that we cannot yet discover the bit of blue sky of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke at Exeter. The prospects of closing this horrible war are to our view as gloomy as Lord Salisbury described them at Bradford. Overwhelming victory on the one side or the other, or the mutual exhaustion of the belligerents, must to all present appearances precede the conclusion of peace. The Russian chance of overwhelming victory—*i.e.*, of a decisive victory not too dearly bought—was, we should think, finally lost when, at the critical moment, General Gourko failed to dash at Adrianople. That possibly might have crowned with unmerited success an invasion conducted with the most reckless disregard of all the rules of war. But its present position, though nominally that of an invader, closely resembles its position at Sebastopol. It is practically besieged, under circumstances in which the drain in men and money is enormous ; whilst the resources of the assailants, if absolutely inferior, are, relatively to time, place, and circumstances, quite as good. The Turkish chance of overwhelming victory—*i.e.*, of so decisively punishing aggression as to prevent its repetition for all time—is probably the better of the two ; but all that we could hope from it would be that it would be less disastrous to the peace of Europe and

the general prospects than the successful issue of an unscrupulous aggression. The chances are perhaps in favour of mutual exhaustion ultimately disposing the minds of both belligerents to peace ; and the most that diplomacy can expect to achieve is, to encourage such disposition when it arises, and perhaps expedite the moment of pacification. It will be perhaps the most appropriate termination of the long drama of Turkish decadence, if another sick man who has cherished delusive expectations of inheritance should lie side by side with the famous invalid who over and over again, with tantalising vigour, has survived the crisis of his fate. It has been aptly remarked by an authoritative writer, that “ Russia has never found herself so far from her aims as when she has endeavoured to hasten the catastrophe. In 1829, when her armies were almost in sight of Constantinople, she was forced to withdraw ; in 1854 the fruits of her campaign in Hungary, and the pre-eminence accruing to her from her immunity from the revolutionary wars of 1848, were entirely swept away.” In 1877 she has heedlessly rushed to her fate, in spite of every dictate of prudence. With a powerful Germany on her frontier, able to raise the Polish question whenever it pleases, and to strike her at will a mortal blow ; possessed of distant conquests impatient of her rule ; so far from being capable of providing for the administration of her neighbour's territory, that she is obliged to borrow largely from Germany the occupants of her most important posts,—she must needs undertake a task, and wantonly provoke a crisis, from which all Europe shrank. In the summer of last year, Lord Derby, with a truer perception of her position, scouted the idea as absurd and impossible that Russia should, in

consequence of what was then passing in Europe, proceed to war. But the assurance that her foe would be isolated overcame the warnings of common prudence, and the result is a lesson which will not be speedily forgotten.

Although the supposition that the mutual exhaustion of the combatants must precede the establishment of peace favours the prospect of prolonged hostilities, it at all events holds out the best security both against the recurrence of hostilities and in favour of a more complete pacification. If the Turks should be so far exhausted as to turn to this country for assistance in their home administration, and after they have disbanded their forces and feel the effects of their exhaustion, be rendered amenable to British influence, carefully and persistently exercised, the work of civilisation, which in times past has on the whole triumphed in spite of Slav agitators and Greek priests, might proceed with greater rapidity. It is impossible to cherish any sanguine anticipations in regard to the provinces of the Balkans, and years must probably pass away before they are restored to a similar degree of security and prosperity as that which they have unfortunately lost. They will have been mercifully delivered from the hand of Russia, and no second Poland need now be feared to the south of the Danube. They will have exasperated beyond measure their Turkish masters; but whilst passions even of that deadly kind may be softened by time, they have at least the prospect of improvement afforded by the awakened ambition of the Turks; and, after all, according to the more outspoken though less prudent of their sympathisers in this country, it would be impossible that a worse fate befall them in the future than in the past.

A survey, then, of the political results of the campaign affords very little hope that we are in any way approaching a final solution of the Eastern Question, by which phrase we mean the establishment of a system of government in the northern provinces of Turkey which shall inspire greater contentment amongst their inhabitants, and, in consequence, afford some guarantee for the future peace of Europe. To the Russophile enthusiast, the only way of achieving that result appears to be what he regards as the short, sharp, and summary method of declaring war against Turkey, cutting off the communication between its European and Asiatic provinces, and, generally, making the quarrel our own, to the extent of saying that the authority of the Turk in those provinces shall be extinguished. The events of the last few months are a striking commentary on the wisdom of that policy. The consequences of a course so violent cannot be foreseen, but they would probably produce a general conflagration and widespread political confusion. If Prince Bismark has determined that the blood of not a single Pomeranian shall be spilt in such a controversy, England equally has decided that not even the life of a single elector of Greenwich shall be risked for such a purpose. Such a policy, however attractive last autumn to our provincial wiseacres, is quite out of the question; and, indeed, the general result of the campaign would thus far seem to be that Russia does not possess the power to alter the existing arrangements in the south-east of Europe without the consent of the rest of Europe. It is impossible not to see that, as she is strained and weakened by a contest out of all reckoning more formidable than she expected, she practically lies, as far as this expedition is concerned, at the

mercy of the Germanic Powers, and that the influence which Austria will finally exercise over the settlement of this dispute is considerably increased. Those who believe that the intrigues and machinations which have undoubtedly been encouraged, if not originated, by Russia, are the chief causes of the chronic disturbances in the Balkans, will rejoice at the decline of Russian influence in those quarters. A second expedient for the establishment of order and tranquillity is that which is often suggested as the triumph of Austria's mission on the Danube. The author of 'The Two Chancellors' refers to such a *dénouement*, "as illogical as it will be original," with evident approval. "A State," he says, "that has never undergone any serious process of centralisation—a State that has always oscillated between a dual system of government and a more or less defined federal one—might indeed appear to Europe to possess the very framework with which to enclose and assimilate the medley of races, creeds, and institutions, which swarm between the Iron Gates and the Golden Horn." He looks forward to the eventual establishment on the Bosphorus of "an empire of the East, subject to German influences and inheriting German traditions—to the south, a kingdom of Greece, enlarged by Thessaly and Epirus,"—as an arrangement which would give satisfaction in many quarters, not excluding England. Two insuperable difficulties interpose themselves to that solution—the formidable military power of the Turks, and the deep-seated reluctance of Austro-Hungary to enlarge her Slav population. From the date of the Andrassy Note to the present hour, Austria has shown no readiness to incur any responsibility or adopt any active

measures in regard to this Eastern Question. The course of events is daily increasing her authority in regard to it; and she certainly excites no distrust, though she scarcely possesses the hope and confidence of Europe. She will be guided by her own interests—by far the best pilot in this labyrinth of difficulties; but it will not be surprising if necessity at last obliges her to assume some portion of the responsibility which she is so eager to shirk. At all events, if Russia, either from defeat or exhaustion, is unable to compel the Turks to conform to the wishes of Europe, whatever that may mean, the restoration of the *status quo* will be found a very different thing from its undisturbed maintenance. Who is to pacify the insurgent districts? Where are the influences to come from which will serve to allay the fierce animosities which have been kindled? The restoration of unrestricted Turkish authority over these unhappy provinces is hardly the result which any statesman can contemplate with satisfaction as the outcome of this war. It is exceedingly improbable that the Turks will be in a position to dictate their own terms of peace; in fact, the Germanic Powers, at a time when victory inclined most strongly to the Mussulman cause, betrayed their deep dissatisfaction with that prospect. And if Turkey as an exhausted Power falls back on the conditional guarantee of the integrity of her empire, the whole question must this time be approached from the point of view of the subject populations, freed from the illusions of overweening Russian ascendancy and the spirit of Russian dictation. It will be no small difficulty removed if it should be found at the critical moment that the subject races them-

selves can inspire more confidence than they have hitherto done in their power of self-defence, and their capacity to guard against oppression and maintain their independence. The growth of the inhabitants in wealth and intelligence, and fitness for self-government, has always been the best hope for the future; and if statesmen and diplomats have done little to insure it, time at least has been on their side. The best indications during this campaign of positive elements of future settlement have been afforded by the prowess and success of the Roumanians, who compelled the Czar to deal with them on equal terms, and who, in the rivalry of the field, eclipsed his forces; by the bravery and hardihood of the Montenegrins; and by the resistance offered by the Bulgarians themselves. Perhaps a federal union of Danubian States, able to guard their independence, guaranteed by the Powers interested in the maintenance of peace and the prosperity of their fertile provinces, may appear more practicable at the close of this war than it did at the beginning. Austria, it is true, has objected to the establishment of a great autonomous State on her borders, or even to any further development of smaller ones. And no doubt it would be a disturbing element. The Slavonic subjects both of Austria and of Turkey would not fail to gravitate to the new order of things. But if the Turks desire peace, and Austria refuses to act, it will be useless for them to criticise too closely the probable contingencies of the future. The ambition and the capacity to make good their position against Northern encroachment, and against any effort to use them as the instruments either of intrigue or of war, together with a disposition to rely on Germanic influences and support, are the chief qualifications, even if

they should not prove to be very durable ones, for the part which they will have to play.

If such a plan should fail—if neither Austrian extension nor the growth of a new confederation is practicable, and the jealousies of Europe or the fortunes of war prescribe the re-establishment of the *status quo*—what a commentary on the miserable policy of this miserable strife! It is hardly imaginable that such a result can be in store for the world. But whether Turkish suzerainty be maintained, or Austrian suzerainty substituted, or the independence of certain principalities of the Danube proclaimed, some plan for their better administration, security, and improvement must be adopted. The combatants, as well as Europe, will be eager to change a condition of things which perpetually threatens the continuance of peace. The personal dispositions of the Czar and the Sultan are, as Lord John Manners pointed out at Ipswich, favourable to any reasonable mode of terminating this strife; and as their subjects suffer from exhaustion, the ardour of their animosity will tend to cool. If the primary object which public opinion has in view is to shelter the inhabitants of these provinces from Turkish excesses on one side, and from a Russian protectorate on the other, the outcome of this war at present promises eventually to favour it. But suppose it effected, the difficulties which followed the Crimean war will not be altogether removed, though they may be to some extent mitigated. There will be the same absence of popular leaders which Lord Salisbury deemed fatal to the success of the Turkish constitution, and which will take the life out of any local institutions which may be devised. Unless Austria or England, or both, make it part of

their foreign policy to promote civilisation in those provinces, and aid by consular or other supervision the admitted incapacity for self-government, the progress made will not be very striking. To guarantee the good government of another country is a political impossibility; the utmost that can be done is to plant in it reasonably good institutions, and to aid their efficient working. Before this war broke out, everything, consistently with the sovereignty of the Sultan, was being done with that view. Both the Turks and the Powers of Europe had been thoroughly aroused, and the condition of the provinces, so far from being forgotten, as had been the case for twenty years, was the prominent subject of public attention. The Turks felt themselves on their trial; Midhat Pasha and the reformers amongst them had gained the ascendancy. Diplomatic pressure, consular supervision, international remonstrances, were not objected to. No aid would be rejected except that of international commissions and foreign *gendarmerie* — except, that is, the establishment of foreign authority within the dominions of the Sultan. It can at least be said for this scheme, that it promised better for the Christians than at any period of their history; and

Europe would have keenly watched its execution. It is difficult to see how the war, whichever way it turns out, will serve to improve the position. If it liberates the Slavs, it will establish the Russian protectorate. If it forces the will of Europe on the Turk, it will apply the Russian interpretation of that will, which involves foreign domination, contrary to the basis of the Conference, which decreed that the guarantee of security should lie in the institutions adopted. In short, the war, in any event, has postponed reforms and increased confusion; and the utmost that can be hoped from it is, that when the evil passions which occasioned it have run their course and subsided, the real work of pacification and statesmanship will be resumed, and the task which a short while ago was impeded by mutual animosities may be carried out somewhat in the way proposed under more favourable circumstances, and possibly under somewhat more favourable auspices. The policy of this country, and probably of the Germanic Powers, will remain exactly what it was before. They have had no sort of interest in the strife; and after the explosion of bad passions has given relief to the combatants, the work of the Conference may be resumed and carried to a successful termination.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"Manch Bild vergessener Zeiten."

SHAPE after shape uprises
From the grave of years long dead,
That show, when thou wert near me,
The charmed life I led.

By day, half dazed, half dreaming,
I rambled from street to street,—
Folk stared in amazement, a creature
So sad and so strange to meet.

By night, oh, then it was better,
The streets were empty and bare ;
I and my shadow—none other—
Roamed silently everywhere.

I crossed the bridge, and my footfall
Re-echoed, each step I took ;
The moon flashed up from the water,—
It gave me a grave sad look.

In front of thy house I halted,
And stared till mine eyes did ache,
Up, up at thy chamber window,—
And I thought that my heart would break.

I know, from thy window often
Thou hast looked without pang or pine,
And seen me, as there like a pillar
I stood in the wan moonshine.

FRAU ILSE.

I AM the Princess Ilse,
And I dwell at the Ilsenstein ;
Come with me to my castle,
And bliss shall be thine and mine.

With the cool of my glass-clear waters
Thy brow and thy locks I'll lave ;
And thou'lt think of thy sorrows no longer,
For all that thou look'st so grave.

With my white arms twined around thee,
And lapped on my breast so white,
Thou shalt lie, and dream of elf-land—
Its loves and its wild delight.

I will kiss thee, love, and caress thee,
As once I kissed and caressed
That dear old Kaiser Heinrich,
Who's dead now, and gone to rest.

The dead keep dead, and the living,
They live and only they.
And I am bonnie and blooming—
My heart leaps and laughs away.

Come down with me to my castle,
To my halls of the crystal sheen ;
There ladies and knights are dancing,
And the squires make merry between.

There is rustling of silken raiment,
And clinking of spurs of steel ;
The dwarfs with drum, trump, and fiddle,
And horn, make the dancers wheel.

But I'll clasp thee closely,—as closely
I clasped Kaiser Heinrich too ;
I stopped up his ears with caresses,
Whenever the trumpet blew.

"Nacht lag auf meinen Augen."

UPON my eyes lay midnight,
On my mouth a weight like lead ;
In the churchyard I was lying,
Stone-stiff in heart and head.

How long I had been sleeping
Is more than I can say ;
I awoke and heard a knocking,
As there in my shroud I lay.

"Will you not get up, dear Heinrich ?
On eternity dawns the sun ;
The dead have risen, and the rapture
Of endless bliss has begun."

I cannot get up, my darling,
I am blind as blind can be ;
The light is quenched in my eyes quite
With the tears I have wept for thee.

"I will kiss the night, I will kiss it,
My love, from thine eyes away ;
Thou shalt see the angels,—and see, too,
Heaven's gladsome and grand array."

I cannot get up, my darling,
The blood it is welling still,
Where thou to the heart didst stab me
With a word that did more than kill.

"I will lay my hand, dear Heinrich,
Oh, so softly upon thy heart,
And then it will bleed no longer,
Nor know what it is to smart."

I cannot get up, my darling—
My head, too, is bleeding, see !
I sent a bullet through it,
The day thou wert torn from me.

"I will stanch it with my tresses—
The wound that is in thy brain ;
And dam back the ebbing life-blood,
And make thy head well again !"

So soft, so sweet was the pleading,
I could not say to it, No ;
And fain would I have uprisen,
To my dear, dear love to go.

That moment my wounds burst open,
And forth like a fountain broke
The blood from my head and bosom,
And lo ! with the pang I woke !

“ Sie haben mich gequälet.”

PEOPLE have teased and vexed me,
Worried me early and late :
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate.

They drugged my glass with poison,
They poisoned the bread I ate :
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate.

But she, who has teased and vexed me,
And worried me far the most,—
She never hated me, never,
And her love I could never boast.

“ Ich wollte bei dir weilen.”

I WANTED to linger about you,
To sit by your side, but you
Were bent upon turning me out, you
Had such a deal to do.

My soul—this I vowed with much feeling—
To you and you only was bound ;
You laughed—your laugh shook the ceiling—
And made me a curtsy profound.

Still you went on tormenting and trying
My passion, but worse than all this,
You wound matters up by denying
Me even the parting kiss.

Though you treat me even worse, do not fancy,
I'll blow out my brains—no, no !
You are not the first, mistress Nancy,
By many, has used me so !

“ Sie liebten sich Beide, doch Keiner.”

THEY both were in love, but neither
The heart's sad secret told ;
They were wasting away with love's fever,
But their looks were distant and cold.

At length they were parted, and only
In dreams now and then they met ;
They had long been dead, these lovers,
But scarce were aware of it yet.

“ Ich wollt, meine Schmerzen ergössen.”

OH, would all the anguish I suffer
Might into one word be pent !
To the wayward winds then I'd give it,
To carry wherever they went.

That word, full freighted with anguish,
To thee, O my love, they should bear ;
Thou shouldst hear it every moment,
Thou shouldst hear it everywhere.

When thine eyes are closing in slumber,
'Twill be there with a spell supreme ;
And that word of mine will pursue thee,
Even into thy deepest dream.

“Mir träumte ; traurig schaute der Mond.”

I HAD a dream ; the moon looked drear,
And drearily the stars shone o'er me ;
Away to the city, where dwells my dear,
Many hundred miles it bore me.

It led me on to her home : I kissed
The stones of the stair at the door there,
Which often her tiny foot had pressed,
And the hem of her robe swept o'er there.

The night was long, the night was chill,
The chill of the stones, it shocked me ;
And a death-pale form at the window-sill,
Lit up by the moonshine, mocked me.

“Die blauen Veilchen der Aeugelein.”

THE violets blue of those eyes of thine,
The roses red of thy cheeks divine,
The lilies white of thy hands so fine,
Bloom on and on, fresh, bright, and clear—
'Tis only your heart is dried up, my dear.

“Die Welt ist so schön, und der Himmel so blau.”

THE world is so fair, and the sky so blue,
And the breezes so soft, and so balmy, too,
And the meadow flowers are so bright of hue,
And they sparkle and gleam in the morning dew,
And all men are merry and glad to view,
Yet fain would I lie in the churchyard bed,
And nestle in close by my love that's dead.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. VI.

THE Russian invasion of Bulgaria has been one of the dullest attempts at rapine that have ever occurred. In conception and intention it was unusually grand and imposing; in disregard of opinion, and in the assertion of an arbitrary will, it lacked nothing; in pretension and confidence it could not be surpassed; in the production of miseries and shame it is second to none in the world's history; but as a military expedition it has been a marvel of stupidity and incapacity, and has become a mark for ridicule. Many of us saw from the first that heavy risks had to be encountered, that failure was possible, that the enterprise was rash; but we expected that there was, at the least, a fund of knowledge, and skill, and vigour fit to cope with the difficulties of the adventure, and to command some admiration even if it should fail of success. None looked for such a humiliating disclosure as has been made before the world. The one clever stroke, the one brilliant action that should have relieved the dead level of mediocrity, where was it? Heretofore the practice of those ambitious of conquest has been to cover their offences by sparkling achievements, to dazzle the sight lest it should dwell upon the naked quality of their deeds. But Russia's wit is innocent of varnishing. It is not an epic that she is performing, but a war story for the most leaden of prose. If she did not deserve something worse she would deserve to be hissed off the stage for awkward ignorance.

The history of the war is a record of Russian blunders and incompetence. And yet there never was an invasion wherein the invader had greater need of ingenuity; for the

difficulties increased continually. Not one of those which had been originally seen to threaten but appeared determined sooner or later to become active. The greatest of them all was the hostility of Austro-Hungary, because that empire possesses, through its geographical position, the power of absolutely paralysing the invasion of Turkey. The Austro-Hungarian army may strike across the aggressor's path, cut him from his base, and force him to hurry back across the Danube that he may reopen, if possible, his communications with home. But the Austro-Hungarian Government, as the war proceeded, showed itself singularly tolerant (to say the least) of Russia's proceedings; and most observers were surprised thereat. It had, however, been apparent since the commencement of the war, that the peoples of Austria and Hungary, and especially of the latter country, were not on the side of Russia, whatever might be the leaning of the Imperial Government; and it had been a truth, though not apparent, that the people of Hungary did not acquiesce in the neutrality of their rulers, which was growing more benevolent every day. At length an unmistakable manifestation of the popular feeling in Hungary was made. A plot to invade Roumania, in a filibustering expedition, was discovered and suppressed at the end of September. Some Hungarians, finding that their Government was running counter to the national wish, organised troops, collected arms, and designed to throw themselves on the communications of the Russian army which was warring in Bulgaria. All sorts of rumours accompanied the news of

the discovery. England had furnished money to the conspirators ; which was certainly not true if said of the English Government ; Poland was in the plot ; and, no doubt, she was in the secret, though how far committed to joint action we shall probably never know. The Porte was cognisant of the coming help, and was prepared to act in concert with the volunteers ; illustrious names were published as promoting or favouring the eruption. The number of rumours was a measure of the panic which the detection of the conspiracy created. The excitement was very great—necessarily so, for no thinking person could fail to perceive that some State secrets were coming to light which might materially affect the farther action of Russia, and which were fraught with difficulties and dangers for the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The rising has been prevented, and, so far, Austria has been loyal to Russia as regards her profession of neutrality. If the invasion of Roumania had taken place in the manner proposed, there is no reason to think that it would have caused more than a temporary check to Russian operations. The scheme was not, therefore, in itself formidable. The importance of it lies in the knowledge, now publicly communicated, that there is a strong pressure on the Cabinet of Vienna to favour the Turks, and that Court convictions or prejudices may be unable to resist this pressure. We know the consequences in case the Government at Vienna should be coerced and should declare war. It is impossible to conceive anything in the shape of an impending misfortune which could be more disturbing to Russia than the knowledge that Austria may enter into the strife on the side of the Turks, and that diplomacy cannot mend the

case, because neither Russia nor Austria can conciliate the hostile spirit. There is, then, a move which is not unlikely to be made, and which, if made, would be checkmate. The Austrian Cabinet will, of course, warn the Russian whenever such a move may become inevitable ; but the warning will be but poor comfort—the remedy will be very hard to find. Thus we see, and Russia no doubt sees, that if she could conquer the Turk, and overcome all the other previously known difficulties of her position, there still may remain an insuperable bar to her final success. If she cannot struggle through her perplexities and beat the Turk, there may remain for her a stroke of evil that will enable the Turk to take his will of her. This consciousness will not help her to carry on the war with better heart. No ; as regards Russia alone, this is an immense addition to the bitter already in her cup. But there is another way of looking at this new element. If it be unqualified bitter to Russia, it may be balm for the rest of Europe. It is surely a new and strong reason why Russia should take an early opportunity of making peace, lest there come upon her a worse thing than she has as yet had to encounter or even to dread.

Another change of Turkish commanders was announced early in October—Suleiman to replace Mehemet Ali, and Reouf to succeed Suleiman. This did not look as if Suleiman's exploits in the Schipka Pass had been viewed as unfavourably at Constantinople as they had been by most foreign critics ; and it did look as if Mehemet's very cautious strategy had not been considered the right thing in the right place. There certainly may have been a chance that Suleiman's vigour and audacity might yet en-

counter the Czarewitch's army in a great battle this season. The change was made too late in the year said many of the critics; but while they said this they said also that a fourth attack upon Plevna was being prepared. Now, if it were not too late for the Russians to attack Plevna, it could hardly be too late for Suleiman to assail the Czarewitch with the view of taking the pressure off Osman.

It was an announcement, too, in the first days of October, that both Osman and Ahmed Mukhtar had for their services been raised to the supreme rank of Gazi.* None could doubt that these honours had been most nobly earned. The promotions contrast very favourably with the showers of crosses and the steps of military rank bestowed on the Russian side, or rather on the side of the allied armies; for they have been as cheap among the Roumanians as among their patrons; and we must, now that the Muscovites have condescended to the partnership, learn to speak of the invasion as maintained by allies.

The term "allies" might, if all accounts were true—and they were never contradicted—have included Serbia, if that perfidious little State had not, up to the beginning of October, refused to hear the voice of the Czar, who was said to be soliciting her to take the field once more, and making most attractive offers of reward for her services. We must not expect honourable conduct from Serbia, but she had been shrewd enough in not committing herself to another rebellion for the sake of a Power that seemed rather to be going down in the world. Montenegro has not yet

been dignified with the position of an ally, although she has been most rancorously making war on Turkey. It is difficult to see in what hope she persists in killing off her population and dissipating what little means she may possess. Her exertions and sacrifices will have been to little purpose if Turkey should come victorious out of the war, as seems now possible.

We noticed, too, soon after concluding our last Number, the arrival of General Todleben in the Russian camp before Plevna. Osman's position was to be approached with all the ceremony due to a fortress of a high class. Already it had kept the enemy at distance for two calendar months, and now it was to go through all the periods of a siege, which, considering the character of the defences, might possibly occupy two months more. Should Plevna fall now, it would have been paid for.

The long-expected Russian reinforcements were reported to have arrived at the headquarters in Bulgaria in the first week of October. Their coming gave to the troops one chance more of retrieving their honour, and many careful observers thought that it was the last chance. The fresh troops would eat as much as those whom they replaced; and they would probably strike no harder than their predecessors. There could be no use in simply repeating blunders. But perhaps these were soldiers of a higher quality. It might be that the leaders had learned something from the failures of the summer; but experience of the war had so far shown that the Turks learned much faster than they did.

* Gazi means literally and generally "one who has warred;" but it is now used in a restricted sense, and means "one who has warred for the faith." As a title it is conferred with much solemnity, and even Sultans are proud to own it. For further information as to this title the reader may refer to a letter, signed J. W. Redhouse, in the 'Daily Telegraph' of 5th October, headed "Turkish Commanders."

It would be clearly of no avail for them to acquire a certain quantity of power and skill if in the same time the Turks acquired double that quantity.

At the beginning of October accounts were rife of the preparations which were being made for sheltering and otherwise providing for the Russian army of invasion during the coming winter. Contracts had been made for all manner of supplies, including, as we were informed, an iron bridge for the Danube and a railway from Sistova to Tirnova. The inference to be drawn from these announcements is, that Russia is irrevocably determined to proceed with the war until her objects shall be obtained; and this inference may be correct. On the other hand, if Russia were now satisfied that she must speedily retreat from Turkish territory, or must make peace, she would probably make these contracts just the same, and put on every appearance before the world of being immovable in her resolve. None knows better than she the advantage of maintaining a bold front to the last. We would caution our readers, therefore, against being too much impressed by these accounts; indeed, there are so many of them, and they are so ostentatiously put forward, that there is ground for supposing that they may be intended to cover a retreat. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the Russian army can or will winter in Turkey; but should its leaders be convinced that a withdrawal is inevitable, they will take especial pains to prevent others from guessing that such is their conviction.

When the great attack on Plevna failed in September, as the former ones had failed in July, the Russians were once more benumbed, and for weeks were able to do

nothing but keep up an artillery-fire. They did not, on this second occasion, retreat from the scene of their discomfiture as Krüdener's force had done; but they lay motionless, unable to attempt anything further—spell-bound, like the evil spirits around Paradise, by desire of an abode which they were unable to enter. There is some reason to believe that they had hopes that Osman's provisions or ammunition, or both, would be exhausted, and that he would, in consequence, be obliged to evacuate the place. But they had never effectively invested Plevna; and the Turks, who got a little sharper after every action, took advantage of the defective *cordon* and got in both men and supplies. Chefket Pasha, marching from the south, brought a large convoy as far as Orchanie, where he was in sufficient force to defy the enemy's detachments. From thence he sent on a large train of waggons escorted by a force of some twelve thousand men, which fought its way to the neighbourhood of Plevna, where it was met by part of the garrison, and whence the combined force with all the stores made a successful advance and arrived safely within the lines. Once more the allies were foiled, and it seemed likely now that they might themselves be straitened for supplies before Osman's garrison would be so. They now proceeded to open trenches against some of the forts, trusting that they might crown the works by sap, and so avoid the dreadful carnage which had attended previous attempts to assail them across the open. It may not be out of place to state that a sap is a trench constructed in such a manner that the workmen are to a great extent protected from the enemy's fire while making it, and so directed that, when made, it affords a shelter-

ed way towards, and even into, the work attacked. The leading sappers push before them a musket-proof shield of some kind, and excavate the ground, throwing up the earth for a screen. They thus begin a covered-way with a very narrow front, which way is made wider and deeper by other hands who immediately follow them. The process of sapping is necessarily slow; and a besieger who trusts to it for the attainment of his object, should be sure that he will be for some time free from interruption. Rains and frosts interfere vexatiously with trench-work, and it is at all times liable to be levelled by sorties of the besieged. From the days of Vauban down to those of rifled and breech-loading firearms, it was a military maxim that the attack was superior to the defence—that the besieging force (provided that it was of a certain strength in proportion to that of the garrison to be besieged, and that it was supplied with the requisite armaments and stores) might calculate upon being masters of a fortress within a given time, according to the strength of the place. The superiority was chiefly due to the invention of a hopping fire, by which a ball was ingeniously pitched over the parapet at an angle in the works, made to graze on the long platform on which guns and men would be in position, then to bound and graze again, and so on, until either its force should be expended, or it should be arrested by a mound of earth or some other obstacle. This fire was most effectual in dismounting guns and destroying the defenders; and batteries made on the prolongations of lines of defence

could so apply it as to materially assist the force that might be working directly upon those lines. Artillery, then, was the great arm on both sides. Of course the old musket played its part in all sieges; but it could not reach the besieger until he had advanced to within two hundred yards of the place; and when it did enter into the contest, it was so uncertain in its fire, and it took so long a time to load,* that, though it could seriously molest and punish the besieger in some of his operations, it was not looked upon as likely to save the place from falling after the prescribed detail of attack had been accomplished. But the events of late years, and especially the fighting at Plevna and in the Schipka Pass, have opened quite a new comparison between the defence and the attack, due of course to the breech-loading rifle. It seems no longer a matter of certainty that the assailant will make his way into a fortress even after he may have sapped up to the covered-way and across the ditch, and after he has made practicable breaches in the walls. The superiority of the attack seemed, after Gazi Osman's achievements in July and September, to be no longer assured; and it became a most interesting speculation whether the saps said to be in progress could make way in the face of Osman's vigilant fusiliers, or whether, even supposing that a lodgment were made on the crest of the glacis of one of the forts, a rush by open force, or an advance by sap, could from thence be effected into the interior of the work.† It was hard to suppose that the Turks, who knew so well how to

* To obviate the loss of time in loading, it was usual to have two or three loaded muskets convenient to each man's hand, when a necessity for a rapid fire was foreseen.

† Just before going to press we read of the Roumanian repulse from the work which they had approached by sap.

with their adversaries with sheets of fire, were going to quietly allow saps to be pushed right up to their intrenchments.

A week of October had passed. The Russians lingered, as it were, before Plevna, uncertain what to do with regard to it. There were rumours of their headquarters retiring to the bank of the river as if meditating a withdrawal into Roumania, when, as has been often the case during this strife, news came suddenly from another theatre of war and diverted attention to a new direction. Gazi Ahmed Mukhtar, whose active operations we had supposed to be at an end for the season, reported a victory in Asia, and further accounts made this appear to be a substantial advantage. The Muscovites, it would seem, having been well reinforced, determined to try their fortune once again before the elements forced them from the field, and made a rather determined attack upon the Turkish position. The time for using a victory in this region seemed to have passed, and winter quarters might have been expected to be more in their thoughts; but they may have hoped to wipe out the memory of their disasters, and to wind up the campaign with an action that would redound to their credit. The attack, commanded by the Grand Duke Michael in person, was made along the whole line with great impetuosity. The fighting continued through the 2d, 3d, and 4th October. The aim of the Russians probably was to separate Mukhtar from Kars, and from communication with Turkish territory generally, and to force him back upon Transcaucasia. Early in the action the Russian right drove the Turks

from the hill of Great Yanilar back upon Little Yanilar, but failed to dislodge them from the latter position after many hours' fighting, reinforcements having come promptly up to the over-matched Turkish left. The centre was kept engaged by an artillery-fire, to which the Turks replied; but the main attack seems to have been on the right, where, at one time, the Turkish position was turned. If the Russians could have held and improved their advantage, the object of the attack would have been attained; but they could not. The Turks soon rectified the impending evil on their flank and drove back the Russians. Night interrupted the engagement, which was only partially renewed on the 3d. But on the 4th* the Turks pressed upon the Russians and drove them back a long distance on the Russian left. On the same day also the Russians, for some reason, retired from Great Yanilar—the Turks claim to have driven them back; the Russians affirm they withdrew because of the scarcity of water in their new position: whatever was the cause of their withdrawal, they doubtless did retreat, and thus the attack was a failure along the whole line. It is believed that the Russian loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was 10,000 men in this action—a huge price to pay for a profitless attempt! Gazi Ahmed Mukhtar, having got the upper hand in Asia, evidently intended to keep it. It is unfortunate for the generals in Armenia that a contest of so much more absorbing interest should be going on in Europe. But for this, our interest in the Asiatic war would be very great. Though eclipsed for the

* The accounts of this battle were conflicting and confused as to details. It is not certain whether it began on the 2d or the 3d October, or whether it lasted two or three days. We adopt what seems the best-supported account.

moment, its events are of great importance, as will appear whenever the time for a settlement may come. Meantime our readers should by no means look upon these actions as secondary events.

A few days after Suleiman's appointment to his new command we read of a reinforcement having been sent to the Czarewitch from before Plevna, of the Czar being about to move his headquarters to Sistova, and of the Servian Government having made profession at Constantinople of peaceful intentions. These things came of an active general's advent, before he had shown himself, and thereby two things were proved: 1st, That it is of the greatest advantage to the Turks to make demonstrations and to alarm the enemy as much as possible in regard to his many weak points; 2d, That the Russian strategy is short-sighted and without resources.

As to the first proposition, those who have scanned the events of the war will have perceived that the least *contretemps* has constantly sufficed to upset the plans of the Russian commanders. The revolt in the Caucasus and the rising of some Kurds caused the first scare in Asia and led to the retrograde movement from before Erzeroum. A reported landing of the Turks in Roumania caused the Russians to hurry back troops for the protection of their magazines, to the great detriment of the war in Bulgaria. The discovery of the Hungarian conspiracy created terror at Bucharest, and a cry arose for a return of at least the Roumanian army from the scene of war. These scares might undoubtedly be multiplied if the Turks would work upon the terrors of the allies. In regard to the second proposition, none of the possible mischances on which the Turks could create alarms, could have

much disturbed a provident and an able foe. Such a one would have looked to all these weak points before setting out (if he had set out at all in such circumstances), and have had a parry ready in case a thrust should be made in the direction of any flaw in his armour. He would never allow it to be seen how disconcerted he might be by any of the ordinary devices of war.

Towards the middle of October a great change was noticeable in the tone of many of the Continental newspapers. They did not hesitate to speak of Russia as having descended to the level of a second-rate Power—indeed, after having for long persisted in crediting her with an ability which she did not possess, they took suddenly to trampling upon her, as it were, rather more than her disasters warranted. Their disparaging remarks may all hereafter prove applicable. In the meantime, the loss of respect all over Europe which the style of these indicates must be a bitter humiliation, but it may also be a salutary admonition. It, at any rate, shows the direction in which opinion is tending, and the gulf towards which persistence in her error is drawing her. It is not yet too late to escape all the worst consequences of this ill-advised invasion, although it is too late to avoid a temporary loss of reputation. Russia does not, however, bear the character of being a reckless gambler who will go blindly forward to destruction, taking no heed of the preaching of events. She has staked and lost; but not more, probably, than she can bear to lose: there is no sense in following this up and setting her life upon a cast. Besides injuring herself, she is taking from the States of Europe whatever little influence they might still be able to exert in rectifying the evils of

Turkish rule. She has whitewashed the Turk—brought him out in the character of a patriot and a brave soldier, instead of an oppressor and an imbecile, and she will surely not add to her mistake by letting him appear as a conqueror! If she could bring herself to acknowledge that she has been a little too forward in seeking to deal with him in her off-hand way, and if she would once more relegate him to the slower but more efficacious discipline of European opinion, things would probably go better for her, for him, and for the cause for which she professes to be in arms. That cause is ours as much as hers, with this difference, that we have never attempted to make any selfish profit out of it. It is possible that Judas might really have passed for a friend of the poor, had it not been too well known that he was a thief!

In the absence of military operations correspondents began now to write about the weather, the privations to which the allied troops were exposed, and the fearful sickness and mortality which were weakening them. About the severity of the frosts and rains in Bulgaria we have not the least doubt; but we cannot believe that Russia has sent out her troops to encounter such weather without proper winter shoes, without warm clothing, and without the ordinary camp shelter. When, a few weeks ago, we used to read of Mehemet Ali Pasha's successful engagements, his booty often included a quantity of Russian great-coats—which showed that in some directions provision was being made. There may be instances where the wants of the troops have been neglected; but it is hardly likely that a nation such as Russia would do a thing so suicidal as to expose

her troops without the simple precaution of covering them properly. There is plenty of real suffering, and we have not the least need of exaggerations to make a pitiful picture. That the sick and wounded cannot be properly accommodated, we can quite believe. Everything points to the conclusion that a campaign of a very different kind was expected; and it is highly probable that hospital accommodation is lamentably deficient. Then we have the fact that, owing to bad roads and scarcity of transport, the supplies have never, at the best of times, been very profuse; and now that we hear frequently of broken bridges and impassable causeways, it is quite conceivable that rations may in some kinds run short. Clearly, things are not yet past bearing; but this is only the beginning of the end, and what may not the state of the allied army become after a few weeks of winter weather! Strange to say, the Roumanians are credited with a better commissariat than the Russians; and their hospital provision is also said to be superior. As these departments cannot have been organised at a word, praise is due to the Roumanians for their efficiency. How the discipline of the troops has hitherto been maintained is a mystery. Inaction, bad leading, reverses, and hardships might have been looked for to loosen it ere this. Certainly it cannot be expected to survive long when the circumstances adverse to it shall have increased. These are not seasoned troops who have learned to make the field their home, but inexperienced levies who must be cared for if they are not to rebel or disappear.

General Gourko, the hero of the Balkans, set off with a strong force from the neighbourhood of Sistova,

with the intention, as he stated, of making for Sophia; but his errand was supposed to be to cut off Gazi Osman's communications with the south. On the same day when this was announced, we read that Chefket Pasha, having advanced from Orhanie, had effected a junction with the garrison of Plevna. It was not clear whether or not the whole of an immense train of supplies which he had escorted for the greater part of its march, had or had not entered Osman's lines. It had been delayed at the bank of a river, the bridge over which had been broken down by the enemy, and could not immediately be repaired owing to the inclement weather. If not arrived at Plevna, the supply-train was considered to be in a place of safety. The roads were reported to be free of Russians in all directions, and thus General Gourko's expedition would seem to have started just in time to be too late. This junction of Chefket looked like a very serious event; because Osman, with this reinforcement, might be very little inferior in strength to the army in his front, and it was now quite a possibility that he might take the offensive. If he should not do so at once he would be able to act with fearful effect whenever the Russians should be compelled to rise from before Plevna; and it was now in a high degree probable that they would have to rise before long.

We were kept very much in the dark regarding the strength of the Turkish forces and their means of recruiting; but it is reasonable to suppose that the successes of the autumn would incline many Muslims to join the standards. The dispossessed Mohammedans of Bulgaria would probably take service to a man, and the Abkasians and other Circassians must have been

only too glad to enlist. We remember, too, that this is a holy war against the Giaour, and conclude that great numbers of the Faithful will be inclined to take part in it, especially while the armies of Islam are victorious. If this be so, it furnishes yet another reason why Russia should not wait in Bulgaria till she becomes entangled, or her retreat is impeded, because a fearful retribution may await her if from any cause the Turks should get unmistakably the upper hand. After all the bad passions which have been awakened, and for which Russia herself is mainly responsible, it is not certain that capitulations would be possible. We do not care to dwell on the subject; but it is so serious as to make every reflecting person desire that the Russian army should withdraw to the left bank of the Danube while retreat is comparatively safe. What would they surrender by leaving Bulgaria now? can any one tell? No; but it is easy to say what they might avert.

Notwithstanding the fanaticism of the Turks, and the certainty that they are all of one mind about resisting the invasion, they present the inconsistency of letting their domestic jealousies stand in the light of their patriotism. Mehemet Ali's generals, we are told, were not all as loyal and devoted as they might have been. Some of them, supported by back-stairs influence, were thwarting him, and so hampering his movements as to cause that backwardness at which we were all so surprised during the latter days of his command, when a bolder strategy might have had the effect of relieving Plevna. His chief of the staff and Ahmet Eyoub Pasha have been relieved, and sent to Constantinople to answer for their obstructiveness. It is well

to make these wilful officers understand that their personal jealousies and plans must give way when the public weal requires it; but, probably, faults like theirs are too common, and private feelings are too much indulged throughout the length and breadth of the land, to allow of their sin being very severely punished. Independently of that consideration, we are not disposed to condemn as decidedly as some have done the practice of removing unsuccessful commanders and lieutenants. In an army like that of the Sultan, in which officers have formerly had so few chances of showing what they were worth, it is the only way to get at able men. It is what the Northern Americans did in their civil war, and it brought them at last capable leaders and success. Mehemet Ali Pasha was a decided improvement upon Abdul Kerim Pasha; and probably Suleiman Pasha, if not a great general, may prove himself to be fitter for the post than Mehemet Ali. Reouf Pasha behaved very well in the Balkans in August, and it seems a very proper arrangement that he should have back his old command. With such a warlike population as Turkey is now found to own, she ought to be able to face any enemy in the gate; and it is to be hoped that the replacement of incapable officers may be carried much farther down than it yet has been, so that their splendid material may be worked up to its best. It is imperative, too, if the army is to be efficient, that there should be a thorough reform in the civil service. The incubus which it was impossible to shake off under a blunter stimulus may be exorcised by the fearful danger which has been encountered, and by the knowledge of the fell designs against Turkey entertained by her persistent enemy. If Russia can

be thus nonplussed by the Turks, such as this war found them, what chance could she have against them in the field, if they were properly organised, supplied, and commanded? Ugly and venomous as this adversity undoubtedly is, it probably holds for Turkey a precious jewel which no other dispensation could have brought to her.

It is greatly to the credit of the Porte that the new constitution, such as it is, has been allowed to live on through all the hurly-burly of the war. There was ample opportunity for putting it aside, and consigning it to oblivion, if the Government had been so minded. This is a proof that the infidel intends to keep faith with Europe, notwithstanding the difficulties and stumbling-blocks which the Powers have allowed to be thrust in his way. When the Turkish Parliament shall again assemble, the event ought not to pass without some approving notice from the more liberal Governments. That is much more likely than foreign armies to work out the improved rule which we all desire to see in the Turkish provinces. It will, after a time, place Turkey immeasurably before Russia as a civilised State, and cause her, if anything can, to be accepted as a member of the European family. We write this with a full recollection of all the difficult qualities which have been ascribed to the Turk and his religion. But it is much to be suspected that the conventional Turk, the "stock" Turk familiar to Western minds, is an altogether fictitious being. We are compelled at length to acknowledge the wrong that we did him in many essential respects; and it will be well that, before we make speculations which rest upon his character, we should revise our whole idea of him, and try to know him as he is.

It is very questionable whether he would have set himself against the general wish and conscience of Europe, if he had not known that Europe was acting more or less in the interest of his inveterate foe. Europe speaking with its own voice, and Europe as the mouthpiece of Russian greed, are two very different things. We have yet to see how he will demean himself towards Europe, after Russian insolence shall have received a check. If he shall have learned to disregard the vampire who has so long thirsted for his blood, and to respect himself—and this war may teach him to do both—he may prove a much more accommodating person than he has hitherto appeared.

On the 13th October all accounts concurred in representing the affairs of the allied army as far more gloomy than they had ever seemed before. The most persistent believers in Russian success owned to a slight faltering in their faith. A few days of bad weather, like the fire upon sympathetic ink, had brought suddenly into prominent view many defects and disabilities which were partially kept out of sight during the brighter months. It is in war, sometimes, as in ways of living—imprudences and neglects which have really a fatal tendency do not force general attention until they have resulted in incurable disease; yet observant physicians have known, even while the appearance of health and strength was most specious, what the end must be. And the same pages which told of the deepening gloom in the field, recounted also how a band of 1500 Hungarians had actually made an irruption into Lower Wallachia. The expedition itself could be regarded as little more than an explosion of violent

feeling. It had no appearance of being well designed, of being able to maintain itself, or of being formidable to the allies. And yet it was an incident of great importance, and might have proved to affect the duration of the war. There have been many rumours lately of the Roumanians being rather sick of the campaign. If so, here was an excellent excuse for the Roumanian contingent to return home. Their own land had been invaded, and self-interest, as well as the interest of Russia, required that such invasions should be emphatically discouraged. The incident had happened at a most inconvenient time, it is true; but that is generally the way with evils whose long-continued threatenings have been persistently disregarded. At whatever cost, it must be repelled, and its repetition guarded against. But that was not all that it portended. It showed that the disposition of Hungary to take active part in the war was more pronounced and more widespread than was imagined; also, that peace between the allies and Turkey was almost as necessary to Austria as to Russia. It became now a by no means absurd supposition that one of the three loving Emperors might say to another, "I have not the slightest wish to interfere with your designs; but if you do not speedily withdraw into your own dominions, I shall have to choose between falling on your flank and facing a civil war at home. For God's sake, don't drive me to either alternative!" What is Russia to say in reply to such an appeal?

Amid the records of all these troubles, we met with little paragraphs affirming the designs of the allies to attack Silistria or Rustchuk, or both. Possession of a fortress or two, it now came to be admitted,

was necessary to a winter occupation of Bulgaria. Fortresses were evidently rising in estimation. It would have been well for the invader if he had paid a little respect to them before. Her fortresses have this year saved Turkey from a foreign conquest; and the lesson regarding them, taught by the events of this campaign, is one worth laying to heart. That the progress of nations alters the conditions of warfare, is an axiom which few would deny. But there are always in the world rash and impatient spirits who go ahead much faster than nations do, and wax prematurely severe upon everything that is not new. Fortresses, which happen to be rather old-fashioned, have lately had their turn of this withering contempt. Modern *vis*, modern energy, modern genius, were not to be impeded by these old-world devices. And yet the Turkish fortresses have vindicated the sagacity of their constructors against the sneers of some of our rapid paper generals. Beyond all question, the importance of permanent fortifications has not diminished in consequence of the advance of science and art. What we wrote above of the increased power of the defence over the attack, is an argument which enhances rather than detracts from the value of strong places of arms. Turkey will do well, whenever she may have the means, to augment her works of defence in both number and magnitude. The old fortresses, erected in days when thirty or forty thousand men were a great army, are dwarfed by the hundreds of thousands who nowadays take the field on either side. A mere detachment from such an army can neutralise a fortress whose garrison is fifteen or twenty thousand, and pass on to its objective point. Therefore a modern fortress should

be capable of containing a garrison more in proportion to a modern army.

It might be imagined that Russia had already enough on her hands, and that neither Silistria nor Rustchuk was likely to be molested at present. The very ominous news that the bridges were beginning to give way before the rising Danube, furnished another hint of the business with which the allied army had really to occupy itself. Such great accidents, happening on the open river, cannot be concealed; but fresh restrictions now imposed upon correspondents and other visitors to the allied camps seemed to intimate that there was a good deal to be seen there which it would not be profitable to tell of. There is, however, always the possibility that these restrictions are made for purely military reasons; and therefore we must be on our guard against making wrong inferences from them. But we were assured that the transport was failing on both banks of the Danube, and also that forage was very scarce in the allied army. A new destination was now reported for General Gourko's force—he was to relieve the troops in the Schipka Pass. The story of his marching on Sophia was intended to deceive the enemy as to his real object; and thus it would have been very strange if Chefket had found him on the communications south and west of Plevna.

The total destruction of another Turkish ironclad by torpedoes was on the 13th reported to have occurred near Sulina. From the short accounts transmitted, it would seem that a Russian gunboat had decoyed the vessel on to the danger, and that the infernal machines, which had been accurately laid, exploded at the right time, so as to produce complete demolition. The Turkish navy has certainly failed to render

the assistance which might have been expected from it in this war. Such a powerful fleet ought to have kept the enemy's coasts in continual alarm, and to have picked up every hostile craft that could show on the Black Sea. As it is, weeks often elapse without record of any maritime operation; and when we do hear of the ships, it is often because they have blundered into some disaster like this at Sulina. Some Russian floating-batteries seem to have made a desert of Sulina, spite of what the Turks could do from the shore or from the sea. This is very discreditable to the Turks; the only remark that can be made on their behalf is, that their towns are not so frequently molested as was the case three months ago.

The Hungarian raid which had been so circumstantially announced, was, a few days later, stated to be a mere fiction invented by the Roumanians themselves. It certainly seemed to have been adopted by the Roumanian Government. Before the Roumanians were accused of the fabrication, there had been statements to the effect that it had been an exaggeration or a mistake. It is really unimportant whether the adventure took place or not. It derived its gravity from the general feeling in Hungary, on which (if a falsehood) it was based. There is no doubt about that feeling, whatever doubt there may be about the raid.

On 17th October we learned that the redoubt at Plevna, towards which the Roumanians had been pushing their trenches, had been disarmed by the garrison—the telegram adding that the allies feared that it might have been countermined, and hesitated about entering it. If it be true that the work has been abandoned, we may feel sure that Osman does not consider

that the possession of it will be a serious advantage to the allies. If so, the latter have been expending their labour upon an object of minor importance, and, by consequence, withholding it from other works which might have been better worth prosecuting. This little field-work had occupied a besieger some three or four weeks, and many a permanent fortress has not done so much. As to counter-mines, it was rather late in the day to think of them, after the trenches had been pushed close up to the work. The besieger ought to have made subterranean galleries as he went along, to feel for these very ordinary resorts of a besieged work. If he has neglected to do this, he must either do it now at a considerable expense of time, or take possession, and run the risk of what may happen.

It should be mentioned, too, that about this time there were reports flying about, but not traceable to any source that could be relied on, to the effect that the garrison of Plevna was reduced to very grievous straits, and was suffering greatly from want of provisions, shelter, clothing, and ammunition. If this report were true, or even founded on fact, it followed that the account of Chefket's two different introductions of plentiful stores, and his own official telegram announcing his success, were untrue. Now the Russian telegrams virtually corroborated the news of Chefket's first relief, thereby doing away with the idea that absolute destitution existed, and leaving much ground for supposing that the second relief (reported through the same channels as the first) did take place. Now that we have the evidence of so few eye-witnesses, and when the two sides issue accounts of the same matter which vary essentially, it is necessary to be guarded in accepting news.

There was another report, not contradicted, to the effect that the Turks had captured a very large quantity of sheep and some 5000 oxen from the enemy—a very serious loss to the latter under present circumstances.

Notwithstanding the advanced season of the year, the armies in Armenia seemed to be more active this month than those in Europe. A second battle was said to have taken place on the frontier on the 15th. The Russians claimed to have gained a victory, to have taken a great number of prisoners, and to have opened the way to Kars, but there was as yet no admission from the Turkish commander that he had lost the battle. The failure of the Asiatic attack in the summer is a thing for which we Britons have much reason to be thankful. Had the invader got to Erzeroum, we might, in spite of our wishes, have been dragged into the war for interests as to which the other Powers of Europe would scarcely have sympathised with us. That danger does not threaten now. We cannot imagine that the Czar can nourish the hope of speedily owning a Mediterranean port. He is fighting now in Asia, probably for the purpose of postponing revolts in the Caucasus and Transcaucasia. These might be expected to break out immediately if he should become inactive, or take any step that could look like a confession of failure. We hope to receive more distinct news of what has befallen Gazi Mukhtar before we go to press.

Another attempt has been reported of the Turks to get across the Danube. This time it was near Kalarasch. It was repelled, as former attempts had been, but the Turks are certainly right in creating alarms of this kind. The transport, and especially the river transport, of

the Russian army, is becoming such an anxious matter that it is easy to raise frights concerning it, and these frights cannot but distract the troops and interfere with the plans of the leaders. We should have thought that not only crossings might have been threatened, but that boats might have been kept continually moving on the stream, to give an idea that some offensive movement was in contemplation. It is astonishing that, with the rising stream of the river, heavy weights are not floated down to strike and press on the bridges.

On the 18th October we learned that the weather had once more become fair in Bulgaria, and that active operations would recall our attention towards that unhappy region again before winter. A general impression seemed to prevail that Suleiman Pasha meditated a grand attack on the position of the Czarewitch,—whence derived we know not. Suleiman's conduct in the Schipka Pass showed clearly enough that he can fight desperately when he chooses; but this was no proof that he would be always fighting wherever he might be. It was to be hoped that, if he should find a defensive attitude more likely to lead to ultimate success than an aggressive one, he would adopt the former. But he was undoubtedly right in reconnoitring actively, and in personally ascertaining the circumstances of the campaign in order that he might arrive at a right decision. A quick and ready general, even though he might deem it prudent to refrain from a decisive battle, would nevertheless be of great service to the Turkish cause in Bulgaria. Mehemet Ali's operations, however discreet and regular, were such as the enemy might understand and always be prepared for. Something original—a strategy

that could harass the enemy by surprises, and keep him for ever in uncertainty and alarm, although departing sometimes from rigid regularity—would be an improvement on this. But Suleiman would soon let us see what he had been meditating.

The same return of fine weather revived the expectation that something brisker than mere spade-and-pickaxe work would yet be attempted on the long-threatened Plevna. Artillery-fire had recommenced from the batteries of the allies. There were many reasons why another attack should be made this autumn; not that the probability of success seemed very great, but because some move that should lead to either the possession of the place or to a raising of the siege was manifestly desirable. The plan of attacking by regular approaches might possibly have proved too slow and cumbersome in regard to the circumstances of the war. And we must not omit to state here that reports seemed to multiply of discontent and suffering in Gazi Osman's garrison. They were reports hard to believe in face of the evidence of supplies and reinforcements sent and brought up by Chefket, and might certainly have been merely

"A thing devised by the enemy,"

whose purpose a belief in them would have suited admirably. But they were reiterated, so that it would have been wrong to close the understanding against the possibility that the Russians might have information of a failure in the spirit of Osman's army. If such information were correct, it was sufficient to justify a new hope that Plevna might now be ready to fall. If the Turk had begun with a burst of energy and vigour, we might not have been surprised to find that it

was mere froth on the cup, and that there were but sorry dregs beneath. But, in sooth, he showed nothing like wanton effervescence; he kept his valour well in store for serious work, and he will cruelly disappoint opinion if, after all, his courage or his endurance should fail.

We have been exceedingly slow to believe the different accounts of plots discovered and punished in Russia, and we would not now assume that any particular plot ever existed as we have seen it described. At the same time, plots are so constantly reported, as to leave a conviction that disaffection exists to a very dangerous extent. With some the war is unpopular; and some, always restless and rebellious, take advantage of the absence of the troops to promote sedition. The reports are worthy of note, as illustrating one of the many risks at which the Russian Government is prosecuting the war. If one mine should explode, a legion of mines may be found to have been charged, and the end of such accidents no soul can foresee. We write this after reading the intelligence that it had been intended by some conspirators to seize a Government dockyard. The Czar's proclamation to the Poles is a proof that the minds of the rulers are not easy about that unfortunate people.

By the 19th October all doubt was dispelled as to the general result of the battle in Armenia, which occurred on the 15th. Some obscurity still remained as to details, but there could be no longer question that Gazi Mukhtar had sustained a most serious defeat. He was attacked by the Grand Duke Michael with a force outnumbering the Turkish army in the proportion of two to one. The key of Mukhtar's position is stated to have been the Awlias hill, which he had fortified. His right was on the Aladja Dag,

and his left at or near the heights of Orlok. His army covered, it is said, a large extent of ground, and so was but loosely linked, and was unable to offer a strong resistance at any one point. On the 14th the Russian right wing under General Lazareff, either by manœuvring or as the result of a combat, occupied the Orlok heights; but its commander, not feeling secure in his position, telegraphed to the Grand Duke for support. The latter, probably having observed how Mukhtar's army was weakened by being extended, and seeing that one wing was already held in check, and indeed to some extent turned, by Lazareff's operations of the day before, determined to give the required assistance by making an attack along the whole line, which his superior numbers enabled him to do with great effect. He accordingly opened a tremendous artillery-fire upon the intrenched position on the heights of Awlias, while his left advanced against the Turkish battalions on the Aladja. Mukhtar reinforced the defenders of the Awlias and tried to make it sure, but was unable to do so. The enemy, after a heavy cannonade, stormed the works on the hill and carried it after four hours' fighting, completely beating back the Turks, who, with those taken in reverse by Lazareff, had to commence a hurried retreat. The Russians, pouring past the Awlias, entirely separated the beaten Turks from their right wing, and were active enough to pursue them vigorously. Meanwhile the corps on the Aladja, after gallantly holding its ground for long after the battle had ceased elsewhere, was finally compelled to retreat heavily overpowered. According to Russian accounts, it surrendered at last; but this point is not quite ascertained. Surrendered or not, it was

badly routed, and retired in no condition to confront the enemy for the present. The remainder of the beaten army would seem to have fallen back towards Kars under Ahmed Mukhtar, in what order was not as yet ascertainable. The camp on the Aladja was captured, and with it thirty-two pieces of artillery, and an immense quantity of tents, ammunition, and provisions. The defeated army is thought to have amounted, before the battle, to some 35,000 men, and the victors to about 70,000.

The victory was the first, and only, important one that the Russians had enjoyed throughout the war. To what extent they could improve it at this season was very uncertain in the absence of further information. Six weeks ago it would undoubtedly have enabled them once more to prosecute their advance upon Erzeroum; but according to the best opinions that we have been able to collect, it is now too late for such an expedition. If this be so, Mukhtar has done good service by holding his ground so long even as he has done. To the Czar and to his troops in Bulgaria the victory brought gratification of a kind to which they had long been strangers. Their joy seems to have been overflowing, and they lost no time in informing their friends of the wonderful thing which their army in the East had done. It is possible that their magnification of the victory may have a better explanation than vainglory and boasting. How if the Czar should resort to all this trumpeting to make his triumph appear as the long-awaited for "great victory" which was to reburnish his tarnished honour, and make him ready, in his great magnanimity, to offer terms of peace! It would be the wisest act of his since he declared war, if he should so turn this victory to account.

Meanwhile, let us say that the Russian tactics in this engagement seem to have been much above those which they have generally used, and that the battle was ably fought and won. Considering the difference in strength of the opposing armies, no particular skill or courage was required to win after the action was once brought about: but to attack with overwhelming force is always a general's aim; he must leave nothing to chance out of a chivalrous inclination to fight the enemy on equal terms.

As regarded Gazi Mukhtar, this must have been a crushing defeat, taking the very mildest view of what had happened to him. He had lost half his army, and stores to a ruinous amount. The degree of his reverse will depend on the condition in which he was able to draw off the shattered battalions that still rally round his standards. Should they not be very badly demoralised he may, in a short time, be in a position to make head once more against the enemy. But if, as is to be feared, his men are dispersed and dejected, he may not be able to take the field again this year. Unquestionably, the Gazi made a mistake in allowing himself to be brought to action at such disadvantage. There was little except glory to be gained by fighting, and, as has been proved, there was a great deal to be lost by it. He had the means of knowing, and he probably did know, how vastly superior the enemy was in numbers, and he ought to have manoeuvred and avoided a general engagement. The fault proceeded, no doubt, from the uninterrupted success which he had enjoyed for several months leading to that not uncommon mistake of undervaluing an often-beaten enemy, and tempting fortune by reckless daring. In his own telegram he spoke of preparing for revenge,

which did not look as if he was giving way to despair. Later telegrams spoke of his right wing as not having surrendered, and as having, since the battle, cut its way through the enemy's lines. If the remains of the army only remember at what a low ebb their affairs were in June, they need not despair of recovering from this defeat, damaging though it has been. If Ismail, whom he has called in, be able to join Mukhtar speedily, that will at once be a support. He has plenty of victories to score against this misfortune, and the lesson has probably been given at a time when the enemy can derive only partial advantage from it. Should the Porte be able to make any troops at all disposable, it can send them to Trebizond by sea with rapidity. The effects of abandoning the Caucasians are being felt in this reverse. Hard pressed as the Government was in August, it would have been well, at a heavy price of self-denial, to have kept that ulcer festering. A trouble in his rear, which he cannot gauge, is as a millstone about the neck of a military commander.

If the next move is to be a repetition of the siege of Kars, the Russians ought to have a tedious prospect before them. The fortress has been strengthened and in other ways provided, and will probably be for the next six months a pleasanter place than a besieger's camp outside. In estimating the chances of a Russian force passing Kars and advancing towards Erzeroum, we must remember how very difficult it was to move and provision an army along those roads in the height of summer, and then judge what sort of thing the transport service in that region must be at the end of October.

The latest intelligence that reaches us before going to press gives

good hope that much of what was Mukhtar's right wing still keeps the field under Rachid Pasha; also that Ismail was making his retreat in good order. We hear, too, of the Porte making great efforts to despatch troops to cover Erzeroum. His defeat, though bad enough for Mukhtar, has not, then, made his enemy's path so straight as some were ready to imagine.

Also, it stands recorded that a partial attack had, on the 19th October, been made on the works at Plevna. The Roumanians, from their trenches, delivered an assault on the redoubt next the Grivitza, while at the same time a Russian attempt was tried on some of the works to the eastward. The allies had no success in either quarter. As the last accounts which we saw stood, the attack to the east was auxiliary to that on the central redoubt. The Roumanians were engaged in the latter, it appears, for an hour, at the end of which time they were expelled with the loss of over a thousand killed and wounded. Another account affirms that the Roumanians held the redoubt for a time, but were expelled in the night. All accounts agree in saying that they were beaten back; and a general impression prevailed that worse remained behind than what we had been allowed to know of the disaster. A correspondent of the 'Standard,' who had been in Plevna, and who had left the place two days before the allies attacked, has given the eye-witness's account (so much desired) of the state of things within the lines. In no respect does he confirm the reports of want or suffering; and he asserts that as many as 20,000 Turks are on the road between Plevna and Sophia; that the latter is being fortified, just as the former is; and that the arrangements for securing communication are excellent. When it

is added that 7000 Turks are marching from Reouf's force towards Orchanie, and that Russian reinforcements are still coming up through Bucharest, we shall have given the sum of our information up to the eve of publication.

We have more than once of late expressed a hope that peace might not be far off. And we have the happiness of feeling more and more hopeful as the months roll on. It becomes clearer every day that Russia has no chance of acquiring territory, or of dictating to the Turk in this campaign; but we are continually told that if she does not succeed in this she will certainly have another, and another still,—as if she had only to persist, and at last attain the fruition of all that she has been longing and toiling for. But is there the least reason for supposing that Russia may next year, or the year after that, be able to make war more vigorously than she can do now? She has brought into use, and to some extent expended, her great stores and munitions of war; she is not likely to be better equipped hereafter, but rather the contrary, for her means are greatly exhausted. She has already brought the flower of her army into the field, and done literally nothing with it. When she calls out more troops, they will scarcely be of better quality than those whom she is so rapidly destroying. It is not probable that there is any hidden military talent at home which will blaze out in another year and atone for the decidedly limited, if not modest, capacity of the extant commanders. Her financial credit does not seem to be rising more than her military renown. There remains, of course, the possibility that in time the Turk may be worn out, and unable to continue the war from sheer exhaustion. But the Turk is at home, and the game of endurance

will be far easier to him than to his enemy. During the six months that the war has lasted, the fighting ability of the Turk has very perceptibly improved in many respects, and it seems likely to improve still farther. The tiring-out plan is a very frail reed for Russia or her like to lean upon. On the whole, we fail to see what reasonable expectation there can be of Russia cutting a better figure as a belligerent in the immediate future than in the barren present; but we can understand a reasonable apprehension that another year of blundering may accumulate disasters on her head, and that instead of mere failure and exposure as now, she may encounter defeat and ruin. So plain are these considerations, that from them arises a great probability that the war will not be persisted in by Russia; and, if she should choose to withdraw from the useless, and worse than useless, contest, the result, it may be presumed, would be peace, for Turkey, if rid of the invader, would scarcely follow him into his own land.

Russia, then, it may be confidently stated, is working upon herself the will of those who desire to see her pride subdued and her ambition curbed. There was, surely, no need of any European nation going to war with her when she was so intent upon punishing herself. And herein is exemplified the great discretion shown by the English Ministry in taking up the position which it has all along occupied in regard to the Eastern dispute. It did all that it could do to prevent Russia from declaring this unjust, unnecessary, and (for her) most unfortunate war. All Englishmen do not, probably, feel their consciences as easy as Ministers may do when they hear of the fiendish outrages, the unexampled carnage, the devastation, the privations and other sufferings which have been afflicting

the belligerents for the last six months. Be this as it may, the majority of our people, and the nation as such, are free from the whole of this guilt. The reply of the Earl of Derby to the Russian announcement of the declaration, at which Earl Granville thought proper to sneer as a document courting popularity, is now proved to have been in every respect judicious, and by no means too pointed or emphatic in refusing the consent of this nation to the proposed war, and in disavowing on the part of the country all sympathy with the aggression. It speaks the sentiments of ourselves and of many other publications which are periodically reproached with not wishing well to Russia, whose cause is so noble, and whose conduct is so disinterested, and with allowing that sinful Turkey has any right left—even the right of striking a blow for her land or for the lives of her people. We do not at all come forward as admirers or defenders of the Turks and their deeds, but we do entirely discountenance the action of Russia, and in so doing we but participate in a sentiment and a policy which have been publicly put forward by her Majesty's Ministers as those of the nation at large. We doubt—and our doubt is more and more justified every day that this war continues—we doubt, we say, whether armed invasion, be it executed with the purest intentions and with the most irresistible force, be a fitting remedy for evils such as exist in Turkey. Moreover, judging her by her past history and by the changes which she has in recent years made upon the map of the world, we suspect grievously that the purpose of Russia is not pure and disinterested; and we are sure that her capacity is not such as to enable her to carry out a war of chastisement, be her motives what they may. But one

is not compelled to be strongly on either side in this deplorable struggle. We may entirely condemn the action of Russia, and view the failure of it quite composedly, without becoming the apologists or the partisans of the Turks. Nine-tenths of the condonation and encouragement which the Turk has lately met with have been due to the intrigues and the violence of Russia, who has made his wrongs so immeasurably outweigh his offences. But there are many, and we claim to be of the number, who have not wholly parted with their faculty of discrimination. There are many who, while unequivocally denouncing his sins, do not desire to see the Turk expatriated and subjected to all the pains of fire and sword for the gratification of Russian ambition and greed. The nations of Europe, other than Russia, can, we imagine, without any great stress of their feelings, continue to inhabit the same continent with the Turk. Nay, we believe that many of them feel less repugnance at being his neighbours than they felt six months ago. They are rather pleased to discover that he can justify some feeling on their part besides horror. When they see him in the day of adversity casting aside the luxury and sloth and *insouciance* which we were taught to believe to be parts of his nature, and cheerfully turning out to undergo hardship and to affront death for his native land and for his faith; when they see him heroically and successfully resisting his colossal, ruthless, and grasping assailant,—they must be wanting in every generous sentiment if they do not speed him with some word of encouragement. Grant that his sins are as scarlet, he has surely suffered a thousandfold for every one of them. If expiation be the object desired, he has endured enough to satisfy the most rigorous

judge; if his amelioration be the thing aimed at, there is not the least hope of that through Russian intervention. The Cossacks do not represent a particularly mild or civilised *régime*; and we should imagine that even Turks, shifting to the Cossack level, would descend rather than rise. The Turk is an unpleasant and a perplexing fact. We all feel that we should be glad if he were not where he is. But, he being there, we have no commission to eject or otherwise to punish him. He has as good a right to live in his own land as we have to live in ours; and if he is only fighting for it as we should fight for England, we must, as far as this contest goes, wish him success.

This is the sixth notice which we have given of the war; when our present writing shall be before the public, the Storm in the East will have lasted half a year. If the thousands of compassionate hearts which have been deprecating the continuance of the dreadful strife ask themselves, What has been gained by it? what progress has been made towards any useful end whatever? the answer must be, None. If, again, they look back at all the horrors to which it has directly given rise, the retrospect is in the highest degree appalling. Carnage, havoc, cruelty, woe—all that has been wrought without result! the future, for anything we can see, more heavily charged with crime and horror than the past. Ever and again one is driven to exclaim, "Is this to go on; will no one stop the useless course of devastation and bloodshed?" Those who take the calmest and most philosophic view of the war cannot help sometimes giving out this cry of anguish, although conscious that there will be no answer. Europe is too intent upon selfish objects to make any move

in the cause of humanity. Europe will not speak the words which alone can close this diabolical struggle; Europe will not say to Russia, Hold, enough! The wild appeals of troubled minds fall on deaf and callous ears. The curse must continue, unless Russia's own fears and difficulties should make her pause. The curse must continue, we say; but that is only because Englishmen choose to address despairing exclamations to Heaven and Earth, instead of freeing their souls by taking such action as is open to them for the sake of peace. If Englishmen wish that the swords of the combatants should be beaten up — that the plague should be stayed — can they not, acting together, find some one to stand between the living and the dead? Europe, it is true, is paralysed by intrigues and jealousies, and can take no heed of the deadly duel. But England's hands are free. Let those who are sick that

“Blood and destruction should be so in
use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,”

consider how far they would choose to go in putting a period to the chapter of horrors. If it be the will of this nation that the war should cease, it is certain that the expression of that will would be

received with much respect by the belligerents. Hitherto the voice of England has been but an uncertain sound; she has been a house divided against itself. But if England as a people cannot bear on her conscience the burden of this enormous crime, let her, as a people, speak out. She is not called upon to threaten or to boast; only to speak out her mind (if that be her mind) that she abhors and discounts the strife with all her heart. The Government has properly been neutral, and most loyally observed neutrality; but the people of these Isles need not be over-delicate in such a matter. Because as a State we are neutral we need not let it be supposed that we are *indifferent*. Without doubt, peace will be in some way or other sought after, ere another spring shall be with us. It may be that the belligerents would be grateful to a firm voice whose insistence should restrain their arms. If that voice should be the voice of England, and should prevail, we shall have done a righteous act, and fulfilled a duty. If England refrains from all notice of opportunities of peacemaking, let her refrain also from empty protests and specious aspirations. The case requires action and effort; we must not only see our duty, we must do it.

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THE TENDER RECOLLECTIONS OF IRENE MACGILLICUDDY.

PART I.

THERE is something very appalling to one so young and inexperienced as myself in the effort of sitting down for the first time in my life to address the public. Apart from the horrid doubt which haunts me, and which seems to paralyse my pen, that perhaps after all my trouble I shall not be able to find any publisher with a sufficient appreciation of my talent to accept my manuscript, there is the conviction that the little story I am about to tell will produce a very considerable sensation upon one, if not upon both sides of the Atlantic; possibly it may not be altogether favourable to myself. I shall be called unpatriotic, unlady-like, calumnious, perhaps even indelicate, for describing a few episodes of my somewhat rapid career, not with any view of forcing my own insignificant personality upon the public, but because it is impossible for me otherwise to illustrate the manners and customs of the society in which I was brought up.

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EVER since I was transplanted from the splendid brown stone mansion on Fifth Avenue in New York, where I passed the giddy seasons of my girlhood, to the modest luxury of the villa in Richmond, from which I am now writing, I have felt possessed by an absorbing desire to “show up,” so to speak, the life led by the world of fashion in the American metropolis, from a purely philanthropic point of view. It has seemed to me that the only chance of doing it any good was to expose it, not unkindly, but with the faithfulness and affection of a friend who tells another his faults. I think it will be new to my English readers, who may rely upon its accuracy; but they need not on that account flatter themselves that the present condition of London society is in any respect superior to that of New York. I tell you, mothers of London, that in your powers of setting matrimonial snares, and of successfully disposing of your marriageable wares, you are more than a

match for the "smartest" of your American sisters, who leave their daughters to take care of themselves; and you young married women of high degree, do not imagine that the frisky matrons of New York can teach you anything you did not know before. Indeed I think it is fortunate for you that the social *convenances* of London deny you the freedom which they enjoy. It is not to either of these two classes that I have anything very new to reveal, though they may pick up a few hints, or draw comparisons invidious or otherwise. It is you, my dear girls, who are heedlessly flirting and fluttering on the brink of the matrimonial abyss, whose good I have at heart.

I have tried both Worlds, Old and New; and so far as faults and follies go, I don't think there is much to choose between them. My present business is with the faults and follies of my own country, with which I feel more especially competent to deal, and which I am most desirous to see corrected and reformed. Having violently reacted from them myself, it is only natural that I should be consumed by the fervour of proselytism, and should, regardless of consequences, exhibit myself as a warning, if need be, to those I wish to serve. When I first appeared upon the social horizon, I may say without vanity that I was the kind of girl who in London would have been called a "stunner," a "screamer," and who in New York is sometimes described as a "bouncer."

My father was the son of a Scotch gardener of the name of Macgillcuddy, who had emigrated to New York, engaged in the grocery business, and by superior shrewdness and Scotch caution had amassed a considerable fortune, which enabled him to give his son a good education—in other words, to make a

gentleman of him. Unusually successful in early life in railway and stock speculations, my father soon became the possessor of a handsome mansion on Fifth Avenue, and a financial man of some prominence. Far too respectable himself to become a politician, he nevertheless enjoyed great influence with his party; and there was an air of substantial dignity about him, which, taken in connection with the invariable success that attended his business operations, secured him a commanding position in society. Originally a Presbyterian, he had become attached to an Episcopalian church with ritualistic tendencies, a theological step almost rendered necessary by his fashionable standing; and his box at the opera, which cost him £3000, and expensive pew in St Grace's, for which he paid £2000, though apparently useless luxuries—for he never practised what he professed in the one, and rarely went himself to the other, as he did not know the difference between the wedding march in 'Lohengrin' and "Tommy make room for your Uncle"—were, nevertheless, a recognition of the claims of God and of society with which he could not afford to dispense. He had one brother who had never risen above the level of a stone-mason; and to him, therefore, it is not necessary here further to allude. My mother had been quite a "belle" and an heiress in her time. Her father had made his fortune in "dry goods," and my maternal uncles were both men enjoying great social consideration on account of their wealth. One was in the hardware business, and the other had struck oil. My mother was a remarkably clever and well-educated woman. She had spent several of the early years of her life in Europe, where she had acquired a taste for art,

which my father also affected, without, however, knowing anything about it; and the result was, as their combined taste was somewhat florid, that our house looked like a badly-arranged museum. She was, moreover, an accomplished musician, with a magnificent contralto voice; indeed, she was as much superior to the average amateur performer as her cook was to ordinary culinary artists: hence it happened that our dinners and our music were both celebrated. In addition to all this, she had an unrivalled knack of capturing distinguished foreigners, and especially British aristocrats, immediately on their arrival in New York. It is needless to say that we had a cottage at Newport, where we spent three summer months in a perpetual whirl of gaiety; from all which it must be manifest that nothing was left undone to secure that social position which became at last an object of envy and admiration to every well-constituted New York mind. It would be a mistake to suppose that this eminence was attained without infinite trouble and contrivance. I was too young to take an active share in my mother's early social struggles; but even to the end, she never succeeded in thoroughly breaking down an indefinable sort of barrier, behind which a certain ultra-exclusive set chose to intrench themselves. I used to think the presumption and conceit of these people quite intolerable. The idea, in a democratic country like ours, of a select few priding themselves on their ancestry and gentility and hereditary refinement, and all the rest of it, and thinking us not good enough to be admitted into their circle, was quite preposterous. — There were the Persimmons, for instance, who assumed the arms of the noble family of Persimmons in England,

and claimed relationship with them, and had actually family portraits of knights in wigs and ladies in stomachers, and all that sort of thing (young Dick Persimmon was a clerk in a wholesale tobacco store); and there were the Poppinjays, and the Barebones family, that had a fancy portrait of their great historical ancestor, Praise God Barebones, who came over in the Mayflower, and whose descendant, as is well known, signed the Declaration of Independence. — They turned up their noses at us because grandpapa had originally been a gardener—as if anybody could have told what the original old Barebones had been. Then in close alliance with these there was the old Knickerbocker set, the Van Twillers, descended from the original Wouter van Twiller, and the Van Didnt-offers, of whom more anon, and several others, who, for some mysterious reason, thought themselves better than we were. Mamma's principle was to feel thoroughly democratic towards everybody in a democratic country who thought that they were above her, and to feel thoroughly aristocratic towards all those whom she thought beneath her, or whom it was inconvenient to treat as equals; and I suppose that was the principle which the others applied to her. Every now and then our efforts would be crowned with a new triumph, especially after I became a recognised belle, and we had formed closer intimacies with this set, and then the aunts mamma used to give herself for some time afterwards were quite alarming. Of course, as we progressed we dropped a good many of our earlier acquaintances.

As for myself, I never regularly "came out;" in fact, I may be said to have been more or less "out" all the time. From the days when, in short frocks, I used to help my

mother to receive her guests, I was recognised as the principal personage of the family. My father yielded to me in everything, and my mother soon perceived that I was destined to become a most valuable element of social success. First I had a French *bonne*, then the best masters that money could procure; and when I was sixteen I was taken to France and Italy for a year, to acquire a knowledge of art and to pick up the habits of polite society in Europe. I was very quick and industrious; and when I compare my proficiency at this age, in music, languages, and painting, with the accomplishments of English girls, I think I may say, without undue conceit, that I far surpassed them. It was with a fluttering heart that I viewed my native shores from the deck of a Cunard steamer, as, thus armed and equipped for the social fray, I returned to New York. It was no feeling of timidity, but a daring and confident longing, that caused this sensitive organ to palpitate so wildly; perhaps also there was a suspicion that before very long it might be beating for other reasons. Come what might, I was prepared to meet it. I knew I was beautiful, thanks to my mother, whose good looks I had inherited. I was an only child, and therefore a large heiress, accomplished, clever, and self-reliant. Nothing was more incomprehensible to me than the shy silence of the bread-and-butter misses whose acquaintance I made during my short stay in London. Even their brothers I was often obliged to help on in conversation—they never seemed to know what to say, or how to say it; while I never knew what it was to be at a loss.

My mother was a woman exceptionally well qualified to launch a girl in the society of New York; she had made it a study, and I felt

I was in good hands. Before I went to my first ball she gave a series of dinner-parties. To these she especially asked all the young married men who have it in their power to make or mar the *débütante* in her first season. It is they, not their wives, who are the leaders of fashion; and it is to them that the would-be belle must pay her court if she wishes to succeed. Of course the unmarried men are important; but they take their *queue* from the older hands, who, in spite of having wives, are still the most indefatigable ball-goers, the recognised leaders of the "German," and the established authorities on matters of fashionable etiquette. Where society has no regular hierarchy, as it has in England, its leaders are self-constituted or tacitly acknowledged. The men, as a rule, marry so young that they have not had time to become *blasés*; and the consequence is, that they flirt as actively with unmarried girls, and flutter about as flippantly, as if they were still single. In some cases they keep this up until their own daughters come out, overwhelming the girls of their choice with bouquets, *bonbonnières*, and trifling presents, taking them solitary drives, giving them dinners, boxes at the opera, and distinguishing them by such marks of delicate attention as are always grateful to the female mind. Occasionally these are pushed to such a point that they give rise to unpleasant gossip, but I have never known any real harm come of them. The girls are always thoroughly well able to take care of themselves; and upon the occasions, which sometimes happen, of a man becoming so desperately in love as to forget his conjugal duties and propose an elopement, he invariably meets with a positive and decided refusal. In this respect they show a sagacity and sense of

propriety which the aristocratic mothers of young families in London, who think nothing of running away with the husbands of their lady friends, would do well to imitate. Of course an exclusive devotion of this sort has a tendency to injure a girl, because it keeps off the young men while it lasts; but perhaps on the whole she gains a sort of *prestige* by it, which only renders her more attractive to them when it is over.

When the great occasion of my first ball arrived, the carriage could hardly hold all the bouquets that were sent. Unfortunately mamma was taken suddenly unwell the very day of the ball; but she did not wish me to be disappointed, as I had been taking so much trouble with my dress, and looking forward to it so eagerly: so I arranged with Harry Hardpan, who had stamped me with his approval, and indeed shown me a good deal of attention on the strength of having been fond of me in a fatherly way when I was a little girl, to send his wife for me—she was only two years older than I was; and he met us at the door with several of my friends to help to carry my bouquets. There were thirteen altogether, of which eight had been sent by married men and five by bachelors. I calculated that their united value was upwards of a hundred and twenty dollars, or about £25. All my bouquets had come with cards on them; and as I read the senders' names, I felt that my success was assured. This inspired me with still greater confidence as I entered the ball-room. That night was a triumph—I was literally besieged; but I was determined to act with caution, for fear of making the other girls jealous. I felt at once the importance of establishing myself in a feminine coterie—so much can be done by combination. I am

convinced that there is no greater mistake for a girl than to be misled, by the admiration of the opposite sex, into losing her popularity with her own. Young men are intimidated and kept in their proper place by a strong phalanx of girls, if these hold together properly. It requires a youth of uncommon nerve boldly to face half-a-dozen girls all tittering together in a corner, who, he knows, will pick him to pieces the moment he leaves them. We New York girls used to keep our little heels on the necks of our beaux, and trample over them ruthlessly. In London the case is exactly reversed, and the poor girls are crushed by the aw-quite-too-awfully-aw kind of youth, to a degree which makes my blood boil. It is partly because London girls don't understand how to combine and organise, so to speak, against the men, and partly because they have to compete against the young married women, that they are treated with such indifference. Now in my day, in New York, the young married women were nowhere, or, in the vernacular of that city, they "had no show;" but I hear that they are making a good deal of running of late years, and that the girls are beginning to complain seriously. Another reason why American girls have such a much better time than English girls is, that as they have so much liberty, they can offer more inducements to the young men to pay them attention. A young man will submit to be crushed and bullied and sat upon, if you make it all right at the end of the evening by asking him to take you a sleigh-ride next day, or to give you a dinner at Delmonico's, with only a young lady friend of your own age, and her husband, who admires you, to do proper. What fun we girls used to have, and what plans we

used to concoct for robbing our beaux of their affections, of exchanging them when we got tired of them, or of drawing them on to the proposing point! In my first season I had seven proposals. I had several far better seasons than this later on; but mamma said I could not have expected to have done more the first winter, considering the girls I had to compete with, some of whom possessed all my advantages, combined with far greater experience.

Here again I am struck with the difference between England and America. I don't suppose English girls get one proposal for ten that we get. I know one girl, now twenty-four, who has had 157. This I can vouch for, as she showed me the list; but some of the men must have been very slightly wounded, for one asked to be introduced to her not long since. He had been in California for four years, and had forgotten that when he last saw her he had proposed to her, and she had forgotten that she had refused him. He had, in the meantime, made a large fortune in Bonanzas, the absence of which was her objection to him at the time; and they are now engaged to be married. She says she does not see why she should put off getting married any longer, especially as the young married women are beginning to have such a good time.

On the whole, however, I used to think there was far more fun to be had at Newport than in New York. That is the place to contract intimacies both with the girls and the young men. The picnics and games, the perpetual drives with the temporary beau of your choice, the garden-parties, and constant contact with the same set, tend to establish your position. At the end of one season in New York, and another at Newport, you may be said to have learnt the whole game thoroughly,

and can judge for yourself whether you are *de la première force* or not. You now feel perfectly able to take care of yourself, and can allow yourself all sorts of liberties that you could not have ventured upon at first. You have even got so far as to call one or two young men by their Christian names; in talking of them among ourselves we never think of alluding to them except as Dick, or Tom, or Harry, and so forth.

My intimate friend, *confidante*, and rival was my cousin, Flora Temple. In spite of her grand name, she was not so well born as I was, or as her namesake on the turf—for her father was originally a tailor, who had made his fortune during the war by taking army contracts; and when he had risen to the social surface, he married my mother's sister, and then, rather fortunately for my cousin, died, for he was a very shoddy sort of person, and left her two millions of dollars. This, together with her own beauty and talent, and my mother's social influence, soon pushed her into the front rank. She was more than two years my senior, and had commenced her career by a tremendous affair with the celebrated Iky Bullstock, who for the last fifteen years has been devoting himself to ensnaring the affections of girls as soon as they come out. Since his marriage, his name has been connected with no fewer than ten. I was counting them up with Flora not long ago; but then, I think, in the cases of several, it was mere idle gossip. Anyhow, it did not do Flora any harm, for Charlie van Didntoffer was simply wild about her. Charlie belonged to one of the oldest Knickerbocker families; he was very handsome, a banker of the highest standing, and had charming manners. I am

sure many of my English readers must remember him in Paris and Rome. He was almost omnipotent at the fashionable Spuyten Duyvel Club, was prominent in all matters of sport, and was universally popular. To begin with a flirtation with Iky Bullstock, and go on to an engagement with Charlie van Didnt-offer, was enough to turn any girl's head. In my own secret soul, though, we girls were much more reticent in these matters than English girls are; and, I can't say for certain, I don't believe Flora cared so much for Charlie as she pretended, and mentally reserved the right to throw him over if sufficient inducement should offer, but she enjoyed what you in England call the "swagger" of the thing. Whether Charlie suspected this or not, I don't know; but certain it is that at Newport, where we were all three thrown a good deal together, I began to perceive indications of a wavering in his affections in my direction. Now I am no base, ungenerous, or treacherous girl; but I don't think that it was in flesh and blood to help reciprocating just the least bit, more especially as Iky was still fluttering around: and on several occasions I did not think Flora's conduct quite fair towards Charlie, and felt quite sorry for him, poor fellow; and so by degrees it came about—I know I was to blame, but I really could not help it—before I knew where I was, Charlie had proposed to me. He said he felt sure Flora was only trifling with him, and if I would only accept him he would throw her over. I never consulted mamma much on these subjects, as I always felt she took such a mercenary view of them—she seemed to make no allowance for sentiment; so I had to work it out for myself, and as I was barely eighteen, I was determined to do nothing rash. So I told Charlie that I could not disguise

the fact that I cared for him more than for anybody else; but at the same time, as he was engaged to Flora, I could not countenance his jilting her on my account, but I thought we had better all wait as we were for a year. If at the end of that time Flora still cared for him, and he still cared for me, and I did not care for somebody else, then we could discuss the whole matter over again; and in the meantime we could remain upon the nice intimate terms which this little confidence would produce. You see, I thought a year would surely bring about a change in the situation somehow, which would make it all easier. What does the stupid boy do but go straight to Flora and tell her he finds he does not care for her any longer? Of course Flora was furious, and said I had behaved shamefully; and for some weeks we did not speak. The affair made quite a stir at the time; all Newport was talking about it, and it was one of the standard pieces of gossip in New York when everybody returned from their various watering-places and exchanged the several scandals which had occurred at them respectively. Although Charlie was very devoted to me, I felt rather uncomfortable, and refused to be definitely engaged to him. In spite of being so fond of gaiety, I was also a devourer of all kinds of literature and general information, and really studied as hard as my other avocations would permit. Now, although Charlie was most refined and gentlemanlike in his manners, he lacked what in Boston (pronounced not inappropriately Boreston) is called culture (pronounced culchaw). What between banking, driving his four-in-hand, and attending to Flora or me, he seemed to have no time to inform his mind. In this respect he was not inferior to Iky Bullstock, Harry Hardpan,

or any of the others ; but I wanted to marry a mind as well as a man, and I told him so. After that he used to come and read Dickens to me for an hour a-day. I told him when he had finished all Dickens's novels, I would put him through a course of "New England thought," and by that time I should be in a position to give a definite answer in regard to our marriage.

For the reason I am about to narrate, that time never arrived. We were in the middle of 'Bleak House,' and I was thinking how in the world to make it up again with Flora, when Charlie came in panting one day with a most important piece of intelligence. Letters had just been received by his firm announcing that the Earl of Chowder, eldest son of the Duke of Gumbo, and Viscount Huckleberry were to arrive by the next steamer, enclosing letters of credit and requesting the Van Didntoffer Brothers to do all in their power to make their stay in New York agreeable to them. The agitation into which this intelligence threw mamma, at once revealed to me the vast ambitions of which that excellent woman was capable. Magnetically her noble aspirations seemed instantly conveyed to my own bosom ; and though Charlie was reading about Lady Dedlock, a theme which at any other time would have absorbed my attention, "the beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard." Here was a splendid opportunity for setting matters right with Flora ; besides, I needed her co-operation and advice. There was one for each of us ; and provided we did not interfere with each other and go for the same one, as we had in the case of Charlie, there was no reason why, with the advantage of an early start, we should not have it all our own way. The fact is, we were both considerably put upon

our mettle by the triumphant success which had just crowned the efforts of our two most intimate friends,—Ida Straddle, daughter of Billy Straddle, of the well-known firm of Puff and Straddle, brokers—and Laura Berstup, whose father is a railway magnate, and well known amongst English shareholders for the talent with which he has made his fortune out of the dividends they fondly hoped to pocket. Ida, after a rapid campaign extending a little over a fortnight, had captured an impecunious Spanish grandee who valued his dukedom at half a million of dollars. Billy, who has always shown himself a most fond and indulgent father, had the cash down on the nail, and Ida became the Duchess of Virdemonio, to the great envy of us all, and has already sent those of us who wish to contract alliances with the Spanish aristocracy, invitations to visit her in her "Château en Espagne ;" and here I may remark, that whenever one of us makes a successful hit of this sort, she always does her utmost to help on her friends. Then Laura was engaged to be married to the Russian Prince Schamovitch : he was next door to being a *crétin* ; but as he was distantly connected with the Romanoffs, the splendour of the alliance reduced every other consideration to insignificance. Besides, as Laura said, they were going to live principally in Paris, where it was rather convenient than otherwise for a very pretty woman to have a fool for a husband. As the prince is enormously rich, and Laura is not badly off, I have no doubt they will have a good time ; but you may imagine how all this was calculated to stimulate our energies. Any girl with a well-balanced mind would rather be an English countess, or even viscountess, than a Spanish duchess or a

Russian princess. We classify them somewhat as follows: First, the British aristocracy down to baron—we don't think much of baronets and knights; next, we like French and Russians, because that involves living a good deal in Paris; but titles below dukes and princes are too common to be really much prized, unless attached to a very old historic name or great wealth. Italians and Spanish come next, the former preferred on account of the climate and social advantages of Rome and Naples. Germans we don't so much care about; I think, perhaps, because there are too many Germans in the country already.

But all this is a digression; only I was obliged to enter a little into it in order to explain why the arrival of the Earl of Chowder and Lord Huckleberry was likely to produce so much sensation amongst us. So I posted off to Flora with the news. The fact is, that Flora was as tired of our estrangement as I was. So when I rushed into her room, and said, "My dear, I have come to tell you such a piece of news!" she said, quite cordially—

"You can't think, Irene, how I have been longing to see you lately. Why have you been keeping away so?"

As if she didn't know that it was no pleasure to me to come and be snubbed, and that my absence had been due to her own crossness. However, I was not vindictive; so I said, impetuously—

"Oh, Flozie!" (this was my pet name when we were in our most loving moods,) "who do you think are coming to New York? and Charlie is to bring them to us the first day. Why, the Earl of Chowder and Viscount Huckleberry! Isn't it puffedly splendid?" Candour compels me to state that, in my excited moments, I am in the

habit of describing most things as "puffedly splendid." We all do; and, on the whole, I think it is better than the expression used by English girls under the same circumstances, of "quite too awfully nice."

"Oh, lovely!" said Flora. "But poor Charlie; what are you going to do with him?" she asked, maliciously.

"Oh, Charlie can stand it," I replied. "Don't you remember, before he was engaged to you, he was engaged a whole year to Lizzie Puff, and something always happened to put off the marriage, till at last he told her that he was sorry to find that he did not care for her; but that if, knowing this, she still wanted to marry him, he would make the necessary sacrifice? I don't think we need have any compassion for him."

"Darling," said Flora, "you are quite right. How stupid we were ever to quarrel about him! but, my dear, we must take care not to make the same mistake again. How shall we manage? After what you did about Charlie, I don't see how. Can I trust you, dear?"

This led to a long discussion about Charlie, in which I explained to her that I had previously refused to be engaged to him until they had both got tired of each other, but that he had been unwarrantably premature; and Flora became satisfied at last, and we swore eternal friendship and mutual co-operation, and perfectly square and honest conduct in all future complications; then we kissed each other a good deal, and sat down to discuss the plan of the campaign in earnest. After mature deliberation, we decided that the first step should be a reconciliation between Flora and Charlie, and that, in celebration thereof, he should be made to give us a little dinner at Delmonico's, to

which should be invited Fanny and Harry Hardpan, Prince Schamovitch and Laura, Lord Chowder and Lord Huckleberry, Iky Bullstock, and both of us girls. Under these circumstances, it is not at all a bad plan to have one or two old admirers. The dinner was to be arranged for the night after the arrival of the Cunard steamer, and we were all to hold ourselves disengaged accordingly. Dear Charlie was so anxious to make the *amende* to Flora, that he entered into the scheme cordially and without the slightest suspicion. Indeed he was a great deal too much pleased to be the entertainer of the two British noblemen to think of anything else. Moreover, there was no man in New York who understood the art of giving a little dinner of this sort more perfectly than Charlie, and he was not sorry for the opportunity it afforded him of distinguishing himself; so we were happy and satisfied all round. I think my Lords Chowder and Huckleberry may travel far before again finding themselves at dinner with four such pretty and agreeable women as Laura, Fanny, Flora, and myself. Though not given to manifesting more astonishment than they could help, I was amused to see how completely they were taken by surprise. Chowder was a somewhat heavy blue-eyed blond, with a large light beard, and rather vacuous smile; but he had a sort of smart way of sharply dropping his eyeglass with a little twitch out of his eye, which, every time he did it, seemed to impart a flash of intelligence to his countenance. As I came to know him better, I accounted for it by the fact of his having suddenly to change the focus of his eye. He seemed intensely amiable and good-natured. He evidently had a sluggish protoplasm, and was very easily amused,

but took his jokes in a heavy sort of way, just as some hunters do their fences—they always manage to get over, but bungle so much that they lose their place in the field. Now Huckleberry, on the other hand, was all “snap.” Tall, dark, thin, with a pure classical profile, and a bright sparkling eye, he took in the whole situation before we had finished the preliminary oysters, and by the time we had done our soup, had proved himself a match for Flora, who is recognised amongst us all as having the quickest wit and the sharpest tongue for repartee of any girl in our set. She seemed to be an entirely new specimen to Huckleberry, and evidently piqued him by a certain brilliant *nonchalance*, which I fancy made him feel rather smaller than he had ever done in the society of any girl of the same age in his life before. Flora was not the kind of girl to stand the patronising air with which the young British Peer of immense landed estates and acknowledged talent is accustomed to address the young ladies of his own class in London. She was wise enough to see that if she wanted to hook her aristocrat, the best plan was to treat him upon thoroughly democratic principles. She rightly judged that the novelty of finding himself patronised, instead of patronising, of being condescended to, instead of condescending, would produce a strange and rather fascinating sensation. In the struggle to assert himself, to conquer and subdue this rebellious and independent belle, the chances were that he would fall in love. By the time the cigarettes were put upon the table, there was a glitter in his eye that convinced me he would fight Flora with her own weapons till he had subdued her; and I knew that if ever Flora met her match, she would fall hope-

lessly and desperately in love with him. It would not be a skin-deep affair this time, as it was in the case of Charlie, but a real serious business. I should rather have preferred Huckleberry to Chowder myself: but, in the first place, I could not again interfere with Flora's affairs; in the second place, I don't think I should have had a chance with Huckleberry. It was Flora's "cussedness," to use an unladylike expression, which proved so irresistible to him, and my temper is calm and equable. And, lastly, the Earl of Chowder would be Duke of Gumbo on the death of his father; and Lord Huckleberry's father was already dead, so he would never be anything more than a Viscount. When Flora was Viscountess Huckleberry, I should be Duchess of Gumbo, and go in to dinner in London miles before her; so I devoted myself to Chowder. He was so soft and gentle and unassuming, I got quite to like him. He was not a bit like my idea of a lord.

The day following the dinner was race-day, and Charlie invited the whole party to drive out with him on his drag. I insisted on Fanny taking the box-seat—poor Fanny! Charlie had been a *passion malheureuse* at one time in that quarter, and she had married Harry out of pique. Then after he had lost her, Charlie seemed rather to regret it, until he fell in love with Flora. Now that we were both likely to be otherwise provided for, I thought it would only be kind to both of them to bring them together a little, and I knew Harry would not mind, as he was otherwise engaged. Now I know all this is very wrong. I don't defend it—on the contrary I regret it. I am deeply penitent for my past follies; but believe me, it was all not half so bad as it looks to the

less innocent mind of Europe. This trifling with each other's affections, even if it does not lead to anything worse, is not a custom to be applauded; but the social *convenances* of America lend themselves to such flirtations far more than do those of countries where the external restraints are so great that the very necessity which exists for them suggests the frequency of far graver consequences than we in New York know anything about. Besides, I wanted to sit next Chowder; and how could I do that if I sat next Charlie? And so it was arranged, and Schamovitch and Laura sat behind; and I think it rather encouraged Huckleberry to find that Schamovitch, whom he had known in Petersburg, where he occupied a high social position, was so irretrievably captured, and so desperately in love with Laura Berstup.

Chowder and Huckleberry had both left cards on mamma; and the next day being Sunday, mamma gave one of her Sunday dinners, with music, and a general society afterwards, as was her wont, and she and I sang duets together, and I felt all the time Chowder's blue eyes fixed upon me, sometimes through his glass, and sometimes without it. I had to devote myself to the world in general, but I rather appeared to advantage in entertaining mamma's guests, and was not sorry that he should see how competent I was for the task; besides, every now and then I fluttered up to him, and I could see by the brightening of his eye that he liked it. He was too unenterprising to make new acquaintances, and already began to look upon me as an old friend, so I felt pretty safe, and was amused to see how little success one or two other girls had with him, to whom I introduced him. They pronounced him utterly stupid, and declared they could get nothing out of him

—dear old Chowder ! That was because they didn't know how. English mothers and their daughters may wonder how it is that, though they have tried to catch Chowder and Huckleberry with untiring energy for the last seven or eight seasons, we American girls found so little difficulty. I can explain it quite easily. It is because in England the mothers don't allow their daughters to manage their own affairs ; and, even if they did, the latter are hampered with all sorts of restrictions of so-called propriety, which seem to us unnecessary. There appears to be a tendency of late to introduce European notions in these matters, but it will utterly spoil the market. The more American girls give up their own manners and customs for those of the foreign aristocrats they covet, the less likely are they to succeed in attracting them. In the cases of Chowder and Huckleberry, for instance, those young noblemen were overcome with the novelty of the thing. Neither Flora nor I let a day pass without having a quiet hour or so with them. What with nice solitary drives, pleasant little dinners, theatres, and balls, we managed this easily enough. The "German," as danced with us, is most useful as a means of securing your prey for a whole evening ; he has no means of escape. Thus young women with us are not afraid of being talked about in connection with young men, or *vice versâ*, as in England ; while the young men, on the other hand, are not haunted by the dread that a stern parent will ask them their intentions, or a big brother inflict condign punishment on them for not behaving honourably. Such accidents have, it is true, been known, but only in very extreme cases ; but they are not frequent enough to operate as checks upon "the course of true love." In Lon-

don the young men devote themselves to the young married women, with whom the poor girls get no chance to compete, because they have so much less liberty, and are so closely guarded by chaperons ; the consequence is, that they lack the necessary experience and practice. We are as much superior to them in flirtation, considered as a fine art, as an expert fly-fisher is to one who has never used anything but a worm and a pin.

As for Flora and Huckleberry, if she had had a twenty-pound salmon on a single gut she could not have had harder work to play him. The way he dashed down the rapids and she after him was something frightful to behold. Just as she had reeled him up to the bank, so to speak, and she began to breathe, he would make a dash, or jump madly in the air, and nothing but the most consummate coolness, intrepidity, and skill prevented his breaking away altogether. At such a moment interference would have been fatal, and those most interested in her success wisely refrained from offering her either reproval, assistance, or advice. With Chowder it was a very different matter : he was like a sluggish old cat-fish ; occasionally he made feeble attempts to break loose, but I never slackened my line for an instant, and soon found I had only to be watchful and patient to make sure of him. Matters came to a crisis during a trip which we made to Niagara under the following circumstances : Our party consisted of the Hardpans, Huckleberry and Flora, Prince Schamovitch and Laura Berstup, Edith Persimmon and Charlie, Chowder and myself. And by this time Charlie was becoming devoted to Fanny Hardpan, and Harry had long been rather a favourite of Edith's. Of course we followed our devices in visiting in pairs the spots which

we considered to possess the greatest amount of natural interest and beauty; and Chowder and I, who were of an enterprising and exploratory turn of mind, determined to try to push our way under the Falls to the point reached by Professor Tyndall. Encased in voluminous suits of tarpaulin waterproof, and led by a guide, we descended the stairs and crept along the slippery path that leads into the blinding spray. Chowder would not let the guide hold me, but took my hand and told him to lead the way; and at last we came to a point where we had to wade, and where the spray was so dense that though the guide was only a few paces ahead he was invisible. At this point I slipped, and the noise of the rushing waters was so bewildering, the difficulty of breathing was so great, that I lost my presence of mind and clutched my companion wildly. I don't know whether he mistook my alarm for a more tender sentiment, but he responded by immediately clasping me in his arms—I should certainly have fallen if he hadn't—and then in a voice of thunder he suddenly bellowed—

“Dearest Irene, I love you!”

He was obliged to roar, otherwise I should not have heard him on account of the noise of the water, and he could not say more at one time, for it was so extremely difficult to breathe. It was so unexpected, and I was so utterly unprepared, that I could only respond by a sort of inane scream—

“You don't tell me!”

Apart from being an Americanism, I have often thought since what a perfectly absurd reply this was; but he seemed quite satisfied with it, and apparently regarded it in the light of a consent, and I was too confused to know whether it was or not. Luckily I slipped again, and escaped the dripping caresses

which, like some huge Newfoundland dog, he seemed determined to lavish upon me. I could just pant breathlessly, “Back! back!” when fortunately the guide came, and finding I was completely exhausted, extricated me from Chowder's embrace—just a moment before that nobleman, unable to keep his own footing, fell flat on his back on the rocks—and carried me out of the rushing waters. I was quite afraid that Chowder had been swept into the river, and sent the guide back for him: poor fellow! he was so much bruised that he required all my sympathy for some days afterwards; but as I had become his *fiancée* in this accidental way, this was a duty as well as a pleasure.

The first thing Chowder did after straightening himself up and putting on dry clothes, was to make me promise not to tell. He said that the Duke and Duchess of Gumbo would be violently opposed to his marrying me. Considering that papa had promised to settle a million of dollars upon me as soon as I was engaged to him, I felt myself to be quite as good as they were, and could not conceive why they should object. He muttered something about my having such an unfortunate name; but I told him that my father had been at some trouble to trace his pedigree to the celebrated “Macgillicuddy of the Breeks,” a Highland chieftain of a clan which has now become extinct, but that we in America attached no importance either to rank or family, and that I loved him for his own sake. Then he wanted to kiss me again, and said, that for reasons which were inexpressible, if my ancestor had been a Highland chieftain, he could not have been Macgillicuddy of the Breeks, and that there must be some mistake, and I was probably originally descended from the Irish Mac-

gillicuddies of the Reeks. This doubt thrown over my pedigree made me feel very uncomfortable; for although we pretend not to care about such things, papa is very proud of his Highland ancestor, and, as I told Chowder, had even got his coat of arms. Chowder laughed in a ridiculous way, and said something about his trousers of arms, which I did not understand; but he often, like so many of his countrymen, made silly remarks. From the way Chowder spoke, I saw that the whole affair would have to be managed with the greatest care on account of his parents, and I did not even confide it to Flora, who had by no means succeeded with Huckleberry. In spite of the extremely intimate relations which subsisted between them, she could not get him to commit himself—so, privately, I enjoyed my little triumph over her.

Alas that my own mother should have been the one to ruin everything! No sooner did I tell her of our engagement than her exultation knew no bounds. Nothing would satisfy her, on our return to New York, but to make it known. In vain I explained to her the peril of such a course. In vain did Chowder himself remonstrate with her; it was all to no purpose. In a week all New York was ringing with our engagement, and it had been announced in all the papers. Huckleberry dived off to Utah and San Francisco, without having declared himself, in a sort of panic, just at the moment when Flora thought she had brought him to the point; and I came in for some strong language from my cousin for having secured my own prize and frightened away hers.

Meantime Chowder had not sufficient decision of character to propose a wedding right off. The parental terrors were heavy upon

him; he talked vaguely about being "cut off," whatever that may mean; and, in fact, doggedly resisted anything like prompt action, while he seemed more hopelessly in love than ever. To be honest, I cannot say that I reciprocated to the same extent; I had a *tendresse* for him, but certainly should never have thought of accepting him had he been Mr Smith of London. Meantime Chowder had been obliged, by the publicity of our engagement, to write to the Duke. We concocted the letter between us, and he enclosed a note and my photograph to the Duchess, who usually spoiled him and was more susceptible to attack. After that we had nothing for it but to await the answer in an agony of suspense. Meantime, to clinch the matter, my father settled a million upon me—a fact which Chowder telegraphed to the Duke. How long the month seemed before the dreaded reply arrived, and what a terrible blow it was when at last it reached us! Chowder was literally crushed. His face became so limp under the emotion and agitation of his mind, that his eyeglass would no longer stick in his eye. It was useless to urge him to open rebellion; he was ordered peremptorily to return to his ducal parents, and to his duties in the House of Commons, and seemed incapable of resistance. Such is the tyranny of an effete and bloated aristocracy. How I raged against it! What chiefly aggravated me, was the idea that they evidently considered themselves superior to me. The Duke had the impertinence to talk about Chowder "marrying beneath him," as if the aristocracy of New York was not equal to any other aristocracy in the world. When I told Chowder this, he said that there could not be any aristocracy in a democracy; that he himself was rather demo-

cratic in his principles (he is a follower of Gladstone's, and there is no saying where he will end); but that, while he fully admitted my equality with him, he also accorded the same equality to my maid Biddy. I was going to retort upon him as he deserved, when I remembered that my cousin, Maggie Macgillicuddy was actually a factory girl at fifty cents a-day at Lowell—her father, who was a stone-mason, having taken to drink. This confused me for the moment so much that I scarcely knew what to say, so I asked him whether he thought it would have made any difference supposing I had been a Van Twiller or a Persimmon? He said that it would not have made the slightest difference, and the objection would have been quite the same. As in England, it was not supposed that distinctions based upon the idea of birth or caste could possibly exist in a democracy which expressly repudiated them. Hence, all Americans who came to England were considered equal; no one ever thought of inquiring about their families; and, so far as marrying went, he considered all American girls equally charming, and me the most charming of all. This was not very logically expressed, but I understood what he meant, and it consoled me very much. He further tried to comfort me by assuring me that he had only to see his parents to make it all right. He attributed all the blame to its having been prematurely announced before he had time to prepare the ducal mind; and explained that to marry without arranging things first, would put us in a very awkward position if his family refused to receive us. He said I did not understand London society, and that I should never be able to bear the position in which we should be placed; but he had no doubt about

smoothing over matters in a few weeks, when he would at once come back and make me "his own." This was highly unsatisfactory, but it was the best that could be done. What annoyed me most was Flora's sympathy, through which I could see a thinly-veiled satisfaction. She was in constant correspondence with Huckleberry, who wrote her most interesting letters from Utah, where he was being hospitably entertained by the late Brigham Young.

We had a very tearful parting; and, in spite of Chowder's protestations, I felt my heart sink within me when he turned away from me for the last time—looking, poor fellow, quite crushed and heartbroken. I think he suspected himself how small his chances were of success. It was very disagreeable to feel that all the other girls were canvassing my chances. Of course, as they had all envied me, they all secretly hoped he would be obliged to throw me over; and this, I may just as well say, without further circumlocution, he did, in exactly six weeks from the day we parted. I will not recapitulate the reasons which made it impossible, the objections urged by his parents, which he was obliged to admit were insuperable, the agony which he described was racking his brain and lacerating his heart. It was far too well written and pathetic to be his own composition, and bore the trace of the delicate hand of his mother all through it. The revulsion of feeling to which this disappointment gave rise is too painful for me to attempt any analysis of here. I now know that I have every reason to be deeply grateful to it, for it changed the whole current of my views and aspirations in life; and to it I owe the happiness I now enjoy; but it was inexpressibly distressing at the time,—wounded self-love, mortified vanity, blighted hope

and affection—for I really found, now that I had lost him, that I had more affection for him than I had imagined—all combined to make me utterly miserable. I railed against mamma as the cause of it all, though I really don't suppose she did so much harm on the whole. I shut myself up, and refused to be comforted. The consolation of my own sex only enraged me less than the amiable attentions of the other. Charlie van Didntoffer, who was carrying on quite scandalously with Fanny Hardpan, had the impertinence to offer me "brotherly" sympathy, forsooth, as if I wanted his sympathy, or Fanny's either. It was quite shameful the way that pair drove round Central Park every day with ostentatious effrontery in one buggy, while Harry was carrying on in another with Edith Persimmon. Then to make matters worse came the marriage of Prince Schamovitch with Laura, and I was one of the bridesmaids, and had to endure the condolences of the other bridesmaids, some of whom were to have acted in the same capacity for me, and make myself agreeable to the "ushers"—an institution you don't have at your English weddings, and a very good thing too. However, I will not let my ill temper run away with me—though even, after this distance of time, the recollection of what I suffered then seems to envenom my pen.

I was fortunate in being able to turn to my books and studies; and I even tried going to a Bible-reading, which took place once a week, and which was largely attended by the ladies of the fashionable world. It was considered quite consistent to go to this and to all the gaieties that were going on besides; and yet I observed they seemed to make distinctions among themselves. For instance, Fanny Hardpan was a regular attendant;

and when Edith Persimmon came once, there was quite an objection made to her on the score of her being too fast. Now I would have thought that these were just the kind of people who should have been the most welcome, because of the benefit they might derive from meetings of this sort; but after a little time I began to doubt whether they exercised any appreciable influence on the daily lives of those who attended them, and as I did not see that they did, I gave them up. From all which you see that my mind was undergoing a change; and when Huckleberry returned from the west four months later, I was able to watch the fortunes of Flora with far more charitable feelings than I supposed possible. Indeed I felt sorry for her, for she was evidently really and honestly in love, and beginning to get uncommonly nervous about the result—which was not to be wondered at, considering the frightful warning she had before her eyes in my own case. So I determined to speak seriously to Huckleberry, and show him the harm he was doing to my cousin, and insist upon his either going back to England at once or proposing to her definitely. Huckleberry was very nice about it. He said he had no idea that Flora was really so "far gone;" that he was very "far gone" himself; that he thought Flora a girl calculated to make any man happy, and clever enough to fill any social position in any country, and one that any man might be proud of; and that he had never been in love with a girl in his life before, and had only delayed on account of the novelty of the situation; and he hinted that it would be a severe blow to Lord Somebody's wife in England—he did not tell me her name—but that perhaps it would be the best way of ending "it"—he did not say

what; but I thought it best to agree with him, so I said at random that "it" ought never to have been begun, at which he looked rather red and surprised, and took my hand and kissed it. And two hours afterwards Flora came bursting into the room, radiant with delight. Huckleberry "had placed his hand and heart at her disposal, and he had no tiresome family to consult, and he was in a great hurry to get home, so the marriage would have to be in a fortnight, and would I be bridesmaid? and Huckleberry was the most rising young peer of his day, and sure to be Prime Minister some time; and when she was married I was to come and stay with her at Huckleberry Castle in England, and might marry Chowder after all,"—with a great deal more, all in a breathless torrent of bliss and expansiveness, which made me feel thankful that I had forgotten all my envious feelings, and been the means of securing her happiness; for I really think my conversation with Huckleberry turned the scale at the critical moment.

Flora's wedding was a very grand affair. The entire New York aristocracy honoured it with their presence, including the Van Twillers, Persimmons, Van Didntoffers, the Poppinjays, and the *crème de la*

crème generally. Our old beau Charlie, Dick Persimmon, Tommy Straddle, Billy's son, and three or four more of the most distinguished members of the Spuyten Duyvel Club, were all ushers, and I was surrounded by a galaxy of lovely bridesmaids, whose names, together with an exact description of our dresses, are contained in the columns of the papers which appeared next day. In the same veracious chronicles will be found a list of the unusually costly and magnificent presents which came pouring in upon the happy pair, with their probable values attached; while the reporters vied with each other in extolling the good looks of both bride and bridegroom, and in conveying to their interested readers a most minute and detailed account of their personal appearance and conduct upon the trying occasion.

A few days afterwards they started for England in the same steamer with the Schamovitchs, who had been making a tour in Canada, and I relapsed into a resigned condition, conducive to much moralising on the vanity of sublunary affairs, and felt very much as if the world was stuffed with sawdust. Little did I then dream of the thrilling nature of the episode still in store for me.

PELAGIC MYKENÆ.

DR SCHLIEMANN's great find at Mykenæ has had the practical result of reviving travel in Greece, whose stony roads, almost entirely abandoned since the tragic expedition to Marathon in 1870, are once more being trodden by the English traveller. The tourist who has visited Athens and Mykenæ has performed the most popular and enviable "haj" of the present year, and on his return from his pilgrimage may boast with pardonable vain-glory "*non cuivis homini contingit adire Mykenas.*" But fortunate as may be held these favoured few, it is yet a greater advantage to have visited the spot under the most competent guidance, and to have learnt through the courteous explanation of Signor Stamataki, the learned custodian of the treasures, the details of their recovery. To the finder himself belongs of right the narrative of the search, and the description of the treasure-trove; yet it may be allowed to the traveller as he stands by the graves in the Mykenæan acropolis, and takes in at one glance the wide plain of Argos, low-lying Tiryns, and the proud eyrie of the Argive Larissa, to indulge in speculation as to what manner of men they were who built these mighty walls, who established these rival capitals, and who passed away in the very dawn of historic time.

The attempt is not an easy one; it has even been declared on high authority to be almost futile: "If any man is inclined to call the unknown ante-Hellenic period of Greece by the name of Pelagic, it is open to him to do so; but this is a name carrying with it no assured predicates, noway enlarging our

insight into real history."* Yet a historian of equal rank holds a more encouraging view: "There are several questions relating to the original population of Greece, which it may be fit to ask, though we cannot hope for a perfectly satisfactory answer; if for no other purpose, at least to ascertain the extent of our knowledge."† The few years that have elapsed since the expression of these opinions have already seen a great extension of archæological, ethnological, and philological knowledge; and by virtue of the mutual support and illustration which these sciences afford to one another, it may reasonably be hoped that the domain of history may be extended to periods hitherto deemed beyond our reach. Among the pioneers of such an invading host, no name certainly will be entitled to a higher place on the roll of fame than that of the explorer of Troy and of Mykenæ.

Dr Schliemann has indeed proved himself the very Columbus of archæological research. Strong in the faith of his own convictions, he has gone forth like the intrepid Genoese in quest of a land to which a hardly more than mythical and legendary existence was conceded, and undeterred by popular scepticism, and the scarce lukewarm support of an alien Government, he has prosecuted his search, and has returned with all the honours of a discoverer thick upon him. The position of Troy was at all times known within certain comparatively narrow limits; the wide Hellespont, Tenedos, and Imbros were indisputable landmarks: but beyond this all was conjecture, and rival dis-

* Grote, pt. ii. ch. ii.

† Thirlwall, i. c. 2.

putants were content to base their theories on local features,—either natural, such as hills and streams— or artificial, such as ancient mounds hardly distinguishable from the natural landmarks of the wide plain that embraced them all. The site of the city of Agamemnon was more exactly defined. Early and complete though its decline and ruin were, yet the vast masonry of its walls remained as an imperishable witness; and the unbroken traditions of Rome, of Jerusalem, or of Damascus, do not afford more indisputable evidence of their sites than do the Cyclopean bulwarks of the citadel of Mykenæ. Here, some three thousand years ago, reigned the King of Men; and here seventeen hundred years ago still were shown (if we may trust to the use of the present tense by Pausanias) his subterranean treasure-house and the tombs of his royal race. The treasure-house, or the building which was probably shown to Pausanias as such, has preserved its tradition up to the present time, but the tomb of Agamemnon was lost; and succeeding travellers, as they gazed on the rocky enclosure of the acropolis, or the bare hill-side by which they had ascended to it, may reasonably be held excused if they deemed it lost beyond recovery. It was reserved for Dr Schliemann to reap an equal harvest of glory from the city of Priam and from the capital of its destroyer. To him the siege of Troy is no concrete expression of a solar myth, no minstrel's romance or legendary version of great deeds wrought by the heroic ancestors of his audience, but a great historical tragedy, of which the scene, the actors, and the plot are equally matters of fact to him who shall read it aright.

Strong in this faith, and in his own unswerving enthusiasm, Dr Schliemann, first making a careful

reconnaissance, and then attacking with the spade, entered upon a second siege of Troy, and conducted his operations, in spite of all obstacles, with such energy and success as to reveal—buried under the accumulations of subsequent ages, and of cities whose ruins have actually altered the configuration of the ground—the very walls, towers, and buildings of a city which he claims to be the Troy of Homer and of Priam. He exclaims confidently—

“Hâc ibat Simois, hac est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.”

Here, too, was the Scæan gate, and here the street down which Hector passed to conquest and to death; here, buried under the ruins of a building evidently destroyed by fire, are the jewels and ornaments of Helen or of Andromache.

Such a discovery, sufficient in itself for most men, did not, however, satisfy Dr Schliemann; and while the archæological world was still ringing with the fame of his first exploration, he turned from the city of Priam to that of its chief assailant, and, guided by the same happy inspiration in his researches, laid bare, on a spot most plausible indeed to those who study it after the event, but neglected by previous explorers, the sepulchre of one who was clearly a mighty chief, and in whom Dr Schliemann unhesitatingly claims to recognise the very “king of men.”

The effect of these brilliant discoveries has been to narrow for a time the field of inquiry. That which was before dim and shadowy has shrunk under the fierce light of this material evidence to smaller dimensions, and the question seems no longer to be whether there ever was such a siege of Troy as Homer sang, or whether he may not have been singing, like a modern laureate, the epic of a king far removed

from his own time, and already vanishing in the phantom-land of myth; but the point at issue is, whether we must not accept every word of Homer as describing events and things which the poet had under his personal cognisance, and whether we are not actually handling the jewels of the royal homes, the sword of Agamemnon, and gazing on the very face of the mighty dead.

If this be so, we must expect to find in every fresh discovery by Dr Schliemann a direct confirmation of the descriptions of the poet. In some cases we shall, no doubt, have an explanation of what was previously obscure; but in no case will there be any contradiction. In his descriptions of men and manners, of objects of use or ornament, as well as on topographical points, we shall find the evidence on every point confirmatory. The site of Troy has been discussed at length by those who have made themselves more or less familiar with the spot, and it need only be said here that Homer himself indicates a source of uncertainty in the future identification of the place, which has perhaps been insufficiently taken into account. In *Il. vii.*, when a truce has been proclaimed in order that both Greeks and Trojans may render due honour to their dead, the former heap a vast mound over the slain, and surround it with a wall and ditch, making it, in fact, a part of their intrenched camp. The mighty work excites the wonder of the gods, and the envy of Poseidôn, who complains that the glory of this work will eclipse that of the wall which he had raised for Laomedon. Zeus, however, promises that the glory of this very structure shall in the future belong to Poseidôn.

“Far as light extends,
Of this great work to thee shall be the
fame:
When with their ships the long-haired
Greeks shall take
Their homeward voyage to their native
land,
This wall shall by the waves be broken
through,
And sink, a shapeless ruin, in the sea;
O'er the wide shore again thy waves shall
spread,
And all the boasted work of Greeks o'er-
whelm.”*

It may very safely be conjectured that the poet is in this passage uttering a prophecy that had, in fact, already fulfilled itself; and it may be added to such passages as that of *Il. xx. 307*, as to the rule in Troy of the grandchildren of Æneas, in evidence of the comparative dates of the poet and his subject. All that we have to observe is, that the prophecy attests the obliteration of the Greek camp, either by a storm of exceptional severity (for ten years' experience should have taught the Greeks to guard against the risks of an ordinary winter), or by an alteration of the coast-line. We in England are not wont to look on our country as being subject to vast convulsions of nature; yet a space of time that is but short as compared with the interval since the Homeric age has materially altered one corner at least of our coast,—and those who have looked down from the sister citadels of Winchester or Rye on the wide pastures which, as Homer would say, Demeter has wrested from Poseidôn, or who bear in mind the changes which have been wrought at Thermopylæ, may be allowed to conjecture that time has done its work also by means of the strong currents that sweep down from the broad Hellespont, and the blasts that vex the plains of windy Troy and the low-lying margin of Besika Bay.

* *Il. vii. 458 et seq.*, Lord Derby's trans., 5th edit.

There is no such uncertainty about the site of Mykenæ—no doubt that this was the city of Agamemnon. Here he ruled, rich in gold, over the inhabitants of the wide-wayed city; here, no doubt, were his treasures, and here his tomb;—but the proof that we have before us, in the discoveries of Dr Schliemann—the very tomb, the very corpse, of the great ruler of men—is as yet incomplete. One thing is clear—that both Agamemnon and the occupants of these tombs were posterior in date to the building of the walls of Mykenæ by their mythical “Pelagian” or “Cyclopean” architects. The position of the tombs, indeed—just inside the gate of the Lions, and enclosed in the wall of the lower citadel—might even lend some colour to the conjecture that the architect of the wall drew its line with special intention to make this a burial-ground; and in enlarging his acropolis, purposely designed that the sepulchres of the royal race should be the first object to strike the eye of every one who entered the gate on his way to the upper citadel. The conditions of the ground would materially assist in this design; for while it would be difficult to excavate the spacious tombs in the hard mountain-side on which the city stands, facilities would be afforded for doing so through the necessity of filling in, to the level of the top of the retaining wall, the more or less crescent-shaped enclosure of the lower citadel: the space enclosed would otherwise have been too small to be available, lying, as it does, under the shadow of its mighty rampart.

Here, at any rate, was at some time buried a great chieftain and his race; and in trying to estimate the probabilities for or against his having been Agamemnon himself, we may natu-

rally turn to Homer in order to judge whether such funeral rites as he describes accord with those of which we have positive evidence at Mykenæ. We have ample material in the writings of the poet; for, among many heroes of less renown who meet their fate in the tale of the Iliad and Odyssey, two are pre-eminent, and are buried with peculiar honour—Hector and Patroclus. Of these, the former is the most doughty warrior, and the more conspicuous figure in the poem; but the account of the sepulture of the Greek champion is naturally told with the greater minuteness. As soon as his comrades have dragged the corpse from the fight, they lay him on a couch (Il. xviii. 232), and all night long they raise the funeral dirge (xviii. 314)—the wake of the dead—Achilles himself being the chief mourner.

“Meantime the Greeks all night with
tears and groans

Bewailed Patroclus: on his comrade’s
breast

Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands,
And led, with bitter groans, the loud
lament.”*

Apparently after this, but according to a subsequent expression (xviii. 353), at an early stage, the corpse is washed, the wound dressed with precious ointments (xviii. 351), and wrapped from head to foot (ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς) in a fair linen winding-sheet. In the morning Thetis comes to comfort her son, and in a remarkable passage (xix. 38) she is described as preserving the corpse from decay by dropping nectar and ambrosia into his nostrils: the reference appears to be to some adaptation of the Egyptian method of embalming, then in use in the camp before Troy. Then Briseïs (xix. 282) is introduced, and mourns for the dead, bruising her tender cheeks and breast, and raising the shrill wail (λίγ’ ἐκώκυε)

* Lord Derby’s translation.

that may yet be heard in Eastern lands, or even in the Gaelic countries of the West. It may be remarked, in passing, that the women take a more prominent part in the mourning for Hector than in that for Patroclus: for, in the one case, the corpse was in its own home among its own people, where there was every facility for due observance; in the other, the conditions of camp life imposed some deviation from custom, and Briseïs and her maidens do not come on the scene until the corpse has been washed and laid out by the Myrmidons themselves. It is, however, the maidens who lay out the corpse of Hector in the tent of Achilles (Il., xxiv. 587), while professional mourners raise the dirge when his corpse is received at Troy (xxiv. 720). On such details the silent evidence of Mykenæ can throw no light, nor on the funeral banquet that succeeded, in the case of Patroclus on the following day, in that of Hector after nine days' preparation.

"Nine days to public mourning would we give;
The tenth, to funeral rites and funeral feast;
Then on the eleventh would we raise his mound;
The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must."*

This preparation mainly consisted in the collection of fuel for a vast (*ἐκατόμποδον*) funeral pyre, on which the corpse was placed and consumed during the night-time by the flames (xxiv. 788). It is evidently the intention of the poet to signify that the corpse was thoroughly burned, for in the case of Patroclus strong winds are specially sent to fan the flame. When at last the fire begins to die out, the embers are quenched with wine, the bones are carefully sought out—with special care in the case of Patroclus to distinguish them from

those of the captives and animals who were sacrificed on the pyre; they are placed in a golden casket, which in turn is wrapped in fine linen. The remains of Patroclus are lodged in the tent—one can only conjecture that they are subsequently transferred to the vast mound that is raised about the pyre; those of Hector are deposited in a grave (*κάπετος*, xxiv. 797), over which a pile of stones is raised, and a heap of earth covers all. In both these cases, as also in others, such as the burial of Elpenor (Od., xi. 75), or the burial of the dead after the battle before Troy (Il., vii. 435), the raising of a mound was a prominent part of the ceremony.

In the case of Elpenor there is indeed an apparent exception; for when the shade of the unburied Elpenor meets Odysseus in Hades, he begs that due honour may be rendered to his remains, and that they may be burnt, "*ὄν τεύχεσιν ἄσσα μοι ἔστω*" (Od., xi. 74); and accordingly, on his return to earth, Odysseus celebrates the funeral rites of Elpenor, and buries the corpse, "*καὶ τεύχεα νεκροῦ*:"—

"Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,

The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roaring of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar."†

This may, however, be the exception that proves the rule, for Elpenor was but a common seaman. Homer especially says that he was but a poor fighting man, "*οὐδέ τι λίγν ἄλκιμος ἐν πολέμῳ*" (x. 552); and the word *τεύχεα* may express merely his "gear" or "kit," perhaps even the oar itself, rather than weapons of war.

Too great importance need not be attached to the erection of a tumulus, for it is almost instinctive in all races to mark a battle-field

* Il., xxiv. 664, Lord Derby's trans.

† Od., xii. 13, Pope's trans.

by a mound, and from Marathon to Waterloo we have this record of the resting-place of the fallen warriors, and even the Pyramids may be but the elaboration in stone of an earthen tumulus; but at any rate we see clearly that it was the recognised practice in the Homeric age. Now it might reasonably be supposed that the burial of Agamemnon would be celebrated in much the same way as those of the warriors who fell before Troy, and the tombs of Mykenæ should, as far as possible, supplement the Homeric account; but, in fact, the evidence which they afford is not at all of this nature. Here the dead lie in spacious quadrangular graves; and, from the observations made when these were uncovered, it appears that the bodies, dressed in rich array, profusely decorated with gold ornaments (and in the case of the men, wearing their swords, and protected by breastplates and masks of gold), were laid in order, as many as five in a grave, on the floor, there being no vestige of coffin. A double line of brazen caldrons, containing golden vases, &c., was arranged along two sides of the grave, and at each end of the row was placed a sheaf of swords. Then fire was applied; but it is singular that, whereas in the Homeric account it is clearly intended that the cremation should be as complete as possible—and no objects or arms of an incombustible nature appear to have been subjected to the flames*—the heat applied in the Mykenæan process was evidently very slight, for in no case were the gold ornaments, thin and delicate though they be, at all fused by the fire, and the

state of preservation of the corpses points in the same direction. The fire indeed, in both cases, was quenched before it became finally extinct; but whereas this was done at Troy by pouring out wine on the embers, at Mykenæ the fire seems to have been subdued by casting earth into the tomb, various precious ornaments having first been thrown at random into the flames. That these processes were almost simultaneous is proved by the fact that the action of fire is traceable on one and only one side of these objects: that side which fell on the fire is scorched, the other is protected by the mass thrown in on it.

We have already seen that in every case of Homeric burial the monumental mound was raised over the pyre; but we have no trace of this at Mykenæ, neither is the situation of the tombs adapted for such an object, nor would it, when raised, have been in any way conspicuous. On the contrary, the surface appears to have been levelled, and a double circle of stone slabs, with a narrow entrance at one point, surrounded the burial-place. In this enclosure flat gravestones marked the exact situations of the tombs, which only occupied one-half of the area where the nature of the made-ground admitted of their being sunk most deeply below the surface; and from the character and patterns of the bas-reliefs and borders of these tombstones, it can hardly be doubted that they are coeval with the dead below. On the other hand, a point of agreement is established by the fact that no trace of written characters or money can be found at Mykenæ; but this does not prove more

* But Cf. Virgil, xi. 193—

“Hinc alii spolia occisis direpta Latinis
Conjiciunt igni, galeas, ensesque decoros,
Frœnaque, ferventesque rotas: pars, munera nota,
Ipsorum clypeos, et non felicia tela.”

Virgil might easily be guilty of an anachronism; his readers would not be likely *regarder de si près*: in Homer it would not be possible.

than that the tombs are of an age at least as early as that of the poet, and does not exclude the possibility of their being considerably earlier.* With regard to the arms and accoutrements of Mykenæ some difference may be also noted : there is no helmet, no spear, and no shield ; while the swords, almost exactly a yard long, double-edged, though single-handed, seem hardly in accord with the stout short weapon which art as well as tradition have attributed to Homeric warriors.† Too much stress, however, should not be laid on this last point, since it is possible that the arms buried with the dead were of an ornamental description, such as were subsequently worn in Greece at processions and ceremonies—and were, in fact, more for parade than for use.

If, then, we find that Homeric burial-rites are but little in accord with the evidence offered by the Mykenæan graves, it is only reasonable to inquire whether these are in turn illustrated by similar discoveries elsewhere ; and in such an inquiry we must be careful to cast aside all that is attributable solely to coincidence. In every phase of man's development intermediate between those semi-brutal races who appear to have no conception whatever of a future state, and that highest degree of religious thought in which it is acknowledged that the spirit has passed utterly and entirely away from the interests and occupations of this world, there is evidence of an inclination to look on the soul as having passed to a form of existence differing but in degree from the present life. In pursuance of this thought, it is almost instinctive to supply the dead with necessities for his long journey, or requisites for his life in the

new country ; and so, from the Esquimaux of Greenland to the Maorie of New Zealand, from the Tartar Kalmuk to the North American Indian, food, raiment, arms, even horses, wives, and companions accompany the soul on its way ; and even in Christian burial-rites the tenacity of this idea can be recognised in the peculiar meaning that became attached to the word *viaticum*, and in the little niche cut in the side of the stone sarcophagi of medieval prelates. Thus we find remarkable points of resemblance between the *burials* of Mykenæ and those of Peru;‡ but we may at once dismiss any idea of connection between the two races, save in ages far too remote for any purposes of the present inquiry. It is sufficient for us to try to ascertain whether the objects found by Dr Schliemann belong to the early days of what we call the Hellenic period of Greek history ; whether, if earlier than this, they should be referred to what is known as the "Pelagic" period—a period dim, on the very boundary of historic knowledge ; or whether there be yet another theory not inconsistent with the evidence.

It is only from the earliest writers that we get any information even at second-hand as to these Pelagoi, whose origin was uncertain to Herodotus, though they were still extant in his day ; but besides the historic evidence respecting them, they have left us their name, their works, and room for plausible conjecture as to their language. From all these sources we learn that they were predecessors of the Hellenic race on Greek soil ; but beyond this it is not so easy to go, and the evidence is not altogether harmonious ; for if we adopt the etymology of their name as Pelargoi

* There is, indeed, one apparent exception ; but the fragment of pottery on which letters occur was found very near the surface, and is no doubt of later date.

† Il. iii. 334 ; xi. 29 ; xvi. 135 ; xix. 372.

‡ Squier's Land of the Incas.

= Storks, this clearly indicates a migratory folk, since no one would make a stork an emblem of agriculture, because, in the same sense as does the rook or the paddy-bird, he follows the plough. This is, in fact, the point of view that Strabo takes; for he says that the writers on the Athenian antiquities relate of the Pelasgoi that some of them came to Athens, when, on account of their wanderings and their settling like birds in any place where they chanced to come, they were called by the Athenians Pelasgoi.* It is better to adopt the derivation from Pelagos, a plain—not of the sea, for history and language alike tend to show that the Pelasgoi were not a maritime people, but of the land: and here we are encouraged by finding that not only did Argos signify a plain in Thessalian and Macedonian dialects,† but also that Greek and Latin words of common use referring to live and dead nature, food, labour, the body, the family, the society, are correlated,‡ while the Pelagic proper names in Homer are in many cases compounds of ἵππος,§ such as would be in use by a horse-breaking people, and Greek and Latin words relating to war or navigation are distinct. But we cannot follow this clue long without meeting with a difficulty; the Trojan Pelasgians of Homer (*Od.*, xix. 177) came from Crete, the last place which a nomadic population would reach. And when we come to examine their works, we find that, in the first place, they are of enormous solidity, the quality least attributable to a pastoral race—and, in the second, they are all on hill-tops; whereas a race of men once nomadic, but subsequently converted from migratory habits to a stationary agricultural life, would clearly have its settlements in the plain.

The vast walls of Argos, of Mykenæ, of Tiryns (which is less a hill city than any of the others), of Corinth, of Athens, of Cortona, of Perugia, and of many others both in Greece and Italy, are nothing else than the strongholds of mountaineers liable to constant attacks either from neighbouring eyries or from the more numerous population of the plains; they are defences against organised and sustained siege, not a “kraal” into which the flocks and herds could be driven in the event of a sudden raid. ||

We have, then, the problem of a people whose records attest that they were a settled agricultural race, industrious, landmen, while their generic name points to their being nomads, and their proper names show them to have been horsemen. The works, however, which are called after them are those which would be constructed by a race of hill-tribes used to war, and skilled in the art of defending their rocky citadels, from which they looked down on the wide-spreading plains. It is not easy to reconcile such opposing evidence, except on the assumption that the original Pelasgians, like some tribe of nomad Tartars, gradually found their way from the north into the plains of Thessaly, where they were strongest in the Homeric age, and so gradually advanced into Peloponnesos, while, perhaps at the same time, a parallel column was penetrating into the Italian peninsula. In either case, the sea ultimately would oppose their further march, and they would gradually settle down as cultivators, abandoning their old habits but retaining their names, as a settled life promoted increase of their numbers, and the place became too straitened for the continuance of nomadic habits.

* Strabo, v., ch. 2. sec. 4.

§ Ibid. p. 103.

† Thirlwall, c. ii.

‡ Juv. Mundi, pp. 96-100.

|| Cf. Strabo, v., ch. 2. sec. 6.

An invasion of a piratical seafaring race, whether Phœnician, Egyptian, or other, would naturally disturb the peaceable life of these Pelasgic occupants; and as the Hellenic race, however compounded, began to press on them, they would gradually develop the art of constructing places of refuge, and as the pressure became more urgent, would gradually give way, retiring to the hills, and becoming more and more perfect in the constructive arts. Thus their earlier works, less durable, and of less massive stones, would tend to disappear under the occupancy of the invaders; but their latest walls, most carefully built, of enormous blocks, and in the most inaccessible position, would most successfully resist the destroying agencies of man and time alike. It is, on the other hand, quite inconceivable that a race that had in any way come in contact with the authors of such works as the Pyramids or Karnac, or of the vast substructions of Phœnician Baalbec, could have continued to pile up the shapeless masonry of the walls of Tiryns or Mykenæ; but that the construction of the treasures of Mykenæ and Orchomenos, when the art of hewing stone had attained perfection, may have been under such foreign influence, is by no means improbable. Yet that this was but slight may be inferred from the total absence of the symbolism which covered the walls of every Egyptian tomb or temple with sculpture, of which there is no trace in Pelasgic Greece.

It must be confessed that such an hypothesis is not free from difficulty, when we consider with what tenacity every race clings to its habits, its language, and its institutions. In such parallel cases as that of the Canaanite hill-tribes, and the

Jews who succeeded them, surrounded by the lowland Arabs and Philistines, or of the mountain Kabyles of Algeria, looking down from their fastnesses on the successive waves of Carthaginian, Roman, Arab, and Christian invasion, nothing like fusion has taken place; and we must either assume the ultimate practical extinction of the Pelasgic stock, or suppose that the scanty space within which it was confined rendered it less capable of opposing effective resistance to external influences, and that an exclusiveness which was possible among the hills of Palestine and the mountains of Mauritania was impossible within the narrow limits of Helas. It may be, moreover, that there was no really radical difference between Pelasgian and Hellene, but that, being both of the great Aryan race, they had affinities which rendered fusion more easy; and so we see that the sites of Pelasgic cities were never abandoned, except, as in the notable cases of Tiryns and Mykenæ, from political reasons, but that their Hellenic successors built superstructures on their foundations. The whole of Greece does not afford an instance of a true seaport of the first class. Argos, Athens, Megara, even Corinth, were all hill-forts. We must go to the Phœnician * Coreyra for an example of a maritime city, whose walls were sea-beaten as those of Tyre or Sidon. If, then, we can bring ourselves to consider such a succession of events as not altogether impossible, and seek to confirm our opinion by actual evidence, we must retrace the way by which the original Pelasgic element would have invaded Greece.

In the earliest historic ages, two successive waves of emigration flowed from east to west over the old-world continent, differing in

race as in habits: the Turanian, nomadic, predatory, and warlike; the Aryan, agricultural until forced by some unknown cause to leave the Eastern cradle of their race, industrious, and peaceful; and both of these passed across the wide plains of what is now Southern Russia in Europe. Here, in the early days of written history, dwelt the Scythians, whose origin and subsequent history have been a problem to ethnologists: in the opinion of great authorities, however, they are Indo-European. "The Scythians, as their language proves, are neither Medes, nor Slavs, nor Goths, nor Pelasgians; but their tongue possessed affinities to all these languages." * They have now disappeared; but, from the traces of their occupation which they have left behind, it seems that they were influenced to no small extent by the establishment on their seaboard of numerous settlements, which the colonising genius of the Hellenic race sent forth. It is, as usual, in their tombs that we must read the history of this ancient race, and we find "the wilds of Scythia studded with . . . tumuli . . . with the sole difference of their containing ashes without urns; and the west of Europe seems equally to have abounded with them in ancient times, composed in general of stones instead of earth, probably from being ready at hand, which is by no means the case in the Scythian deserts." † While another much more recent explorer says: "How few there are who know that that kind of ancient vase, which is improperly called Etruscan, is also dug up in Russian ground,—that Greek sculptures of the highest art are dug up among us,—that we possess splendid mon-

uments of Cyclopean architecture,—and that, on the extreme edge of the southern steppes, towards the Black Sea, there exists another Herculaneum, another subterranean Etruria, rich in treasures, often unique in their kind, which throw light upon the darkest periods of the past!" ‡

There is little doubt but that in the Tauric Chersonese, as elsewhere, "*Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit*;" and that while her colonies formed a mere fringe of settlements on the Scythian coast, such as were the early European pioneers in North America or New Zealand, her arts began to exercise a powerful influence in the country. An unacknowledged cousinship of race may have contributed, *bon gré, mal gré* to this result; so that although between the Red Indian and European, between Anglo-Saxon and Maori, there has been no alternative but annihilation for the weaker, yet the Aryan Greek was enabled to effect a fusion more or less complete with the no less Aryan Scyth on the borders of the Euxine, just as the remote ancestors of both had become fused among the hills of Peloponnesus. At any rate, the influence of Greek art made itself felt even in the tombs of the Scythians, whose remains are found, lying amid their ornaments and arms, with raiment and provision for their journey to the unknown land almost exactly as at Mykenæ, § but also with works of the purest Greek art, coins, and inscriptions, to attest their own more modern date.

It cannot fail to strike the observer as a most remarkable fact, that in a Scythian tomb among the plains around Kertch there should

* Donaldson, Jac. Grimm. See Rawl. Herod., Book iv. Essay 2.

† Guthrie, Tour in Crimea, p. 314.

‡ Erman, Archiv für Wissenschaftliche Kunste von Russland, quoted by Macpherson, Antiquities of Kertch, 1857, p. 36.

§ Rawl. Herod., iv. 71, note.

be, just as in the citadel of Mykenæ, the same disposition of articles of use or ornament round the same quadrangular sepulchral chamber; and in one, as in the other, there is the same lavish use of gold, sufficiently remarkable anywhere, and tending to prove a different relative value of what is to us the "precious" metal. Thus we are told that in one Scythian tomb "the human remains were laid on sheets of pure gold, and covered with similar sheets,* the entire weight of the four sheets being 40 lb." A similar tomb was found near Alexandropol, and another contained 120 lb. of gold. Such profusion is the more easily understood among a people to whom the golden sands of Phasis were readily accessible, than in Greece, where gold is hardly, if at all, to be found; yet one of the tombs at Mykenæ has produced about 40 lb. weight of gold, which supplied not merely a mask and broad breastplate for the principal occupant, but a complete case for the tender limbs of an infant which lay folded in the embrace of its mother.

There are, indeed, two points of difference between the tombs of the Scythian and Grecian peninsula; for cremation appears to have had no place in the Scythian ceremonial, and we do not hear in the Tauric Chersonese of such a stone circle as has been laid bare at Mykenæ. The former point may be explained, if it be supposed that the Mykenæan citizens, converted by stress of circumstances from a pastoral and lowland to a martial highland way of life, may have adopted to a certain extent the Hellenic method of the race that had displaced them; and so, as we have seen, instead of the total cremation of the Greeks, they

burnt their dead in a perfunctory fashion, retaining otherwise their traditional customs. On the second point we are brought face to face with the yet unsettled question as to the date and race of the builders of "rude stone monuments;" but the non-existence of the stone circle in Scythian tombs may be explained by the remark of the author† quoted above, that stones are exceedingly scarce on the steppes, and even if originally constructed, a stone circle would have but little chance of survival in a country where every available stone has been appropriated‡ over and over again to various purposes by succeeding races. Where stone is abundant, as in the immediate neighbourhood of Kertch, we at once find "Pelasgian" or "Etruscan" work, a corridor with a false pointed arch§ of the same style which finds its earliest expression in the Syrinx of Tiryns and its latest in the treasury of Mykenæ, the gates of Missolonghi,|| or the tombs of Coere.¶ The description of the tomb to which this corridor leads might pass, with a slight alteration of measurements, for that of the "treasury of Atreus;" and the arrangement of its contents, as above stated, corresponds in a marvellous degree with that of the Mykenæan tomb, though much later in date. Finally, at the entrance of another tomb have been found** sculptured in relief lion-headed figures, whose appearance suggests, though it is but a suggestion, the famous guardians of the great Mykenæan portal.

The glory of Mykenæ belongs to an age almost prehistoric, and the great tragedy of the House of Tantalus may be said to make up the history of Mykenæ; it is not unnatural, therefore, that we should wish to identify the remains of the occu-

* Cf. *sup.* p. 677.

§ McPherson, p. 61.

¶ Ferguson, *Rude St. Mon.*, p. 34.

† Guthrie, p. 314.

‡ Ibid. p. 313.

|| Dodwell, vol. i. p. 98.

** McPherson, p. 76.

pants of its royal tombs with the family of its great king. But before we can do so with a clear conscience, we must dispose of the difficulties that lie in the way of our faith. That these remains are of great antiquity there can be no doubt; but we have seen that neither are the objects contained in the tombs Hellenic, nor was the mode of burial such as Homer attributes to Greek heroes, nor such as was in historic times practised by their descendants. On the other hand, we find a similarity of structure, of ceremonial, and of objects, both of use and ornament, in the "Pelagic" tombs of Greece, of Italy, and of the Tauric Chersonese; we have evidence that all these countries were inhabited by an immigrant race originally pastoral, essentially landmen, dwellers in the plain, who afford no traces of contact with either the Phœnician or Egyptian stock. This people gradually retired to the hills, where their rude but mighty works remain as a monument to all time, while they themselves became absorbed by fresh waves of immigration into a people not altogether alien, in an ethnological sense, from themselves.

If some such theory as has been attempted to be set forth here should ultimately, and after further discoveries, be found necessary to the solution of this Mykenæan problem, (and already, at Spata, under Mount Hymettus, has there been discovered * a suite of rock-hewn chambers, containing objects closely resembling those of Mykenæ, and equally non-Hellenic), then the predictions of former and careful explorers will be justified, and the forecast of Leake—

"It is by no means improbable that one or two of these edifices may have been more ancient than Atreus and the works of the Perseidæ. Nothing can more strongly show the extreme

antiquity of the remains at Mykenæ, and that they really belong to the remote ages to which they are ascribed by Pausanias, than the singularity of some parts of them, and their general dissimilarity to other Hellenic remains" †—

will be made good, no less than that of his scarcely less accurate predecessor, Dodwell, who, writing some half a century ago, says:—

"There is no place in Greece where a regular and extensive plan of excavation might be prosecuted with more probable advantage, or where remains of greater interest, and a higher antiquity, might be brought to light, although specimens of singular curiosity, rather than of great beauty, would be found." ‡

How interesting, as well as how curious, are the objects which Dr Schliemann has found at Mykenæ; how laborious was the enterprise, and how successful the final issue,—will soon be made known to the world. The narrative of the search will be hailed with pleasure by those who have visited Mykenæ, and whom an inspection of the spot, as well as of the treasures which it at length yielded up, has failed to convince that the theory of their Hellenic origin is free from very serious difficulty, no less than by those whose interest has been but stimulated by such occasional notices as have already been made public—

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

It were indeed hard to say whether the recovery from oblivion of one at least of these forgotten worthies, or the discovery of the grave of their mighty successor, would be of more surpassing interest to the archæologist.

* 'Times,' Aug. 9, 1877.

† Morea, ii. 385.

‡ Dodwell, ii. 237.

MINE IS THINE.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XXI.

"It will pe somepody that iss koing to Feenmaur."

"What wye to Finmore mair nur ony ither gate?"

"Pecause there iss a crayt few ither dogs will pe koing to there twa days syne; which I haf saw on to the rod."

"But this isna a dug, Alistair; it's a man."

"You are a pretty smert fel-lo, Tchon Tcheemyson, and so iss your mither; and she leeves in Glasco toon, where aal the shops iss; and you haf a hat on the Saabuth dess, which iss like the meenister's hat; but you are ferry much into the wrong, for aal. This iss not a man."

"You'll no be sayin' it's a wummin, ony wye?"

"That iss pretty true, too. She iss not a wummin, and she iss not a dog; but she iss not a man naythers. She iss a tchentelmans."

"Haw! haw! haw! haw!"

"Goot life! Tchon Tcheemyson, do not mek that tammd noise with your ucklee mouth. Stop it hay-stilee, or you will fricht aal the sheeps that iss on to the hullside. She iss a tchentelmans; and ferry certainly, she will pe the tchentelmans that iss com to Feenmaur; and her dogs will pe koing to there twa days syne, and I haf saw them on to the rod mysel; and her horses and her consarn and her sarvint lasses, and ither things."

"And wha is the gentleman? What do they ca' him?"

"She will pe a captin frae apoot England some gate. Look to her. She is takkin' the rod for Feenmaur."

An interval of intense observa-

tion and silence, tempered with the sound of riotous snuffing.

"Goot life! whaat will the craytur pe standin' glowerin' at the castel for, aal this time?"

It is a godsend to a Highlander in a lonely district, when any living thing above the rank of a sheep or a grouse comes within the range of his vision, for it affords him a valid excuse for abandoning his lawful occupation, and devoting himself to the phenomenon as long as it remains in sight. The questions who, whence, whither, why, and how, with many minor problems, are grappled with according to the most exhaustive methods; and where there are two philosophers to compare their hypotheses, and squabble over them, the excitement and the idleness may be quite indefinitely prolonged. The dialogue, of which the brilliant fragment above recorded formed a part, took place a few days after the events which occupied our last chapter.

The scene was a hillside overhanging a beautiful glen in the mid-Highlands of Scotland, and the speakers, as their dialects may have suggested, were a Highlander and a Lowlander—the former an ancient shepherd supposed to be "tenting" his sheep, the latter a keeper supposed to be "giein' a bit look ower the hill," in anticipation of "The Twelfth." The subject of their remarks was a gentleman who was making his way along the highroad which ran below their post of observation; but since he was merely a pedestrian, and therefore scarcely worthy of the mystery enshrouding

the "two figures"—invariably on horseback—which used to pioneer our boyhood into the delights of James's novels, we may frankly admit, at once, that he was no other than Cosmo Glencairn. Mr Snowie had dangled the bait of Finmore before his eyes at the right moment. Cosmo had risen to it with an impulse which only gave special expression to a fixed, though half-unconscious, purpose; and here he was, on the 11th of August, in the heart of the Highlands, and *en route* for the shootings in question. His dogs, by a covenant with his father, were quartered, during the off-season, at Edlisfort, with training and exercising privileges on that domain; and these had arrived, two days before, in charge of his own keeper, or rather *shikari*. Nor was old Alastair at fault in any of his other surmises; for Cosmo's horses, and a small establishment hastily got together by his trusty *factotum*, had also preceded him, so that everything might be in readiness within the lodge, as well as without on the moor, against his arrival. At the conclusion of his railway journey, of some fifteen hours, from London, he felt rather cramped and fagged; so he dismissed what Alastair called "the consarn," which awaited him at the station, and started on foot, meaning to take to the heather and strike across the hills when he reached the borders of his own territory. A stretch on the hill would, he assured himself, be a beneficial and even necessary preparation for the work of the morrow. It is barely possible, however, that he had some other motive in addition.

The glen which Cosmo entered, shortly after leaving the railway, was almost wide enough, at its entrance, to be called a strath, but narrowed in rapidly, and at its farther extremity was little more than a gorge. The

inner sides of the hills which formed it, were marked by strange and picturesque irregularities—now projecting bastion-like bluffs and salients of displaced strata, now falling back in ravines and corries and dells. Over all, deep stretches of pine-wood drew their dark covering, smoothing harsh outlines into mellow curves, and melting abrupt discords into flowing transformations; while the lights and shadows, in following the ever-changing contour of the ground, relieved the monotony of the all-pervading and sombre green with a variety more dignified than mere contrast of colour can afford. The river, which found a channel in the centre of the glen, rested here, in a level reach, from its struggles with rock and precipice far above, and murmured melodiously along between fair slopes of heather, which came down from the foot of the hills on either side, interspersed with bright bosquets of young larch and hazel, and birch and oak, and all that aromatic shrubbery which makes the Highland wilderness a garden of delight. The majestic silence of the summer noon was marked, rather than broken, by the voice of the water, the song of birds, and the minor sounds of Nature, which rippled, as it were, on the surface of its profound depths. At the top of the glen, high spurs from the opposing hills met and closed it in with a sheer precipice, over which the river passed from its upper to its lower channel in a noble fall. The ruins of an ancient keep hung over the caldron on a dizzy ledge, showing dimly through a haze of spray which rose from the abyss below; and on a spacious plateau farther down the right bank of the stream, a baronial edifice, in the ancient Scottish style, stood out from its background of precipice and wood, and scaur and falling foam. The sea-

son had been backward, and the first freshness of vegetation still lingered here. The young larches by the river still met the sunbeams with their tenderest green; the splendid purple of the bell-heather had not yielded to its graver substitute; the golden broom fringed the wayside; and all the riparian bells and plumes and tassels of early summer, still swung joyously in the breath of the passing stream. Some slight showers had fallen on the previous day, but they had cleared the sky of every cloud, and left a legacy of thymy fragrance to the valley, which greeted Cosmo as he entered it, with a sweet Highland welcome.

The aspect of the glen was familiar to him. He knew all its beauties by heart. Before now, as he turned into its solitudes, tired with the whirling din of London's high-pressure life, he had felt its stillness fall round him like the benison of some spirit of rest and peace; and, before now, the first inspirations of its unpolluted air had reawakened in him childhood's ecstatic sense of the goodness of life. Here, to-day, was the same infinite repose and the same virgin air; there was nothing changed in the bravery of wood and hill; the river warbled its hymn of content in the same music as of yore, and the song which rang in the thickets was old as the glen itself. But for Cosmo, all to-day was changed and transfigured. The glen of other times was remembered as a faint and colourless sketch. Light, colour, fragrance, sound, the sweep of outlines, the harmonious whole, all now seemed instinct with an intense and beautiful vitality. Life had come into them—a soul, and a voice, borrowed from every harmony of nature, which cried to him that the world was fair, but here for him the climax of all its charms. This was Glenerlacht; and, as he

turned a curve of the road, and caught the distant thunder of the waterfall, Esmé's home—the real shrine of his pilgrimage—burst upon his view.

About half a mile from the house, the river, whose banks had by this time become high and precipitous, was crossed by a bridge; and this being the formal commencement of the avenue, it was shut from the highroad by lofty iron gates, flanked by a Gothic lodge, with a warder's tower. The arch, which formed the gateway, bore on its keystone the Germistoun escutcheon, assuring the wayfarer, by its innumerable quarterings, of the noble alliances of the family, though the ominous motto which surmounted it—

"Nicht and Nicht mak Rícht"

—suggested that the origin of their possessions was perhaps not altogether so respectable. About this point the highroad turned sharply to the right, as if respecting the privacy of the demesne, and wound up the hillside, till, at a discreet distance from the avenue, it resumed its direction parallel to the river. Exactly opposite the house another road branched inland to the right. This was the road to Finmore; and it was here that the hawk's eyes of the gossips in the heather above had first detected the lingering form of Cosmo.

Herrick says that—

"Love is a circle which doth endless
move
In the same sweet eternity of love;"

and this being so, we are confident that readers will gladly be excused, now and then, from following the lover in his spiritual circumambulations under our pilotage, and will kindly fill in for themselves—some, perhaps, with the superior freshness of personal experience—the various

phases of exaltation and so forth with which Love's pilgrim drew near the shrine of his divinity. To their imaginations, therefore, we commit the interval which separated Cosmo's first emotions on entering the sacred glen; from the moment when Alastair (as though resenting the misuse of time) remarked, "Goot life! whaat will the craytur pe standin' glowerin' at the castel for, *aal* this time?"

We may well believe that Cosmo had got through a good deal of this sort of contemplation, as he came slowly up the valley; in fact, that from the moment the castle became visible, his eye had rested upon no other object, and all the more intensely when a Union-jack, proclaiming the presence of the family, was seen to float from the central tower. Yet, when he got to the cross-road, he had by no means looked his last, for he sat down, and pulling out a powerful deer-stalker's glass, proceeded to sweep therewith the castle and its grounds. Cosmo strained his eyes across the glen; but he could descry no living thing about the place; the esplanade, the terraces, the walks on the wooded hill beyond, the very windows of the house—all were scanned over and over again, but vainly. A glimpse of any one, however remotely connected with Esmè, would have been a relief; even Lord Germistoune, if he would only have condescended to show himself, would have been quite a godsend. But no one came. An hour passed. Where were all the people? Would no one ever come? What did the flag mean? He got quite peevish about the flag. If the family were not at home, why didn't some one have the common honesty to come and haul it down? It was a swindle. He grew bitter; he felt aggrieved; the petulance of a lover rose in him; and after an hour and a half

of fruitless vigil, he took the road for Finmore. But—oh blessed backward glance, which no true lover e'er denied his lady or his lady's bower!—just before the road dipped, and cut him off from hope, he turned and looked once more, and this time not in vain. Figures—one, two, three—a host of figures were streaming from the castle doors; and it is needless to say that Cosmo sped back to his post of observation, and again, with trembling hands, brought his glass into position.

By this time there were at least a dozen people on the esplanade—male and female forms; but though the glass was a good one, it failed to reach the *minutiae* of human features, polish and readjust it as Cosmo might. Figures, gestures, colours of dress—all could be distinguished; but the faces were blanks: and even about the individuality of the figures it was at first difficult to speculate, as the party remained massed together.

Presently there appeared in relief on the steps in front of the house, a figure which there was no difficulty in identifying. Tall, erect, and stiff, it extended its arms towards the group, as if directing them to some particular point; and in the blended characteristics of the lamp-post and the lion rampant, Lord Germistoune shone revealed. Apparently his instructions were not at first comprehended; for the lion's paws shot out, and sawed the air impatiently, and at angles which defied heraldic canons. And now from the group below, an airy form detached itself, and ascended the lion's pedestal, and seemed to lay playful and soothing hands upon the agitated arms. Some one asking for an explanation, of course. Some one? Ah! here, at least for Cosmo, there was no vagueness, no uncertainty. Cruel distance might

veil the divine features; but the contour, the attitudes, the undulating graces of movement—these, at twice the distance, would have proclaimed the adorable personality to the eyes and the instincts of love. Esmè! The glass shook in Cosmo's hand; his colour went and came, and his voice quivered as he murmured aloud the name which, for him, was the epitome of all music. But the rapture of steady contemplation was denied him. Esmè immediately left her father, and ran back to the group, which now broke up and streamed down to a terrace by the river, and a good deal nearer to Cosmo. And now he could see Esmè's face. Ah!

A good deal of conference and arrangement seemed to take place; a couple of footmen brought down from the house a large oblong box; and at last, mystery and chaos solved and evolved themselves in the disorderly order of lawn-tennis. Two sets engaged in the game, which was played with much spirit by all concerned, the firm and nimble rushings and boundings of the male performers being not more full of *élan* than the wondrous swoopings and gyrations of the ladies. They played with only too much spirit to suit Cosmo's purpose; for, though a lover's eyes are quicker than other eyes, his telescope is as fractious and unmanageable as every other telescope is. And thus, when he essayed to track Esmè through the mazes of the game, this perverse instrument was never up to time. Now she would be in repose, and, the focus having been brought warily across the lawn, he would just have begun to drink in the rays of an aureole, when, lo!—a flash! a jerk!—and Cosmo's amorous gaze was lost in a bank of senseless turf. Or now, with the energy of despera-

tion, the telescope would give chase, and participate in all the acrobatics of the game—up, down, right, left, scouring, rushing, scurrying—but doomed to eternal disappointments, for ever settling on the blue flannel body of a corpulent male, or painfully travelling up a skirt to reach a female waist of the most revolting dimensions. The sorrows of Tantalus, or of a man attempting to shoot rabbits with an Enfield rifle, sink into insignificance when compared with Cosmo's present ordeal. Exasperating, truly; so exasperating that he was just pronouncing lawn-tennis a game only worthy of Mænads and Satyrs, in which, if a Sylph permitted herself to take part, she was—when ah! thank goodness! it was over at last. Esmè retired to the bench of spectators, and a new game began. Everything looked promising. Now, telescope, now! Vain hopes! When the focus struggled into the proper position, it collided with a pair of male legs, and ascending, was hopelessly stopped by a broad back in a jersey striped with all the colours of the rainbow. The body thus arrayed was actually standing right in front of Esmè, and by its gestures appeared to be very gay and conversational. But surely the—the *brute* was not going to dare to stand there for ever, intercepting *her* view of the game? He might; Cosmo said to himself that he very possibly might, seeing that a fellow with stripes of that description must be capable of any enormity. But no; another figure came to the rescue—a female figure of dignified movements—who had been standing, hitherto somewhat apart, looking up, as if in conversation, to the terrace above, from the edge of which Lord Germistoun appeared to watch the game. When Esmè retired from the contest, this lady, who was veiled and unrecognisable,

at once got under way; and presently the hyperbolic jersey was replaced on the disc of the telescope by a curtain of blue serge of equal opaqueness. This woman was as bad as the man! Right in front again! What on earth was she about? She seemed to be engaged in a little amicable struggle with the invisible princess, and in which a white cashmere shawl appeared to play a prominent part. Mysterious! Ah! her object evidently was to wrap the shawl in question round the resisting form of the young lady—evidently. There! she had carried her point, and now, of course, she would go. Not a bit of it. Some officious wretch brought her a light garden-chair, and she sat down, again right in front; and all that the telescope could now report was a new aspect of the blue serge body, and, above and beyond it, the upper half of the demon in stripes, who had moved round to the back of Esmè's chair. Nothing of the fair girl was visible but fitful glimpses of the top of her hat, for these two people seemed to heave forward against each other, like opposing waves, and obscured the treasure which lay in the intervening trough. It was sickening! He turned the telescope impatiently on other members of the party, and became aware of a neat lilac figure, which seemed to flit about among the rest, like a thing of joy. All the ladies he addressed appeared to be at once agitated with laughter; while the men doubled themselves up, smote their knees, and retired, convulsed and tottering. "What a buffoon!" sneered Cosmo; and then, "Of course! just as I expected! Tom Wyedale!"

Cosmo observed his friend's proceedings with rather a grim expression, which was by no means mollified when the "thing of joy," flitting past Esmè's group, was

suddenly absorbed into it, and added another and decidedly aggressive element to the obscuring sea.

Matters continued to go on in this way for a long time; for, though game after game took place, and the players were constantly relieved, Esmè played no more, and the attendant group remained constant to her, and all in the same regrettable positions. "If they ONLY knew," thought Cosmo, "how ridiculous they look!" And yet a disinterested person would hardly have agreed with him; for they were all decidedly good-looking, and their gestures, however aggravating, were the gestures of well-bred and graceful people. At last a couple of empty carriages drove up to the door, and a "powdered menial" came forth, and solemnly tolled a great booming bell which hung in one of the turrets. Whereupon, like a dog infected by the barking of other dogs, Lord Germistoun immediately began to wave his hat with great impetuosity (no doubt shouting lustily the while) to the group below, which must have been well disciplined, for the games were at once discontinued, and players and spectators moved promptly towards the house. Esmè was thus again visible for a little—but very slightly: for the waves were true to their mission, and floated about her without intermission; the devoted lady leaning upon her arm; the man of stripes moving, tall and graceful, on her other side (much too close, Cosmo thought); while Tom Wyedale hovered promiscuously round the group, whose lively gestures told that his quips and cranks were numerous and effective. Nothing could be more joyous than the *ensemble* of the whole party, which now disappeared, leaving Cosmo gazing into vacancy. The pageant had come and gone like the episode of a dream, wherein Lord Germis-

toune had been a magician that had set the revellers in order with a wave of his hand, and then dispersed them, as abruptly as Prospero's voice dismissed from their "country footing" his airy band of "fresh nymphs and sun-burnt sicklemen." Cosmo remained gazing abstractedly into vacancy, perplexed like one half roused from sleep, and doubting between illusion and reality. Very presently, however, this was succeeded by a vivid and painful sense of the reality of all he had seen. Painful? He had seen Esmè, and surely that was bliss? Where, then, was his gratitude? where his ecstasy? Yes, he had seen her, and the first glimpse of her, indeed, had electrified him; but ecstasy had been shortly suppressed by supervening circumstances, and gradually replaced by emotions far removed from the ecstatic. The mere mechanical difficulties of contemplation had been damping, the physical obstructions irritating, and the persistence of the obstructionists enraging. But these were by no means all. Through force of his transcendental musings, and by the intense sympathy which an intense passion produces, Esmè had become to him, in some degree (if we may be permitted to soar so high for a parallel), what Beatrice was to Dante—ever present to him, and ever present in a halo of gracious attributes, which daily grew more and more real and familiar; so that her idea came to be linked with every association of the ethereal and the beautiful and the good which touched his consciousness. To-day, as he wandered up the glen, her spirit had seemed to come forth from all its beauties, and to hold commune with his own.

"She stooped to him

From all high places, lived in all fair lights."

And at this exalted level of senti-

ment he had been confronted with the scene just described.

The antithesis was obviously grotesque; but it was not its grotesqueness which struck Cosmo. A certain shock, to be sure, is involved in the idea of Psyche engaging in a boisterous sport with the full-fleshed children of men; and it may possibly have been a slight shock to Cosmo to behold the heroine of his day-dreams translated to similar conditions. But our modern Psyche is muscular. It is a wholesome fact with which we are all familiarised; so that he could not have been seriously affected by that consideration. What really affected him was, that she who had moved through his reveries in a halo of perfections had been there contemplated only in relation to *himself*. There were but two inhabitants in his psychical paradise—Esmè and himself. No other individuality intruded itself between them; she was there for him alone. Whereas here, dreamland dissolving, she was beheld as the joyous central figure of a bright and joyous life—beheld in a hundred new aspects and connections, not one of which had any relation to *him*. How complete was his nothingness to her! how wide the gulf which yawned between them! how remote and insignificant the orbit in which his life circled around hers!—such were the immediate convictions which displaced in his mind the fair fabric woven, through many a week, by the dreams of fancy and hope. Nor was this the worst. It was sufficiently desolating, indeed, to feel that he was nothing to her; it was even distressing to be convinced that she must be much to others; but a far keener anguish was involved in the suspicion that another might be much to her. The egotism of his love, aroused and wounded, was not likely

to leave unused against itself certain suggestive incidents in the little drama which had passed before his eyes. There was an eclipse in his mind of all the morning's brightness; wintry twilight reigned instead; harsh discords rent the melodious flow of his thoughts; the outer world was transfigured,

the light seemed to fade in the valley, and all the voices of nature jarred together, like sweet bells jangled out of tune. Sadly he addressed himself to his journey; his step was heavy on the hill; the heather had lost all its spring; and in this sad plight he approached his solitary abode.

CHAPTER XXII.

The shooting-lodge of Finmore was charmingly situated: it stood high on a breezy plateau; no neighbouring hill overtopped it, nor was it stifled by surrounding woods. Behind and around, and far and near, the eye could range over glowing undulations of moorland, reaching at one point a distant range of hills, whence the river which watered Glenelacht streamed down through the heather tracts, passing below Finmore, and in view of the house, till lost in the pine-woods which closed around it, as it approached the tragedy of its career, at the great fall above the castle. When next visible, its ordeal was past, and it was gliding through the lower glen where we first made its acquaintance, so that the castle and its sacred precincts were not to be seen from Finmore. The lodge—originally a farmhouse—had been added to in such a way as to make it commodious and comfortable as well as picturesque; and, altogether, it was as cheery and enviable a shooting-quarter as man need wish for. Cosmo had already spent many happy days there, but this afternoon there was no happy recognition in his eye as he approached it. After all, the lodge and the shooting were now mere pretexts, which had no interest apart from the real object that had brought him here; and, since gloom and darkness enshrouded

that object at present, he could see nothing in the place but a centre of desolation. Even the sportsman's instinct—so hard to suppress—failed to assert itself. The "muir-cock" gabbled its ineffable music, as he passed over the muir; covey after covey whirled up from his very feet, and deployed their rich brown phalanxes before his eyes; the black-cock *vedette* rolled his burnished plumage leisurely against the sun,—but Cosmo's pulses were unstirred. A flight of wild duck sailed over his head, so close that he could plainly see the green neck of the leading mallard, and almost catch its eye; yet even this supreme incident failed to rouse him. A mallard, and within shot! What stronger evidence could be given of morbid and unnatural apathy? Grange, his confidential servant and *factotum* of many years' standing, who had accompanied him on his many travels, and "understood him" better than most people, met him at the door as he arrived, and was vexed to see that the air of listless depression which he had latterly shaken off had returned. Philipson, his *shikari*, who had never seen him in such a mood before, was at his wits' end to account for such gloom on the eve of the shooting season; and when he strolled round to the kennels, old Davidson, the keeper, was perplexed, mortified, and outraged by

the callousness of his tone in dealing with topics of the sacredest interest.

Davidson was a Lowlander transplanted to the Highlands by his absentee master, with some idea that in the "antagonism of races" he might find a safeguard against spoliation. He was a long-headed, persistent old fellow, with a keen eye to the main chance, and a foible for getting his own way, and of wearing out opposition by a sometimes maddening prolixity; but he was eager about sport, and, if dishonest, was too clever to let one have the annoyance of detecting him, so that he was, to a very fair extent, the right man in the right place, as far as the tenant was concerned.

"How many guns wull there be the morn, sir?" he inquired, after he and Cosmo had exchanged greetings.

"Only my own," said Cosmo.

Davidson gave a start of surprise and disapprobation, and said, "We wus reckonin' on fower."

"Were you? I really don't know why you should."

"Weel, sir, ye see, wi' nae mair than ae gun, there's nae sort o' justice can be dune the muir ava'."

"We'll try it, at all events."

"Maybe some ither jantleman will be expeckit sune?"

"No; I don't expect any one, this season."

"Peety me! That's bad, that's dayspret bad. Ye see, sir, the muir's big, and the birds is plenty; but, if we dinna tak them sune, we'll mibbee no' get them ava'. They're gey strong, the year, and a wee thing wild a'ready; and if so be as the wither comes to brak—whoosh! it's a' bye. Ye'll no' win within twa perishes o' them. Ye may as weel gang grouse-shuting in Loch Lomond. Ae gun's no' fit to dae mair than kittle this muir. Beggin' your paurdon, sir, it's clean wastry. Mr Pheelipson, your ain

sportman, wus geein' his opeenyun this mornin' that we suld begin wi' sax guns at the laist—that's what *he* thinks. 'It's ma opeenyun,' says he, 'that——'

"Never mind Philipson's opinion; I must do the best I can with my own gun. There will be all the more birds for next year; that's one thing."

But a plethora of birds next year had no bearing on the "tips" of the present season, which, at this rate, promised to be a minus quantity; so Davidson returned to the charge.

"Weel, sir, excaize me; it's no' the birds o' this year, or the next, or the next afterhin', that I'm thinkin' o'. What I aye like is, to contant the jantleman wha is ma maister for the time so bein'—as ye hae been yersel, sir, and sae may ken. And I'll jist exactlee mak sae bauld as to say that ae gun *is* no' fit——"

"How do you find the dogs this year, Davidson?"

"Brawly, sir; the dugs is jist in what I may ca' extra fine condection. Eh! puir beasties! it'll be a hard job to fin' aixerceese for them a' the year, let alane wark. Wi' ae gun it's clean impossible. What's to come o't, I dinna ken; unless, indeed, ye was tae tak the thocht o' gettin' twa or three, or mibbee fower, jantlemen ower frae the caustle, frae time to time. There's a heap o' company there, I'm tell't; and Mr Pheelipson thinks he saw Mr Whydal at the station—Mr Whydal, sir; that's him that was here ance afore. Dod! he's a gran' shot, him!—and—weel, sir, that's the haill chance that I can see for the muir and the dugs and a'" ("keeper's pocket" being substituted for "a," Mr Davidson's drift and pertinacity are explained); "and that's no' ma ain thocht alane, sir—it's the opeenyun o' yer ain body—"

sportman, Mr Pheelipson, wha said——”

“Confound Mr Philipson, and you too! Why do you keep bother, bother, bothering about the moor? I suppose I may be allowed to judge for myself?” cried Cosmo, whose exhausted patience was not reinforced by this allusion to the castle and its male inhabitants.

“Aweel, sir, ye maun excaize me; it was for yer ain plesure I was thinkin’, and naethin’ else. Ye’ll tak a look at the dugs, sir?”

“No; hang the dogs!”

“Aweel, aweel. Beggin’ your paurdon, sir, what’na pairt was ye thinkin’ o’ takin’ the morn, sir?”

“Any part; I don’t care; it’s all one to me.”

“If so be as we wus takin’ Craig Rona side, sir, I bude to sen’ the dugs awa’ airly, ye see, sir; an’ ye’d hae to stairt braw an’ airly yersel.”

“Then we’ll not take Craig Rona to-morrow.”

“It wad be the maist feesablest kin’ o’ beat for the morn, sir.”

“I tell you, I won’t go there.”

“Weel, sir, there’s the ‘Three Kimmers’—a tarable heap o’ birds thereawa’, the year.”

“Well, I don’t know. I won’t decide to-night. Have everything ready to start at ten o’clock to-morrow morning, and I’ll make up my mind in the meantime.”

“Ten o’clock, sir! and it ‘the Twalft’!”

“I said ‘ten,’ didn’t I? Have everything ready at that hour; and when I give an order, obey it, and don’t discuss it.” So saying, Cosmo turned angrily on his heel, and left the pawky old keeper much marvelling at the change which had come over his once urbane and enthusiastic master.

“I tall ye, Lauchie,” he afterwards explained to one of his subs, “the man’s clean cheinged. He cam’ roun’ to the kannels for naethin’ ava’ that I could see; glowerin’ and fuffin’ up at ilka word; and naethin’ wad please and naethin’ wad sairve him—decin’ and dammin’ a’thing, frae Mr Pheelipson hissels doon to the dugs, puir beesties—him that was aye sae douce and ceevil; and nae kin’ o’ hert in the sport, and nae kin’ o’ respek for the day itsel—him that was aye sae keen. Dod! it’s maist tar’ble the cheinge that’s com’d ower him. Ae gun, too! Niver heed, Lauchie! Wait a wee, ma man! That Mr Whydal’ll be ower to halp us, or I’m muckle mistaen. He’s an awfie notion o’ the ‘Three Kimmers,’ that Mr Whydal. ‘Davidson,’ says he to me when he gaed awa’ the last time (he gied me five pun’, mair be token), ‘aye keep the ‘Three Kimmers’ for me,’ says he, ‘when ye hear that I’m in thae pairts,’ says he. Dod! an’ I wull.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Writers whose aim it is to insist upon the tearful aspects of humanity, have made large use of the pathos which associates itself with the abandonment of cherished habits and pleasures, when bereavement has dislocated a life, and taken the savour away from everything that once delighted it. But

mankind are capricious in the bestowal of their sympathy; and though they extend it eagerly to the sorrows of the heart, where death has intervened, have little or none to spare for the sufferings of the lover, however true and poignant they may be. Therefore we shall not attempt the hopeless task of

touching the reader's sense of the pathetic, by describing the melancholy evening which Cosmo passed in his lodge on this 11th of August; nor dwell upon that happier time when for him the eve of "the Twelfth" was a vigil, when he watched the stars grow pale and the dawn approach, eager to rush afield with the first practicable light. Suffice it to say that he passed the evening in sore discontent, and that, if his night was sleepless, the fever of sport had nothing to do with it; for he was better than his word, and, to Davidson's great disgust, was not even ready at ten next morning, but kept, what that worthy called "the hail apothek" (including, perhaps, keepers, dogs, and birds impatient for annihilation) waiting, for a solid hour.

The day was perfect; and to a sportsman in full possession of his senses, such tardiness would have appeared an impossible crime. With no symptom of conscious guilt, however, though with a sad eye and a heavy step, Cosmo at last made his appearance.

"Good morning, Davidson; a fine day it seems."

"A fine day it *was*, sir; but I'm dootin' the best o' it's gane by. They've been bleezin' awa' on the caustle muir this five hours."

"Ah, well! they've got half their fun over, and mine is all before me,"—a bit of philosophy which Davidson could only meet with the remark—

"Ov coorse, if a jantleman thinks naethin' ava' o' the bag, ae hour may be as gude as anither."

With the view of pointing the moral that a large establishment was criminally wasted upon a single gun, he had paraded a preposterous number of gillies and dogs, and, with fine satire, had even produced a couple of hill-ponies, duly equipped with panniers.

"What the deuce is the meaning of all this?" cried Cosmo, when his eye fell upon the imposing force.

Davidson gave a well-acted start of sudden recollection. "Ach, dod! I clean forgot, sir! Ye see, it's jist whaat's usual here on 'the Twalft,' wi' fower or five, or mibbee sax guns; and it fair escapit me that we wus gaun to attempt the muir wi' ae gun. Hae, Lauchie; tak hame thae pownies, and—— How many dugs will ye be wantin', sir?"

"Two couple will do, and another man besides yourself."

"Vara weel, sir. Tak yont thae pownies, Lauchie; and ye'll stay wi' me and the Captin, Aunra, and keep the black setter and the livert pinter, and thae twa young anes, and Rock; and see you, Donald, tak hame thae ither dugs; and a' you men, ye may gang and hag peats, or howk tawties, or whaat ye please. There's nae wark here for *you*, the day; mibbee the year, wha kens?" he added, *sotto voce*; and having thus made his dispositions with an air of being injured, yet resigned, he relapsed into a sulky silence. Cosmo, all unconscious of the poor keeper's wrath, and with a mind occupied with very different subjects, mechanically took his gun and some cartridges, and, followed by the other men, sauntered slowly on to the moor. His eyes turned in the direction of Glenelacht, and his steps followed his gaze. "We'll haud wast a wee, Captin," suggested Davidson; but his remark was unheeded.

"Wull I lowse the dugs, sir?" he presently asked.

"Yes, yes; of course."

"But we're gaun strecht doon win', sir."

"Never mind."

The dogs were being uncoupled, when a covey rose beside them—a splendid strong covey. Cosmo mechanically cocked his gun, levelled,

and drew trigger. Click! He was unloaded.

Davidson's red beard and whiskers bristled with indignation. "Dod! that's maist notawrious," he cried, when he recovered breath; and then, as another covey, startled by the music of the first, rose and swept away down wind—"See till them! jist see till them! Gangin' awa' in thoosands! poasiteevly in thoosands! and a' doon to his lordship's grun'. Ae gun's bad eneuch, but ae unlodden gun——"

"Hold your tongue, Davidson; don't make such an infernal noise." And on they went steadily down the wind—steadily down towards the glen which was magnetising Cosmo. The dogs, hunting on a side wind, got occasional points, which Cosmo negotiated; but sometimes the scent drew them far away back, up wind, upon which occasions he steadily declined to pay any attention to them. Davidson was in despair. "Hae, Captin! Juno's pintin'," he would cry.

"Where?"

"Jist aboot a mile ahint" (bitterly).

"Let her point, then, or call her off. I'm not going back all that distance. Why don't you keep your dogs in hand?"

Then, after a little—"It's the young dug this time, sir."

"Hang the young dog!"

"It'll clean ruin that young dug, if he gets nae nottice taen o' his pints."

But neither Davidson's remarks nor the dog obtained the slightest attention.

"He's clean daft," whispered the keeper to his sub.

At last they reached the boundary between Finmore and Dunerlacht; and at last Cosmo was obliged to "tak wast;" but he did so in the most unsatisfactory manner, for he kept close to the boundary-

wall, and his head was turned constantly in the direction of the glen, and all the more constantly when the smoke of the castle became visible, rising above the woods.

"Deil's i' the man!" muttered Davidson, "he'll no tak his ain birds. What wye will he be aye keekin' and glowerin' efter his lordship's!"

A fine sunny slope of heather, however, where the birds lay thick, here intervened, and Cosmo's great skill as a shot enabled him to run his score up tidily, notwithstanding his preoccupation, and Davidson was temporarily appeased.

Presently the sound of guns on the Dunerlacht side became audible.

"We'll gang sooth a wee, Captin," suggested the keeper. "The caastle folk is comin' this way, and mibbee they'll be thinkin' that we're on the watch for their birds, if we hing sae nigh the march; we'll get the win' brawly, mair be token."

Again the voice of the charmer charmed in vain. A turret of the castle now became visible. Cosmo halted, and had a good long stare at it, indifferent to the fact that Juno was turning imploring eyes backward from the steadiest of points, and that the young dog was "backing," but with every symptom of impatience. Davidson called the dogs off, "took them up," and remained standing motionless—the picture of petrified indignation. Cosmo had his look, and went on again without a remark. The dogs were again uncoupled, and presently Cosmo had another halt and another stare, accompanied by the same manœuvres on the part of the keeper, who was now beyond the power of speech. Thus matters went on, time after time, till, when it was quite two o'clock, Cosmo turned from one of his long contemplations and said ("just as if naething was wrang ava'")—

"I think it's about time for

luncheon now, Davidson. Let's see what you've got in that basket."

He was leaning against the march dyke, with his face away from Dunerlacht, when suddenly something that sounded like the war-cry of Red Indians was bellowed into his ear, and he sustained a shock on the back which shot him forward almost on to the top of the kneeling keepers. Staggering back, he beheld Davidson's upturned face wreathed in grins of delight, and heard him say—

"Maister Whydal! I'm proud to see ye, sir, the day."

"Aha, Mr Cosmo! unearthed you at last; sly old fox! This is what you call the islands of the *Ægean*, is it? Oh, you miscreant! as soon as you think I'm planted for the autumn, you stand in for Finmore! Shabby, upon my life! too shabby! a great deal too shabby!"

"It was quite a sudden thought," said Cosmo, with some confusion, when he had shaken hands with his friend, whose prodigious vitality and *quasi* geniality had a sort of charm, when in his company, which softened Cosmo's harsher thoughts of him, in spite of himself.

"That's no excuse," replied Tom. "I always measure the merit of an impulse by its opportuneness. Now, to make this impulse of yours a good one, it ought to have exploded in May, down at Como. Never mind. We may be happy yet. I say, Davidson, how are the 'Three Kimmers'?"

"Hech! hech! hech!" chuckled the keeper, in great delight. "The vara words—the vara eedaintical words—I was expeekin'! The 'Three Kimmers,' sir, is brawly; jist smooored wi' grouse, the year."

"You'll have me over one of these fine days to give them a toozling."

"Weel, sir, they'll want a' the

toozlin' they can get; and I'm share we'll be proud to see ye, sir (beggin' the Captin's pardon), for ye can see yersel, Mr Whydal, that we're short-handed; and you that kens 'The Kimmers,' kens brawly that wi' nae mair than aegun——"

"Get the lunch out, Davidson, and don't stand chattering there all day. You'll lunch with me, Tom?"

"Well, I don't know; let's see what you've got."

"Oh! something quite simple,—sandwiches, probably, and sherry and cold tea. Is that it, Davidson?"

"That's the apothek, sir; nay-thur mair nur less."

"I can't say I think much of 'the apothek,' then. No, Cosmo, I won't lunch with you to-day. By the by, I have an invitation for you to join our lunch-party; indeed that's what I came for. Lord Germistoun (I'm with him, of course) asked the keeper a few minutes ago who that was platooning away on Finmore, and we heard for the first time that you were here; and the old gentleman presents his compliments, and hopes, &c., &c. They're close by. We'd better go, at once. There's a *pâté*, but it's not large; and Jack Ruggles, who eats for ten, had his eye on it before I left. Let us go."

"But am I really invited?"

"Of course."

"Then how on earth did you think of staying to lunch here?"

"Oh, if you had had anything really very eatable, I wouldn't have let the other lunch stand in my way. A reindeer's tongue, perhaps. Yes, I think, for a reindeer's tongue, in peace and quietness, I would have let his lordship slide."

"Well, you *are* a cool hand."

"I am; it's the secret of my success in the face of interminable difficulties; cool, sagacious, prompt. Come on."

Cosmo got over the wall and accompanied his friend.

"Good sport, Tom?" he asked.

"Very fair, indeed, I think; but the guns hadn't all come in. My pal and I certainly have done well; but the score wasn't made up when I left. We have eight guns out, including the old man, who won't go for much, and a French Count, who is more likely to bag a pony or a gillie than anything else, from what I saw of his start. But it's really a great moor. By the by, when I've taken the cream off it, I'll come and have a look at your 'Kimmers'—seriously, I will."

"That's most kind of you."

"Oh, you may sneer as much as ever you please, but I will."

"All right, Tom—all right; you shall;" and then, with an effort to appear unconcerned, but conscious of a tremor in his voice, he said, "Have you a pleasant party in the house?"

"Ye-es; on the whole, pretty decent. Too many people, though—we dine twenty-five. I hate that. Too many women too; bothering all over the place; won't let you alone for a moment—billiards, lawn-tennis, everything. They're all up here to-day; jolted up in

carts, by George! Even that old hag Lady Bugles has come. She will certainly never get *all* her patent teeth, and the whole of her complexion, back to the castle. That's one comfort."

"What do you mean by 'all up here'?" faltered Cosmo, who had turned very pale.

"Exactly what I say. They've come up here with the luncheon, to bother us over it; and they've brought us all the way down to this corner, right away from the afternoon beats, just to suit their own convenience. Women *are* so infernally selfish! It's all owing to that abominable Mrs Crock, who has her eye on Lord Ribston, and is always scheming things of the sort. She might save herself the trouble, for Ribston's on another tack altogether—Miss Douglas, you know, *my* heiress,—ha! ha! I say, do you remember how you flared up about her, that night you had the blues, at Cadenabbia? ha! ha! ha! Well, Ribston is 'on' in that quarter; perhaps *he* might save himself the trouble too. *Nous verrons*. And here they are; and just as I thought, old Ruggles *has* collared the *pâté*. Look at him! the cormorant!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

They had turned the shoulder of a little knoll, and came quite suddenly upon the party, who were disposed in every variety of picnic attitude, in a sheltered hollow. Cosmo was vaguely conscious of a large concourse of people; of a blaze of colour; of a loud hum of talk and laughter, and of the clatter of knives and plates. But he saw nothing distinctly, and paused at the edge of the circle, in a state of complete bewilderment. Then he heard a voice cry, "Unearthed

him, you see, Lord Germistoune! caught him in the very act of a sulky luncheon!" And then he was aware of a quaint green shooting-coat, ridiculously puckered up at the shoulders; and of a preposterous grey sugar-loaf hat, decked with a black-cock's tail; and of a pair of shepherd-plaid trousers and yellow gaiters; and of a long bony hand which touched his own icily with two of its fingers; and lastly, of a harsh and metallic voice which recalled him to himself, like a

douche, and proclaimed that the *ensemble* made up Lord Germistoun.

"How do you do, sir? how do you do?" said his lordship, pompously. "Be seated here. Ronald! a game-bag for the gentleman. There is a *pasty* and a *mayonnaise*, and a recommendable *galantine*. Let me help you to something."

His dislike for Cosmo was cordial; but the instincts of heather hospitality are strong, and the resultant of these two forces was a manner in which austerity and fussiness were rather uncomfortably blended.

"And for wine," he went on, "which I never drink on the moor, there is sherry and light *bordeaux*. These heretics, as you see, drink champagne. I am too much of a sportsman to do that, or even to recommend the heresy; still, if you *will* be heretical," &c., &c.; and having made superficial arrangements for Cosmo's nourishment, he turned his back upon him frankly, and resumed his conversation with an eager-looking French gentleman, which Cosmo's arrival had interrupted.

Left thus to himself, and with his self-possession somewhat restored, he cast a rapid glance over the party, and at once encountered Esmè's eyes, who greeted him with a gracious bow and a kindly smile, and, as he was staggering up to go and pay formal respects, cried, "Pray don't think of rising just now, Mr Glencairn; pray don't. I am sure you must be dreadfully hungry, after your morning's work. I hope you have had very good sport."

Hungry! sport! what did the words mean? Cosmo, blushing and stammering like an idiot school-boy, replied *à tort et à travers*, but was generally understood to intimate that, having eaten thirteen and a half brace of grouse that forenoon,

he now felt himself pretty much in the humour for sport—a statement which roused the interest of his neighbours, so that he was conscious of a slight titter, followed by a short silence of curious observation; under which circumstances, he devoted himself to his luncheon with a false air of appetite and absorption, but tingling all over, and feeling that the merest worm which crawls this earth occupies a high place in the scale of creation compared with his; also, that it would be a capital thing if the hill above would kindly flow down, and overwhelm him and all the rest, and so blot out for ever the history of this accursed moment.

But the silence was not of long duration; for this picnic was unlike the normal picnic, that most *triste* and sodden of festivities. It was really gay. Whether it was owing to the air, or the heather, or the champagne heresy, or what not, Cosmo thought he had never been among people who so laughed and talked, and seemed so generally to enjoy themselves; and when he had long sunk into well-earned oblivion, he began to look about him, and take stock of the party, which, as Tom had said, was large. Though Cosmo had, yesterday, bestowed most of his attention on one group, he recognised a good many of the people who had taken part in what to him was a pantomime, on the lawn-tennis ground: with a good many faces, too, he was familiar, as a town-frequenter, but he saw no personal acquaintance. There were many of the types, male and female, usually to be met with at such, and indeed most, social gatherings, at a certain social level: the London "young man of the day," with his fine *physique* and comely features, and that look of hard immobility and indifference, in which our

cynics read the selfishness and irreverence of his nature; and the London "young lady of the day," with her eternal gleesomeness, which bears (according to our cynics) the same relation to the fresh joy of youth which her premature pearl-powder bears to its bloom; and that maturer, hawk-like lady (inevitable, wherever two or three are gathered together for the *cultus* of Pleasure and Mammon), with her restless look of craning, which suggests that she is hungry for something—, for some one to love perhaps, but much more likely (if she is single) for some one to marry, or in any case to toady; and the shaggy man of distinction, who stands upon his own merits, and is here and everywhere, and indeed in the most incongruous places, because he is a "topic of the day;" and the plump, comely young matron, just under middle age, well dressed, popular, all things to all men (to their faces, that is), but nothing to *any one* man (having chosen the safer paths of gastronomy), except her husband, and not very much to him, who is also here, young-looking, gentleman-like, easy, indifferent, fond of a rubber and a good run, but on the whole merely an appendage to the pleasant, selfish humbug who is his helpmate; and the iron-grey club man, whose face is to be seen framed in some window of almost any club in St James's Street or Pall Mall, who "abominates this sort of thing," but braves it, in consideration of the cook and the cellar, and because his doctor has prescribed ozone; and a sprinkling of neutrals, only remarkable as being God's creatures; and—and all the rest of them: except, by the by (and this is a large and important exception), those sprightly matrons who have histories, whether preserved by oral tradition in clubs,

or entered in the chronicles of the law courts; except, too, those gay dogs who have helped them to compile their biographies, and have the misfortune to be, for the moment, notorious as their *collaborateurs*. These were quite unrepresented; for Lord Germistoun, independently of the fact that he loved his daughter, was, as we have seen, full of antique prejudice, and belonged to that stale old epoch, when a cracked or dusky reputation was socially as disqualifying as dirty hands or doubtful linen. There were some "locals" too, not so easily to be classed, except in the rough-and-ready way in which Tom Wyedale told them off, as "fellows with the air of having their coats made by their bootmakers, and of cherishing earnest convictions about police rates and the Colorado beetle."

The business part of the entertainment was over, except in so far as concerned Mr Ruggles, who was still in position in front of the *pâté*, appearing to be somewhat swollen and jaded, but with a look in his eye of "die but never surrender." The variegated party had shifted and shuffled themselves into congenial groups or couples. The men, cigarette in mouth, were sprawling, nineteenth-century fashion, among the ladies, at every angle and in every attitude suggested by ease rather than grace, and were languidly accepting the attentions of surrounding nymphs, who did their best to solace and divert "the poor, tired, worn-out unfortunates."

The liveliest group was typical; it displayed a *parterre* of ravishing female heads, and, cropping up in the midst of them, a pair of feet and calves, encased in nailed shooting-boots and knickerbocker stockings, round which the fair heads swayed and bobbed with little screams and cacklings of delight,

responsive to certain growling monosyllables which came up from the heather, and intimated that the unseen "balance" of the feet and legs was a humorist, or person "who is *such* fun." Other groups were "in the same fancy," and mirth reigned over all.

Cosmo, although almost crushed into callousness, still felt a relief that Esmè was not one of the devotees of the boots and stockings. She remained with the discreet group who had been about her at luncheon—consisting of a shaggy-looking elderly gentleman, an unattractive young lady, and the lady who had played such an obscuring part on the previous day, and in whom he now recognised Mrs Ravenhall. None of them faced his way, and they were earnestly listening to the shaggy man, who appeared to prose, or at least to lecture, for he was not within ordinary ear-shot. The commonest civility and manners ought now to have taken Cosmo round to pay his respects to his young hostess, and to the only other lady whom he knew in the party. He felt this only too well; but he was rooted to the spot, and not merely sensible of his *gaucherie*, but also of the almost grotesque isolation in which he sat, attempting to carry it off by a ghastly semblance of interest in the structure of a blue-bell, which he peered into and held up to the light, as if its calyx were pregnant with botanical mystery. Lord Germistoune, with his back turned to him, still hammered away to the French gentleman, a good deal in the vein of our Transatlantic cousins when on their favourite theme of "American institutions." But his conversation came to an end at last, and with it some commencement of relief for Cosmo.

Lord Germistoune's "finish" was in this way: "Vous savez, M. le

Marquis, que chez nous—chez les Ecossais—il y a des—des—choses! —Je prétends qu'il existe, entre le seigneur Ecossais et ses vassaux, un certain lien qu'on ne trouve nullement d'ailleurs. Moi, par exemple, j'aime mon peuple, comme père, comme roi. Mon peuple, de leur part, entretient, à mon égard, une espèce de fanatisme; il me regarde comme un être tout-puissant, illustre, et fier. En même temps ils trouvent, ces pauvres gens, que pour eux, je suis d'une tendresse tout-à-fait paternelle. Je le suis. Ils ont raison, ces pauvres gens. Mais—what the d—l is that man M'Ardle about? What are you about, you great blundering jackass? Go away, sir! Get out of my sight. Where's Hammond? How often have I told him to bring up a proper number of footmen on these occasions! The idea of an infernal savage, like you, tumbling about here, among ladies and valuable china! Be off, sir! Why do you stand staring there? Where the d—l is Hammond?" Hammond not putting in an appearance, his lordship jumped up, and hastily introducing Cosmo to the marquis, went off to deal with him who was answerable for the appearance of poor M'Ardle—a gillie who, acting as an improvised waiter, had walked into a *mayonnaise* with one foot, and, with the other, finally subdued the fortress which had made so stout a resistance to the impact of Mr Ruggles. The Marquis was a good deal mystified by this discrepancy between the theory of the patriarchal relation and its development in practice; but he was too polite to show his feelings, and merely said, with a smile, as he looked after the angry old gentleman, "C'est une plaisanterie—un petit jeu de Papa—one jock, n'est ce pas, monsieur?" to which Cosmo assented, and, relieved to have some

one to talk to at last, at once entered on the subject of the day's sport. This was the Marquis's first experience of grouse-shooting, and he had enjoyed it very much; he had exploded, he said, many *cartouches*, and felt pretty confident that he had severely wounded several birds, though none had exactly fallen. But he confided to Cosmo that the actual nature of the grouse involved a disappointment. He had expected to see in it an aggravated sort of eagle—larger and more ferocious than the ordinary type; and when he belted on his *couteau de chasse* in the morning, had regarded that weapon as the possible instrument of his deliverance, in a death-struggle with the awful bird of prey.

This kind of *chasse*, therefore, he found to be deficient in the element of glory, and so far disappointing, though, in other respects, entitled to rank respectably among the sports with which he was familiar—including the pursuit of the *merle* and the *alouette*, which latter he described as “une espèce de gibier fort difficile;” and then he prattled on with amazing zest and volubility, which so many Frenchmen bestow on *le sport* in all its developments, and which often makes one wonder at the small amount of wool which is connected with all this vociferous cry. To Cosmo, the Marquis was a real relief, and at first he gave him all the attention which he had bestowed on the blue-bell; but presently certain movements took place in the party which caused his attention to flag, and soon drew it off, definitively, to other objects.

The “humorist,” who, as far as the general public were concerned, had been for a long time represented by his boots and stockings alone, at last finished his cigar, and rose lazily to a sitting posture, displaying, among the fair damsels who encompassed him, a yawning

indifference which suggested the idea of a sultan bored in the zenana, or the “herald of the morn” getting under way for his morning stroll, or, what the humorist actually was, a great *parti*, carelessly dispensing with attentions always at his disposal, and therefore cheap as the cigar-butt which he had just flung away. Cosmo beheld his resurrection, and recognised the individual whose striped raiment and general objectionableness had attracted his anxious attention on the previous day. This was Lord Ribston, of whom Tom Wyedale had spoken. Cosmo did not know him, but shrewdly connected Tom's remarks with what he had himself observed on the terrace and what he now saw, and felt that he beheld the peer who was “schemed for” by Mrs Crock, but vainly, his noble aspirations being otherwise directed. He was very good-looking, though deficient of that “weary look about the eyes,” without which we feel that a high-born and much-hunted *parti* is scarcely justified in intruding himself into the pages of a novel. There was nothing of this sort about Lord Ribston, who was a fine animal, of tall stature, with broad shoulders and a fine healthy complexion, and rich, dark, curly hair, and full of that kind of vigour of well-fed youth, when digestion is unimpeded by a single care. He was, moreover, a man who, being pretty confident of having his own way, and when, and how he liked it—particularly among women—was, naturally enough, in the habit of consulting nothing but his own convenience or caprice, in regulating his actions. Thus, though it may at once be admitted that he was smitten with Esmè, and though, therefore, he might naturally have been expected to devote himself to her on the present occasion, he yet, as we have seen, did nothing of the sort.

He had a philosophical conviction that one pleasure at a time is better than two or three commingled. He was also excessively fond of eating; and thus he had felt that he would be unable to enjoy his luncheon satisfactorily were his attention distracted by the immediate presence of his lady-love. Similarly, he had decided that the cigar of digestion would be more comfortably smoked in the attitude of the worshipped, than in that of the worshipper. Hence his separation from Esmè during the meal; hence, too, the tableau of boot and stocking which had supervened. But the pleasures of the table being exhausted, and the pleasant addenda of smoke and incense having had their share of attention, his mind reverted to Esmè, but not, by any means, with the anxiety of a lover who fears that his absence may involve forgetfulness, or another's opportunity. Lord Ribston was superior to any vulgar tremors of that sort; it simply now occurred to him that it would be a pleasant thing to go and look at Esmè's pretty face, and that the artless music of her voice would soothe him, after the harsh *fanfares* of forced laughter. Therefore he arose, regardless of the frank remonstrances of his satellites, and rolled his fine bulk leisurely over to the group which was still hanging upon the utterances of the shaggy senior.

This gentleman, who represented the "man of distinction" or "topic of the day" element, was purring away about fossiliferous strata and the Cambrian schists, and was listened to by Esmè, because she was amiable and his hostess, by Mrs Ravenhall as Esmè's body-guard, and by Miss Milkington—the complementary young lady—because, being dreary and unattractive, and, generally speaking, "out of the

swim," she had nothing else to do. He was a bore, however, and perhaps, therefore, deserved extinction, though scarcely in the abrupt manner in which it was administered by Lord Ribston.

"If," the *savant* was saying—"if we hold, with Sir Roderick, and argue from the condition of these schists——" when his lordship plumped down in the middle of the group, and remarked—

"What's a schist? anything good to eat? By the by, Miss Douglas, let me congratulate you on the luncheon,—best done thing I've seen for ages. How we're to shoot after it, I don't know." To which Esmè made a suitable reply, and then said to the discomfited "topic of the day"—

"You were telling us, Dr Pentacle, that Sir Roderick Murchison——"

"I was simply going to remark, that if we hold, with Sir Roderick, that the phenomena exhibited by these schists——"

But the word "schist" was intolerable to Lord Ribston; he put his foot down upon it. "For heaven's sake, Dr Pentacle!" he cried, "let us off the schists till the smoking-room to-night. I don't think violent language of that sort ought to be used before ladies. Do you, Mrs Ravenhall?"

"How rude you are, Lord Ribston!" said Mrs Ravenhall, with an appearance of suppressing laughter which wounded the *savant* more than Ribston's brutality, so that he rose and left them, saying meekly that they must forgive an old pedagogue for boring them with his unseasonable lore.

"Got his back up," said Lord Ribston.

"Cruel of you!" said Mrs Ravenhall.

"Serves him right for boring Miss Douglas," quoth my lord.

"I shall go," said Esmè, rising, "and beg him to tell me about Sir Roderick's theory; it is *most* interesting;" and, in this way, having snubbed the snubber, she was going to leave them, when Lord Germistoun—who had returned from worrying Hammond—was observed to meet the Professor, and to take him by the arm, and to carry him off towards the top of the knoll, no doubt giving him plenty of new ideas about the Old Red Sandstone, &c., &c.,—for Lord Germistoun was many-sided, had an opinion upon every subject, and was always right.

"You must postpone *that* pleasure, Miss Douglas," said Lord Ribston, ignoring the fact that Esmè was displeased; "but seriously, do you care to know about schist, and that kind of thing?"

"I think it is always interesting to hear a man talk about a subject which he really understands."

"Ah! now I shall know how to interest you; what I've always wished to do. But do you know, Miss Douglas, I think it *is* rather difficult to interest you."

"Do you find me *blasée*?" laughed Esmè.

"No, no, not that; but you don't seem to care about things—you know what I mean."

"Not quite, Lord Ribston; because I do care about a great many things."

"One can interest these others" (with a wave of his hand in the direction of his recent disciples) "about anything; but it's different with you. Yet, somehow, I like your way best; only I *should* like to interest you. Help me, Mrs Ravenhall, with an idea. How can I interest Miss Douglas?"

"Perhaps Tom can help us. Here, Tom! Tom!" to her brother, who was hovering about from group to group.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Come and sit down here. We are in committee; we want an idea, and you must help us."

"I'll give you an idea; without sitting down, though, because I'm going to see the keeper about my afternoon beat."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's quite frank, I warn you."

"Well?"

"It is simply this, that the Twelfth of August is sacred to grouse, and not to small-talk, and that it is high time for us to be taking the hill."

Esmè laughed. "How deliciously in earnest you are, Mr Wyedale!" she said.

"I am, you know," cried Tom, in his eager, aggrieved sort of way; "but don't you think I am right? I know you do, because you believe in earnestness. I look at it in this way, don't you see: I can't well have more than thirty-five or forty 'Twelfths,' at best. Half of these, at least, will be wet, and the other half will be eaten into by illness, the want of a moor, and other accidents. Altogether, it's extremely improbable that I shall have more than two or three such anniversaries of the day as this, in the course of my life. So I'm all for a start. Come, Ribston, here's my idea—you get up and help me to agitate for a move. You are a swell, and will be listened to. Come, *carpe diem*!"

"Carp it yourself, old fellow."

"Tom, you positively *are* a savage," cried his sister. "What you really mean is to drive us all home."

"Not a bit of it; I should recommend you to stay here and enjoy the mountain air."

"All by ourselves?"

"There are no bandits about; besides, you'll have old Spectacles or Binnacles, or whatever he calls him-

self, and all the other cripples, to look after you."

"A tempting programme, indeed! Come, Tom, sit down."

"I'll move in twenty minutes, Wyedale," said Lord Ribston.

"You shall," cried Tom; "and in the meantime, I'll go and see the keeper."

"No, no, Tom," urged his sister; "sit down and amuse us. We were getting rather *triste*. Come."

"No, I can't; but I'll find a substitute. There's poor Glencairn being bored to death by the Marquis. Look at his wistful glances! Quite a charity to release him. Hi! Cosmo! Wanted! Come here! Ladies want you!"

So Tom went off, and so, at last, there was nothing left for Cosmo but to harden his heart, and go across to the spot at which he had been steadily glaring, ever since Lord Ribston had flung his free-and-easy form into the group. Most embarrassing at best to meet Esmè! but to meet her now, thus, covered with the ignominy of demonstrated clownishness, was too overpowering. How he got across he could never have told you. Suffice it that the feat *was* performed, and that he presently found himself sitting pretty calmly beside Esmè, and opposite to Mrs Ravenhall, who greeted him with effusion, and opposite Lord Ribston, who, not knowing him, scanned him all over with that look of disapproving inquiry which the youth of the day bestows upon a stranger. There was a certain repose, and, at the same time, a frank unself-consciousness in Esmè's manner, which were charming and reassuring even to a wretch in Cosmo's condition; and though there were tones in her voice (for it *is* the *voix* of the charmer which is her most potent charm) which, now and then, set his pulses galloping, its ordinary flow was melodiously sedative.

Esmè made no remark upon his tardy homage, but said, very heartily, that she was glad he had made up his mind to come to the Highlands, after all.

"It must have been *quite* a surprise for Mr Wyedale," she said, "for he was only yesterday talking about Finmore, and about you; and he said,—didn't your brother say, Mrs Ravenhall, that Mr Glencairn had gone to Melbourne to observe the transit of Venus?"

"Oh! Tom says anything that comes into his head, as I am sure you know, Mr Glencairn."

"Yes," said Cosmo, laughing, "Tom deals very largely in metaphors and hyperboles."

"But I *really* believed him," cried Esmè, "because——" she was thinking of the moonlight interview at the Villa Bianca, but paused and finished her sentence otherwise than she had intended, saying, "because he *did* appear quite grave and positive. I am sure," she added, smiling, "that this is a much better place to be in than Melbourne."

"Ah, indeed it is!" cried Cosmo.

"You liked Finmore when you had it last, did you not?" How pleasantly she seemed to remember things!

"I liked it extremely," said Cosmo; "and," plucking up spirit, "I mean to like it still more this time."

"I hope you will; but are you all alone?"

"Yes; the fact is, I took it quite on an impulse, and had no time to get up a party, even if I had wished to do so."

"I think you are very much given to impulses, Mr Glencairn," she said, with a smile.

"I—I don't know that I am."

"You were in an impulse of departure when I last saw you, and

now that I meet you again, you have just arrived by impulse."

"Ah yes," stammered Cosmo. "Of course—yes, to be sure—Cadenabbia — business — London — ahem! ahem! — things that very decidedly—yes——" and lost his head and broke down; and Esmè also became rather confused, recalling all the revelations which had preceded his announcement of departure, and fearing that he might suspect her of insinuating some banter concerning them.

This pause was taken advantage of by Lord Ribston, who by this time had decided that Cosmo wasn't "his form," and that he hated the sight of him.

"Did you like Cadenabbia, Miss Douglas?" he asked.

"Oh yes, so very much!"

"I suppose there was plenty of schist there?" and this being a joke and also a sarcasm, his lordship laughed inordinately.

"We had plenty to amuse and occupy us without schist," said Mrs Ravenhall. "We had something new to do almost every day—Miss Douglas and Lord Germistoun, and Tom and I."

"How did Wyedale stand it?" asked Lord Ribston, lazily.

"Stand it!" cried Mrs Ravenhall, with a look full of meaning, "Tom felt his good fortune in being there, I can assure you. I never saw Tom so happy, *never*; and so sorry to come away, although I must say we all enjoyed the Engadine very much—quite as much, indeed, I think."

"What! have you all been caravanning about together, the whole summer?" cried Lord Ribston.

"Yes; we have been *quite* inseparable, have we not, dear Esmè?"

"Yes, I am glad to say that we have. It has been delightful being with you."

"It could not be more so to you than it has been to *us*," with another look at Lord Ribston which was meant to express, "so you needn't hope to upset what you can see is a cosey little family arrangement—nearly as good as settled."

And his lordship did look a little reflective, and pondered over Tom's relations with the family, which were certainly a little puzzling, and to some minds might have been suggestive. Cosmo, too, did not *quite* like the ring of Mrs Ravenhall's voice, but was in too pure an atmosphere of bliss, thus seated beside Esmè, after all these months of absence and longing, to be disturbed at present, though probably Mrs Ravenhall's words might come back to him in the lonely evening, and not exactly as a soporific.

For some ten minutes the conversation went on in the same sort of vein, principally in dialogue between Esmè and Cosmo, relieved by occasional flashes of humour from Lord Ribston, who sprawled at Esmè's feet, and gazed into her face with looks of the frankest admiration; while Mrs Ravenhall "watched the case" for her brother, interpolating such occasional remarks as she thought might tend to his interests, or to the discomfiture and disadvantage of the two other men. It was brought to a close at last by the arrival of Lord Germistoun, whom Tom had got hold of and brought over to his way of thinking.

"Now, Mrs Ravenhall," he cried, "you know it is 'the Twelfth,'—that is to say, the only day in the year which has not for its motto 'Place aux dames'; so I hope you will not think me a bear, when I tell you that the carts are ready for you, and that *we* must be starting, which we can't do till we have packed you comfortably, and seen you off."

Whereupon Mrs Ravenhall jumped up with the greatest alacrity, vowing that, for the last hour, his lordship's extraordinary kindness in allowing them to remain so long, had been a marvel to her; and then they moved towards the carts, Esmè detaining her father for a moment, to say—

"Poor Mr Glencairn is all alone at Finmore, papa; wouldn't it be kind to ask him to dinner?"

"Tut! tut! tut! impossible; we shan't be home till nine. No compliment to ask him to dine on a day like this."

"Ah! I forgot; perhaps not. But you might ask him for to-morrow, and then he would see the gillies' ball too."

"Ahem! well, there is no positive objection to that—no *positive* objection, that I can see. Yes, I'll ask him. He's no addition to a party, though—silent and stupid. He hadn't a word for *me* at luncheon to-day."

So, when they overtook the party, Lord Germistounè tendered his invitation, and it is needless to say that Cosmo joyfully accepted it, notwithstanding the fussy austerity of manner with which it was offered. Then Lord Ribston, true to his system of one joy at a time, left the ladies' departure to be superintended by others, and went away to see about his beat, with the parting injunction to Esmè to take old Pentacle in the cart with her, and, if possible, work out the Cambrian schists before dinner, so as to give him the chance of an evening's innings; and Lord Germistounè having detached Mrs Ravenhall, Cosmo had five minutes in heavenly *tête-à-tête* with Esmè.

"I am so glad you can come to-morrow," said the latter, "although it is an uncomfortable hour for dinner. You must know that to-morrow is my birthday, and the people

always have a dance to celebrate that great occasion; and as we like to go and see them for a little, we are obliged to dine early. I am afraid the shooters will grumble dreadfully."

"What! on your birthday?" cried Cosmo.

"I fear that will scarcely console them; and, indeed, it is rather a pity that we must have it on that night; but it would not do to disappoint the poor people, for they have been accustomed to have their annual dance ever since I was born."

Cosmo made a terribly buckram speech, which sounded, even in his own ears, exactly like an extract from 'Pamela,' to the effect that "the man who, on such a day, could grudge," &c., &c.

Esmè laughed, and said, "Then I may count upon your gallantry, at all events, to support me against the grumblers. I shall be glad of an ally against Lord Ribston and Mr Wyedale—they will be the most formidable——" and, before Cosmo could cry out that these men must be soulless, and worthy of the tormentors, she changed the subject, and said, "I hope you can dance reels. We are all expected to perform once at least—even papa, who goes through the trial most heroically."

"I don't think I have ever *quite* danced a reel," said Cosmo; "but to-morrow night I am sure I shall be inspired. I shall succeed by one of those impulses you accuse me of."

"Oh Mr Glencairn!" cried Esmè, with a quick change of manner, "I want to say to you that I hope you did not think me rude when I spoke about—about—your going away from Cadenabbia on an impulse. If I had remembered, at the time, all you said to me that night in the garden, it would have been both rude and unkind; but I

did not think of it at the moment—not till I fancied you were annoyed——”

“Annoyed, Miss Douglas? with you?”

“I thought so; and you might have been so, very reasonably; but I really spoke without thinking—not that I have ever forgotten what you told me that night, because,” and she spoke warmly and earnestly, “I was very, very sorry for you—you were so unhappy, and for such an honourable reason” (honourable indeed!); “but now, I hope, you quite understand that I did not mean to be rude.”

Cosmo looked at her and smiled, and his smile was the great charm of his face—smiled dreamily, tenderly, worshippingly, and murmured some half-articulate commonplace, which had no meaning at all, being entirely lost in the eloquence of the look and the smile which accompanied it. Esmè did not at once withdraw her eyes from that mysterious regard. She could not. She felt a strange fascination, something between curiosity and some other emotion altogether new, which held her gaze and made the delicate colour waver and come and go in her fair face. Silence followed for a few moments. Then Cosmo, who seemed to feel the value of time and opportunity, went back to the subject of the garden scene at the Villa Bianca, and said—

“I have often thought, Miss Douglas, with shame, of the infliction to which I subjected you that night.” (The serpent!)

“But I told you not to be ashamed; I told you that I was very much interested.”

“You must have thought me so forward and eccentric,” cried Cosmo, pressing the case against himself.

“I did think that you might have found a better *confidante*, but

I said exactly what I meant. I said that I felt very much for your perplexities, which were so uncommon—at least they seemed so to me—and—and——” (here she made an effort to say what she could have said *without* an effort ten minutes ago, and she made the effort, as if determined not to admit the existence of any obstacle), “and I have often wondered since, what you would decide upon.”

Cosmo felt that this was beatitude.

“You gave me your good wishes,” he said, in a voice full of tremulous music; “and I felt, at the time, that that was an omen for good. I hope, now, that I have found the solution I was in quest of.”

“Oh, I am so glad! May I know—may I be allowed to know what it is?”

“If you care to hear about it, it will be the greatest happiness to me to tell you.”

But here they approached the rest of the party, and Esmè said—

“You will tell me to-morrow evening, perhaps.”

“If you will listen to me, Miss Douglas. And oh, may I make one petition?—that you will sing me again that song which you were singing on that same night when I came up, like an evil spirit, as you said, out of the lake to listen? It has been ringing in my ears ever since; for I always seem to hear it when I think of you.”

Cosmo was certainly not losing much time. Esmè looked shyly up, and again met that indescribable gaze which puzzled and confused her, but which yet left some impression that was not akin to pain, and said, “If you can tell me what it was—what song you wished me to sing—I will gladly sing it for you;” and when she had said this, and received Cosmo’s thanks, their eyes parted; but before they did so,

the lynx-vision of Mrs Ravenhall detected the love-light which shone in Cosmo's, and she said to herself, bitterly, "Another of these *abominable* fortune-hunters!" Then the ladies were carefully assorted, and packed into their vehicles, and despatched—rather a sombre and silent party; for all the Euphrosynes suffered from reaction, and, indeed, every one must feel that old Pentacle and his brother cripples were rather a bathos, after the boots and knickerbockers and intellectual charms of Lord Ribston. Esmè herself was silent and almost *distracte*. "You are tired, darling," said Mrs Ravenhall. Esmè disclaimed fatigue. "I can see it," Mrs Ravenhall insisted; "and it is not to be wondered at. You have been sacrificing yourself all day to the worst bores of the party. Just like your goodness; but your strength is not equal to it. Only fancy, dear Lady Bugles, after giving an hour to Miss Milkington, and at least an hour to Professor Pentacle, this sweet child must needs take pity on that dreary Mr Glencairn, who must have been quite the *coup de grâce*, I should imagine."

"He looks dreary," said Lady Bugles—"very dreary. Who is he?"

"Who is he? Well, now you ask me, I don't think I quite know. Let me see. He used to live, as a youth, when he and Tom were at Eton and Cambridge together, with Colonel Wildgrave. You remember the Wildgraves who had a house in Grosvenor Square? I think, but I am not positive, he used to be *called* Colonel Wildgrave's nephew. He succeeded to his fortune, certainly; but I have a hazy sort of impression that there was a mystery about him. Don't say I said it; but I almost fancy there was an idea that he was a foundling."

"He looks like a foundling," said Lady Bugles—"exactly like a foundling." Her ladyship's patent teeth were becoming rather obstreperous, and warned her that brevity, if not total silence, was advisable. Esmè made no comment upon these remarks about Cosmo, but simply repeated that she was not fatigued, had enjoyed the day immensely, and found no one a bore. Mrs Ravenhall intimated her disbelief of this by a compassionate smile, confidentially imparted to Lady Bugles, and let the subject drop.

The reader will not have failed to observe that these protracted operations were undermining Mrs Ravenhall's *morale*, and upsetting the principles upon which her social success was built. Convinced of the imbecility and risk of indulging in backbiting as a pastime, which is inevitably to rouse against one's own reputation secret, and therefore incalculable, forces of retaliation and injury, she would have been incapable, two months ago, of committing herself to such reckless remarks as she had now made about Cosmo. But the continuousness of the strain was becoming severe; and it must be owned that the way in which new aspirants kept cropping up was trying. In two months there had been Count Fori and Lord Ribston, besides a shoal of smaller fry who had been eyed down or otherwise summarily dealt with. And now, here, evidently, was Cosmo, who, her instinct told her, was the most dangerous of all, and therefore to be counteracted by the strongest measures. Hence the "foundling" myth.

How she found herself at Dunerlacht, by the by, requires explanation. She and Tom had remained with the Germistounes at Pontresina till the last days of July, and had come home with them to Lon-

don, where the party had broken up with many mutual regrets. But their separation was of the briefest duration. On arriving at Ravenhall, she found that her husband, resenting his long deprivation of conjugal solace and observance, had accepted, by way of reprisal, a bachelor invitation to shoot grouse and stalk deer in the Highlands for a month, and that he was on the very eve of departure for the north.

"What," she had asked, "is to become of me?" and had received, by way of reply, a generous permission to remain at home and "look after matters." But this was not her idea of the fitness of things; and by a happy inspiration she had written a charming little comico-pathetic letter to Lord Germistoun describing her forlorn situation—made doubly desolating by the too, too happy days she had recently passed in his lordship's society, and "quite frankly" begging him to allow her to accompany Tom and inflict herself upon Dunerlacht for a few days, until "her other engagements in the north fell due." She said nothing about all this to Mr Ravenhall, who went away in a

fool's paradise, chuckling over his wife's impending incarceration at home; and he had not been gone much more than a day when a letter arrived from Lord Germistoun, backed by one from Esmè, welcoming Mrs Ravenhall's invasion with the most satisfactory cordiality. The results of which were, that Tom received the same afternoon, in town, a telegram which caused his countenance to fall, and drew from him the remark, "That woman's horrible energy will be the death of me! By heavens! she's becoming a regular Old Man of the Sea;" and that the same night he and his adroit incubus were dashing away northwards together in the "Flying Scotsman."

Thus was Mrs Ravenhall again in the field, facing, as she felt, severe odds, and not likely to stick at a trifle, either in word or deed. A pursuit of the sort, to an intriguing nature, increases in interest and excitement as it progresses, and even as difficulties multiply; and success comes to be valued in the abstract, as the triumph of skill and endurance, independently of the solid advantages which it represents.

CHAPTER XXV.

Old Davidson was at once struck with a change which had come over his master, when he rejoined him at the march. With his head in the air, and a light step, Cosmo came swinging over the heather, and greeted the old keeper with a genial smile and a playful apology for his long absence. "Never mind, Davidson," he cried, "give me my gun, and we'll see if we can't make up for lost time. I don't mean to let many of them off this afternoon, I promise you." And he was as good as his word. What a pace he walked at! The dogs ranged wide,

and covered a deal of ground, but he was up to the points like lightning. Juno had no anxieties. The fleet foot and the unerring barrels were always "there." The bag swelled perceptibly.

"We'll hae to ca' canny wi' thae hares, Captin, if me and Aunra's to get a'thing hame oorsels. An' ye gang on at this rate, sir, we'll hae to send for ane o' the pownies."

"Oh, I don't mean that you and Andrew shall be able to carry the bags home. You must make a depot somewhere soon, and send

back for the stuff. I'm only just beginning."

Master and men were in the highest glee; and not till the sun had well set, and the dogs were dead beat, was the sport abandoned.

"What's the bag, Davidson?" Cosmo asked, when the keeper came in, at night, for orders.

Davidson's admiration of his master's afternoon performance was so sincere, that he was generous enough to suspend, temporarily, his disapprobation of his single-handed escapade. "'Deed, sir, it's a tremendyus birds—jist tremendyus. Fufy-sax brace grouse, acht blue hares, three snipe, and a juke!"

"After all, not so bad for 'ae gun,' eh, Davidson?"

"It's a tremendyus birds to ae gun. There's naeboddy fit to tak and contradick that—that's con-seederin' a' things—maist feck o' hauf the day lost, and your hert no' in it (beggin' your paurdon, sir) the fore pert o' the day. Stull and with a', I maun say, that to dae justice to this muir——"

"Yes, yes, Davidson, I know all about that. We'll get your friend, Mr Wyedale, over to help us one of these days, and I've decided to ask a friend to come down from London to join me immediately. We'll shoot early to-morrow—start at eight sharp. I shall have to knock off at four. Good-night."

So Davidson went away greatly comforted. "Dod!" he confided to an underling, "he was clean sully in the mornin', but he bruskit up brawly afterhin'. I doot they maun hae gien him something ower by at his lordship's—sh'mpeen, mibbee."

On his way home, Cosmo, inspired with a magical delight, which it would have been hard to analyse, but which excluded all considerations of prudence, policy, and so forth, glowed with philanthropy and all good-fellowship, and, in this

happy frame, decided that it would be a kind thing to give poor Phil Denwick a chance of some fresh air and a run on the hills, before he settled down to the routine of office life in London; and he now sat down and wrote, inviting him to come at once. "Bring your 'Ready Reckoner' with you," he said, "and other commercial implements, as well as your gun, and in this quiet place you will be able to mingle business with pleasure." Then he went to bed and slept the sleep of the blessed, and all night long, through the world of his dreams, this refrain seemed to echo—

"I strove against the stream, but all in vain;
Let the great river bear me to the main."

Another splendid day. From roseate dreams Cosmo awoke to behold the hills again blooming under an unclouded sky, and also to find that the sudden fabric of his own mysterious happiness had not been absorbed into some kindred vision of the night and had not departed along with it. As yet there was no reaction. Again to-day his vigour and energy on the moor were great,—somewhat feverish indeed; but if the rapidity of his movements symbolised his impatience to overpass the interval which separated him from Esmè, rather than the enthusiasm of sport, the material results were highly satisfactory; and when the hour for "knocking off" arrived, old Davidson's disapprobation of "anither o' thae hauf days" was softened by a bag of really imposing dimensions.

A full hour before it was necessary, Cosmo returned to the lodge to dress for dinner; and though he did his best, as he thought, not to be premature, he reached the castle some time before any one appeared in the drawing-room. It was a fine old house, in all respects worthy to be

the seat of an ancient and historical family. There were arms and armour enough in the entrance-hall and wainscoted gallery to equip a clan of fighting men, and above these weapons quite a clan of portraits—of the warriors, doubtless, who had borne them, intermingled with those of the fair ladies who had inspired their deeds of chivalry. In the drawing-room, some of the best of the family pictures were hung; and Cosmo amused himself for a quarter of an hour in inspecting them, and tracing the origin, development, and recurrence of this and that peculiarity of feature which formed, as one so often sees, a connecting-link between many generations. By one of these pictures his attention was strongly arrested. Strange to say, it was not the portrait of a peerless dame whose features had been reproduced in her latest female descendant. We feel that this is what it ought to have been; but it was quite otherwise, being the representation of a rather grim and haughty-looking cavalier—neither young nor specially handsome, but with a remarkable expression of concentration, and power, and purpose, which, independently of the great merits of the picture, arrested the attention. Cosmo was impressed by all this, but by something more; for the moment he looked at it, he was struck with a feeling that he was familiar with the face, and must have seen the picture before. He walked from side to side, and got it into a variety of lights, trying to stimulate his memory. The cold, straightforward eyes of the cavalier followed him, with that look of vital movement which pictures borrow from the movements of the beholder. Cosmo could by no means remember where he had seen it before, but he was more and more convinced of his familiarity with the face.

He could almost have sworn that he had seen the eyes, and, indeed, all the features, at some former time, and when they were animated in conversation. Vivid, however, as the impression was, the antique dress of the figure told him at once that the recognition was purely fanciful. A movement took place in the room behind him; but as he was engaged in shifting his position, he did not observe it.

"I seem to know you, my friend," he said aloud, and looking at the picture; "and, indeed, you almost look as if you knew me. Who are you?" He approached nearer, and read on the lower parts of the frame—

"Sir Alan Douglas—slain at the battle of Philiphaugh. Anno 1645."

"A little before my time," he said, with a smile.

There was a musical laugh behind him, and a voice said, "And I fear I am a little behind mine, Mr Glencairn." He turned and saw Esmè, looking, he thought, lovelier than he had ever seen her before—dressed, as he had never seen her before, for the evening, which enhanced, if possible, her beauty, and developed new charms. The little incident that he had been overheard in a whimsical soliloquy, gave a certain pretext for his confusion at meeting her, and he soon recovered his self-possession.

"I fancied," he said, "that I had found an old acquaintance; but I have never been in this room before, and it is not likely, I suppose, that this picture has been elsewhere?"

"No," said Esmè; "I don't think it is likely that it has ever left this house; but it is considered a very good picture, and attracts every one's attention."

"I suppose, then," said Cosmo, "I have been merely experiencing

the 'sentiment of pre-existence.' There are some very fine pictures here."

"Nothing but family pictures. Some of them *are* said to be good, and, of course, they are all interesting to us; but I suspect that the whole collection would scarcely bear the inspection of a critic like you. I have not forgotten our conversation at Cadenabbia."

"If I pretended to be a critic, Miss Douglas, I was an impostor, and now denounce myself. By the by, I have not been able in any of these pictures to trace a resemblance to you. I see Lord Germistoun, more or less, in several generations; but you are quite original."

"That ought to be gratifying, I suppose," laughed Esmè.

"There *is*, however, a picture—I have seen it often—which was recalled to my mind the moment I saw you at Cadenabbia. It has been a great favourite of mine for years. It is by Sassoferrato—a Madonna—and you might have sat for it. So that you see, after all, you are not quite original."

"Where is this picture?"

"In a collection—rather misplaced—in a village named Montestretto, in Italy. I have made various pilgrimages to see it. It took a great possession of my imagination. I used to amuse myself by putting together the characteristics which I thought would be suitable to such a face."

"And I am so very like it?"

"It is your portrait."

"And the characteristics? But, of course, you don't know me well enough to answer that question."

"Oh, indeed I do!"

"You must be a wizard then, Mr Glencairn, or at least a *clairvoyant*," laughed Esmè.

"Not at all; but I am convinced that you have exactly the same characteristics as I gave to the picture."

"But how?"

"I cannot exactly tell; partly from what I have seen of you, perhaps, and partly by instinct."

"I hope——" but Esmè stopped, blushing as she met Cosmo's gaze, and was perhaps rather relieved when Lord Germistoun stalked into the room with his pompous "How do you do, sir? how do you do?"

There was no fussiness in his manner now, it was pure austerity.

"I have been admiring that picture of your ancestor, Sir Alan Douglas, Lord Germistoun," said Cosmo.

"It is a good picture. We have always thought highly of it. Ah, my dear Mrs Crock, here you are! I am glad to see that you are still alive. I was watching you in that last game of tennis with Lord Ribston. Your agility is marvellous—distinctly marvellous. I almost think you are one too many for Ribston."

Mrs Crock devoutly hoped that, in another sphere, she might prove to be so, but disclaimed athletic superiority, and announced that she was perfectly fresh, and meant to dance any quantity of reels that evening.

"They are so inspiring and picturesque and delightful," said Mrs Ravenhall, who now flowed into the room; "we must all dance them."

"Any dance which Mrs Ravenhall dances must be picturesque and delightful," said Lord Germistoun. Mrs Ravenhall dropped a playful curtsy, and challenged his lordship to be her partner. This privilege, however, could not be conceded. Lord Germistoun explained that his reel-dancing was rather an affair of state, and that the honour of his partnership was, by a sort of feudal arrangement, always conferred upon the wife of the oldest tenant on the estate—a certain Mrs M'Haffie.

Mrs Ravenhall affected to pout; Mrs Crock vowed she should be consumed with jealousy of the farmer's wife; and even Lady Bugles, who had now arrived, was understood, by a sort of whistling sound (for two of the incisors *had* gone), that Mrs M'Haffie's monopoly was afflictive to her.

The rest of the party arrived by degrees; dinner was announced, and Lord Germistoun marched off with a very deaf dowager, notifying to Mrs Ravenhall that he *insisted* upon having her support on his other hand at table, with a slight imploring gesture which seemed to place her in a delightful antithesis not merely to the deaf dowager, but also to the rest of the party. Yet, though this was a distinction which might well have preoccupied a head less cool, it did not prevent Mrs Ravenhall (who had studied the order of march and precedence with Esmè) from whispering to the young lady to whom Cosmo had been assigned, "Remember that Mr Glencairn is *quite* worth your attention; ten thousand a-year; matrimonially inclined; a score of people dying to marry him. I advise you to make the most of the opportunity." And thus incited, Miss Hungerford-Snapsley "went for" the "foundling" (which *sobriquet*, born of Mrs Ravenhall's reckless speech in the cart, had been adopted as appropriate by the young ladies in divan assembled) with the skill and determination which seven seasons of sedulous practice supply; and tried him all round, and in every vein, and in every class of topic, beginning with religious æsthetics and ending with riskier subjects, such as modern stage millinery. She gave him of her fulness, but nothing from her cornucopia seemed to interest the "foundling." He was *distract*, for ever answering at random, and often at cross-purposes.

"Anticipated! the wretch is in love!" this astute maiden said to herself, and promptly gave him up, and consoled herself by "having a round," for practice' sake, with a very young Oxford lad, son of the deaf dowager to whom Lord Germistoun was in thrall. Cosmo could scarcely help being *distract*, considering all things; for, though far away, Esmè was in full view, and his eyes were turned in her direction as often as was permissible within the limits of a not very vigilant prudence. The classic grace of her small head, with its rich auburn hair whose luxuriance could not be concealed by the severest simplicity of arrangement; the brightness and kindliness of her smile; the patrician grace of her fair neck; and a hundred charms of movement, pose, and expression—all so artless, but so full of unstudied harmony,—might well fascinate the gaze of artistic perception quickened by the power of love. No wonder Miss Snapsley found herself, as she afterwards complained to Mrs Ravenhall, "quite out in the cold."

Lord Ribston sat beside Esmè, but seemed rather sluggish and sleepy (which was just as well), and most of her conversation was given to the gentleman on her other hand, whom Cosmo could not see, but knew to be delightfully old and infirm, so that there was little to disturb his pleasant waking dream, albeit carried on in the midst of twenty-five banqueters. The dinner passed off like other dinners of the sort, the only public incident being the arrival of Tom Wyedale when it was half over. He had, of course, been unable to tear himself away from the ground at the proper time, and now arrived, hurried but *nonchalant*, and marched up to make his apologies to Esmè, "as if," Lord Ribston thought, "the

whole place belonged to him." In his hand he bore a bouquet of wild-flowers, which he smelt jauntily as he marched up the room. These (a collection made that afternoon by Mrs Ravenhall) he presented to Esmè with a comic air of reverence, and cried—

"It is shocking, Miss Douglas, to be late upon your natal day, but it would have been shockinger to be in time, yet without a birthday offering. Deign to accept these humble flowerets. Let them plead my excuse."

"Oh Mr Wyedale, how kind of you! how beautiful they are! how very, very good of you to think of getting them for me, and actually to sacrifice some of your shooting to gather them! I know what the sacrifice *must* have been, and therefore understand the full value of the offering. Thank you, so very much! It is a most appropriate bouquet for a Highland ball!"

And then Tom went gaily to his seat with a grin of suppressed meaning, but was presently damped by finding that his sister's eyes were pouring upon him the lava of burning wrath and contempt. Was it for this public exhibition, this travesty, that she had furtively toiled and over-fatigued herself in the glen that afternoon? Tom was, to use the mildest expression, a hopeless marplot.

The ladies had not very long left the dining-room, when Lord Gerdistoune rose, and said he must go to see the factor about some arrangements which he had forgotten; the gentlemen might, however, do exactly as they pleased. Those who wished to join the ladies might now do so, while those who desired more wine might remain. "It is Liberty Hall," said his lordship; "and since that *viveur* Wyedale will stick to the bottles as long as he can, I leave him in command here," and so departed.

Then Cosmo displayed real generalship; for, finding Professor Pentacle (who now sat next him) to be in a rapture of prose about a Roman urn which had been recently dug up somewhere, and was to be seen in one of the public rooms of the castle, he encouraged the *savant*, by a fraudulent show of interest, to enlarge on the theme, and at last vowed that he was possessed with a burning desire to see the vessel in question—and at once; and did Dr Pentacle know, exactly, where the treasure was? The Doctor did; and since neither he nor Cosmo wanted any more wine, they most naturally went to inspect it. It was found in a glass cabinet in an octagon room which formed the interior of one of the flanking towers, and terminated a suite of drawing-rooms opening one from another. Here there was an organ as well as a piano; and these and other symptoms announced that the room was sacred to music. It was now, however, empty; and the Professor, getting hold of the urn, and opening a lecture which promised to be formidable, Cosmo began to feel that he was in for a bad time of it. But (was there ever anything like the luck of this fortunate fellow?) Lady Bugles and another dame had expressed a wish to see the music-room just at the proper moment, and, when Pentacle was in full and ardent cry, entered the room, followed by their young hostess.

"What is going on here?" whistled Lady Bugles; "a lecture?"

"Yes," cried Cosmo, "a most interesting one;" and when he had manœuvred Lady Bugles and the other lady into the position of an audience, he manifested the sincerity of his interest by at once dropping from the circle and joining Esmè, who had gone to pick up some music which lay on the

floor, at the other side of the room.

"This is the music-room, of course?" said Cosmo.

"Yes; and it is a very good room for it, and very easy to sing in."

"May I venture to remind you of a promise which you made to me yesterday?"

"What is it? Oh! the song? Certainly. I will perform my promise, if you wish; but have we time? And shan't we disturb the Professor?"

"Nothing disturbs the Professor," said Cosmo, confidently; "and there is an hour to spare before the ball, or nearly so."

"I wonder if the others are all amused? I must just go and see first."

She went, and returned, bringing with her the dreary Miss Milkington, who, gravitating naturally to the dreary, at once joined the Pentacle group.

"They are all very good," said Esmè, "and quite to be trusted in my absence; so now, if you can tell me which song you wish, I will sing it."

Cosmo described the first song she had sung on that enchanting evening by the lake. Then she sang it; and with its first notes, all the scene where he had first heard it came back to him, and with it the recollection of that wild and stormy burst of revelation which had swept over his mind, evoked by the sound of her artless voice, as she sang this simple little lay—

Spring breathed on Winter's ice and
rime,

And free'd the flowers from Winter's
thrall,

And woo'd them on, that Summer
prime

Might deck her bowers withal.

Spring gave the song-bird back the
song

That late in wintry durance lay;

Shall I, then, after waiting long,
My heart, again be gay?

Alack! there is no Spring for thee—
Song died because the flowers were
ta'en,

And all the wild-wood minstrelsie
Came with the flowers again.

But to give back *thy* music lost,
It is not Spring that has the power;
Spring cannot touch the bitter frost
That holds thy captive flower.

When she ceased, Cosmo remained silent. Esmè looked up and saw in his face a look of strange intensity which puzzled her.

"It does not bear repetition, I fear," she said; "and besides, it is too melancholy. I know that you like melancholy songs *sometimes*; but not always, I hope."

"Oh, this song is beautiful! it is not melancholy; it is altogether delightful," and with great earnestness he begged her to sing it again, which she eventually did, though rather under protest, and, when she had finished it, she remarked—

"I cannot understand, Mr Glencairn, how you can say it is not melancholy."

"Whatever the air may be," cried Cosmo, "it touches me with associations—mysterious, perhaps, and strange as it may sound to you—which have nothing at all to do with sadness, but with everything that is delightful."

"Not gay, surely?" laughed Esmè.

"No, not gay; but gaiety and happiness have not much to do with each other. I *must* get this song. What is its name?"

"It has no name; it is not published."

"Do you think I can get a copy anyhow?"

"I don't know whether there is a copy in existence. There never was more than one."

"How?" cried Cosmo.

"In fact," said Esmè, "I am

afraid your approval is making me very conceited. I am going to make a confession which I have never made before; but you must keep my secret. I am afraid I composed the air myself."

Then, when Cosmo's raptures threatened to get beyond the bounds of discretion, Esmè checked him by saying, "So, you see, Mr Glencairn, that, as I composed it for sad words, my feelings as a composer are not gratified when you insist that the air is not melancholy."

"Ah, but I fall back upon my associations! and, since the song is so much to me, will you think me too bold and too troublesome if I ask the composer to make me a copy?"

"Oh," cried Esmè, "I shall be delighted! I am too vain of your approval not to be delighted to copy it for you, if you *really* think it worth having. But you must keep my secret."

Worth having! her song and her secret! Two gifts in one too blessed day! Surely his cup of happiness was running over! For the present, at all events, it was to receive no farther drops of bliss.

"Ah, my dear child, *here* you are! We have been looking for you *everywhere*. I had no idea that you had retired to the music-room, for a *duet*, ha, ha!" Cosmo and Esmè now, for the first time, observed that the Pentacle group had disappeared.

"Lord Germistoune is rather in

a fuss, dear. He says we ought to be with the people by this time. I think you really *must* come now. He seemed quite to vex himself when he found you were not in the drawing-room with the others; and of course no one could *divine* where you were. I really think, darling, that you had better come."

"I am quite sure I had, dear Mrs Ravenhall, if papa has begun to fuss. But where are the Professor and Lady Bugles and Miss Milkington? They were here just now."

"Time flies fast on young birth-days, dearest. They have been in the drawing-room for half an hour; and indeed it was from them that I heard you *had* been here, *ever* so long ago—so I came to look, quite as a forlorn hope, I confess. I certainly did not expect to find you *still* here. Well, dear, do let us go. I suppose a gillie's ball is scarcely in your line, Mr Glencairn. Are we to say good night?"

Cosmo laughed rather heartily at Mrs Ravenhall's very palpable ill-humour, knowing so well its cause, and replied—

"By no means. I really don't know, Mrs Ravenhall, why a gillie's ball should not be in my line! I hope, on the contrary, to enjoy it extremely."

Mrs Ravenhall looked unlovingly at him. He met her glance without anxiety; yet she was not the sort of woman one would choose as an enemy.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

ECCENTRICITY is to the ordinary mass of mankind in some sort the apology of genius, especially of literary and poetic genius—that form of power which is the most unaccountable, the least capable of transmission or creation by means known to man. That one human creature should, without any reason for it, transcend others in the power of seeing and expressing what he sees; that he should possess an imagination capable of expanding the universe to his fellows, and of filling it with new things and persons; that he should be able to bring the most exquisite harmonies out of nothing, and light up the world with reflections from eyes no more brilliant nor profound in outward seeming than those of any other man,—all this is very wonderful and discomposing to the ordinary intelligence. — Attempts have been made at all times to prove that it was not so very wonderful after all; that the man of genius is nothing but the culmination of an able family—the *fine fleur* of some race which has been growing cleverer and cleverer from the beginning of time; or that some pressure of extraordinary hardship or passion has struck out a latent fire which perhaps lies in all of us, could we but be stricken in the same way. Of this latter kind is the sublime supposition that if there had not been a poacher-prosecuting squire in Warwickshire called Lucy, there might never have been a Shakespeare. But as these theories are little tenable in a world still to some extent governed by common-sense and fact, it is a great relief and consolation to the general mind when the possession of this strange gift which cannot be

bought, and which no training can originate, is found to be counter-balanced by the absence of much more common gifts, such as we all possess. It is the best excuse a man can give for his evident superiority in certain particulars, to be markedly deficient in others; and no doubt this human weakness has been largely taken advantage of by men exceptionally endowed, who have found their fellow-creatures in general not only willing but eager to give them credit for faults and weaknesses not excusable in less gifted individuals—nay, to thrust these faults upon them as indispensable accompaniments of the greater virtues. It might indeed be argued, with much appearance of truth at least, that the lower estimation in which literature is now held in English society, and the fact that reputation of this kind has ceased to throw open the golden gates of the great world to its possessors, arise very much from the fact that literary persons as a class have become respectable, have learned to pay their way like other people, and keep their engagements, and therefore have become offensive to the world as being just as good as others, yet something more than others—a social crime more serious than any of those aberrations or irregularities of genius which once conciliated mankind.

We will not say that the existence of this excuse for his great intellectual advantages has been necessary as a foundation for the great reputation of the Opium-eater. The wonderful beauty of his style and the personal character of his subjects have given abundant reason for a popularity

which the extreme *finesse* and delicate texture of a great deal of his work might otherwise have hindered. This refinement of thought and execution, however, though perfect justification of his fame, would scarcely, we think, have produced it, but for the interest and curiosity excited by the revelation of a very rare and wonderful specimen of humanity—a being framed not like other men—which, with a candour and frankness as unusual as his story, he threw open at once, at the very commencement of his literary career, to the world. That a man should make of the confessions of his own weakness a firm and lasting foundation of fame, is strange; but not so unreasonable when we consider how ingratiating and attaching is this kind of confidence to the individual—how little we are disposed to judge harshly those who throw themselves thus upon our mercy—and how much more interesting is a man with such confidences to make, than he whose virtuous and untroubled path has no deflections or devious wanderings in it to be disclosed to any ear. This gives the autobiographist a wonderful advantage over the less bewitching writer who keeps himself in the background, and whose sole dependence is upon the interest and excellence of what he brings us from out the treasures of the unknown. De Quincey does not bring us much that is of moment, except this contribution of himself which he has made to literature. His mind has no creative power; and with all his wonderful graces of style, he has not been able to set before us any one brilliant picture of another human creature, even among that memorable group of his friends about whom he has told us so much, without making a thoroughly lifelike portrait of any. And, full of fine philosophical instinct

as he is, he has added little to our knowledge of the principles of thought. But one thing he has done in both these departments of literary art,—he has depicted himself with a force and grace as unusual as is the perfect openness of the record, and has shown us how he himself thought, dreamt, and wandered, often stumbling by the way, about the “world not realised”—the great mystic universe which his temperament and strange experience kept always wonderful and mysterious to him as to a child. The name by which he chose to be known, and the subject upon which he chose nominally to issue his *Confessions*, have given the public, never too clever in investigating the means of its own entertainment, a vague idea that it is the phantasmagoria of his opium-inspired dreams which is the chief theme of De Quincey. But this is a mere superficial impression; for it is De Quincey before the age of opium—the alarmed little dreamy boy, the over-reflective visionary lad at school, the young outcast forlorn in the London streets—whose story is by far the most interesting portion of the narrative. These early chapters of his life are the diploma of his genius. Nothing that follows is half so fine, so full of character and nature, of humour and fancy and truth. The confused and confusing grandeur in which the world and all about him vaguely clothes itself to a child of genius; the intense self-consciousness of expanding youth, its acceptance of all things as inevitable, yet superiority to all things, whether luxury or misery, amid each of which it stands unmoved, always its own equal,—these afford us a picture unsurpassed, and to which we know few pendants. There is a great deal of “reading” besides in Mr de Quincey’s works—many fine criti-

cisms and strange speculations, not to speak of the other personal revelations which are less entirely justifiable than those which concern himself; but for our own part, we step from the autobiographical picture of his boyhood, given to the world some half-century since, to the letters of his old age,* published the other day, with the liveliest sense of continuity and completeness, and confidence that this portrait of his own being will be the most lasting, as it is the most interesting, legacy he has left to the world.

Thomas de Quincey was one of the sons of a Manchester merchant, born to all the comforts and modest luxuries of life, in a home where books abounded, and amid all the surroundings which make life pleasant to a child. His father died early, and his life was overclouded by the existence and careless yet never relinquished sway of a group of guardians, among whom his mother, a person apparently of somewhat stern character, either could not or would not interpose the natural authority which her husband had secured to her, on behalf of her children. The boy was small and delicate and sensitive, much petted by everybody at home except his mother, and contemplating with awe the wonders and mysteries of the vast cloudy world outside those windows which were always bright with sunshine without or firelight within. Not always, however, was it bright within; for even in that sheltered place a door into more wonderful mysteries still was opened to him by the dying of a sister, whose beautiful childish image in all the chill and awe of death, transported his infant imagination into the unknown in a passion of won-

der and sorrow. The actual beginning of life for him, however, was when he came under the sway of an elder brother—an imperious, brilliant, fanciful, and most amusing despot, whose boyish freaks and battles, and the awed and tremulous submission of the little brother, who accepted all his imaginations as reality, form one of the most wonderful and delightful studies in that mingled strain of fact and fiction which makes the romance of life. We do not mean to imply that De Quincey's tale is fiction in the ordinary sense of the word—for the truth of the record is self-evident—but in a far deeper sense, the fiction which is more real than any fact to a child, that "pretending to be" which carries the little actor along on such a tide of actual yet imaginary existence as our best realities cannot equal. The story of the two De Quinceys is a kind of prose version and rendering into actual experience of Wordsworth's wonderful ode:—

" See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human
life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned
art—
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife.
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his 'humorous
stage'
With all the Persons down to palsied
Age
That Life brings with her in her equi-
page;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

This beautiful description, which we have all seen carried out in our own nurseries, has never been so turned into recorded history as in

the story of the little bewildered imaginative boy, looking up with great eyes of wondering obedience and faith, and the tricky impetuous elder, to whom that all-engrossing fiction of their being had become a conscious "pretending to be"—a delightful exercise of invention and mischievous power. The chronicle of all their doings,—how they conducted their campaigning against their enemy, the factory boys—carried fortresses and redoubts—published gazettes of victory and sang *Te Deums*—and governed the kingdoms of which they held the imaginary sovereignty with many a varying freak of childish humour, and pang of childish anxiety,—may there be read in detail. Thomas de Quincey himself, the little Tom of seven years old, docile sufferer in body and believer in soul, yet in mind and opinion resistant, and not to be coerced—a child with a complete visionary life going on by the side of the actual, the fictitious existence calling forth much more distinct and vivid emotions than that of fact—is not more wonderfully indicated than is the big brother, himself but thirteen or so, who is as a tempest in the quiet house. Here is the portrait of this delightful hero :—

"In an early stage of his career he had been found wholly unmanageable. His genius for mischief amounted to inspiration—it was a divine *afflatus* which drove him in that direction; and such was his capacity for riding in whirlwinds and directing storms, that he made it his trade to create them as a cloud-compelling Jove, in order that he might direct them. . . . This eldest brother of mine was in all respects a remarkable boy. Haughty he was, aspiring, immeasurably active, fertile in resources as Robinson Crusoe; but also full of quarrel as it is possible to imagine—and in default of any other opponent, he would have fastened a quarrel upon his own sha-

dow for presuming to run before him while going westwards in the morning, whereas in all reason a shadow, like a dutiful child, ought to keep deferentially in the rear of that majestic substance which is the author of its existence. Books he detested, one and all, excepting only such as he happened to write himself. And these were not a few. On all subjects known to man, from the Thirty-nine Articles of our English Church down to pyrotechnics, legerdemain, magic—both black and white—thaumaturgy, and necromancy, he favoured the world (which world was the nursery where I lived among my sisters) with his select opinions. On this last subject especially—of necromancy—he was very great; witness his profound work, though but a fragment, and unfortunately long departed to the bosom of Cinderella, entitled, 'How to raise a Ghost; and when you've got him down, how to keep him down,'—to which work he assured us that some most learned and enormous man, whose name was a foot and a half long, had promised him an appendix; which appendix treated of the Red Sea and Solomon's signet-ring, with forms of *mittimus* for ghosts who might be refractory, and probably a Riot Act for any *émeute* among ghosts inclined to raise barricades, since he often thrilled our young hearts by supposing the case (not at all unlikely, he affirmed) that a federation, a solemn league and conspiracy, might take place among the infinite generations of ghosts against the single generation of men at any one time composing the garrison of earth. The Roman phrase for expressing that a man had died—viz., *Abiit ad plures* (he has gone over to the majority)—my brother explained to us; and we easily comprehended that any one generation of the living human race, even if combined and acting in concert, must be in a frightful minority by comparison with all the incalculable generations that had trod this earth before us. . . . For some time he turned his thoughts to philosophy, and read lectures, too, every night, upon some branch or other of physics. This undertaking arose upon one of us envying or admiring flies for their power of walking upon the ceiling. 'Pooh!' he said, 'they are impostors; they pre-

tend to do it, but they can't do it as it ought to be done. Ah! you should see me standing upright on the ceiling with my head downwards for half an hour together, meditating profoundly."

The boy-demon had still, it is evident, some faith in his own imagination—for he tried, we are told, two ways of carrying out this bold assertion, though it is unnecessary to add without success; and the little nursery party, all agape, thrilled by his wild suggestions, believing, doubting, now and then venturing on a timid rebellion, yet too much excited, amused, and kept in a continual whirl of sensation by his restless reign to have time enough or strength of will to throw it off, is set before us with the rarest genial reality. When the lectures on philosophy were brought to an end by his failure, and certain defiance of his audience based on it, "he announced to us that for the rest of his life he meant to dedicate himself to the intense cultivation of the tragic drama." In short, there was no end to the young despot's designs. And not content with all these bewilderments within doors, he had an enemy without, against whom every day, and generally twice a-day, he, as commander-in-chief, led his army, in the shape of his small brother, who, very timid and frightened, yet desperately loyal, stood for the imaginary cause as well as, or rather a great deal better than, could be expected from an army of seven years old. The means by which a sense of his duty was imposed upon little Tom's mind are equally quaint and delightful:—

"It seems that I owed military allegiance to him as my commander-in-chief whenever we 'took the field;' secondly, by the law of nations I, being a cadet of my house, owed suit and service to him who was its head—and he assured me that twice in a year, on my birthday and on his, he had a right,

strictly speaking, to make me lie down and to set his foot on my neck; lastly, by a law not so rigorous, but valid among gentlemen—viz., 'by the comity of nations'—it seems I owed eternal deference to one so much older than myself, so much wiser, stronger, braver, more beautiful, and more swift of foot. Something like all this, in tendency, I had already believed, though I had not so minutely investigated the modes and grounds of my duty. By temperament, and through natural dedication to despondency, I felt resting upon me always too deep and gloomy a sense of obscure duties attached to life that I never *should* be able to fulfil—a burden which I could not carry, and which yet I did not know how to throw off. Glad, therefore, was I to find the whole tremendous weight of obligations—the law and the prophets—all crowded into this one pocket-command, 'Thou shalt obey thy brother as God's vicar upon earth.'"

This allegiance kept the little unwarlike pet of the nursery as steady as a hero in the daily fight, though words suffice not to tell the deadly qualms of terror at his heart. The desperate bravery of the little trembler, his wondering faith in the assertions of his leader, and vague, bewildered acquiescence at once in the grandeur and necessity of this daily struggle, are all put before us in fullest detail. The only thing wanting to make the service sublime is a larger amount of love and admiration on the part of the retainer to his chief. But this does not seem to have existed between the brothers, for De Quincey has nothing to tell us but relief when the big brother was actually sent away and articulated as a pupil to one of the best-known painters of the time, some indications of power in the way of art having revealed themselves in the youthful potentate. Fear, indeed—mingled with the curious fantastic faith and duty above described—seems to have chiefly inspired the mind of the

younger; and he thus records his own anxious care to get his imaginary kingdom—an island, though why an island, it would be hard to say—well out of reach of his brother's kingdom:—

“My own kingdom was an island called Gombroon. But in what parallel of north or south latitude it lay, I concealed for a time as rigorously as ancient Rome through every century concealed her real name. The object in this provisional concealment was to regulate the position of my own territory by that of my brother's, for I was determined to place a monstrous void of waters between us as the only chasm (and a very poor one it proved) for compelling my brother to keep the peace. At length, for some reason unknown to me, and much to my astonishment, he located his capital city in the high latitude of 65 degrees north. That fact being once published and settled, instantly I smacked my little kingdom of Gombroon down into the tropics, 10 degrees, I think, south of the line. Now, at least, I was on the right side of the hedge, or so I flattered myself—for it struck me that my brother would never degrade himself by fitting out a costly nautical expedition against poor little Gombroon; and how, also, could he get at me? Surely the very fiend himself, if he happened to be in a high arctic latitude, would not indulge his malice so far as to follow its trail into the Tropic of Capricorn. And what was to be got by such a freak? There was no Golden Fleece in Gombroon. If the fiend or my brother fancied *that*, for once they were in the wrong box; and there was no variety of vegetable produce, for I never denied that the poor little island was only 270 miles in circuit. Think, then, of sailing through 75 degrees of latitude only to crush such a miserable little filbert as that! But my brother stunned me by explaining that though his capital lay in lat. 65 deg. N., not the less his dominions swept southward through a matter of 80 or 90 degrees; and as to the Tropic of Capricorn, much of it was his own private property. I was aghast at hearing *that*. . . . Here in one moment vanished all that I had relied on for

protection: distance I had relied on, and suddenly I was found in close neighbourhood to my most formidable enemy.”

Then follows a description of Gombroon, and of the perplexities of its ruler, who could not for compassion and softness of heart tax its inhabitants, but dared not betray this fact to his tyrannical neighbour, lest he should draw the inference that without taxation there could be no standing army, and consequently no means of defence against a possible invader:—

“At every step I had to contend for the honour and independence of my islanders, so that early I came to understand the weight of Shakespeare's sentiment—

‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.’

“Oh, reader, do not laugh! I lived for ever under the terror of two separate wars in two separate worlds—one against the factory boys in a real world of flesh and blood, of stones and brickbats, of flight and pursuit, that were anything but figurative; the other in a world purely aerial, where all the combats and sufferings were absolute moonshine. And yet the simple truth is, that for anxiety and distress of mind, the reality (which almost every morning's light brought round) was as nothing in comparison of that dream-kingdom, which was like a vapour from my own brain, and which apparently by the fiat of my will could be for ever dissolved.”

Yet these two boys were inmates of an ordinary enough suburban house in the prosaic precincts of Manchester, one riotous and troublesome, the other gentle and weakly, coming and going daily to their tutor with their Latin grammar, though through so many adventures, revolutions, and deadly perils! The strange epic and mysterious secret history of childhood was never more delightfully or more truly told.

Unfortunately, however, this poetic despot, this remorseless invader, this Alexander of the nur-

sery, in all "his inexhaustible opulence of thought and fun," soon disappears from the story, leaving behind him a sudden cessation of all storms, a "golden sleep of halcyon quiet;" and died not very long after, at sixteen, notwithstanding all the infinite promise and overflowing energy of his being, not much bewailed by his little vassal, now emancipated, but greatly regrettable by the reader, who probably, in his own admiration for this wonderful sketch of triumphant boyhood, will be disposed to find fault with poor little De Quincey's profound relief and sense of deliverance "from a yoke of such secret and fretful annoyance as none could measure but myself." It is, however, one well-known feature of that inward existence of the child which is so interesting to all thoughtful minds, and so seldom thus graphically revealed, that the intensity of secret suffering in it often exceeds all imagination as well as all measure and proportion with the cause.

De Quincey's early sketches fade into broken episodes of no particular interest after this fine beginning; and it is not till we find him broken loose from all the decorous and ordinary uses of life, half runaway schoolboy, half philosophical adventurer, that our sympathy is rekindled and our interest renewed. That he was a self-willed and impracticable boy, is evident—never unruly or unmanageable in the ordinary sense, but with those obstinate cranks of mind and theories of his own which are still more difficult to piece into the ordinary web of life. It is almost impossible, however, not to feel that only an entire absence of sympathy and consideration in his family could have plunged him into the extraordinary episode of vagrancy which suddenly interrupted all usu-

al rules of living. He left the Manchester Grammar School, at which he had been placed, for some fantastic reason which it is difficult to make out—because he was tired of it, apparently, and considered himself ripe for the university—because he was ill and out of sorts,—because, in short, the impatience of his fantastic youthful soul was no longer to be restrained, and some kind of plunge into the unknown was indispensable for him. He went home by a dutiful effort, though not soon enough to save anxiety to his family; but apparently finding little sympathy there, he drifted off again into Wales, in the first place, where, upon an allowance of a guinea a-week, he lived for a short time the life of a philosophic vagabond, sleeping "for nine nights in a fortnight" in the open air, "among fens and furze on a hill-side." This, however, was practicable only in summer; and when the early winter came, the young wanderer took another capricious resolution, and made up his mind "to sacrifice my worldly allowance, to slip my anchor, and to throw myself in desperation upon London." Why it was necessary to resign the worldly allowance, we are not informed. He went to London with the wild intention of raising £200 on his personal security—backed, perhaps, by that of his friend Lord Westport at Eton—which sum, he calculated, would maintain him at the rate of £50 a-year till he had attained his majority.

The wild interval of misery which followed is the climax of De Quincey's early story. He was not yet seventeen—a boy of delicate frame and development, with a mind still more delicately sensitive than his frame. The money-lender to whom he betook himself, or rather the disreputable attorney-agent of the money-lender, kept him waiting for

months, until all his little money was exhausted, and such a pathetic climax of misery reached as no writer we know of has put on record or confessed to. When he had spent his money he asked permission to sleep in the vacant house where the attorney in question, a man called Brunell, had his office—a house in Greek Street, Soho. There the starving visionary boy found a poor little nameless creature, a little girl of ten, belonging to nobody and cared for by nobody, already in possession; and the two desolate children bivouacked together, creeping close to each other for warmth. Dickens may very probably have taken his idea of the Marchioness in the 'Old Curiosity Shop' from this forlorn little image, which, however, is left quite pale and vague in primitive wretchedness, unbroken by any possible jollity, by the original artist. Thus the boy lived, wandering about that desolate heart of London, finding angelic ministrants in the poor victims of the streets, and creating the purest pathetic episode of childish friendship amid the mechanical vice of the child-unfortunate who saved his life, and whom he, in his visionary abstraction, neither judged nor questioned. "For many weeks," he says, "I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself; she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year." This was the poor Ann—most piteous pallid vision of wretchedness and tenderness and heavenly generosity, amid the deepest and most miserable pollutions of earth—for whom hereafter the delivered boy gazed wistfully along the miserable pavements, and watched at the street-corner where they had

appointed their melancholy tryst. He looked for her night after night when his foolish wretchedness was over—he looked for her in dreams and visions all his life—but the unfortunate one never appeared again. No poetic tale of sorrows could be more touching than the few pages which tell without telling, which suggest to us, this most pathetic episode. The long commonplace line of Oxford Street, in all its mean glooms and lamps of night, broken with so many cross lines and vanishing vistas of narrower passage, through which at any moment that lost form might come glimmering palely through the darkness, awakens in us, after reading it, a tragic pang of interest, such as indeed, God knows, it must have in many a miserable memory.

Never, at the same time, was there a more curious exemplification of the difference between art and life, between the actual and the visionary, even when represented, as in this case, by a simple historical episode. With what feelings of shame and horror must De Quincey's family, for instance, have heard (if they ever heard) of this curious phase of his youthful life—which is beyond question the part of it most touching, most interesting, most attractive to the reader! Could any gleam of pure nature and delicate tenderness make up to us for such an extraordinary passage in the youthful life of one of our sons or brothers? The shame, the pain, the distress caused by a similar revelation would be indescribable. But in a book there is a something exquisite, an ethereal halo of ineffable pity and sorrow around the pale, never-more-to-be-beheld countenance of this unhappy Ann. We do not refuse her our tears, and it is with a thrill of profound pain that we acknowledge her disappearance for ever, and the

failure of all hopes to deliver and bring the outcast out of misery. That she should have filled the dreams of the boy-friend, to whom she was so generously kind, with a wistful pursuit, never ending, never satisfied, was, we feel, but her due. Yet in actual life, at the present moment, what pangs would the mere idea of such a pursuit plant in the pillow of careful parent or anxious guardian! It is a most curious revelation of the "sea-change into something rich and strange," which by dint of time and of genius passes upon the incidents of life.

The young man's habitation of these realms of misery was, however, but an accident in his career—a wilful piece of folly, once more palliated by his genius, and quite excusable by the reader; though we can well conceive the passion of displeasure and impatience with which it must inevitably have been regarded by all in authority, to whom this wayward boy was a responsibility and burden. The guardians of the De Quincey family indeed, much blamed by their illustrious ward as they are, must have had anything but an easy office. The next brother ran away so effectually that he got to sea, and encountered dangers and adventures enough to set up a dozen romances—becoming for some time, though much against his will, the sailing-master of a pirate-ship, involved, however innocently, in all its atrocities. And their hands must have been tolerably full when, by the interposition of an uncle, Thomas de Quincey, after his London escape, was once more reconciled to them, and finally sent to Oxford.

Here there seems to have been nothing noteworthy about the young man's life. He had no successful career to boast of. Scholarships and distinctions were not for him, though no one could be more emphatically a scholar, at once by na-

ture and by choice. We are told in Mr Page's account, which is very brief and slight, of this dim period, that he was "much admired" at Worcester College, of which he was a member; that the Provost of his College, Dr Cotton, had formed the very highest opinion of him; and that one of the examiners before whom he appeared for his degree, declared him "the cleverest man I have ever met with"—and promised that he would carry everything before him, if his *viva voce* examination corresponded with the promise of his papers. But he never appeared for this *viva voce*, being carried away by some caprice—some "offence he took with the examiners," or other wayward reason; and so left Oxford unnoticed, and to a great degree unknown. Nor do we find him again with any distinctness until after this episode of academic life has become a thing of the past, when he reappears in the Lake country, and in the beginning of an intimate friendship with the so-called Lake poets. He had been, as he boasts with natural satisfaction, one of the first to appreciate Wordsworth, and had written to him, and received letters from him, several years before they met. Their meeting took place in the year 1807, when, having become acquainted also with Coleridge, he undertook to accompany Mrs Coleridge and her children from Bristol to Grassmere. These were the days of post-chaises, and the little party naturally grew into intimacy—an intimacy which instantly communicated itself to the Wordsworth family, to whom he was next introduced. De Quincey's reverence for the great poet was such that he had once before come to the neighbourhood in the hope of knowing him; but when there, was so struck with awe, that he went away again without venturing

to approach Wordsworth's cottage. This time, however, there was no possibility of running away. A full account of the poet, of the house, of the very appearance of the ladies of the family, and all its internal economy, is set down in his recollections—with far too much minuteness and distinctness. These recollections, it is true, were not published, and probably were not written, until long after; but such an invasion of the privacy of domestic life, by whomsoever done, is always more or less a sin against human nature. They are very useful to the student of literary society, and those who find it edifying to know all the petty circumstances of a notable person's existence; but such revelations are, to our own mind, highly blamable, indeed unjustifiable, at any time. Nor have they, in our opinion, anything that approaches the charm of those *Confessions* which first made his fame—and this is a lesson to all authors similarly tempted. We know no gossip-book, no invasion of other men's privacy, which has not failed in attaining the very end for which its author sacrificed (as must always be done in a case of trust betrayed) his personal honour and the confidence of his friends. Such revelations interest the poorer mind, the more trivial intelligence, but never gain such an audience as a writer of genius craves; and even the most frivolous reader, gaping over the description of a Westmoreland lady in her own house, who is thus exposed to public gaze by no doing of hers, but solely because she is a poet's wife, has a certain revulsion of feeling against the writer who indulges him in so poor a curiosity—a reflection very well worth making at the present moment, when personal gossip has thrust its ugly presence so remarkably into contemporary literature.

De Quincey went and came, hovering about the Lake country, for some years after this; but the great distinguishing incident of his life—the circumstance of which he made so much, and which even in literature has been received as one of his chief characteristics—had occurred some time before. In the year 1804 or so, when he had passed two or three terms at Oxford, being assailed by one of those paroxysms of toothache which most people consider as at the worst but a minor misery of life, and which few escape, he was recommended by some chance adviser to try opium. Distracted by the pain, which probably to his delicate organisation, and certainly to his impatient soul, was harder to bear than it is to ordinary mortals (though heaven forbid that we should depreciate the powers of that torture!), he flew to the suggested relief. In an evil moment—or was it rather in a happy moment, when fate was propitious, and all things of good augury?—he tasted first the potent draught. The passage in which he relates this first experience is so characteristic that we quote it entire:—

“How unmeaning a sound was opium at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place, and the time, and the man (if man he was), that first laid open to me the paradise of opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless; and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford Street; and near ‘the stately Pantheon’ (as Mr Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist, (unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!) as if in sympathy with the

rainy day, looked dull and stupid—just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a rainy London Sunday; and when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do—and furthermore, out of my shilling returned to me what seemed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all such indications of humanity, he has ever since figured in my mind as a beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself; but it confirms me in this way of considering him, that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not; and thus to me, who knew not his name (if indeed he had one), he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford Street than to have flitted into any other locality, or (which some abominable man suggested) to have absconded from the rent. The reader may choose to think of him as possibly no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so, but my faith is better. I believe him to have *evanesced*—so unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

“Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking; and what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it; and in an hour—oh, heavens!—what a revulsion! what a resurrection from its lowest depths of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes; this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea—a *φάρμακον νήπενδες*—for all human woes: here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered; so happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; portable ecstasies

might be had corked up in a pint-bottle; and peace of mind could be sent down by the mail.”

With this affectionate banter and playful solemnity does the Opium-eater, on first assuming that name, announce the advent of the new agency in his life, which was to be the source of so many pains and pleasures, and, in a sense, of his fame itself. Henceforward, and as long as that fame lasts, which as yet is but little dimmed, it will be this one fact which will be remembered of De Quincey. The history which he has so artfully framed to lead up to it will be of all his works the most enduring; and when all his fine essays, his delightful musings, his melodious sentences, have died out of human echo, it is this bit of individual experience which will remain—his contribution to the great story of mankind. Never was there a more strange centre for a human life; and yet it is in its way as true as if, instead of a phial—nay, a decanter—of laudanum, it was a great principle or a heroic impulse. Heretofore the record has been but of a vague and wayward being, unsettled, without any purpose or moral anchorage. But when he got that first dose from his druggist, the man's life was so far determined. It is true, he was scarcely twenty at the time, but he had reached the half-way house of life when he put upon record this turning-point of his existence. He himself accepts the drug as the chief point in everything he has to tell about himself—employs, as we have said, his most delightful art in the arrangement of the circumstances of his early life which led up to it, and never loses sight of the distinction which he has appropriated—the Opium-eater! The indulgence of this new taste could not be the chief after-occupation of his whole life;

yet he assumes it as such, with a certain complaisance and satisfaction in the extraordinary fact. He calls his story "Confessions," with a sense of pleasant mockery, "though my self-accusation," he admits, "does not amount to a confession of guilt;" and, with a whimsical yet real half jealousy of the pretensions of the other great opium-eater of the time, spends pages of admirable writing upon the resemblances and differences of Coleridge's opium and his own. Nor will the reader fail to remark a certain modest pride as of one who has "indulged in it to an excess not yet recorded of any other man," in all the details involved. His "glass of laudanum-negus, warm and without sugar," his daily dose of "eight thousand drops," his decanter holding a quart of "ruby-coloured laudanum," are all dwelt upon with affectionate detail. Be ashamed who would of such an indulgence, the English Opium-eater was not ashamed; and if he descants upon the "pains of opium" in one chapter, full of vague and visionary terrors, he dwells no less upon the "pleasures of opium" in another, written with more point and fervid enthusiasm. The reader probably will conclude that between the two this strange dreamer, this philosopher astray in vague regions of dreamy glory and misery, at all times holds the balance a little to the happier side, and sings such a song of thanksgiving over the delights and joyful visions contained in that dangerous though fascinating cup, as puts the tragic plaint of imaginary misery, which is its alternative, very much out of court. The wretchedness is not so simple or complete as the delight. It is a penalty that might have been avoided, and which judicious medicine and exercise would certainly have kept off, or greatly modified; where-

as nothing else could have given the delightful exemption from care, the elevation above all weaknesses and miseries, which this divine drug conferred. After such description of its effects, or rather denial of the evil effects, as of ordinary intoxication, and as of stupor and lethargy, which it is generally supposed to produce, he gives us the following brilliant sketch of its beatific influence:—

"I have shown, or tried to show, that opium does not of necessity produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me to markets and theatres. Yet in candour I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence as indispensable conditions of those trances or profoundest reveries which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much and to observe too little, and who upon my first entrance at college was nearly falling into a deep melancholy from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of these tendencies in my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them. . . . In after-years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. At that time I often fell into such reveries after taking opium; and many a time it has happened to me on a summer night, when I have been seated at an open window from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could at the same time command a view of some great town standing on a different radius of my circular prospect, but at nearly the same distance, that from sunset to sunrise, all through the hours of night, I have continued motionless, as if frozen, without consciousness of myself as of an object anywise distinct from the multifarious scene which I contemplated

from above. Such a scene in all its elements was not unfrequently realised for me on the gentle eminence of Everton. Obliquely to the left lay the many-languaged town of Liverpool; obliquely to the right the multitudinous sea. The scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of Liverpool represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight or wholly forgotten. The ocean in everlasting but gentle agitation, yet brooded over by dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife were suspended—a respite were granted from the secret burdens of the heart, some Sabbath of repose, some resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm; tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms, infinite activities, infinite repose.

“Oh just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that ‘tempt the spirit to rebel,’ bringest an assuaging balm! eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and through one night’s heavenly sleep callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood! Oh just and righteous opium! that to the chancery of dreams summonest, for the triumphs of despairing innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendours of Babylon and Hekatómpylos; and ‘from the anarchy of dreaming sleep’ callest into sunny light the faces of

long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from ‘the dishonours of the grave!’ Thou only givest these gifts to men; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!”

Never was drug before celebrated by such a melodious rhapsody, or woven with such delicate fancies. That mount of vision of little Everton, still rustic and quiet in days long after those in which the young De Quincey brooded over the scene below: with all the mingled roofs and smokes and high-piercing multitudinous many-storeyed forest of sea-going masts, with the great estuary rolling broad below, alive with living lights shooting at a hundred ferries across the broad gleam of water, and afar the evening sky lightening, the evening clouds drooping, over the limitless perspective, half horizon and half sea!—how it rises before us as we read! All prose is that scene to prosaic eyes—nothing but a big wealthy town straining all its efforts to make money, an immense line of docks, a river pervaded by ferry steamboats, ignoble salt-water omnibuses carrying vulgar crowds across and across!—yet all poetry to the other beholder, who muses the night through upon that wonderful many-peopled scene.

We cannot but recall in our own experience, however, as we read, one incident which, if it does not corroborate De Quincey in his rhapsodies, at least shows what use may be innocently made even of so dangerous a drug. Once in one supreme moment of our own life, it was necessary for us to surmount at all hazards disabling pain, and to keep full command of our faculties. Never, till all sensation is over, shall we forget the lifting up of all weakness and personal suffering, the sense of something that floated both mind and body over all personal

obstacles, giving temporary exemption from the ordinary conditions of humanity, and making the watcher independent of rest and food and all the other recognised necessities of being, as long as the vigil lasted. This wonderful boon, to be remembered gratefully for all the ensuing years of life, was purchased by no excessive dose, but by such a mild potion as common use permits. The sensation was too peculiar to be described in other words than those which we have used. The body seemed to be floated over the dangers and weakness natural to it, leaving heart and soul free for duties which only in that day could be rendered, and never more in this life should be wanted, for that one supreme object again. The fear of misconception, and of possible harm to others by the suggestion of an often dangerous anodyne, closes the lips of such as have made one such experiment only; and there can be little doubt that the dangers of habitual indulgence in any opiate are beyond exaggeration. These, however, are more apparent to the popular mind than the disadvantages of any other excess; and the sober-minded public, we believe, will find more difficulty in giving credence to the Opium-eater's pleasures than to any depth or darkness of attendant pain.

This crisis and revelation happened in the year 1804, when De Quincey had entered his twentieth year, and was still at Oxford, where whosoever pleases may imagine his slight youthful figure wandering in a dream through the beautiful garden of Worcester, which was his college—a gentle and most scholarly shadow, small, delicate, and silent, yet with an eloquent silence; but of this he says nothing himself, and Oxford has simply no place at all in his recollections—a curious fact

enough, and one not unworthy the notice of university authorities, not always wise to discover the most notable among their varied crowd. We know nothing, however, of this important period of life, until we find him established at Grassmere in a cottage once inhabited by Wordsworth, "a white cottage embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn, beginning with May roses and ending with jasmine." Here he passed the best years of his life, living alone, without apparent occupation, with the lake and the mountains, poetry, friendship, and opium, for the sustenance of his spirit. Sparingly he must have lived—for his income was small, and he did nothing to increase it—and solitary; for the Wordsworth family, and such kindred spirits as might gleam across their sphere, would seem to have been his only near neighbours. And Wordsworth was not then the throned and enshrined poet to whose feet pilgrims came in crowds, but rather the prophet of a few, whose faith in him was their intellectual distinction. He it was, however, who had made this strange, homely, exalted life into a poetic ideal of existence, with all its plain domestic details, its low-roofed rooms, its simplest habits, its clustering roses, and bread-and-butter. To read, to muse, to dream, to hear a poem from his inspired lips, to find a certain beauty in the huggermugger of the crowded family, which contrasted so strangely with the infinite quiet and stillness of the great landscape—who but Wordsworth could have persuaded a young man of two-and-twenty that this was the life of lives? But with the Opium-eater, who possessed within his "ruby-coloured" draughts of death,

the means of escape to illimitable loveliness, and all the fascination of dreams, it is less wonderful that this form of existence should have been found satisfactory. For several years he lived thus alone, the greatest incident in his life, so far as is apparent, and one which shows the profound tenderness of the young recluse's heart, being the death of one of the Wordsworth children—a mournful event, which was broken to him (being absent for the moment) by the child's nearest relatives with precautions which show how deep and true his union with them was, and how entirely they believed in the affection which made little Kate's death an affliction as great to their friend as to themselves. In 1816 he married, having previously, however, in consequence of the return of an old complaint, begun to use opium daily, instead of occasionally "on Saturday nights," as had been his habit for the early part of his opium-eating career. Here is his own pretty ideal picture of his cottage interior in those halcyon years—"a picture," as he says, "of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure:—

"Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town—no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage. . . . Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of hap-

piness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, as if it were actually matter of congratulation that winter is going; or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or another, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside; candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without. . . . But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained; but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required, except for the *inside* of the house. Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. . . . Books are the only property in which I am richer than my neighbours. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books; and, furthermore, paint me a good fire, and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And, near the fire, paint me a tea-table; and as it is clear no creature can come to see one on such a stormy night, place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray; and if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal teapot—eternal *à parte ante* and *à parte post*, for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning. And as it is very unpleasant to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smile like Hebe's. But no, dear M——! not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty, or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good

painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his ‘little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug’ lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*—you may paint it if you choose; but I apprise you, that no ‘little’ receptacle would, even in 1816, answer my purpose, who was at a distance from the ‘stately Pantheon’ and all drug-gists, mortal or otherwise. No; you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a sublunary wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-coloured laudanum; that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighbourhood. . . . And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816-17, up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man; and the elements of that happiness I have endeavoured to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar’s library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening, rain driving, vindictively and with malice aforethought, against the windows, and darkness such that you cannot see your own hand when held up against the sky.”

This Cowperish picture of domestic beatitude has ceased to chime in with the mood of the day. The fireside, and those harmless pleasures which centre in a teapot, have gone out of fashion; or if the fireside is not out of fashion (which heaven forbid!), at least the manner of it is no longer as of old. De Quincey nowadays would settle himself on an Alp, or in an ancient Italian palace, and, if he still kept his “ruby-coloured” decanter, would abjure the tea. There *vin du pays* or the mock Falernian of the Neapolitan *côtes* would be his nectar, and his talk would be of Greece and the classics, or of Etruscan art and all

that is foreign and far away. On the whole, perhaps, there is something to be said for the white cottage embowered in roses, and even for the dark of the winter night, the “plain living and high thinking” of Grassmere. A living mind, even under the influence of opium, (or tea!) is to ourselves, we are bound to confess, more interesting than any wealth of reflection from classic sources. And a palace in Venice can be quite as hugger-mugger as any little hovel on the Lakes.

“But now farewell—a long farewell,” he writes, “to happiness—winter or summer! Farewell to smiles and laughter! Farewell to peace of mind and to the blessed consolations of sleep! For more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these. Here opens upon me an Iliad of woes.” The opium demon, so long seductive and amiable as an angel, now puts on darker colours, and a gloomy cycle of change begins. But before we show the reader this reverse of the picture, it may be better to trace for a little the authentic course of practical life, which both to De Quincey and his commentators seems of so much less importance than the imaginary pangs of his dreams. And here it becomes somewhat difficult to put away the reflection, that external troubles, which shortly after closed round him, might have something to do with the dire misery of the opium visions. In the natural course of events, De Quincey’s expenses must have increased with his marriage, though how soon he awoke to this fact we have no way of knowing. However, that he had begun to work is soon evident. One of the most memorable visitors to the poetical community at Grassmere—nay, perhaps the most memorable visitor, as carrying with him a something wanting to those reflective

existences, fresh breezes from the outer world, a large and genial vitality, the laugh and shout of splendid youth—had by this time appeared, John Wilson of Elleray, a magnificent natural man among the mild recluses of the hills: and finding by Wordsworth's side that quaint small stranger, silver-tongued and eloquent, had fallen into such friendship with him as, between beings so unlike, added a charm of singularity, never quite indifferent to youth, to the warm and instant sympathy which sprang up between them. Their friendship lasted all their life, with few breaks and an unvarying warmth; and before many years had passed, we find a practical evidence of this friendship, and that in a manner particularly gratifying and interesting to ourselves. In the year 1819, De Quincey, roused apparently at last to the sense that a man must work who takes upon him the responsibility of a household, writing to his uncle, who had promised to help him in the pecuniary troubles already begun, announces at the head of his list of resources, an engagement to write for "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" as much as will produce sixty guineas a-year." That the "engagement" was imaginary, and meant only a vague calculation of probable earnings, does not alter the fact that De Quincey considered it at this early period as one of his surest resources; and this no doubt was an early proof of the friendship of Wilson, himself then the oldest, most constant, and most important contributor to this Magazine, and whose introduction of his friend could not but be influential. The Magazine was young in those days, like the writers; and they conferred mutual obligations upon each other, the one affording a necessary medium, with all the advantages of growing popularity

and a liberal recompense—while, on the other side, the genius of such writers as Wilson and De Quincey, whose fame has been carried far and wide by 'Maga,' carried 'Maga,' by their exertions, to every corner of the English-speaking world.

Not only, however, did De Quincey now begin his connection with this Magazine, but—a much more amusing and remarkable combination—he, the man of all others least likely to please an uneducated public, became the editor of a certain hapless 'Westmoreland Gazette,' originally intended for the enlightenment and amusement of the simple dalesmen, but which this editor, so quaintly unsuitable, destined for nothing less than to become an organ of philosophical thought, to influence public opinion in Oxford and Cambridge, and among the learned everywhere! In answer to a very reasonable remonstrance against the elevated intellectualism to which the little journal, much to the amazement of everybody concerned, had come, De Quincey wrote with amusing dignity: "The editor can assure his readers that his own personal friends in most of the universities, especially in the three mightiest—Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh—are quite competent in number and power to float the Gazette triumphantly into every section and division of these learned bodies"! A more absurd, yet at the same time innocent-grandiloquent proposal on the part of a little bit of a local paper, could not be; and we are somewhat astonished to find that for "three-quarters of a year" surprised Westmoreland put up with this curious kind of country editor, whose pretensions, even on the staff of the supreme Jupiter itself, would have been somewhat out of place. He had an engagement also for the 'Quarterly Review,' on which he calculated as representing one hun-

dred and twenty guineas a-year; but as the work he mentions which was to begin this income was still "lying here, I am sorry to say, untouched," there is perhaps something a little problematical in the pay. Anyhow, he had been roused out of his pleasant literary sloth, the leisure of dreamy bachelorhood in the white cottage. Henceforward, though the white cottage was not less dear to him, and though his thoughts turned with loyal worship, most tenderly and beautifully expressed, to her who was its central figure, circumstances compelled a breaking up of the old dreams and quiet—a personal entry into the battle-field of life. Thus opium agonies within—of which we care the less to enter into any analysis from the fact that there were troubles enough to justify any number of uneasy visions without—and outside a heaving wrathful mass of debts and needs, and creditors clamorous for money which was not forthcoming, soon destroyed, by deadly irruption of prose and fact, the poetic blessedness of that little paradise. Opium is bad, no doubt, and the horror of the visions which so impressed the public imagination is not without verity; but debt is worse, and much more generally understood. When apostrophising his wife, and the early days of his married life, he exclaims,— "Ah, happy, happy years! in which I was a mere football of reproach, but in which every wind and sounding hurricane of wrath or contempt flew by like chasing enemies past some defying gate of adamant, and left me too blessed in thy smiles, angel of life! to heed the curses or the mocking which sometimes I heard raving outside of our impregnable Eden,"—of what, does the reader think, in fine exaggeration of poetic words, he is complaining? Of distracting cares, bills, applicants for money

outside? or merely of the phantasmagoria of painful dreams which were not to be shut out? We think the former. It is natural enough, perhaps, that in the recent life published by Mr Page this side of the record should be very lightly touched. But yet even Mr Page cannot but allow that a few years later, when his career as an editor had ended, and he had come to London to try his fortune with magazines and literary work generally, he dared not return to his family from this cause, but was "compelled to go into a kind of hiding from creditors." These are more horrible ghosts than any that opium can produce, and the coincidence of their rise and growth with the sudden access of "pains of opium" is significant, to say the least.

For ourselves, we are bound to allow that the "pains of opium," the dreams and ghastly visions which seem to have been the first thing which impressed the mind of the public in De Quincey's favour, fall rather flat upon us. They are not so real as the pleasures; they are not in any respect so touching or so interesting as the details of those strange wanderings of youth which were before opium. A certain exaggeration and shadowy feebleness are in them; and the sole conclusion the reader can draw from the record is, that the author had certainly got himself into a state of lethargic depression and gloomy excitement—a state of body and mind not at all uncommon in the present day, and which polite doctors characterize as "over-work," as "overtaxed brain," or by other dignified and awe-inspiring titles. However, as De Quincey has been allowed to describe his pleasures in his own words, it is better that he should give also his own version of his pains:—

"At night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions moved along continually, in mournful pomp, friezes of never-ending stories that, to my feelings, were as sad and solemn as stories drawn from times before *Œdipus* or *Priam*, before *Tyre*, before *Memphis*. And concurrently with this a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up in my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned as noticeable at this time:

"1. That as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point; that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness, was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; and at length I feared to exercise this faculty, for as *Midas* turned all things to gold that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms for the eye; and by a process no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

"2. This and all other changes in my dreams were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and funereal melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I by waking feel that I had reascended. Why do I dwell upon this? For indeed the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

"3. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not

fitted to receive. Space swelled and was amplified to an extent of unutterable and self-repeating infinity. This disturbed me very much less than the vast expansion of time. Sometimes I seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night—nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

"4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts in my past experience. But placed as they were before me in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognised them instantaneously."

With this wide field to range over, the demon kept the sufferer's mind in a state of such continual and feverish occupation as strained his every faculty. Something of the same kind we must all have been sensible of in the dreams of fever—and this was a fever unintermittent, with no intervals of repose. A perpetual succession of scenes passed before him, vivid and appalling, all charged with some burden of horror; or he was driven back through crowds of haunting faces into the far-off privations of his youth—and once more, but with tenfold desolation and anxiety, resumed in dream-streets more gloomy than London his never-ending search for the pale countenance of *Ann*, his lost friend and helper. We need not refuse to believe that this torture might be carried into wonderful heights and depths of pain, because we feel that *De Quincey* had other reasons for mental distraction than opium. But care and trouble outside, and this tremendous phantasmagoria within, might well have worn out the delicate framework of flesh and blood which enshrined so much anxious pain, and

such vivid and overwhelming pre-occupation of the spirit. How so slight a frame did outlive it all, and much more, and survive beyond the allotted age of mankind, is a marvel more astounding than any pain or pleasure of opium. Not opium itself, enough to kill whole armies, nor the strain and whirl of incoherent vision which took away all rest, nor the more ordinary cares which kill so many, nor bereavement, nor sorrow, sufficed so much as to shake the vital powers in this small, sensitive, delicately-organised being. This is the strangest thing of all.

De Quincey at last went to London to seek some means of freeing himself from his practical troubles, and of getting profitable work, and very soon found means of making all England acquainted with his name. The 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater' was his first published work. It came out in the 'London Magazine,' a long extinct publication, and called forth immediate interest. Such a story, indeed, with all the truth of fact in it, and that force of self-revealing which so few possess, and so few would care to exercise, has seldom been told before. Even genius does not always know how to do this, how to select what is suitable from what is unsuitable with the air of giving all, and how to present self without any egotism, and tell a purely personal story so that it shall convey no impression of vanity or self-confidence to the mind. This De Quincey entirely succeeded in knowing, and we cannot at this moment recall any one else who has been so successful. It is impossible to say that there is either vanity or self-importance in the modest tale; and some parts of it are as touching, as full of interest and sympathetic attraction, as any story in the language, with the

additional charm, potent with children of a larger growth as well as of the smaller, of being entirely true.

We have dwelt upon this first half of De Quincey's life perhaps at too much length, but it is at the same time his best work, the most characteristic of all his productions in which this life is embodied. And to tell the truth (though it is somewhat against the above estimate of modesty and humbleness), De Quincey, as represented by himself, is a great deal more interesting and attractive than De Quincey described by other people, or seen by the dull light of facts. From the moment in which he ceases to reveal himself, the image fades, and becomes, it must be avowed, a somewhat shabby image, fitful, needy, indebted, in a perpetual muddle, with duns at his heels, or sometimes attendants still less satisfactory. He went to Edinburgh in 1828, being then overwhelmed by his pecuniary distress, though "free from opium," as he says—the special inducement being the prospect held out to him of employment on this Magazine, to which during the next two or three years he contributed many of his finest essays. The promise of regular and well-remunerated work at last induced him to settle in Edinburgh, bringing his wife and family from Westmoreland. A few years later, clouds more gloomy than any that had hitherto drooped over him, yet more bearable as being from the hand of God, and not the fantastic creation of his own brain, overwhelmed the newly-established house. First the eldest son—a youth of rare promise—and then the mother, died; and the young children and the heart-broken father, a man destitute of any faculty that could qualify him for taking care of them, except tenderness, were left to fight through their troubles as

they could. Fortunately, if the father was not qualified for this delicate office, the children themselves were so. This is a piece of good fortune which not unfrequently befalls the helpless and thriftless parent. His eldest daughter developed, while still scarcely more than a child, into one of those sacred deputies of God, the mother-sister, not much older than the little ones whom she protects and nourishes, such as has been the salvation of many a family besides De Quincey's. More free than a wife could be, without forfeiting the persuasive sweetness of childhood, this child took the burden upon her delicate shoulders, and brought order into the chaos. She could not reduce into order the perplexed existence of the man of genius, whose bewilderments were part of his character and of his very genius itself; but she relieved him, and left him free to follow his wayward way, with always a home to fall back upon, whatever happened. Respect for that home has evidently banished from the pages of the lately published biography all notice of those features of De Quincey's later life which detract from the dignity of the picture. This is natural enough, but perhaps it is not quite wise—the eccentricities of the Opium-eater being too well known to be surrounded with any mystery. When Mr Page quotes from Professor Wilson the assertion that if De Quincey owed a five-pound note, and was unable to pay it, it would vex him more than debts of thousands would vex many othermen, a temporary bewilderment seizes us. Perhaps, however, such a vague comparison never means very much; and at all events it is very certain that our Opium-eater in his later days, still eloquent as of old, pursuing his lucid yet manifold argument through many a prolonged and devious wind-

ing, "in linked sweetness long drawn out"—and writing essays which will be masterpieces of style to many a generation—becomes a shabby, shifty figure, shabbier and shiftier as the years go on, incapable of keeping his affairs in order, but always capable of the most excellent reasons why they should be wrong, and not unfrequently an embarrassment to his friends who helped him out of the slough, only to see him tumble in again more hopelessly than ever. That this was the case there can be little doubt, though it does not in the least detract from the spotless reputation of his family, nor, perhaps, from many remnants of honourable feeling in himself which the practical muddle in which he lived, the disorder and chaos of all his arrangements, often neutralised and made of little avail.

The second volume of Mr Page's book affords a very lively and interesting picture of these disorders and embarrassments. The perpetual and unfailing courtesy, charity, and kindness which kept him toiling through the muddle he had himself made, always anxious to fulfil his engagements, to write all the letters he ought to write (which he often did; then, when the letter was written, or half written, lost it in the chaos of papers about him), and to keep his periodical work up to the high level of excellence which his fine taste demanded, make the story at once infinitely touching and gently comic, though it is evident that the confusion in his mind often grew to a pitch which was far from comic to him. And nothing can be more affecting than the simplicity and conscientiousness which make a man of De Quincey's fame and powers hesitate and falter over a little paper for an obscure magazine which he thinks not good enough, begging "that the whole may be cancelled; and I will most

cheerfully undertake to write such another paper as will reimburse the loss which in that case you will have sustained by the costs of the press." Such an instance of candour and humble-mindedness is very attractive in the humblest profession; how much more in the *genus irritabile*, and in a writer whose name only was a distinction to the periodical in question! Nor is the "wanton charity" of which his daughter writes, exasperating as it must have been to the lookers-on, less attractive to the more distant and unsuffering spectator. "His presence at home was the signal for a crowd of beggars, among whom borrowed babies and drunken old women were sure of the largest share of his sympathy—but he refused it to none; and he was often wearied by the necessity he laid upon himself of listening to all the woes which were heaped upon him." These, however, were the smallest of his liberalities. The man who, with an income of a hundred and fifty pounds a-year only, opened his intercourse with Coleridge by making him a secret anonymous present of three hundred pounds, did not get more prudent, we are told, as he grew older. "His own sanguine belief in his powers of work always led him firmly to believe that he should be able to meet" the difficulties into which injudicious generosity led him. No doubt, that justice which pays its own debts before it bestows upon others, is the more respectable and commendable quality; but still the fault has a certain divinity in it, especially in the case of one who supposed himself always able to make up a deficiency by a few days' writing—a sad temptation to all writers, let it be allowed.

Here is another peculiarity, which is certainly amusing to the reader, without any pain involved, though

it is easy to understand how much trouble it must have given to the confused soul in the middle of all this chaos of rubbish and of riches:

"His other extravagance grew out of the morbid value he set upon his papers, and their not being disturbed. He was in the habit of accumulating them till, according to his own description, he was 'snowed up,'—which meant, when matters came to such an extremity, that there was not a square inch of room on the table to set a cup upon; that there was no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers gathered there; that there was no chair which could be used for its legitimate purpose; and that the track from the door to the fireplace, which had always to be considered, had been blotted out, even for his own careful treading: then he locked the door upon this impracticable state of things, and turned elsewhere, leaving his landlady, if simple and honest, painfully impressed with the mysterious sin of meddling with his papers, but, if dishonest, with such a handle for playing upon his morbid anxieties as was a source of livelihood. At his death there were, I believe, about six places where he had these deposits, it may be imagined at what expense. Such a thing has been known as his gradually in this way 'papering' his family out of a house; but in later years his daughters in the house at Lasswade were wary, and the smallest deposit of papers was carefully handed down into the one irrecoverable desert in which he worked."

The quaint perplexity and seriousness with which the proprietor seems always to have regarded these accumulated masses—which, made up into parcels and packed in tea-chests, he left about in all kinds of places, frequently losing sight altogether of some invaluable deposit—is very amusing:—

"Though he had little of the passion for fine books which afflicts some scholars, he was pursued by a Chinese-like reverence for written or printed paper. Newspapers and magazines, which reached him from all parts of

the world, he preserved with religious care; even his MSS. which had been printed he preserved; and his habit of making notes on loose slips of paper in the course of his reading, and depositing them among the papers, rendered these heaps valuable in his eyes."

Other instances of his puzzlement bring a tear along with the smile—as, when pursuing his walk along a road which he had so measured as to secure for himself the walk of fourteen miles, which was his daily exercise (let all lazy pedestrians blush! for he was approaching the threescore and ten), he became bewildered by the many salutations of the stone-breakers on the road. "How are you this morning, sir?" "Are we going to have more snow, sir?" These simple efforts at conversation were an equal trial to his politeness and to his meteorological knowledge. "He thought of purchasing a dozen or so of weather almanacs, and, by giving one to each man, leave him to understand that it contained all he knew of the subject." Perhaps it was mere friendliness, however, and not any real enthusiasm for the charm of his conversation, that moved the road-makers; but whenever the Opium-eater did talk, he held his hearers entranced, from "the child of about four, the nephew of one of our maids," whom Mrs Baird Smith describes, "who, solely for the pleasure of conversation, walked round and round a dull little garden with him," to pilgrims of the highest pretensions from all quarters, to whom it was the greatest of pleasures to hear De Quincey talk. "The gentle refinement of his manner and conversation cannot be dwelt upon too much," says a gentleman who knew him well. "The talk would have been prosing in any one who had not such a wonderful command of language; and now and then,

with a quaint look, he threw in something irresistibly comic." The reader will find many instances in Mr Page's book of the scrapes into which De Quincey's odd habits and financial irregularities led him. These were often awkward enough; but notwithstanding the discomfort involved, these stories rarely fail to exhibit the dreamer, with his head in the clouds, in an aspect which is at once amusing and attractive. We are tempted to add the following delightful incident, the most characteristic we have heard, which will be enough, we think, to make the severest critic forgive the troubled philosopher all his social peccadilloes:—

One winter evening a family in Edinburgh, in which De Quincey was a frequent visitor, was disturbed very late by a ring at the door. One of the ladies of the house had joined her brothers in the library before going to rest; and the little party listened with wonder to the untimely summons, and waited, half alarmed, while an indignant servant made his way into his coat and to the door. A minute after Mr De Quincey was announced, and came in with his usual graceful suavity and readiness to converse. After a little delightful talk, however, the lady was warned by a glance from her brother that so late a visit must mean business, and withdrew. When she stepped into the hall she found herself, to her great surprise, confronted by two men who had been standing close to the door. She asked if they wanted any one, in some alarm, and was told that they were "waiting for Mr De Quincey." Half frightened, but always hospitable, she immediately considered how to set Mr De Quincey's friends, though not prepossessing, at their ease, and opened the door of the next room, where she entreated them to enter

and be seated. The men looked at each other and grinned aside: but they would not accept the kind invitation; and finding her hospitable attentions unacceptable, the lady finally went up-stairs. The reader will scarcely need to be informed that Mr De Quincey's friends were a couple of bailiffs, whose mingled embarrassment in rejecting Miss —'s innocent civility, and admiration of the supposed effort to get them out of the way, afford as comic a situation as is often to be encountered in life. The bailiffs, however, grinned, and kept their post; they were not to be taken in or cajoled; while the principal in the affair made one of his humorous explanations as to how it was, and how it could be remedied, within the closed door. The issue was, that one of the gentlemen went out with the party to settle the matter and release the prisoner. As the man of genius shuffled along the deserted pavement by his deliverer's side, he wound up the adventure by a characteristic vituperation. "Unideaed wretches!" he said, as he parted with his grim companions; "I tried them on every subject under heaven, but they did not seem to have a thought in their minds unconnected with their base and brutal profession!" The Opium-eater in the cold Edinburgh streets at midnight trying to find a subject of conversation with his captors on a warrant for debt, is as quaint a picture as could well be found in literature.

Of the style of this conversation, so universally renowned, it is not easy to give any idea; but, indeed, what were De Quincey's writings but conversations—prolonged, melodious, and, so far as is apparent, under no necessity of ever coming to an end? There is an account of his *début* as a conversationalist at the Manchester Grammar School, at the age of about sixteen, which, we

think, gives the happiest indication of his intellectual method both in talk and books. The start in this case was given by an allusion to the "Sunday-evening exercise" of the school, which was a translation from Grotius on the evidences of Christianity:—

"Did I know the book? No, I did not. All the direct knowledge which I had of Grotius was built upon his metrical translations into Latin of various fragments surviving from the Greek scenical poets, and these translations had struck me as exceedingly beautiful. On the other hand, his work of highest pretensions, '*De Jure Belli et Pacis*,' so signally praised by Lord Bacon, I had not read at all; but I had heard such an account of it from a very thoughtful person as made it possible that Grotius was stronger, and felt himself stronger, on literary than on philosophical ground. Then with regard to his little work on the Mosaic and Christian revelations, I had heard very disparaging opinions about it—two especially. One amounted to no more than this, that the question was argued with a logic far inferior in point of cogency to that of Jardine and Paley. . . . But the other objection impeached not so much the dialectic acuteness as the learning of Grotius—at least, the appropriate learning. According to the anecdote current upon this subject, Dr Edward Pococke, the great oriental scholar of England in the seventeenth century, when called upon to translate the little work of Grotius into Arabic or Turkish, had replied by pointing to the idle legend of Mahomet's pigeon or dove as a reciprocal messenger between the Prophet and heaven—which legend had been accredited and adopted by Grotius in the blindest spirit of credulity. Such a baseless fable, Pococke alleged, would work a double mischief—not only it would ruin the authority of that particular book in the East, but would damage Christianity for generations by making known to the followers of the Prophet that their master was undervalued among the Franks on the authority of nursery tales, and that these tales were credited

by the leading Frankish scholars. A two-fold result of evil would follow——”

And so the stream flows on and on: from the first mention of the “little work” confessedly unknown to the speaker, through all the writings of a voluminous author, and all their subjects, and the opinions of thoughtful persons, and of the great oriental scholar in the seventeenth century, and heaven knows what besides,—all moving in subtlest connection and coherence, one branch of the subject flowing out of the other, naturally, distinctly, eloquently. As the boy began, so the man continued; and as in his talk, so in his writings—no tripping from subject to subject, no light abandonment of one theme for another, but unconscious, beautiful growth, expansion, efflorescence outward and upward, until the slight text has blossomed out into a system of doctrine: the casual mention of a name produced a full analysis, criticism, and perhaps biography: and the merest touch upon the barest rod brought forth a sudden blooming and fruitage, like Aaron’s wand with its almond-blossoms, or that lily branch which indicated the Virgin’s chosen suitor. But notwithstanding this gift of eloquence, we must conclude, as we began, by saying that, except about himself, De Quincey had not a great deal that was novel to tell us. He had many a delicate sentiment and fine opinion to clothe in those harmonies of speech, but no new thing of his own got out of the depths or from the height—except himself. The accident of the opium, which was rare, tempted him to open up his own strange, distinct, and delicately-organised being to our eyes; and this is in reality the sum of his production. His great comrades and playfellows have been greater benefactors to the world, more mighty presences, than he;

but in this point of view no one has done so much. A living creature fine and rare, a quite unusual human experience of mingled miseries and exaltations, compassed by few; a personal story, often touching, always full of interest,—this is what he has given to his generation; and the world will more easily forget many a more important man.

He died very placidly and gently, as became him, after so long a life, seventy-five years old, in December 1859, and lies in the churchyard of the West Kirk, at the foot of the great rock on which Edinburgh Castle stands, in a scene fine enough to content even his sense of beauty, by the side of his wife and son—sleeping well after that fitful fever of life which was to him so much more full of dreams than it is to most men. And as the curious, and the cultivated, and those who really loved literature, and those who pretended to love it, sought his company while he lived, and listened rapt to his silver tongue, so to the world of readers who love a delicate excitement, but not to be wearied or undergo any strain of their attention, his works are always welcome, and will continue to be so. It is still a silver tongue to which we listen, with nothing in it resonant or penetrating, but sweet with the softest tinkle as of water, or the chiming of far-away bells. What a wonderful brotherhood it was that died out finally with De Quincey! Coleridge, more dreamy still than he, his own rival in that obscure and vision-haunted path; Wordsworth, serene as one of his own mountains; kind Southey, laborious and learned; Charles Lamb, whom we all love by instinct; John Wilson, the strong yet laughing Jupiter of the band, the most living and splendid personality of all. The world has fallen upon a smaller generation, a race of meaner stature now.

For God has filled the quiver ; and, with countenance elate,
He, next in lawful right, may speak
His foe in gate.

VIII.

And Denmark's gracious daughter, who leads the bright array—
Our darling, ever welcome as flowers that come in May—
God, shield the precious creature beneath Thy angels' wings,
And send her lovely nature

Down lines of kings !

IX.

Fine men the princely brothers ; and time is coming, when,
By sea and land, they all may show that they are manly men ;
Alert, at clear-eyed Honour's call, to give their duty-day
Afield—on deck—in battery—

Come what come may.

X.

Now mark you, Kings and Emperors who rule this peopled ball
That nourishes us, man and beast, and graveward bears us all,
The blood of horses and of men, and lives of men, will lie
Main heavy on their souls that break

Her amity.

XI.

Victoria's sheltering mantle is over India spread ;
Who dare to touch the garment's hem, look out for men in red :
Look out for gun and tumbril a-crash through mound and hedge,
For shot and shell and Sheffield shear-

Steel, point and edge !

XII.

The fires are banked ; in road and port the seaman-heart swells large ;
The horses from the Irish fields are champing for the charge ;
Stand back ! keep off ! the changing cheek of Peace has lost its smile,
And grave her eyes, and grave her prayer,

To Heaven the while :—

XIII.

" Maker, Preserver of Mankind, and Saviour that Thou art,
Assuage the rage of wrathful men ; abate their haughty heart ;
Or, if not so Thy holy will—suppress the idle sigh,
And God Sabaoth be the name

We know Thee by ! "

THE PARLIAMENTARY RECESS.

HALF the vacation is over, and it has been remarkably free from the usual agitation of the autumn. The question of national education is at rest from the strife of tongues; the idle controversy about the famous 25th clause closed party discussion upon that topic. The slave circulars of two years ago were the occasion of invectives which were found when Parliament met to be equally applicable to both sides of the House, and consequently ill calculated to advance the interests of party warfare. The wild demonstrations of last year have had no counterpart in this; all the passion of indignation, the force of vituperation, the energy of invective which might have roused the civilised world in denunciation of the debasing savagery of the present war, were lavished and consumed last year upon a transaction which was as nothing in comparison, but which served to kindle the animosities of faction. This year all has been quiet. Liberal leaders have besought their followers to organise without a policy, and to combine without an object. But the general public has been absorbed in the interest of this prolonged and changeable struggle in the East, in the critical fortunes of the French Republic, in the gigantic famine which menaced the southern provinces of India with desolation. War, famine, and a threatened revolution were sufficient to engross the whole attention of the public; and however restless an Opposition may be, it can no more lash a preoccupied public to excitement than flog a dead horse into activity. Mr Gladstone might inaugurate at Birmingham a federation of Liberal associations; Lord Granville might break at Bradford

the silence which he observed in his place in Parliament; but no response was offered. The party and the public were both "sold" last autumn; and this year confidence in the Government has been as unchallenged in the recess as it was during the session of Parliament. The forces of discontent which were marshalled in an imposing array during last vacation, were contemptuously dispersed and disbanded at the meeting of Parliament. It is impossible to summon them into action a second time. The remembrance of former failure, the ridicule attending the collapse of every effort, the fear of again being left in the lurch, would alone have precluded activity during the recess.

The Prime Minister, in his speech at the Guildhall, placed the Indian famine in the first rank of the topics which he discussed; and described it as the greatest calamity, perhaps, which can happen to any country. It is no doubt a most difficult event to deal with; and the India Office, the Viceroy, and the late Lord Mayo, are all of them entitled to no ordinary credit for their successful exertions. But it is a most dull and dreary subject to discuss; for, turn it which way one will, not merely in itself, but in its liability constantly to recur, it is one of the most hopeless and perplexing problems which any nation ever had to solve. The question whether the British taxpayer should be invited to come to the rescue is not at present a pressing one, and had far better not be prematurely raised. But what are we to say to the general prospect? We have taken on our hands an empire of some two hundred millions of souls. We have conferred upon them the

greatest security. Intestine wars no longer decimate the population ; the whole resources of Western civilisation are brought into play to intercept the accustomed consequences of inundations, droughts, and famines. We have no alternative but to apply them ; the whole civilised world and our own consciences would cry shame on us if we did not. Yet what are the probable consequences ? It is a population which increases and multiplies with great rapidity. In Bengal alone, where population, according to an ordinary rate of increase, was estimated at forty millions, the recent census showed that the actual numbers were sixty-six millions. The security conferred by British rule fosters the rapid growth of population,—all the resources at its command are being employed to prevent those agencies which have hitherto periodically thinned it. A century ago, in 1770, a third of the population of Bengal was swept away by famine. And no doubt, in the history of India, the same climatic causes which destroy the energy of a race by minimising its wants, and facilitating, in the ordinary way, its supplies, bring into operation the huge disasters which redress from time to time the growing disproportion of numbers to the means of subsistence. We prevent the ordinary habitual results of those disasters ; and it is our plain duty to do so as far as we can. We do so at the cost of eleven millions in one case, five or six millions in another, and so on. The greater part of this will be added to the Indian public debt ; and as time goes on, population, saved from the effects of war, famine and disaster, will probably overtake all available means of supply. It cannot be that our Indian empire has been established simply for the purpose of creating a vast redundant population, which we

pauperise by gigantic relief. Yet in all discussions upon the subject, and even in Lord Beaconsfield's speech, we read of the "administrative efficiency," the "systematised skill," and the munificent charity which help a Government to feed a nation. But to our minds these "famine campaigns," as they are called, are becoming so frequent, and strain so greatly the resources of the Indian Government, that they loudly call for something more than reiterated applause of the efforts always heroic, of the means generally lavish, with which they are encountered. We shall have to inaugurate a regular famine policy. The principles upon which this gigantic relief is granted must be reduced to a system which shall have in view not merely the prevention of present starvation, but the means of recompensing the great efforts and outlay made. It cannot be that the main duty of the Indian Government and the main burden of Indian finance is merely to keep alive a helpless population. If not, that population must be stimulated to make greater efforts than oriental indolence suggests, to increase the means of subsistence. The labour difficulty in India has always weighed in Western enterprise. The hand-to-mouth wants of the natives are few ; they often prefer a diminution of work to increase of earnings, and they learn too slowly a different lesson. A perpetual system of gigantic relief encourages this sort of improvidence and disinclination for labour. Unless these famine districts can be made, in the course of years, to work out the cost of their own relief, it will be easy for the Indian Government to run up in half a century an enormous public debt, with nothing to show for it but a population of paupers. Pharaoh's lean kine must not devour posterity ; their ravages

must be made good by increased exertion and stimulated labour. These costly and periodical efforts to feed a nation seem to be inevitable, and no doubt are in the highest degree praiseworthy; but unless they are dominated by a policy of forethought, and the determination to make the people of India provide by their own efforts the means of their own subsistence, the obvious result of these grand achievements will be not merely to vanquish starvation, but to pauperise a continent.

The next subject upon which the Prime Minister touched was the Eastern Question. The vast majority of Englishmen heard with satisfaction the authoritative re-statement by the Minister that the policy of their country continued to be one of conditional neutrality; and that British interests, so carefully defined in Lord Derby's despatch, are placed by the British Government as resolutely in the foreground in November 1877 as they were in November 1875. Still more interesting was the statement that, in the belief of Lord Beaconsfield, peace ought not to be even now an impossible achievement; and "that the time may not be far distant when, with the rest of the Powers of Europe, we may contribute to a settlement which will not only secure that peace, but also the independence of Europe." Both sovereigns began the war in full agreement that the safety and welfare of the Christian subjects must be secured. As soon as the passion of strife is exploded, both sovereigns can end it in a like agreement. The *status quo*, if altered at all, must be altered by the like consent, and the sanction of Europe, whose independence must not be assailed. As soon as mutual exhaustion disposes the minds of the combatants to peace, its terms may be difficult but not impossible

to arrange. The chief object must be to guard the population from the vengeance of the Turk, and the protection of the Russian; and probably the aid of Austria, in some shape or other, will be necessary. It is not very probable that Russia will be in a position to demand any changes which will permanently menace the independence of Europe, having regard to the quarter from whence danger has been anticipated. Nor is it very probable that the Turks will take any extremely impracticable view of the conditions which will rid them of their invaders. Meanwhile, the light which has been thrown upon the state of the northern provinces has led to much calmer views on the subject of Turkish government and the advantages of Russian interference. Public opinion, and also the minds of the combatants, are ripening in favour of a more reasonable and equitable adjustment of difficulties than was possible at the last Conference.

The article of Mr Forbes in the 'Nineteenth Century' of last month has been frequently cited. It amounts to a recantation on behalf of the extreme Russophiles, made by their representative man, of the views which have so long and sorely discredited their judgment and their common-sense. The writer has borne grave testimony to the correctness of those opinions which the most experienced consuls in Turkey, and the diplomatists and statesmen most conversant with the East, have uniformly expressed. Mr Forbes, as the well-known correspondent of the 'Daily News,' one of the most Russophile of papers, is an important and impartial witness on this subject. His evidence is entirely favourable to the Russians as regards the commission of atrocities. They are instinctively humane men, with a strong innate

sense of the manliness of fair-play. But corruption, favouritism, intrigue, and indifference, take all vigour out of their civil and military life. The Turks are described exactly in the terms which those who have taken reasonable views of the Eastern Question have invariably employed. They are sanguinary when their blood is up, and when the savage part of their nature is roused by treachery or resistance. They are passively, even contemptuously, good-natured in their cooler moments. When falling back before the invaders, they actually left the Bulgarian inhabitants behind them in full enjoyment of their prosperity, till their deliverers were scandalised at the plenty which surrounded them, and at a degree of comfort to which they themselves were strangers. "The country," he says, "was badly governed, or rather, in effect it was hardly governed at all." That is precisely the view which the opponents of Russian aggression have always taken. Under Turkish indifference, education flourished; commerce, agriculture, and manufactures passed to the hands of the Christians, who escaped conscription at their own wish, and by willing payment of taxes. Under the influence of Russian intrigue and Panslavist committee-men, the Greek priest vied with the tax-gatherer in extortion; disturbances and rebellion were fomented.

"I do not mean to say," continues Mr Forbes, "that it was all smooth and pleasant for the Bulgarians, or indeed for any of the races of which the population of Turkey in Europe is made up; but their lot, from all that I have been able to learn, was tolerable enough. It seems to have been a lot for which the practical British philanthropist would gladly see a considerable section of his fellow-country-

people exchange their own wretched, sodden, hopeless plight."

In the whole of the North Balkans, no one had suffered on account of the risings of last year; and when the Turkish soldiers evacuated the territory, they did so without spoliation—without even adopting the ordinary military measure of laying waste the country. After all that we have heard of humanitarian motives on the side of the Cossacks, it is only just to give the Turks their fair proportion of credit. The Bulgarians themselves are not described in very flattering terms, and their absolute unfitness for self-government is for the hundredth time recorded and demonstrated.

The chief difficulty in the way of peace will be to provide against the consequences of the war, in inflaming the animosities of the two races, and thereby increasing the difficulties of, and objections to, Ottoman rule. These are the self-imposed difficulties of Russia, but we may hope that these will vanish in the presence, on either side, of a genuine disposition towards peace. Europe owes so much to the valour and energy of the Turk, who, in defending his empire, has saved Christendom from serious complications. The outcome of the war is not, as Lord Beaconsfield pointed out, to be estimated by reference to chance victories, now on the one side, now on the other. The character of the campaign as a whole must be regarded.

Every reasonable man must admit that even if the Turkish arms undergo a period of reverses, enough has already been done to make good the position of the Sultan as an independent sovereign. He has summoned into the field a powerful army, which, without pay or reward, has performed prodigies of valour, and, without aid of any kind, has met and

vanquished over and over again the allied forces of the North. The Turk, therefore, has a right to another trial,—indeed the task of ejecting him from Europe is probably beyond the power of any single Government. Moreover, he is by no means at the end of his resources. With a population of thirty-five against Russia's eighty millions, his recruiting-ground is nevertheless much more favourably placed. He needs no armies of occupation for the purpose of suppressing revolt in newly-acquired territories. He has no Central Asia, no Poland, no Trans-caucasia. His Mohammedan population in Europe borders on the seat of war or inhabits the territory round Constantinople. His levies from Asia could be drawn principally from Asia Minor and Syria; and as he commands the sea, and has not the fear of Mr Gladstone before his eyes, he can easily transport them from thence, and also from Egypt. There is no fear as to his recruiting-ground; and his men are born soldiers—far more easily trained, according to all accounts, than the Cossack. And as regards finances, it is not at all clear that his position is much worse than that of Russia. His expenditure is certainly far less. His credit is as bad as can be; but inasmuch as half his income went to his creditors before repudiation, the ten or twelve millions thus set free at General Ignatieff's suggestion is no mean annual contribution towards a war conducted in a cheap and inexpensive way, and to support an army whose annual cost in time of peace is less than four millions. His export and import returns show that he has an annual surplus of twenty millions wherewith to exchange or buy foreign products; and it may be reasonably conjectured that a portion of that amount may be diverted to

subsidise the army. No doubt the extinction of his credit is a great disaster; but Russia's credit is immensely strained, and new loans to any serious extent would be found a very hazardous matter. As far as finances go, considering the proximity of Turkey's supplies, and the considerably less cost of her troops, it is not at all clear that she is overmatched in money, any more than in men and fighting power. Some daring and successful strokes of generalship might alter somewhat the character of the immediate prospects; but judging the future by the experience of the past, we should think the time may shortly arrive when weariness of a practically equal strife may induce pacific dispositions. At any rate we earnestly trust that the sanguinary hopes of our more humanitarian politicians may be disappointed of their cherished expectation of a second campaign.

When both sides have so thoroughly vindicated their position and *prestige*, they can both afford to yield to the stern necessities of war, and make the concessions which may establish a durable peace. It may, however, be some time before the contending races will take so reasonable a view. Turkish statesmen might probably be willing to make some acceptable arrangement for the peaceable administration of the provinces; but it is a question how far they can restrain the fanaticism of their countrymen. Russian statesmen, on the other side, have probably their hands less fettered by any ungovernable animosities on the part of their subjects, whose enthusiasm by this time has been considerably cooled. They do not, we feel convinced, desire to fight out this war to the bitter end; and fortunately for them, they can always fall back on the antecedent pledges of the Czar, that he did not

desire territory, but merely sought the welfare of the Christian community. Russia cannot afford to become an exhausted Power. Her Asiatic possessions are not merely a constant source of weakness, but a constant menace of revolt. She has an enormous frontier, and disaffected provinces lie close to the heart of her empire. Her conquests alone must absorb a large army, and the effort to maintain a large force in the Balkans and meet the enormous loss of men already incurred must be considerable. Even if Plevna falls, it will require a powerful army to mask the quadrilateral and the fortified places which may yet spring up in default of Plevna. There is a great deal yet to be done before Adrianople can be reached. Vast as the Russian population is as compared with Turkey, it does not, having regard to the extent of territory which it occupies, offer a serviceable recruiting-ground; and notwithstanding his endurance and well-known marching powers, it takes time to educate a Cossack. Russian organisation perpetually breaks down, and is known to be enfeebled, sometimes even paralysed, by corruption. And, moreover, the civil and administrative capacity at the service of the Czar has already proved to be ridiculously deficient. Russians and Bulgarians together, it is said, probably with some exaggeration, cannot administer the affairs of an occupied town without the help of the Turks. Evidence has come to light as to the unpreparedness of the Russians for war, which fully justified the opinion of many, ourselves included, down to the last moment, that war would be avoided. General Ignatieff's meekness at the Conference sprang from a real disinclination on the part of the Czar for war. The error of mobilisation was, however, irretrievable. Still

there is every reason to believe that if diplomacy, or the fortunes of war, would provide a decent excuse, Russia would gladly retreat from her present position.

It seems to be tolerably clear that Russia will find no allies amongst the great Powers, notwithstanding that Mr Gladstone has, for the hundredth time, demonstrated that the united co-operation of all Europe was only hindered by England. He points to every great Power on the Continent, and exclaims how eagerly it would have adopted coercion but for the British Government; while Lord Hartington loudly complains that England has absolutely no influence at all. Doubtless there is a friendly understanding between the two Chancellors. But nevertheless, who that has watched the course of events in France since the 16th May last, believes that her Government was willing, before or after that event, to join in such a wild-goose chase as that of coercing the Turk? Was Italy, with her unprotected coasts, likely to undertake the task? But Austria, it is said, favoured naval coercion; and England might therefore have wrung the neck of Turkish power at the Bosphorus. It always comes round to the monstrous proposition which all try to disavow, that England should have gone to war with Russia against Turkey. It means that or nothing; it means that we should have embarked in this savage war in defiance of our most solemn obligations to the contrary. Lord Hartington said, before Mr Gladstone's Welsh speech recalled former declarations to his memory, that no responsible statesman had ever induced Russia to believe in our willingness to join in her enterprise. Mr Gladstone most certainly has done so. And he appeals to Germany's strong "moral union" with Russia, her

sympathies and concurrence, as his excuse.

But Germany, we take it, has ample reasons, however necessary the friendship of Russia may be to her, to avoid military measures in the south-east of Europe. France is still her deadly foe, and in its present disturbed condition her quiescence is not to be seriously reckoned upon. With a powerful army, an overflowing exchequer, and a disturbed political condition, she cannot be a subject of indifference to an empire which, however large and powerful, is yet drained of money and resources. Germany cannot afford to lose either men or money, and her rulers would find it difficult to carry their home-loving subjects into a war in which they were but remotely interested. Even in time of peace her expenditure has increased, and her revenue has declined. The burden of opposing a prepared and defensive attitude to France tells with increasing weight upon her people. The continued depression of industry and trade has so dried up the sources of revenue, that it is said as much as twenty per cent of a man's income is swallowed up by Government and municipal taxes. It is a country of bankruptcy and litigation; and the only department which shows prosperity is the Ministry of Justice. No doubt the borrowing powers of the nation are good, and therefore financially it could face a war; but its condition is such as to increase the disinclination to strife of a peaceable and already overburdened population. Germany would not care to find herself between Plevna and the quadrilateral, wintering in the Balkans, with the Danube behind her; or even engaged in strangling the Porte on the Bosphorus.

The extraordinary division of opinion in reference to our Turkish policy which prevails in the Liberal

party, is strongly brought out when we place Mr Gladstone's speech in the 'Times' of November 15th, side by side with the article in the 'Edinburgh Review' of the previous month. The Liberal party, however, is extremely anxious to secure "unity of action," while they deride "unity of opinion" as unworthy of the aspiration of thinking men. All hope of the latter they may well discard; and Lord Hartington, in his Scottish performances, has only increased the general discord. All the energies, however, of their more ardent spirits are now directed to secure unity of action. No more interesting political experiment has been tried in our day. The circumstances are not propitious. Such is the general contentment, that you cannot, as the Prime Minister said, get six people together to pretend to discuss a political grievance. Lord Hartington can only complain that every class which the late Government harassed is now comfortable and contented. Lord Granville and Mr Lowe have both complained that, so far from Conservative legislation being injurious, its great defect was that it was so extremely dull; that so far from crowding, like Mr Lowe, the hours of his glorious life, no Minister had the ambition to connect his name with any sensational legislation. In a period of general contentment, Liberals are to combine without an object and organise without a grievance. Yet, as Lord Salisbury phrased it at Bradford, "Liberal organisation is already one of the wonders of the world, because it unites people who desire exactly opposite things to vote in the same direction." Rent as it is from top to bottom on the subject of our policy in the East, the existence of the Church Establishment, the extension of household suffrage to the counties, its leaders are actually founding a series or

federation of associations which are to fling "unity of opinion" to the winds, and vindicate that highest of all party and patriotic obligations—"unity of action."

Lord Hartington undertook to encourage this wonderful movement at Edinburgh by a demonstration, the very tameness of which must have convinced him that his attempts are premature and futile. His example was followed at Rochdale by Mr Bright and Mr Chamberlain; and later on, by Mr Gladstone in Wales. The proceedings were aptly described at Rochdale by Mr Chamberlain as a process of "tuning up," while it was admitted that the musicians had no notion what the overture was going to be; but it was hoped that a skilful conductor would, nevertheless, soon derive harmony out of the surpassing discord. Did ever party managers tempt the public with the like before? Yet it is a strictly accurate description of the remarkable performance. Lord Hartington said the same thing in more stately language. He besought the members of his association, in reference to any single thing which might occur to them, good, bad, or indifferent, not to go away with the idea that the leaders of their party have determined not to deal with it. They at all times desire to know "what is the prevailing current of opinion, what is the relative strength of opinion," on the newer projects of reform. The leaders were without a grievance, without a policy; but if these associations could discover the one or the other, the leaders will thankfully devote their attention to it, though they cannot say beforehand what course they will adopt.

Lord Salisbury complained at Bradford that Conservatives did not throw sufficient enthusiasm into their organisation and voting; but

it is difficult to see what kind of assistance their opponents will get out of these associations. They have no magazine of political devices, and it is hardly worth while to enlist an army without an atom of ammunition. Their poverty of invention is absolutely appalling. The unfortunate complaint that every class was comfortable was bungled in a fashion so inartistic, both by Lord Hartington and Mr Bright, that it would have been better to have left it alone. When you begin by the admission that such comprehensive classes as the military and legal professions, the clergy of the Church of England, the licensed victuallers, and the farmers and ratepayers, which had all loudly complained under the late Government, have now been conciliated by legislation, too dull to be recollected, too welcome to all to be abused by any, some ground of condemnation, suggested either by wise philosophy or severe morality, should at least be stated. Lord Hartington attempted to fulfil this indispensable condition of success. He, at least, implied that these desirable results had been obtained at the expense of the community, by the sacrifice of general and public interests. He did not, however, as the Scotch say, "condescend to particulars;" but hurried off at once to a vague and sonorous parallel, dear to some Saturday Reviewer years ago, and lately reproduced in the 'World,' between modern Conservatism and the late French Empire, with its accompaniments of disaster and ruin. But the charge of political corruption does not sit very heavily on his soul. It appears from his Edinburgh speech that, notwithstanding their corrupt sacrifice of the public interests by class legislation, the Ministry have nevertheless set the clergy of the two kingdoms by

the ears by their Public Worship Regulation Act and their Abolition of Patronage Act. And as for the farmers, no sooner had Lord Hartington returned to Glasgow than he entirely forgot the corrupt transactions by which their support had been secured, and the disasters of the French Empire invited. "I do not know," he exclaimed, "what grounds for gratitude to the Conservative party farmers have. I do not know what the party have ever done for them." Strange to say, the class interests of Scotch farmers have been sadly neglected; and still stranger, Lord Hartington, who at Edinburgh thought that attention to class interests demoralised statesmanship, at Glasgow, undeterred by the disasters of the French Empire, was not above profiting by the omission. "There are some things which the farmers of Scotland are greatly interested in, but have they received any consideration from a Conservative Government?" Compensation for improvements has been ruthlessly denied; in regard to the law of hypothec, the conduct of the Ministry has been scarcely honest. In fact, class legislation is equally objectionable, whether it is granted or refused. In the former case the public is ruined, and the fate of the French Empire invoked—in the latter, the class is deeply injured; and these associations, unmindful of the fall of Napoleon, appeal for their votes.

Mr Bright at Rochdale harped upon the same string. The Conservatives "appear always or almost always to be legislating for a class;" whilst Liberals "legislate always for the whole people and for the general good." The one party is notorious for its constant assaults upon grievances, and its success in remedying them; the other for its constant resistance to every measure

which the intelligence and necessities of the country demand, and for a constant failure in such resistance. Recent experience suggests that the one party creates grievances, whilst the other removes them. Abroad, these cosmopolitan gentlemen are "the friends of every country but their own;" at home, they promote their country's welfare by harassing every class of which it is composed. But Mr Bright admitted—and it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of such an admission, if a strong government is of any public importance—that the Conservative party has a "solid and permanent organisation," while its opponents, unless when under the influence of temporary enthusiasm, are broken into sections, and fight under disadvantage. The one side is supported by all, or nearly all, the principal classes in the kingdom; whilst the other side is, or ought to be, supported by millions of persons—"a good many of whom, as we all know, are unhappily very ignorant, many of whom do not read much, and still fewer think very much." And then Mr Bright complains that a very large number of them, having no interest in any of the vague evils which he finds it so difficult to define and describe, "at the time of election will give their votes in favour of that which they ought to despise, condemn, and war against." The Liberal party, it is broadly stated, is little better than a mob, without concentration, union, and directness in its efforts; in which case heaven preserve us from it! But they have grand principles; and it is their duty to organise for no immediate purpose, good, bad, or indifferent, which will bear description. Even the "grand principles" are nowhere defined; but in the orator's mouth they are placed in close juxtaposition to a constant growth of population, and a great

expansion of trade. In fact, the Liberal ship is becalmed; officers and men, instead of waiting for the wind, clamour indignantly at the serene political weather around them. They are like "frozen-out fox-hunters swearing for a thaw."

It is sad to see a great party reduced to this sort of thing, all for want of a little patience. Its confidence in the machinery of organisation is unbounded, and, according to Lord Salisbury at Bradford, by no means misplaced. But if it is neither permanent nor solid, as Mr Bright says, and reposes on the votes of ignorant numbers, it is one which can only triumph spasmodically and perish in its temporary success. What is the new project for galvanising into life the dead bones of the party? Mr Chamberlain is the only man who can answer this question; and he, with his irresponsible enthusiasm and confident inexperience, has a handful of devices which the party refuses to accept. He was surprised at the work before them. The malt-tax and the income-tax remained upon the statute-book; the "free breakfast-table" was a dim hope of the future. The cost of our armaments, the existence of the Church, the present distribution of political power, the laws which regulate the tenure and distribution of land, all, according to the orator, demanded a sweeping and energetic reform, which the new associations alone could insure. But at present they had "an undivided mind and an undeclared opinion." Their projectors hoped by their aid "to arrive at something like an agreement as to the course of action," and "to feel the pulse of Liberalism throughout the country, and arrive at a common understanding as to the course to be adopted." It is not in this way that a political party wins success. These organisations are more likely to bring out

the differences and increase the divisions of our opponents than to weld them together. According to Mr Forster's *naïve* confession, their best hope is, that the Ministers will carry out some one of their suggestions, and perish of success. Most certainly the leaders of one party have quite as much right as those of the other to feel the pulse of this vague and indefinite Liberalism. As the State physicians, Ministers cannot do less, and not even Mr Chamberlain himself proposes at present to do more. Not all the rival doctors, however, are equally complaisant with Mr Forster. Mr Gladstone, to judge by his article last month in a contemporary periodical, is oppressed, in reference to the county franchise, by "one of the greatest moral dangers that can beset the politics of a self-governed country—the danger of having a great question insincerely dealt with." He is still smarting under the crushing defeats which his mismanagement entailed upon the Liberal party in the years 1866 and 1867. He is the last man in England, unless we except Mr Lowe, whom a high moral tone on the subject of parliamentary reform in any way befits. Mr Lowe helped to get rid of Lord Derby's Government in 1859, because it refused to lower the suffrage. In office he gladly joined in shelving the position, and five years later vehemently argued that to lower the suffrage would ruin the country. Mr Gladstone has not so ostentatiously set at defiance the decencies of parliamentary life; still he combines his present eagerness for a new reform bill with unlimited reverence for the representative system prior to 1832, which he regards as one of the wonders of the world; with twenty years' subsequent hostility to any "tampering with the

franchise ;" with a readiness to leave. Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, rather than support a £6 suffrage ; with a determined opposition in 1867 to any limit lower than a £5 rental. The first indication which Mr Gladstone ever gave of eagerness in the cause of parliamentary reform was in 1860, when, after much wavering and indecision, he had finally determined to throw in his political lot with the Liberals, by joining Lord Palmerston's second administration. His "flesh and blood" arguments reflected the zeal rather than the discretion of recent conversion ; while his inadequate treatment of the whole subject, and his blundering guidance of its fortunes, justly forfeited the confidence of Parliament and the allegiance of his party. Mr Lowe and Mr Gladstone and Lord Hartington can settle it between them, whether they have fallen down precipices, as one of them says, or steps, as another calls them ; but those who have once appealed to "flesh and blood," can scarcely measure with sincerity or consistency the relative qualifications of various classes for the exercise of political power. The admission of any class, having regard to the existing system of representation, is obviously a question of time ; and there are many reasons why perpetual changes should be discouraged, and the public mind be convinced that representative systems are merely a means to an end, and that each system as it stands should be utilised for the purposes of good government and wise legislation, before it is rashly discarded for another. In any event, the Liberals have no monopoly of this question. Even Lord Hartington recognises the absurdity of such a pretension. According to him, the party of progress is cautiously descending a staircase. Violently propelled by its antagon-

ists, it unwillingly placed one foot on household suffrage in the boroughs ; it now, with wavering indecision, shrinks back from household suffrage in the counties.

If the county franchise provokes discord, still more so does the question of disestablishment. Lord Hartington tried at least to be very guarded on this subject. He said that he would be no party to stimulate agitation upon that subject in Scotland, in reference to the Scotch Church ; while in England he regarded it as not one of the practical politics of the day. "It is one of such magnitude that, in my opinion, men far abler and far bolder than myself will be at the head of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and will turn away before the tremendous difficulties which are raised by this question." But as he stepped aside from this safe ground to accuse the Ministry "of raising questions of the most important and the most delicate character" by their Church policy both in England and Scotland, he brought down the censure of the Duke of Argyll, who declared that that policy had the support of nearly the whole Liberal party, and deprecated interference with it. And when, on the other hand, he hinted that the fate of one establishment could not be without influence upon that of the other, his references to the future were quite as destructive of party unity as those which he made to the past. Moreover, both the one and the other lay him open to the charge of tampering with a great question, which he is wholly unprepared comprehensively to deal with.

One great and unexpected advantage has fallen to the lot of the Liberals during the recess ; but it is only of a negative kind. Mr Gladstone has returned from his Irish expedition ; and the 'Times,' in its leader of the 13th November, to

the inexpressible relief of all sound Liberals, was "enabled" as the phrase is, to print this of him—"Mr Gladstone has met the Irish people, and most persons will admit that no disastrous explosion has been the result." More than that, the 'Times' actually proceeded,—“It is only fair to say that the credit of this belongs to Mr Gladstone himself.” Once launched on a strain of compliment, the spirit of laudation was indulged in without stint. “It is very remarkable,” quoth the 'Times,' "that Mr Gladstone, while speaking freely in Dublin and elsewhere, has afforded so little material for mischievous commentary to the people he addressed." It is indeed a high tribute to the prudence and self-restraint which a party chief has always manifested, when, at the comparatively early age of sixty-eight, he can actually, in the opinion even of his admirers, address a large body of his countrymen, and cause neither mischief nor disastrous explosion. Such, however, is Mr Gladstone's title to the applause of the leading journal! The self-

restraint must indeed have been tremendous; for, hardly had Mr Gladstone landed at Holyhead, fresh from a rough and pitching sea, than he denounced it as intolerable that Irish legislation should be influenced by English public opinion. At Dublin he was profoundly convinced that local government, "not only in the shape of municipal institutions, but in all those other shapes in which it is known to our history or agreeable to the spirit of our arrangements," was fundamental to the greatness of the country. And he referred to the shortcomings of the Imperial Parliament, and "the inadequacy of its strength for the duties it has to discharge," even with regard to England. It is impossible to contrast Lord Hartington's observations on local government at Glasgow with Mr Gladstone's remarks on the same subject at Dublin, without seeing that the latter statesman is gradually overcoming his former inability to understand what is meant by Home Rule.

AN UNEQUAL GAME.

A MOMENT of loving and laughter,
A jest and a gay good-bye.
If you one short week after
Forget, why may not I?

To you but a moment's feeling,
A touch and a tender tone;
A wound that knows no healing
To me who am left alone.

A wound, and an aching wonder
That lightly you go from me,
That we must be kept asunder
By the cold abiding sea.

A MAN'S REGRET.

O my child-love, my love of long ago,
 How great was life when you and I were young !
 The world was boundless for we did not know ;
 And life a poem for we had not sung.

Now is the world grown small, and we thereon
 Fill with wise toil and woe each flying day ;
 Elves from the wood, dreams from my heart are gone,
 And heaven is bare, for God is far away.

O my child-love, cannot you come again,
 And I look on you with grave innocent eyes ?
 Your God has many angels ; I would fain
 Woo for one hour one angel from the skies.

O my child-love, come back, come back to me,
 And laughing lead me from the care and din ;
 Lay on my heart those small hands tenderly
 And lovingly to let the whole world in.

AT HER DOOR.

A FOOL for my doubting and dreaming
 And following up and down !
 Shall I fill my life with scheming
 For a touch of my lady's gown ?

Shall I plot from night to morning
 For the glance of a woman's eye ?
 And take the wage of scorning,
 And wear shame's livery ?

O footman, O wonder of whiteness
 And diplomatic cockade,
 O footman of much politeness
 For my lady's lady's-maid,—

As you open the door of the carriage,
 Just tell her I've gone away,
 But will come to dance at her marriage
 On somebody's happy day.

J. R. S.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. VII.

FORTUNE, who had smiled upon the struggling Turks through August and September, and who had not turned her face from them in the early days of October, inclined suddenly towards their invaders in the middle of the last-named month. At the beginning of November she was still sunning the Russians, though not perhaps so decidedly as some observers of the war supposed. There was nothing now like the bare-faced favour which she had poured upon the Moslems at the end of July, but, "on balance," as some of our foreign acquaintances are wont to say, she was Russophile.

One who judged from the altered tone of English partisans of both sides, might have presumed that the Turkish cause was wellnigh ruined. But this tone was probably infused by the defeat of Gazi Ahmed Mukhtar in Asia, which befell so unexpectedly, and which was really so severe. Opinion could not right itself after the shock, and drifted in the direction given by the heavy blow. The lessons of the summer and autumn were at once forgotten. Men returned to the speculations of May and June. Woe, woe to Turkey! was once more the cry. Yet it would have puzzled the exulting or the desponding to explain the causes of their hopes or fears. Excepting the Armenian disaster, which was undoubtedly a check to Turkey, advantages were not very unequally awarded to the combatants. The Russians had possessed themselves of a position at Dubnik, and had driven the Turks out of a small work at Telische, thus interrupting Gazi Osman's communication with Orchanie—a success of which we do not pretend to make light; but, on the

other hand, the repulse of the Roumanians from the Bukova redoubt, which set the allies at loggerheads, was not a particularly gentle tap, nor a very slight discouragement; and a success which Suleiman claimed to have achieved on the Lom, near Kadikoi, would, two months ago, have been much esteemed. We could not perceive that, as regarded the European campaign, the Turks had suffered much reverse; and the Asiatic defeat, not having been followed by the dispersion of the Turkish troops, was already looking less terrible. Nothing could, upon examination, be discovered, to prove that the war had taken its last bent, that there would now be no more alternation, that the course must be along the same groove until the curtain should fall. The Turks had recovered from a more depressed condition than this three months before, when winter was not at hand with its promise of breathing-time. They might, then, recover from the present deterioration; and if they could endure till the weather should become severe, and escape farther serious defeat and damage, they probably would recover.

It was quite to have been expected that Russia should have had a burst of success after the arrival of the reinforcements which she had called up. Had not the Turks, while these reinforcements were being levied and on their way to the theatres of war, enjoyed some striking victories, there would probably have been less surprise felt at the present ascendancy of the Russian arms. A few weeks of bad weather were not unlikely to bring down the armies to the condition in which they were before the rein-

forcements arrived. Then Turkish victories might be heard of again. What made this the more conceivable was that the Porte was now calling out its reserves, and, should these join the standards at a time when the Russian strength had again diminished, the advantage might be with the Turks. All things considered, it seemed to us at this time quite too soon for the Turks and their friends to lose heart.

At the beginning of November the actual condition of the garrison of Plevna was a matter of much uncertainty to us. Spite of the official and unofficial testimony that we had received, to the effect that it was in all respects well provided, there were positive affirmations, purporting to come from deserters, of the supplies being very low inside the intrenchments. Newspaper correspondents being prevented from ascertaining the truth, we were at the mercy of the official reports, which often contradicted each other, and of the vague gossip of the camps which found its way to the nearest cities, and was thence sent home by the reporters. Unquestionably the Russians were acting as if they believed that Osman might be starved out; but Russian beliefs can be very ill-founded, as we know. Until they were disagreeably convinced of the contrary, the Russian troops believed that they could carry Plevna by assault! Chefket Pasha was not strong enough to keep the enemy off the Orhanie-Plevna line; and therefore, if Osman's force was in extreme need, the danger of the position at Plevna might be great, although the army there would probably be able to effect its retreat. Notwithstanding the disadvantage at which the banishment of reporters from the camps places ourselves, and all who chronicle the events of the

war, we cannot blame the generals for dispensing with the company of the correspondents. Strategy is not at all assisted by the publication, in all the journals of Europe, of every move that takes place on either side.

It appeared to us, after a close examination of the telegrams, that a great deal of the prevailing opinion of the state of the campaigns was founded on confident but really unmeaning telegrams, which went on announcing that such and such a catastrophe was immediately expected, or that a decision had been arrived at to advance in some direction, or to occupy some line of country. In more than one instance the reports proved to be pure inventions. But notwithstanding the general conviction that probably all we were told was not true, the constant repetition of misfortunes inflicted on, or in store for, the Turks, swayed opinion very much, and was for many reasons advantageous to Russia. To telegraph from Bucharest that Plevna was now surrounded with an impenetrable wall of steel, and that its surrender was confidently expected in two or three days, did not really bring the fall of Plevna any nearer; to assert and reassert that a Russian army of seventy thousand men was going to cross the Balkans before winter, and so bring the Sultan to terms in his own capital, did not, for the present, make Constantinople less secure. But the reiteration of such expectations and rumours gradually produced an impression very unfavourable to the Turks—an impression which tended to paralyse their friends, and to quiet apprehensions in Russia. No one attempted to notify grand intentions or expected successes on the side of the Turks. It was not impossible, and not inconsistent with the character which Russia enjoys, that the correspond-

ents may have been banished for the express purpose of all these rumours being circulated without fear of contradiction. Such tales, widely believed, might have a serious effect on Powers which might mediate between the belligerents. More would be conceded to Russia just on the eve of striking tremendous blows, than to a Power confessedly at its wits' end, and at the end of its credit.

We were not only assured in the first days of November that Plevna was completely invested, but several journalists took the trouble to inform us that, once the *cordon* should be complete, Osman, however strong he might be, would either be unable to break through the besieger's lines at all, or else would be able to break through only at a ruinous cost. The case of Metz was cited in proof that even a powerful army cannot break through a circumvallation once completed. We would take the liberty of advising our readers that nothing ought to be absolutely affirmed or believed regarding the investment of a fortress more than regarding any other operation of war. If the blockade be effectual, of course it will prevent egress; but there will still always remain the question whether it is effectual or not. In the case of Metz it was effectual; but this proves nothing in regard to Plevna. Should the investment be weak, or the guards be negligent, or should accident favour the besieged, extrication might certainly be accomplished. There was reason to believe that the investment of Plevna was weak—that the complete enclosure (if complete enclosure there were) had been effected by attenuating the whole chain, although possibly some increase of the besieging force had been obtained. But the boldest computer did not venture to put the besiegers

at more than double the number of the besieged; and, looking at the large circumference over which the investment must extend, it was a fair inference that the Russian force was insufficient. That being so, the making both ends meet—the girdling of the place with iron, as some of our essayists delight to write—meant really very little. Whether a given force were strongly blocking the place in one or two directions, or whether it might be weakly encircling it, was immaterial. So far as we could understand the circumstances, there was as yet no reason why Osman should not be able to draw off the bulk of his forces, guns, and stores.

While the catalogue of impending exploits was being issued, a rumour got abroad to the effect that the allies were not dwelling together in that unity which for brethren is a good and joyful thing. The Roumanians were angry, because they thought they had too much of the hard work, and too little of the glory. The whole stock of the latter commodity earned by the allies before Plevna was very small, but, such as it was, the Roumanians thought themselves defrauded of their share of it. Although both of the confederates are engaged in an adventure whose morality is very doubtful, that was no reason why they should not deal fairly by each other. There is honour, a proverb says, among persons who do not distinguish nicely between *mine* and *thine*. And, as is usual when friends grow jealous and suspicious of each other, more shrewd dealing was apprehended and complained of than had taken place. The small territory taken from Bessarabia and annexed to Wallachia after the Crimean war was thought to be in danger of being now torn from Roumania and restored to the Russian empire. There was discontent

in the united Danubian Principalities; and in the trenches before Plevna something very like a mutiny was reported to have taken place. Trouble of this kind may always be expected by those who go hunting with the lion. We cannot find any comfort, we fear, for the Roumanians. But it was not the Roumanians alone that these troubles affected. It seemed to be threatened that the Roumanian contingent might shortly return home; and we presume that Russian appreciation of the alliance had at length grown to be such that the separation would now be matter for deep regret. The Russian plans, indeed, as now formed, could hardly be proceeded with without the assistance of their allies. And these plans were confidently said to involve another attempt to get over or round the Balkans this year. We did not, of course, know what events might be going to happen to remove some of the difficulties which lay in the way of this attempt; but as things were when the design began to be talked about, the idea was too absurd to be worth considering. Prudence dictated that any move that might be dependent on the fall of Plevna had better not be begun or prepared for at any cost or inconvenience, until the fall of Plevna had become an accomplished fact.

We noticed, too, some intelligence from Constantinople which caused us considerable regret. The Powers, desirous that there should be an armistice, had been putting pressure on the Sublime Porte, as they did towards the end of the Serbian war and on other occasions last year. Turkey did not begin this horrible war, and it certainly does not rest with Turkey to end it. We have never heard a doubt expressed that Turkey would be quite willing to make peace on reasonable terms. The only reason for putting pressure

on the Porte must be that the Powers desire to gain concessions for Russia. One sees, of course, why they acted thus. — They are very desirous of peace, and if Turkey chooses that the peace shall be procured at her expense, that is her affair. But, granting this, it is hardly handsome to try and shear an unfortunate empire that is struggling so hard for its independence. If they would address themselves to the other belligerent, they would be much more likely to obtain the peace which they desire. But there is no more chance of their agreeing to do that now than there was before the war began. And if they cannot press Russia, their pressing the Porte has much the appearance of Europe siding with Russia against Turkey; therefore such interference cannot be acceptable at Constantinople. The lessons taught by the war do not incline people in general to increased sympathy with the aims of Russia; and it is satisfactory to perceive how candidly the greater portion of the press is freeing itself from the delusion that there is anything like benevolence in the heart of the invader. Indeed we hail this clearer perception of Russian aims as one means by which peace may be brought near. When once the educated classes of Russia perceive that the pretence of charity and liberation imposes on no one outside of the Czar's empire, they may abate their demands: and other peoples, when they are convinced that only rapine has excited the strife, will be the more ready to put an end to it on terms which the Turks can accept.

On the 6th November it was announced that the progress of at least one of the Russian columns in Armenia had been arrested by a fall of snow. This was quite what had been expected, and one only marvelled that the invaders had been rash enough to advance on Erzeroum

so late in the season. The snow that had fallen might not impede them for more than a day or two; but they had to think of getting back as well as of advancing, and they had to think of how they would get supplied if they did advance. After this hint of bad weather, the rashness of continuing to press on Mukhtar was apparent. Mukhtar himself was by this time reported to be firmly in position covering Erzeroum; and it was remarkable that, on this day, the tone of the reporters had grown to be a little less despondent of Turkish affairs. The Czarewitch's army was said to have been weakened for some purpose—for the great march over the Balkans, many said; but may not the closer investment of Plevna account for the diminution more satisfactorily? Perhaps it was the fact that winter had actually interrupted the campaign in Armenia, which altered the tone of the telegrams. A very formidable Power, expected to be an ally of the Turks, had, as it were, sent forward his advanced-guard, and matters might mend yet. The weather, however, in Bulgaria was reported still clear but cold.

Mehemet Ali Pasha now came once more upon the scene, he having been sent to supersede Chefket at Orhanie. There could be no question of the wisdom of sending a tried commander to direct the affairs of what had now become a most important position. It was from Orhanie that the Russian endeavours to extend round Plevna in a westerly direction could be best impeded. Orhanie was the point from which supplies could most quickly and cheaply be furnished to Osman if the way could by any means be kept open. From Orhanie the investing force could be readily threatened or attacked.

Whether, therefore, hopes were entertained of only prolonging the defence of Plevna until winter should put a stop to operations, or whether a great relieving effort were in contemplation, this Orhanie had now grown to be a centre of much interest.

We were not greatly surprised to learn that the Orhanie division had been unable to prevent the introduction of a Russian force between Orhanie and Plevna. Given the ability of the Russian army to furnish a pretty strong force for this purpose—and the reinforcements lately arrived had conferred that ability—the extension of the blockade was inevitable. Chefket's force was one of those sudden apparitions which have occurred on the Turkish side in this war. It was first heard of at the time when Suleiman was daily expected to cease from kicking against the pricks in the Schipka pass, and to make some effort to relieve Plevna. It was never put at a high figure until towards the end of October, when it suddenly grew to fabulous dimensions. We thought at the time that there was a mistake here, and in our last Number set down the number of Turks on that road at twenty thousand.* Now we feel sure that there was an error. Probably Chefket may have had twenty thousand men with him, and may have stationed twenty thousand more in detached posts between him and Plevna. His force had never been considerable. There was no doubt, however, that if it could be raised, for the occasion, to a respectable strength, and if it should be handled by a commander of decided capacity, it would affect, to an immense extent, the issue of the campaign in Bulgaria.

Reouf Pasha was heard of, hammering away in the Schipka Pass,

* *Vide* Blackwood's Magazine for November 1877, p. 651.

whenever a gleam of fine weather enabled him to indulge in that somewhat tedious game. Journalists had ceased to ask why he could not let the Pass alone for a season, and go up to the assistance of Mehemet. The Turks had shown such a determination to stick to the Balkans through every change of fortune, that they made us forget that to move away from that region was possible. Yet it was at this time not only possible but very proper. By far the quickest and the most seasoned reinforcement that could reach Orchanie would be from the Balkans. A Turkish victory near Orchanie would change the whole face of the campaign. There may have been reasons why Reouf could not budge, but we knew not, and were quite unable to divine, what they were. The Porte was making desperate efforts to strengthen Mehemet, and yet did not choose to send him help from the Schipka! It seemed never to have been understood at Constantinople that there were ways of averting danger from Roumelia far more effectual than interposing a small army between it and Bulgaria.

Indeed, in the Sick Man's capital chaos was once more imminent. The untoward course of things, especially in Asia Minor, had muddled whatever wit may have been there; and in this anxious hour, when the coolest reflection and decision were necessary, and when united action was of the first importance, plots and divisions once more prevailed, and parties were eager for a change of government when it was doubtful how long there would remain anything to govern.

As the gloomy month sped onwards the fortune of the Turks did not improve, although their affairs were not quite so bad as their ill-wishers would have had us believe. As negotiations for the surrender of Kars were announced a few days

before, so on the 7th November were we informed that Erzeroum had been abandoned by Mukhtar's army, and lay open to the Russian advance and occupation, which were expected to take place immediately. The truth was not so bad as this, but it was bad enough. Gazi Mukhtar, after his junction with Ismail, had been pursued and pressed upon with a vigour and persistency such as the Russians had not before shown, and after suffering much loss, had posted his army at a fortified station named Deveboyun, in front of Erzeroum. He had not had time to make good his works here when the enemy in very superior strength was upon him on the 4th November, and he had to defend himself, which he did very gallantly, as is witnessed by the enemy, who confesses that the Gazi resisted stubbornly for nine hours. The Turkish right held its ground throughout the action; but the centre, after yielding and recovering ground more than once, was seized with a panic and gave way, whereupon the leader was compelled to order a retreat. His army retired, he said, in good order, and occupied Erzeroum, which he was prepared to defend. His account of the obstinate resistance made by his army derives support from the fact that the enemy did not enter the city at his heels. The latter was probably a good deal exhausted by the fight, and it is fair to suppose that he was hardly in condition to assail a place defended by works of strong profile. His rapid pursuit over the snow at this season could have been made with only a very light train; and possibly, after his victory, he may have had to wait till his waggons or pack-mules could come up. Mukhtar, it must be supposed, made for Erzeroum, leaving most of his baggage behind him; but it would not have suited the Russian army to push on in

such light order as that. A heavy fall of snow might yet make Erzeroum secure for the winter; but if the weather continued open and the Russian commander chose to run the great risk of being snowed in, he might make very formidable attacks on the capital.

Sudden news on the 10th November narrated how, on the preceding day at 4 A.M., the Russian army had assaulted Erzeroum; but, far from capturing the city, and so completing the discomfiture of the Turkish remnant, they had been repulsed with great loss, and pursued to some distance from the defences. Gazi Mukhtar, telegraphing from the field of battle, reported that he was entirely victorious. The consequences of such a victory could hardly fail to be most important; but there had been so many false telegrams of late that we preferred not to accept the news as authentic, or to comment upon the probable results of such a success, until there should be sure evidence of its having occurred. The same morning of the 10th brought also a report that the strong redoubt in the Schipka Pass, Fort St Nicholas, had been rendered untenable, and that the Russians had evacuated it. Whether this involved the abandonment of the whole Pass, or whether the invaders had other works to withdraw to, was not made clear. Moreover, we were told that the Kurds were collected in some strength at Hassan Kaleh, and were threatening the Russian communications. As this would be a repetition of what occurred in the summer, it was a likely proceeding; it was also a proceeding which, if true, must be of some moment. Mukhtar had not yet been reinforced, and therefore the victory (if a victory had been gained) was the achievement of those troops which three days ago had been reported to have been thoroughly demoralised

and disheartened. The Gazi said he was going to shoot several of his officers for yielding to panic on the 4th. It was to be hoped that he would reconsider this intention. If his troops had again gained for him a great victory, as he said they had, he could afford to be merciful to those whose valour or whose presence of mind was not quite up to his standard. Whatever vices his army may have, nobody will impute to it cowardice; it is therefore difficult to perceive a justification of such an example as he proposed to make.

While we waited for sure information concerning Mukhtar's fortunes, it was worth while to consider how a Russian army, contrary to what military writers had led us to expect, had at the end of October and in the beginning of November made its way from the eastern frontier of Turkish Armenia to the suburbs of Erzeroum. That the thing had been done was certain; we do not feel so sure that the writers in question intended us to take their sentences *au pied de la lettre*. They probably supposed that there would be opposition—that an armed force as well as the elements, would have to be contended with; not that it was impossible for an armed force, under any circumstances, to make its way over the ground. The Russians believed, no doubt, as their friends asked *us* to believe, that the Gazi's army was utterly disorganised, and could offer no opposition whatever. All that they had to do, therefore, was to clear the intervening space as rapidly as possible without regard to the trains which usually form the real difficulties of such an advance, without preparation for fighting their way or for provisioning themselves for many days. Each man may have taken a few days' food with him, and no artillery may have accompanied the pursuing army except such as could be carried on

the backs of mules. Supposing them able to seize Erzeroum as soon as they saw it, it would obviously matter little in what order they had made their march. If, therefore, we read our geographical and military instructors as teaching that an invader could not fight his way from the frontier to Erzeroum after the mountains had been covered with snow, there was as yet nothing to contradict that opinion, for in this instance the advance had been unopposed, and had been made with the greatest possible rapidity. Of course an enormous risk had been encountered; for if things did not turn out exactly as was expected, if the capture of Erzeroum should not be made so easily or so quickly as was anticipated, food or shelter might be difficult to procure, and the pursuers might find themselves rather unpleasantly situated.

The expected further reports do but confirm the claim of Gazi Mukhtar to a signal victory won by him before Erzeroum. He and his troops, after their many crushing reverses, have faced the triumphant enemy and checked his pride, thereby saving themselves from destruction, and, probably for this year, assuring the retention of the Armenian capital. The Russian general who defeated Mukhtar at Deveboyun on the 4th November was unable immediately to pursue the fugitive Turks towards Erzeroum. That he perceived the importance of doing so, and would have pursued if by any means he could, we have not the slightest doubt. But clearly he could not. The reason for delay which he gives is that a fall of rain and snow occurred, and stopped him—a reason of weight, no doubt, and worthy of note, but, we venture to think, not the sole reason. We believe that, for all his victory, the Turks well-nigh wore him out; and we have

little doubt that he made the pursuit so badly provided that he had to wait until baggage-animals came up before his men could eat. His own report states that he bivouacked on the field. Now this, in rain and snow, could not be a very refreshing rest after nine hours' hard fighting on short commons. It would seem, from a study of the telegram, that already, while he stood victorious, he was much in the condition of the winner whom our comic artists used to depict in the old days of prize-fighting,—scarred, punched, depleted, disfigured, and forlorn; while his beaten foe, in quarters, fed, and really reposing, was already rallying and preparing to resist an attack. Whatever his plight, the Russian who had reported such a splendid victory on the 4th could not possibly decline to give his sorely-beaten enemy one more push just to send him clear of Erzeroum. Accordingly, by the 9th he contrived to get his victorious troops up to the defences; and, long before daybreak, he commenced an attack upon works to the south and east of the city. In one quarter (the east) he was for a time successful, but he was not allowed to hold his newly-gained ground. The Turks, with renewed courage and impetuosity, attacked him after an interval, and drove him out with such a hearty beating that he was fain to call off the rest of his force, which was still trying to break in. He was baffled; but this was not all. The irrepressible Mukhtar, seeing that the enemy had beat a retreat, launched the Turkish columns promptly on his rear, and with great gallantry followed him back to Deveboyun, the field of the engagement of the 4th. There the Russians turned, and caused the Turks to give ground; only for a short space, however, for the courageous Moslems coming down to the charge, made a dash in with their

bayonets, and so became once more masters of the field, driving the enemy a second time back to Deveboyun, and taking from him a large quantity of arms and ammunition. We wished much to learn the numbers engaged in this important action, but do not anywhere find them stated with confidence. The 'Times' considers that only an advanced-guard of the Russians was engaged, but this we think very unlikely: the latter had halted four days after their victory, and had then gone forward to assail a place known to be fortified to some extent, and to be garrisoned by a force which it had lately taken them nine hours to beat. It is scarcely likely that they would have neglected to use all the means at their disposal when the object to be attained was a town to winter in. If they *did* neglect to do so, they met with only the fate which their recklessness deserved. It was doubtful for a day or two whether or not Mukhtar remained in possession of the field after his victory; but later accounts made it clear that he had fallen back into Erzeroum.

The Turks evidently suffer from the same stupidity which has been before now ascribed to a different people,—they do not know when they are beaten. It will certainly be difficult to wrest their native land from such a race.

While the pursuit towards Erzeroum was being maintained by one portion of the Russian army, and Kars was summoned by another, a third body attacked Batoum, subjecting that place to a furious artillery-fire. It did not appear that any impression had thereby been produced up to the time when both the Turks and Russians must have been informed that things had not gone quite so favourably for the latter in front of Erzeroum as had been expected.

In Bulgaria Suleiman Pasha was

once more reported to be making successful reconnaissances and picking up some booty, the weather being fine. But all his raids could not have brought him in so much plunder as fell to General Gourko, who took a town called Wratsa, in or near which he found a thousand wag-gons of provisions. After the many fabulous reports that have been circulated, we cannot implicitly accept all the reports of Russian successes: yet this exploit of General Gourko's remained uncontradicted. Moreover, it was said that the Turks had been making desperate attempts to recapture some redoubts near Plevna, and had utterly failed. Plevna itself kept a mysterious silence, and seemed to be in no hurry to fulfil the prognostications of the sagacious people who had been saying daily for weeks that the time had at length come when Gazi Osman must decide either to surrender or to force his way out. Very great discrepancies were remarkable in the estimates of the strength of the two armies as given by different writers. One commentator affirmed that the Russians had in Bulgaria 100,000 more men than the Turks, while another reckoned that the Turks rather outnumbered the Muscovites. When such learned pundits differed so widely, we could not pretend to decide the question. Our belief is that nothing on the subject was known with accuracy except by those who had access to official documents; and even they were liable to error unless they knew by how much the strength on paper exceeded the effective strength. Indeed there were not means of realising the actual circumstances of the campaign; and could that have been done, we should still have been a long way from knowing what was likely to happen, because the commanders on both sides seldom acted according to rule.

If it were correct that the Russ-

ians already greatly outnumbered the Turks, and that more Russian forces were continually coming up, the Porte and its friends had certainly reason for alarm, although none for despair. Had it nothing but mere rude valour to oppose to superior numbers and superior skill, its case would have been indeed hopeless; for in contests where the opponents are thus unequal it almost invariably happens that the few are overcome—after a heroic resistance, and after inflicting immense loss on the foe, it is true, yet still they have been commonly conquered and often wellnigh exterminated. It would, however, be too much to assume in this case that the Turks are at all inferior in military skill, whatever they may be in numbers and means of prosecuting the war. There is very little military capacity to boast of on either side; but, so far as we have been able to judge, there is more chance of a Turkish leader conceiving a good military idea and carrying it out cleverly, than of a Russian doing the same thing. Moreover, Russian resources are not inexhaustible, so that even though possessing superior forces, it is questionable whether they can hold out long enough to gain all the advantage derivable from their numbers. Their position is at all times most hazardous; and a dexterous blow delivered on their communications may, at any moment, disconcert all their schemes. There was very little sense in boasting that they were going to do this or that great exploit, when it was patent to all the world that Plevna had resisted them for four months, and they had so far been unable to take it. They could not now reap any honour from the capture of Plevna; that place has done its duty, and far more than could have been expected of it. It must have occurred to many thinking persons that brisk

action during the spell of fine weather which prevailed about the middle of November would have looked more like business, and been more conducive to Russian *prestige*, than mere boasting of exploits to come, and announcements of the great straits to which Gazi Osman had been driven. While it rained and snowed they waited for fine weather. The fine weather had come, and was more settled than any one expected. What were they waiting for now?

We could learn nothing further up to the middle of the month than that the investment of Plevna was now considered complete—an assertion which had been made almost daily for the last fortnight. It was added that all the posts on the line of the investing force had been connected by electric telegraph, so that information might instantaneously be given all round of an attack from within or without. On the Turkish side it was understood that troops were being rapidly levied, collected, and sent forward to Mehemet Ali; but we knew little or nothing of the sources from which these were to be drawn, nor of the extent to which they had already augmented Mehemet's force. The Turks were quite right in keeping information on these heads to themselves, for they were likely to lose more than they could gain by bragging of their intentions. Whatever the event of these operations might be, it was evident that Russian anticipations were once more at fault: there had been more miscalculation, and Russia was paying for it. Some idea that this was the case seemed to be at length dawning upon the people at home in Russia; for a very remarkable novelty was reported in the Russian press, and in the tone of Russian correspondents of the foreign press. Gross deception had been practised,

it was said, on the public Russian mind by Panslavist agitators. The Turkish iniquities, to rectify which the war had been made, did not exist, or were unwarrantably exaggerated; and an altogether false estimate had been made of the Turkish power of resistance generally. Convictions of this kind—and we need hardly say that we believe those we have mentioned to have been well founded—are much more to our mind than seditious conspiracies. There is a plain meaning in them, and they can be disproved if they are not true. If they are true, they cannot be put down by bayonets as an *émeute* can. We have seen it suggested that the Russian Government is rather favouring the propagation of these ideas, as if it were willing to shift the responsibility for the unprosperous war to the shoulders of the Panslavists, and to make the latter the scapegoats. But surely the Imperial Government cannot come before the nation declaring that its own information was so imperfect that a body of agitators was able by false representations to embark it in a great and important war! Of what use is a Government that cannot, with all its machinery, find out more concerning political matters than any secret and irresponsible body? How can a people respect a Government which confesses that, as regards a most momentous decision, it was unable to protect itself against imposture? That the Imperial Government has been under a strong delusion regarding the resistance to be expected from the Turks, and its own ability to overcome that resistance, is a proposition which hardly admits of a doubt; but it is quite as likely that they deceived themselves as that any one deceived them. They were exceedingly covetous of Turkish territory, and their strong desire was father

to all the disparaging opinions which they entertained of the military power of the Turks. In respect to the untruths imposed upon the more ignorant of the Russian population concerning the afflictions of the Christian subjects of Turkey, we believe that the Russian Government is entirely guilty. This deceit would never have attracted attention, if the mistake about the Turk's resisting power had not been committed. An easy victory, such as was expected, would have satisfied all hands; they would have thought only of the plunder, and had no compunction as to whether the war was justifiable or not. Now that the cost is found to be pinching the nation considerably, and the profit to be rather farther off than it looked when the strife began, the conscience of the nation is awakened, and they begin to ask why they went to war, and whom they ought to hang? Well, how they dispose of the blame cannot much signify to us; what does signify is, that these convictions that the war has been a mistake may tend more than any other thing to incline the Russian nation to peace. We should like them to advance one stage further in their reflections. We should desire them to consider deeply that the cost of protracting the contest is certain, while it is very doubtful whether, after a ruinous outlay, they may be able to obtain better terms of peace than are procurable at this moment.

On the side of the Turks it cannot but be felt that, although their soldiers have fought like lions when once engaged, there has been sadly little strategical power shown. A finer opportunity for a general there could hardly be. The enemy is continually miscalculating and blundering; and, from a fault inherent in his plan of operations, he is al-

ways mortally vulnerable on the Danube and its banks, and throughout Roumania. The Turkish generals have made no rapid combination with a view of interrupting the communications. They have not kept watching and threatening the tender places. Ever so light a blow on these vital centres would vibrate electrically through the whole invasion, and be of more value than a giant's buffet delivered in the south of Bulgaria. The aggressor has been allowed to choose his fields when he might have been forced to retrace his steps that he might fight for existence. We have always refrained from criticising particular acts and moves, because we felt that we were not sufficiently informed of the circumstances of the campaign to be able to form a satisfactory judgment; but now that the Schipka struggle is well-nigh three months old, we must confess that we have never heard a good reason for maintaining it so persistently, and that we cannot understand why the same amount and character of fighting was not kept going, instead of on the Balkans, farther north, say in attacking Sistova or Nicopolis, where, far from being a detached or subsidiary war, it would have been the most prominent action of the campaign, and have compelled the invader to leave every other project until it should have been successfully met. The waiting, *quasi* passive game may possibly succeed, but it is always dangerous; besides that there is intolerable tedium in continually paying out rope to an enemy who is too fat-witted to hang himself neatly.

Intelligence had now arrived of a second assault having been made on Erzeroum, and having been repulsed as the former one had been. The Russians forced their way into one of the works, and were driven out at the point of the bayonet.

The accounts went on to say that an investment of Erzeroum was being made with the intention of subjecting it to a regular siege. If the story of the second assault was true, it proved that the Russian force outside Erzeroum had in some way been fed, and that they had contrived in some way to endure the weather. But we should much doubt whether they could long continue to receive supplies, or whether they can much prolong their camp-life there at this season. As to their feeding an army large enough to invest the place, and furnishing it with all the requirements for a siege, unless they took Trebizond, and could send up their stores from the sea, the thing seemed impossible. The Turkish navy might be trusted, one imagines, to prevent Trebizond from being made a base for such a purpose. It was therefore advisable not to accept too eagerly all that might be said about a siege. Let the weather become at all wintry, and we might hear very little more for the present of the attack on Erzeroum. Reinforcements were said to be on the way to Mukhtar; but the Porte was greatly pressed at this time, and it was difficult to see whence fresh troops were to be procured for Asia. It was more likely that Mukhtar would be left to take care of himself until the fate of Plevna should be decided. Meanwhile, the advices said, a Russian governor of the Erzeroum district had been appointed, and a Russian administration was being put in force there. The June proclamation had drawn on it so much ridicule that it would have been impossible to let slip any opportunity that might offer of making a little administrative display. We should not think the depth of winter a favourable time for doing this effectually, any more than for prosecuting the siege of Erzeroum.

In Europe, one can hardly doubt that efforts were being made to bring together a force for the relief of Plevna; and provided men were forthcoming, it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the siege of that place might be raised. If we had been writing of another people than the Turks, we should have said that it was extremely probable that an army of moderate strength might effect the relief. But such is the habit of Turkish generals to squat in some chosen position, and there wait for the enemy to try every expedient to dislodge them, that we could not feel sure that the new army, if it should be forthcoming, would be led forth to operate boldly upon any important point. The Russian army stretched around Plevna must certainly be vulnerable at many points. It was clear that it did not feel itself safe against the assault of Gazi Osman from within; it would unquestionably be in great peril if assailed with judgment from within and from without. We thought at one time in the summer that the Turk was going to convince us of his ability to fight as well in the open field as behind ramparts, but opinion in that respect is now receding to its old tenet. It is true, Osman and Suleiman, the same two men who between them turned the tide of the campaign in summer, when the Ottoman cause looked worse than it does now, were still to the fore, so that an exhibition of energy was not absolutely out of the question. Suleiman might mean fighting yet; the pretence of taking up a defensive position and intrenching himself therein may have been intended to lull the enemy into a false security.

On the night between the 14th and 15th November, the Turks, according to the telegrams, three times attempted to drive General Skobeloff's troops from their position in

the lines around Plevna, and were three times repulsed. The account came from the Russian side, and that side has everything its own way in reporting from this quarter. The affairs did not seem to have been very heavy, as the defenders owned to the loss of only 100 men. They serve to show us that the Turks are not utterly prostrated, and that they are alive to the expediency of keeping the investing force continually alarmed from the outside. When the forces are thus interlaced, and the besieger is in constant jeopardy of having his lines broken into and his communications interrupted, the fate of the place originally besieged ceases to be wholly a question of time. There can be little doubt that in moulding themselves into this iron "girdle," the allies have laid themselves open to grave disaster, however much they may have straitened Gazi Osman's force. A vigorous and active general outside would have a fine opportunity now of doing something brilliant; and he and the Gazi together might turn the tables on the invader yet. It is plain that we get only very imperfect accounts of all that goes on, so we must not take for history every rumour that may be circulated when unfavourable to the Turks. A story which was never told in words, was read a few days ago by a correspondent who saw ambulances of wounded Roumanians trailing into Tornu-Magurelli. There had evidently been a severe struggle before Plevna not mentioned in official records, but which had told with the usual severity upon the assailants.

At this time (middle of November) we heard how the Montenegrins, taking advantage of the withdrawal of the Ottoman troops, were making inroad after inroad, and doing all they could to keep the Sultan's western dominions in a

blaze. However useful these insurgent States may be to Russia while the war continues, they cannot but prove most inconvenient clients if a day of settlement should come before a decided advantage has been obtained by either belligerent. With so much to ask for her friends, Russia can scarcely demand for herself all that she desires. Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Bulgaria—all to be aggrandised at the expense of the Ottoman dominions, would require huge concessions, and leave nothing out of any reasonable surrender for the imperial employer. The profits of the war would all be expended in wages. Or will Russia make a bargain mainly for her own advantage, and throw only husks to her satellites? There is every probability that she foresaw the embarrassment that would be caused by these clamorous dependants whenever the reckoning might come to be paid; and it may have been apprehension of too many partners in the spoil, as much as a haughty repudiation of assistance, which induced her to fight alone in the beginning of the contest. Europe may now have to save Russia from her friends—stern, callous Europe, who cannot warm to all the generous designs which Russia entertains towards her allies!

The siege of Kars was now formed a second time. One of the works had been assaulted, and the assailants beaten off, exactly as happened so frequently last summer. We did not receive many particulars of the warlike operations, but we were told that snow was falling there: as to the state of things within the fortress, they were such as to preclude the hope of a defence similar to what was made in the summer. The garrison was inferior in numbers and quality; the supplies were very low, much of those which had been thrown in after the first

siege having been consumed by the armies in the field; and the hope of relief from without could no longer animate the defenders. There were indications, too, that the fine weather was coming to an end in Bulgaria, so that we might expect to learn how armies in the field would fare when the country should be practically without roads. Long rainy periods—and these appear to be expected—must severely try the health of the troops, and may prove a greater scourge than fighting. And *appropos* of the mention of health, it is remarkable how the accounts of fevers and other maladies have subsided. The correspondents, it is true, are no longer present to note the condition of the camps, but it is fair to suppose that great sickness, if it existed, would be talked about; also, that the lines of invalids on their way to hospital stations would be observed, and would reveal a canker that might be sapping the strength of the camps. The Turkish treatment of the sick and wounded is most inhuman; it is irrational as well, for the men who fight so devotedly are worthy of some solicitude. The sufferers themselves do not seem to expect or to understand a more careful provision, and their patience in their affliction is not the least of the many virtues of the Turk which this miserable war has brought into prominence.

Intelligence now came to hand that the Russians, in some strength, and with a large force of artillery, had on the 16th assailed Chakir Pasha's position in front of Orchanie. They made repeated and most gallant attacks on the lines, which turn out to be skilfully executed and formidable. Each advance was promptly repulsed, and the attacking force at length withdrew completely baffled, and having suffered severe loss. There was also a short notice of the Russians having made an unsuccessful attack

upon Etropol, a town to the south-east of Orhanie; but no particulars of this action were communicated.

Mehemet Ali was reported to be in Sophia at the head of from 40,000 to 50,000 men, and with 150 guns. This is the force, or the nucleus of the force, on which the fate of Plevna now depended. Of its quality it is impossible to speak. It has been assembled with great rapidity—a display of vigour which is in itself encouraging—and we know that it has a steady and thoughtful commander, though hitherto he has not shown himself to be very enterprising. The task he has now before him does require some dash and the encountering of some risk; and it will be an interesting study to observe how he deals with this last hope that the great Plevna epic may end successfully for the Turks.

Outpost affairs, reported by the Russians, and apparently not very favourable to their arms, have occurred along Suleiman Pasha's front.

That brave man and dashing leader, General Skobelev, had twice suffered contusions from pieces of exploding shells during the recent engagements to the south-west of Plevna. The accounts did not speak of his wounds as dangerous.

After the middle of the month reports waxed very strong of the immediate reappearance of Servia on the theatre of war. That Servia would turn out her army, such as it is, whenever she might think it safe to do so, there could be no doubt; but whether she might consider the present moment auspicious was not clear. Her *braves* can be easily disposed of, as we know, by troops of any mettle; and possibly the news concerning Mehemet Ali's strength and readiness may once more cause the perfidious Principality to hesitate. If Austria had not fallen away from her first resolves, there could never have been

a chance of Prince Milan again putting himself forward. And our own Government is unfortunately in some degree responsible for any mischief that he may do. It is certainly due to us that he is in a condition to act at all; and after saving him from the righteous consequences of last year's rebellion, we have a right to do something more than protest against the treachery which he now contemplates.

But the most important and most astounding announcement of this period (19th November) was that of the fall of Kars, which was captured from outworks to citadel after twelve hours' fighting, in the night between the 17th and 18th. We hope to know more of the circumstances attending the assault of this strong fortress, as also of the causes of all its defences having been carried as it were at one swoop, before we go to press. Meanwhile it is clear that the invasion has gained a great preponderance in Asia by this exploit, however hardly the place may have been won. The impression produced all over Asia Minor will be of immense injury to the Turks, and the loss of the garrison and stores is more than they can afford. It is a most severe reverse. It may now be said with truth that the Turkish situation in Armenia is once more as bad as it was last June, before Mukhtar began his series of victories.

The event suggests many reflections and speculations. It was the opinion of some who had studied, in a military sense, the geography of Armenia, that the Turks should not have defended Kars at all, but have massed their troops in the mountains, and mainly on the Soghanli Dag. The Porte, however, guided by its commanders and war ministers, thought last spring that the place should be occupied; and, until lately, it seemed as if the fortress was playing a serviceable part

in the general defence. Now, however, when it has surrendered at the very time that it would have been most desirable to detain the invader near the frontier, it is a question whether they may not have been in the right who counselled dispensing with Kars in this war. The place is lost now; and unless the ships are able to take off the garrison of Batoum, that force, so long observed and so often attacked, may likewise fall into the enemy's hands.

As regards Erzeroum, the great question now is of the weather. It is accepted as an axiom that the Russian army cannot prosecute a regular siege of the place in the winter. The corps which have been victorious at Kars may, however, if the snow should not fall heavily, after a few days make their way to the position which is already occupied by their countrymen of the other corps. They can stake everything upon the chance of at once carrying Erzeroum by a *coup de main*, and may possibly succeed, and thus secure for themselves a place of sojourn for the winter, and a convenient base from which to recommence operations in the spring. But there is the chance that they may miss their stroke, and the chance that the winter may assail them in their position, and that the snow may impede their retreat. There are no sure grounds for an opinion of what Gazi Mukhtar may be able to do, supposing the weather to favour his enemy, and supposing that his enemy chooses to assail him at all hazards.

Later accounts of the catastrophe at Kars are quite consistent with the first announcement as to the main facts. They contain some few additional particulars. The Russians attacked in three columns; but there were parties of volunteers who surprised and carried some of the works. The grand assaults were directed

against the southern forts, but the attention of the other works was engaged by false attacks. The fortifications are said to have been stormed with surpassing bravery, and there can be no doubt that they were so. All round the besiegers were successful. The attacking columns prevailed by main force; and the parties which made their attempts by escalade and stratagem were no less fortunate. It will be remembered that the moon was nearly full on the night of the conflict. The Russians claim to have killed and wounded 5000 of the enemy; to have captured, after the fall of the fortress, 7000 Turks who were attempting to force their way to Olti; and to have taken in Kars 300 guns, and stores of ammunition and provisions. As to the stores of provisions we are incredulous, but there were no doubt munitions of war in quantity found in the place. We think, too, that if the numbers of prisoners and of killed and wounded be correctly given, that the list of wounded must be swollen by some of the same names as are found in the list of prisoners. We have reason to believe that there were not altogether 12,000 effective men in Kars before the assault was given. The number of the Russians is not exactly ascertainable, but there were probably more of them engaged than has been supposed. They had some 70,000 men present at the battle of the Aladja Dagh. Suppose that after the battle they had 65,000, we have to deduct from that number the unknown quantity already before Erzeroum, and the force (also unknown) that has been threatening Batoum. If we take these together at 30,000, we have 35,000 left who may have taken part in the great assault.

Such a victory cannot have been obtained but at great cost. The victors own to a loss of 2500 men, but they probably lost many more

than that. Count Grabbe, who led the first column engaged, that is to say the centre, was shot dead while fighting courageously. Many other officers of rank also fell. In honour of the event, three salvoes of artillery were discharged at Plevna from the batteries all round it; these were replied to by the Turks, who must have guessed that some success was being extolled, and who shot back their defiance. Up to our last writing, the fall of Kars had not been officially communicated to the Turkish authorities by their generals in Armenia.

We do not find that further accounts make the manner of the sudden taking of this strong fortress at all clear. Those who comment on the event are driven to suppose that treachery was at work. This may be so. But we must not forget that the place was most insufficiently garrisoned; and we believe that the opinion that it was well provisioned was entirely erroneous. We incline to believe that the necessaries of life have for some time been very scarce with the garrison; and this fact, joined to the insufficient numbers, may afford some reason why the resistance was so inferior, and why the advantages offered by the works were turned to so little account. There is never any want of gallantry on the part of the Russians; where they have failed in their attacks, it has been because the Turks have defended themselves with supreme skill and devotion. The energy of the defenders was, on this important occasion, for some reason below its ordinary level, and hence (setting aside the idea of disloyalty) the abrupt termination of the siege.

There has been a little further activity notified on the part of Suleiman Pasha, as if he meditated striking a blow somewhere to assist in dispersing the cloud which has gathered over the Turkish cause.

On the 19th occurred a reconnaissance of the Turks on the Lom, which is very differently reported by the two sides, though both reports agree in telling that it resulted in the burning of Pyrgos. The Turks claim to have destroyed seventy casemated stores containing ammunition, war material, and provisions, and to have been completely successful. The Russians say they beat off the Turks, and reoccupied all their former positions; and on the 21st the Roumanians did an exploit for which they take to themselves great glory. They drove the Turkish force out of Rahoo, a town on the Danube, to the north of Wratza, and took possession of the place, which is not known to be fortified or of military importance. The Turks, on evacuating it, fell back on Lom Palanka, but before this result was attained there had been fighting for three days. Our last advices do not contain anything of interest as to the siege of Plevna, nor give important particulars as to the Schipka Pass. It is most probable that of the weighty issues which are so fast ripening, some will crop out while we are going through the press. To leave only partly told a tale which we feel sure will reach its *dénouement* before the paper is in the hands of our readers, is vexatious; but so it must be. We are only too glad to acknowledge the good fortune which in the past months has generally directed striking events to other than the last few days of our term. Bad weather may stop the progress of the campaigns even in this critical position of things; but if the combatants can keep the field and get at each other, without doubt "there is goodly work toward." The war has now entered upon its seventh month; its scope and its results are still as uncertain as they were at the first. If there were no hope but of letting it burn itself

out, the prospect would be indeed distressing; but, happily, gleams of better hope are seen to irradiate the general gloom.

It was a pleasant thing to note, during the month of November, the prevalence of a belief that negotiations were on foot having for their object the restoration of peace. We think it probable that endeavours may have been made by neutral Powers in that direction; and the idea derived some strength from the terms in which the Prime Minister, in his speech on Lord Mayor's day, glanced at the prospect of what a year might bring forth. He could hardly be looking to what might occur after the combatants should have flown at each other, with renewed fury, in the spring; and therefore we venture to think that his remarks pointed to a peace which might possibly be arranged before the opening of another campaign. Neither combatant can possibly wish to continue such a war for its own sake, notwithstanding that, before it was begun, it may have seemed to promise a very substantial result to be very easily won by one of the parties. The difficulty of peacemaking will probably lie in wording and arranging the terms so as to save the honour of both sides. It will be to a great extent a matter of ingenuity and adroitness. And our Premier may prove no contemptible mediator in such a case. Gratified as we were by his hints of a coming peace, we were no less gladdened by the marked manner in which he drew attention to the pledge given by the Czar, on his imperial word of honour, that he did not propose to obtain any accession of territory through this war. The Russian press has certainly been giving utterance to many demands upon Turkey, said to be the lowest price at which peace can be purchased; and these demands invariably involve a cession of ter-

ritory. Unhappily such is the general opinion of Russian sincerity, that all Europe believes the newspapers rather than the imperial pledge. Now we should be glad to know that it is the intention of Europe to hold the Czar to his word; and we hope, from the observations of the Premier, that it is the intention of England to do so, whether Europe may join her or not. The hint has been dropped at a convenient time, and may possibly help Russia to decide whether or not it is worth her while to distress herself by continuing indefinitely this horrible war. The warning given last year was not laid to heart, the Czar believing that the Minister who spoke it would have fallen from power before the following March. We will hope that he may be more attentive to the caution offered in the present year. All that he requires for the so-called Christians in Bulgaria may no doubt be readily procured without further strife.

Public feeling in England has, we hope, moved far away from the extravagances of the "atrocities" meetings; but, for some reason or other, Mr Gladstone has thought fit, during this month of November, to repeat once again his assertion that this dreadful war might have been prevented if England had chosen to make common cause with Russia as he would have had her to do. This is a heavy charge against the nation, and against all who have assisted in forming public opinion. If it can be substantiated, we all merit the gravest censure, and could hardly quiet our own consciences, seeing what a horrible contest this has been which we are accused of having culpably neglected to prevent. But we remember that Mr Gladstone has over and over again been invited to prove his charge, that Parliament has heard all that he could say in support of it, and that he has been unable to show that there is the

least foundation for it. Having thus broken down in his attempt before the highest council of the nation, which, we may be sure, did most seriously and impartially consider his arguments, how can he venture now to go about the country recklessly repeating his unsupported denunciations? We have no patience with a private person who persists in accusing another or others of misdoings or neglects which he is unable to substantiate before a properly constituted court. And what better than this has Mr Gladstone been doing? If it be any pleasure to him to think that he could, if he had been in office, have gained for Russia all that she required from Turkey without a war, nobody would care much to disturb his opinion; but if he goes about making these injurious charges against us all, he ought to be brought to account for persisting in such a course. If he did not obstinately close his mind against conviction, he must know that the conduct which he would have had us pursue would certainly have led us into a war. We do not believe that he at all regrets that we have been kept clear of hostilities; only, knowing that we *are* clear, he cannot refrain from blaming his political opponents for the very policy which has saved us from bloodshed, and from participation in this criminal and cruel contest. He would act much more wisely if, instead of keeping alive these vain charges in the hope of damaging his rival, he would let the country forget the unwise part which he himself played in regard to this quarrel. What his intention may have been no one may presume to say; but there can be little doubt that, in effect, his imprudent behaviour largely contributed to make Russia draw the sword.

We cannot leave Mr Gladstone and his recent sayings without calling attention to one of his remarks,

the inference from which is so pointed that we can only wonder that he, who can make his tongue run in any direction that the immediate occasion may require, was unguarded enough to drop it. Mr Gladstone, somewhat bitterly and reproachfully contrasted the conduct of members of the Established Church, in regard to the doctrine which he preaches and the action which he desires respecting the Eastern struggle, with the conduct of the Dissenting body. The Dissenters have cheered Mr Gladstone's speeches, and been ready to carry out his proposed measures: but the Church has not lent its ear to the voice of the charmer; the Church has not preached a crusade against Turkey. We do not for a moment pretend to misunderstand what Mr Gladstone meant. He, no doubt, intended to say that, inasmuch as the course which he advocates is the only just and generous and religious course, he is pained to see that the Church of which he is a member is cold and heartless in that regard, while the Dissenting body has the true fervour and spirit of charity. We comprehend Mr Gladstone, we say; and we may add that we agree in the truth of his observation as a matter of fact; but we draw from it a conclusion which the right honourable gentleman has probably overlooked. The contrary action of the Church and the Dissenters to which he alluded, is another proof (although another proof was hardly needed) that the crusade which he has been preaching for so many months has its real spring in home politics, and that it directed itself to the Eastern Question simply because that promised to afford matter of accusation against her Majesty's Ministers. The Church, perceiving the craftiness of the movement, kept aloof from it; but the Dissenters, who are as anxious for the overthrow of the

Government as Mr Gladstone can be, like his Eastern views all the better in that they, if carried into act, would displace a Ministry which will loyally uphold the Establishment. Some little time ago it was Mr Gladstone's boast that he and his friends of St James's Hall really represented the nation, and that all who differed from them were simply "classes" who were restrained from doing what was obviously right by regard for "class interests." How then does he explain the coldness of the National Church to which he has confessed? The number of churchmen in England alone is estimated at 12,500,000. These are in the main against Mr Gladstone's views. Yet Mr Gladstone speaks the mind of the nation!

We cease from our monthly writing convinced that the mind of all Europe is more set against the continuance of the war than it has been since the struggle began. What was before dark about the strife has now become light. The real object of the aggressor, the true state of the Turkish provinces, the means of both sides, the improbability that the quarrel can be decided by arms within a reasonable time, are matters concerning which most men have tolerably clear ideas. And the general opinion which seems to have been arrived at is, that such a war is a blot upon the age; that the combatants ought, for their own sakes as well as for the sake of humanity, to discontinue it; that the time has come when the efforts of other nations may hopefully be directed to the termination of the strife. The antagonists are reported to be each uttering terrible threats, that he is prepared to fight to the last man and the last piece of money; but these are only the ordinary flourishes of belligerents, and may be used to cover a retreat. It would simply be madness in either nation to deliberately prolong the war

when the opportunity might be presented of making an honourable peace. The victory is by no means assured to either side, and there should be no difficulty in arranging a peace upon equal terms. We are told continually that this or that Government has its own interests to be served by the war; that the success of one of the warring nations or its total exhaustion may suit the court policy here or there. But in truth, so horrible a contest should not be allowed to roll its bloody waves onwards for the pleasure of monarchs or the convenience of courts. The peoples of Europe should make their voices heard in condemnation of the continuance of the war: should speak in such a tone that their Governments, if they have no sound reason which they can openly put forward for encouraging or permitting the struggle, must do their utmost to end it. There is an obligation upon every inhabitant of Europe to forbid these massacres and butcheries, the diabolical cruelties, and the enormous spoliation and destruction which under shelter of hostilities are being daily and hourly perpetrated. No pains ought to be spared to bring opinion to a head on this point all over Europe. The method of acting must be to speak firmly to both the belligerents, and to insist that they sheathe their swords forthwith. If we cannot penetrate the minds of statesmen, we, the peoples of Europe, can at least exchange ideas with one another. Not one people can be found, we are sure, who will say that they wish the war to go on. If they go a step farther and say they are determined that it shall cease, they will give practical proof of that "progress" so often belauded and boasted of; they will show that we have really got a little beyond toleration of savagery such as could not be exceeded by the most benighted heathens.

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